



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

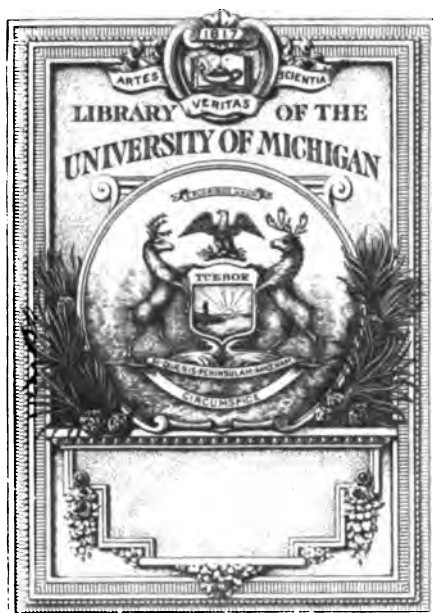
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

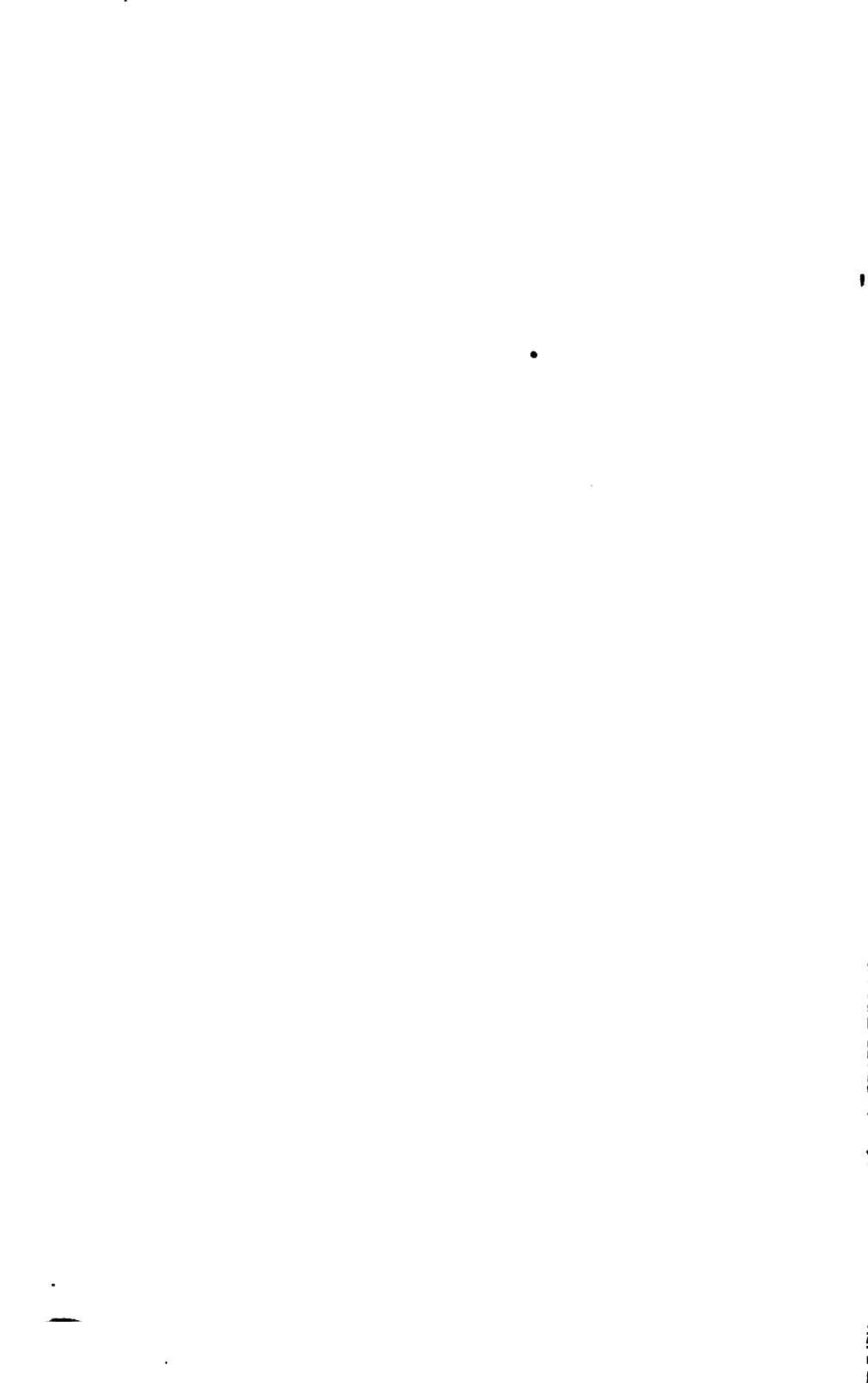
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AP

2

.B3



JANUARY TO JUNE.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY,

A

MAGAZINE OF TO-DAY.

Vol. I.



NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY,

118 WILLIAM STREET.

1866.

24

Cont. of Vol. I
 Serials
 12:148
 370, 48

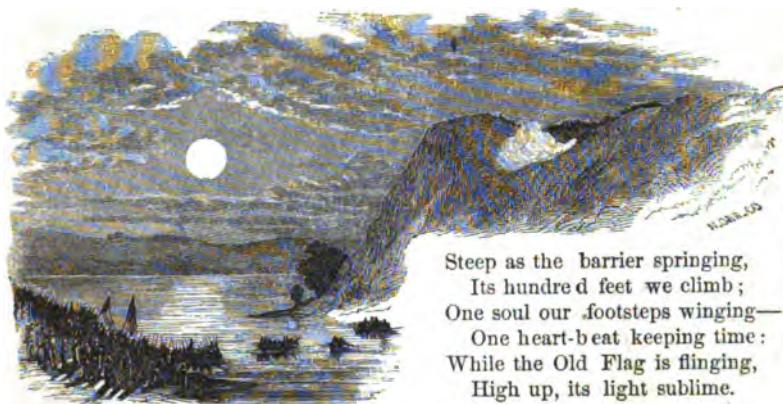
CONTENTS VOL. I.

A Mad Night. A Story, ...	Harriet E. Prescott, ...	180, 285
A Flight into the Sky. An Opium Dream, ...	Alfred B. Street, ...	528
A Story of a Night, ...	Catharine A. Warfield, ...	528
Art Lines. I.—Realistic School, ...	G. Cluseret, ...	562
April. One Year Ago. A Poem, ...	Alice Carey, ...	837
After the Battle. A Poem. Illustrated, ...	G. E. Brackett, ...	288
Among the Oil Wells, ...	Jas. B. Runnion, ...	242
A Winter in Pau. Illustrated, ...	R. J. Mackey, ...	295
Abel Allison's Secret. A Story, ...	S. P. Ellis, ...	423
Alligator at Home. Illustrated, ...	By the Editor, ...	349
Assassins and their Work. Rienzi, ...	Nathan D. Urner, ...	58
William of Orange, ...	William Wirt Sikes, ...	187
Charlotte Corday, ...	Same, ...	225
Catharine de Medici, ...	Same, ...	441
Gunpowder Plot, ...	Same, ...	541
A Plea and a Protest. A "Political" Essay, ...	O. J. Victor, ...	95
Ball's Bluff. A Ballad. Illustrated, ...	A. J. H. Duganne, ...	5
Bells of the Ball, ...	Varian Wooster, ...	64
Bummers in Sherman's Army. Illustrated, ...	Henry O. Dwight, ...	389
Barometer, The. Illustrated, ...		250
Colorado. Illustrated, ...	Albert D. Richardson, ...	485
Christmas in Rome. A Passage from a Diary, ...		167
Camphor and Cologne. A Love Story, ...	Wm. Wirt Sikes, ...	172
Convict's Wife, The. A Story, ...	Mrs. W. H. Palmer, ...	298
Charge of the Cavalry at Winchester, ...	Captain J. N. Flint, ...	456
Current Notes. Editorial, ...		100, 198, 269, 385, 481 575
Dead Letter, The. Serial, ...	Seeley Register, 8, 105, 212, 309, 399, 501	
Dora Dean's Trial. A Story, ...	C. Dunning Clark, ...	449
First and Last. A Love Story, ...	Rose Kennedy, ...	85
For What? A Ballad. Illustrated, ...	Edward Willett, ...	100
Finger Rings. Illustrated, ...		280
Faces in the Fire. A Poem. Illustrated, ...		357
Hydrophobia. Its History, Symptoms, etc., ...		379
Human Life. An Essay, ...		473
Had his Wits About Him. A Story, ...	Wm. Wirt Sikes, ...	557
Indeed I Never Knew. A Poem, ...	Mrs. Sara Cottle, ...	79
Knife-Eaters. The Story of a Singular Mania, ...		459
Learning to Skate. A Story, ...	Mrs. Mark Peabody, ...	184
Love. A Poem, ...	Sara Cottle, ...	522
My Royal Wife, ...	William Wirt Sikes, ...	70
Moonlight. A Poem, ...	Mrs. M. V. Victor, ...	171
My Royal Prize. A Poem, ...	Phoebe Carey, ...	282
My Every-Day Paths, ...	C. M. Tracy, ...	376, 478, 573
Moneyed Man, The, ...		386
Madge, To. A Rhythmic Fancy, ...		455
My Luck in a Tunnel, ...	H. C. Wulston, ...	499

Native Greatness. A Poem, ...	<i>Sara Cottle,</i>	57
North-West Passage by Land. To Red River and the Wood Cree Country, Illustrated, ...		128
Winter in the Wood Cree's Country. Illustrated, ...		198
Old Style and New Style. Illustrated, ...		65
On Growing Old. An Essay, ...		189
Our Moss. Reminiscences of Camp Life, ...	<i>E. Hannaford,</i>	275
Our Entrance into Richmond, ...	<i>William Lockley,</i>	575
Prisoner of War in Texas, ...	<i>Colonel A. J. H. Duganne,</i>	39. 144
Prairie Dog at Home. Illustrated, ...	<i>By the Editor,</i>	149
Physiology of Perfumes, ...		180
Popular People. A Personal Picture, ...		282
Pearl Fisheries, The, ...		362
Reverend Humbug, The. A Story, ...	<i>S. W. Tuttle,</i>	396
Realized Ideal, The. A Story, ...	<i>Charles Gates,</i>	367
Recollections of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, ...	<i>Mrs. M. H. Olmstead,</i>	521
Scorpion Gulch. A Gold-Seeker's Tale, ...	<i>Nathan D. Urner,</i>	45
Spy System of Europe, ...		80
Snow, The. A Poem. Illustrated, ...	<i>E. C. Riggs,</i>	197
Saved in Mid-Air, ...	<i>Alfred B. Street,</i>	345
Summer and Winter. A Poem, ...	<i>Allice Carey,</i>	548
Secret Gathering, The. A Poem, ...	<i>John Neal,</i>	568
Snakes, ...		569
Tobacco. Its When, Where and How. Illustrated, ...		153
Tom Blake. A Poem, ...	<i>Mrs. Sara Cottle,</i>	268
To-Day. As it is in Fashionable Circles, ...		285
Treason, What Constitutes, ...		369
Tom's Wife. A Story, ...	<i>Mary N. Prescott,</i>	368
Thouareg, The, ...	<i>G. Chusret,</i>	420
Uncle Roderick's Sermon. A Story, ...	<i>Caroline Chesebro,</i>	264
Under a Shadow. A Story, ...	<i>Mrs. M. V. Victor,</i>	463
Walks Among Words, ...	<i>O. J. Victor,</i>	27
Who Stole the Spoons? A New Year's Day Episode, ...	<i>Mrs. Mark Peabody,</i>	277
Waiting. A Poem, ...		448

BEADLE'S MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1866.



BALL'S BLUFF.

FRONTING the hostile border,
And false Virginia's strand—
Where lurked the rebel wander—
And gleamed the rebel band—
We held in warlike order
The shores of Maryland.

By dark Potomac's river,
We mustered, rank on rank
The wind crept, like a siver,
Around us, chill and dank;
Swift was the hostile river,
And steep the hostile bank.

But, from the night-fogs glancing
Our banners broke, like day;
Our ranks, like blue waves dancing,
Flung out their bayonet spray;
And the brave tide advancing,
Glittered through shadows gray.

Then up Virginia's verges
Our vallant chieftain leads;
Across Potomac's surges,
That toss our boats, like reeds;
'Tis Freedom's Wall that urges—
'Tis Freedom's Cause that needs.

Steep as the barrier springing,
Its hundred feet we climb;
One soul our footsteps winging—
One heart-beat keeping time:
While the Old Flag is flinging,
High up, its light sublime.

The woods, around us swarming,
With rebel rifles shine;
But forward, sternly forming,
We muster, line by line:
The General's words are warming
Our loyal hearts, like wine.

His shattered hand, unlifted,
Hung by his noble breast;
His black plume loosely drifted
Above its loyal crest;
Beaconing, from war-clouds rifted,
As vanward still he press'd.

And o'er each pent-up acre,
His glance falls, like the sun;
His soul, with ours partaker,
Uplifts us every one:
"Good courage, all!" cries BAKER—
"Don't run, men, till I run!"



Then, as from huge balista,
Whirling with dreadful gyre;
Opening a blood-red vista,
Hurtled our volleys dire;
Following the voice of WISTAR—
"Boys! we have got them....Fire!"

Up to our gunners dying,
Bold HARNEY speeds, with LEE;
And COGGSWELL stands defying,
And STEWART's form we see;
Where iron deaths are flying,
And rebel foemen flee.

Oh! what an hour of wonder!
Divine with dauntless pain;
When ranks were cloven asunder,
And lives were mown, like grain;
And men stood calmly under,
While deaths fell thick as rain.

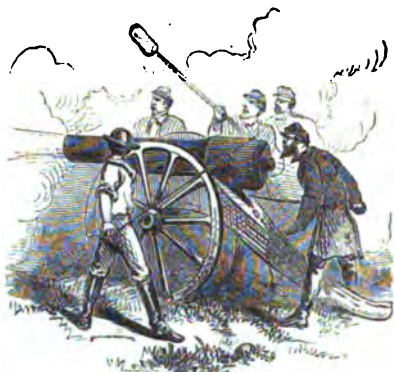
High on those mountain ridges
Our shattered lines we close,
Pent in by slippery ledges,
And girt by treacherous foes;
The while, from woodland edges,
Their ambush narrower grows.

In vain, the conflict sharing,
Manhattan's braves unite;
All vainly—forward faring—
Our Californians fight;
In vain, with stubborn daring,
New England's heroes smite.

Down by the woodland wickets,
Bold WISTAR holds his men;
They drive the foemen's pickets—
They sweep the midway glen;
And back to rebel thickets
They hurl the war again.

Wild was the deed they ventured—
Pealing defiant shout;
Up where the foemen centered—
Into that rebel rout—
Six score of heroes entered;
Never a score came out!

But, from those woodland margins,
Reckless with rebel spleen,
Down bore the foemen's charges
Filling the meadows green;
Under our guns—like targes—
Choking the deep ravine.



Quick, through the brazen spiral,
They ram the cartridge deep;
"Look to the left!" cries BEIRAL,
Pointing where rebels creep;
Then, on their pathway, gyral,
Oh! how the mad bolts leap!

Well-aimed and sorely frightening,
That shot made fearful room;
It smote the foe, like lightning;
It scooped a crimson tomb;
Then, for a moment brightening,
Hope rose athwart our gloom.

But vainly thus we held them;
In vain, at every pass,
Thrice and still thrice repelled them—
Mowing them down like grass;
Still, as our volleys felled them,
Rose they in swarming mass.

And COGGSWELL's wrist was severed;
And WARD lay on the heath;
Bold WISTAR's arm was shivered—
His saber dropped beneath;
Our General's hand delivered
The good sword to its sheath.



Now came the furious mingling,
When hand to hand we fought;
Each man his foeman singling,
His foeman's life-blood sought;
Each nerve with hatred tingling;
Each pulse with passion fraught.

Once more the rebels rallied,
Behind their greenwood cloak;
From forest-gaps they sallied,
Through clouds of rolling smoke;
Like demons, wild and pallid,
Upon our left they broke.

"Who are those men?"—half-doubting,
Our gallant General calls;
"Stand firm!" he cries—loud shouting;
We stand, like living walls:
Then earth with fire seems spouting—
And then—the General falls!



Oh! heaven! that wild collision!
The rush, the curse, the blow!
BEIRAL—with fierce decision—
Has struck the murderer low;
Then o'er our gory vision,
A red tide seems to flow!

That sight!—Oh! who may brave it!—
Where BAKER's body lies!
The red tide seems to lave it:—
"For God's sake!" HARVEY cries—
"Boys! will you let *them* have it?"
Then to the press he flies.

Our angry war-cry sounding,
Into that press we bore;
Full on the rebels bounding,
We drove them back once more.

Our General's form surrounding,
We raised it from its gore.

Our brows were darkly lowering;
Our teeth were set with hate;
Each man of us seemed towering,
A giant, stern as fate;
The traitors, backward cowering,
Gave us a pathway straight.

And thus we bore our Leader,
Down from the mountain-fray;
Fallen, like a lofty cedar,
Grand in his fall he lay;
God—of all hearts the Reader—
Knows how we grieved that day!

Full many a glorious battle
Has proved our soldier-stuff;
Through years of war's wild rattle—
Through years of trials tough;
Since loyal men, like cattle,
Were shot down at BALL'S BLUFF.

But never a conflict older
Did richer laurels bear;
For never a struggle bolder
Did hero-yeomen share,
Where, shoulder close to shoulder,
They died—in grand despair.

Long may that red "God's acre"
The seeds of Freedom keep!
Sweet to our Lord and Maker
The Harvest that we reap!
Long may the blood of BAKER
Hallow that storied steep!

Where the red sunset closes—
O'er the Pacific spread;
There the brave Chief reposes—
Calmly in Glory's bed!
Sweet be the breath of roses
Over that good, gray head!





THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

I PAUSED suddenly in my work. Over a year's experience in the Dead Letter office had given a mechanical rapidity to my movements in opening, noting, and classifying the contents of the bundles before me; and, so far from there being any thing exciting to the curiosity, or interesting to the mind, in the employment, it was of the most monotonous character.

Young ladies whose love-letters have gone astray, evil men whose plans have been confided in writing to their confederates, may feel but little apprehension of the prying eyes of our Department; nothing attracts it but objects of material value—sentiment is below par; it gives attention only to such tangible interests as are represented by bank-bills, gold-pieces, checks, jewelry, miniatures, et cetera. Occasionally a grave clerk smiles sardonically at the ridiculous character of some of the articles which come to light; sometimes, perhaps, looks thoughtfully for a moment at a withered rosebud, or bunch of pressed violets, a homely

little pin-cushion, or a book-mark, wishing it had reached its proper destination. I cannot answer for other employees, who may not have even this amount of heart and imagination to invest in the dull business of a Government office; but when I was in the Department I was guilty, at intervals, of such folly—yet I passed for the coldest, most cynical man of them all.

The letter which I held in my paralyzed fingers when they so abruptly ceased their dexterous movements, was contained in a closely-sealed envelope, yellowed by time, and directed in a peculiar hand to "John Owen, Peekskill, New York," and the date on the stamp was "October 18th, 1857"—making the letter two years old. I know not what magnetism passed from it, putting me, as the spiritualists say, *en rapport* with it; I had not yet cut the lappet; and the only thing I could fix upon as the cause of my attraction was, that at the date indicated on the envelope, I had been a resident of Blankville, twenty miles from Peekskill—and something about that date!

Yet, this was no excuse for my agitation; I was not of an inquisitive disposition; nor did "John Owen" belong to the circle of my acquaintance. I sat there with such a strange expression upon my face, that one of my fellows, remarking my mood, exclaimed, jestingly:

"What is it, Redfield? A check for a hundred thousand?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I haven't opened it," I answered, at random; and with this I cut the wrapper, impelled by some strongly-defined, irresistible influence to read the time-stained sheet inclosed. It ran in this wise:

"DEAR SIR—It's too bad to disappoint you. Could not execute your order, as everybody concerned will discover. What a charming day!—good for taking a picture. That old friend I introduced you to won't tell tales, and you had not better bother yourself to visit him. The next time you find yourself in his arms, don't feel in his left hand pocket for the broken tooth-pick which I lent him. He is welcome to it. If you're at the place of payment, I shan't be there, not having fulfilled the order, and having given up my emigra-

tion project, much against my will; so, govern yourself accordingly. Sorry your prospects are so poor, and believe me, with the greatest possible esteem,

"Your disappointed

"NEGOTIATOR."

To explain why this brief epistle, neither lucid nor interesting in itself, should affect me as it did, I must go back to the time at which it was written.

CHAPTER II.

EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

It was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, windy autumn day, that I left the office of John Argyll, Esq., in his company, to take tea and spend the evening in his family. I was a law-student in the office, and was favored with more than ordinary kindness by him on account of a friendship which had existed between him and my deceased father. When young men, they had started out in life together, in equal circumstances; one had died early, just as fortune began to smile; the other lived to continue in well-earned prosperity. Mr. Argyll had never ceased to take an interest in the orphan son of his friend. He had aided my mother in giving me a collegiate education, and had taken me into his office to complete my law studies. Although I did not board at his house, I was almost like a member of the family; there was always a place for me at his table, with liberty to come and go as I pleased. This being Saturday, I was expected to go home with him, and stay over Sunday if I liked.

We quickened our steps as a few large drops were sprinkled over us out of the darkening clouds.

"It will be a rainy night," said Mr. Argyll.

"It may clear away yet," I said, looking toward a rift in the west, through which the declining sun was pouring a crimson stream. He shook his head doubtfully; and we hurried up the steps into the house, to escape the threatened drenching.

Entering the parlors, we found no one

but James, a nephew of Mr. Argyll, a young man of about my own age, lounging upon a sofa.

"Where are the girls?"

"They haven't descended from the heavenly regions yet, uncle."

"Dressing themselves to death, I expect—it's Saturday evening, I remember," smiled the indulgent father, passing on into the library.

I sat down by the west window, and looked out at the coming storm. I did not like James Argyll much, nor he me; so that, as much as we were thrown together, our intercourse continued constrained. On this occasion, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, persisting in talking on all kinds of indifferent subjects despite of my brief replies. I was wondering when Eleanor would make her appearance.

At last she came. I heard her silk dress rustle down the stairs, and my eyes were upon her when she entered the room. She was dressed with unusual care, and her face wore a brilliant, expectant smile. The smile was for neither of us. Perhaps James thought of it; I am sure I did, with secret suffering—with a sharp pang which I was ashamed of, and fought inwardly to conquer.

She spoke pleasantly to both of us, but with a preoccupied air not flattering to our vanity. Too restless to sit, she paced up and down the length of the parlors, seeming to radiate light as she walked, like some superb jewel—so lustrous was her countenance and so fine her costume. Little smiles would sparkle about her lips, little trills of song break forth, as if she were unconscious of observers. She had a right to be glad; she appeared to exult in her own beauty and happiness.

Presently she came to the window, and as she stood by my side, a burst of glory streamed through the fast-closing clouds, enveloping her in a golden atmosphere, tinting her black hair with purple, flushing her clear cheeks and the pearls about her throat. The fragrance of the rose she wore on her breast mingled with the light; for a moment I was thrilled and overpowered; but the dark-



WAITING AND WATCHING.

blue eyes were not looking on me—they were regarding the weather.

"How provoking that it should rain to-night," she said, and as the slight cloud of vexation swept over her face, the blackness of night closed over the gleam of sunset, so suddenly that we could hardly discern each other.

"The rain will not keep Moreland away," I answered.

"Of course not—but I don't want him to get wet walking up from the dépôt; and Billy has put up the carriage in view of the storm."

At that moment a wild gust of wind smote the house so that it shook, and the rain came down with a roar that was deafening. Eleanor rung for lights.

"Tell cook to be sure and have chocolate for supper—and cream for the peaches," she said to the servant who came in to light the gas.

The girl smiled; she knew, in common with her mistress, who it was preferred chocolate and liked cream with peaches; the love of a woman, however sublime in some of its qualities, never fails in the tender domestic instincts

which delight in promoting the comfort and personal tastes of its object.

"We need not have troubled ourselves to wear our new dresses," pouted Mary, the younger sister, who had followed Eleanor down stairs; "there will be nobody here to-night."

Both James and myself objected to being dubbed nobody. The willful young beauty said all the gay things she pleased, telling us she certainly should not have worn her blue silk, nor puffed her hair for us—

—"Nor for Henry Moreland either—he never looks at me after the first minute. Engaged people are so stupid. I wish he and Eleanor would make an end of it. If I'm ever going to be bride's-maid, I want to be—"

"And a clear field afterward, Miss Molly," jested her cousin. "Come! play that new polka for me."

"You couldn't hear it if I did. The rain is playing a polka this evening, and the wind is dancing to it."

He laughed loudly—more loudly than the idle fancy warranted.

"Let us see if we can not make more

noise than the storm," he said, going to the piano and thumping out the most thunderous piece that he could recall. I was not a musician, but it seemed to me there were more discords than the law of melody allowed; and Mary put her hands over her ears, and ran away to the other end of the room.

For the next half-hour the rain came down in wide sheets, flapping against the windows, as the wind blew it hither and thither. James continued at the piano, and Eleanor moved restlessly about, stealing glances, now and then, at her tiny watch.

All at once there occurred one of those pauses which precede the fresh outbreaking of a storm; as if startled by the sudden lull, James Argyll paused in his playing; just then the shrill whistle of the locomotive pierced the silence with more than usual power, as the evening train swept around the curve of the hill not a quarter of a mile away, and rushed on into the dépôt in the lower part of the village.

There is something unearthly in the scream of the "steam-eagle," especially when heard at night. He seems like a sentient thing, with a will of his own, unbending and irresistible; and his cry is threatening and defiant. This night it rose upon the storm prolonged and doleful. I know not how it sounded to the others, but to me, whose imagination was already wrought upon by the tempest and by the presence of the woman I hopelessly loved, it came with an effect perfectly overwhelming; it filled the air, even the perfumed, lighted air of the parlor, full of a dismal wail. It threatened—I know not what. It warned against some strange, unseen disaster. Then it sunk into a hopeless cry, so full of mortal anguish, that I involuntarily put my fingers to my ears. Perhaps James felt something of the same thing, for he started from the piano-stool, walked twice or thrice across the floor, then flung himself again upon the sofa, and for a long time sat with his eyes shaded, neither speaking nor stirring.

Eleanor, with maiden artifice, took up a book, and composed herself to pre-

tend to read; she would not have her lover to know that she had been so restless while awaiting his coming. Only Mary fluttered about like a hummingbird, diving into the sweets of things, the music, the flowers, whatever had honey in it; and teasing me in the intervals.

I have said that I loved Eleanor. I did, secretly, in silence and regret, against my judgment and will, and because I could not help it. I was quite certain that James loved her also, and I felt sorry for him; sympathy was taught me by my own sufferings, though I had never felt attracted toward his character. He seemed to me to be rather sullen in temper, as well as selfish; and then again I reproached myself for uncharitableness; it might have been his circumstances which rendered him morose—he was dependent upon his uncle—and his unhappiness, which made him appear unamiable.

I loved, without a particle of hope. Eleanor was engaged to a young gentleman in every way worthy of her: of fine demeanor, high social position, and unblemished moral character. As much as her many admirers may have envied Henry Moreland, they could not dislike him. To see the young couple together was to feel that theirs would be one of those "matches made in heaven"—in age, character, worldly circumstances, beauty and cultivation there was a rare correspondence.

Mr. Moreland was engaged with his father in a banking business in the city of New York. They owned a summer villa in Blankville, and it had been during his weeks of summer idleness here that he had made the acquaintance of Eleanor Argyll.

At this season of the year his business kept him in the city; but he was in the habit of coming out every Saturday afternoon and spending Sabbath at the house of Mr. Argyll, the marriage which was to terminate a betrothal of nearly two years being now not very far away. On her nineteenth birthday, which came in December, Eleanor was to be married.

Another half-hour passed away and the expected guest did not arrive. He usually reached the house in fifteen minutes after the arrival of the train; I could see that his betrothed was playing nervously with her watch-chain, though she kept her eyes fixed upon her book.

"Comè, let us have tea; I am hungry," said Mr. Argyll, coming out of the library. "I had a long ride after dinner. No use waiting, Eleanor—he won't be here to-night"—he pinched her cheek to express his sympathy for her disappointment—"a little shower didn't use to keep beaux away when I was a boy."

"A little rain, papa! I never heard such a torrent before; besides, it was not the storm, of course, for he would already have taken the cars before it commenced."

"To be sure! to be sure! defend your sweetheart, Ella—that's right! But it may have been raining down there half the day—the storm comes from that direction. James, are you asleep?"

"I'll soon see," cried Mary, pulling away the hand from her cousin's face—"why, James, what is the matter?"

Her question caused us all to look at him; his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes burning like coals of fire.

"Nothing is the matter! I've been half asleep," he answered, laughing, and springing to his feet. "Molly, shall I have the honor?"—she took his offered arm, and we went in to tea.

The sight of the well-ordered table, at the head of which Eleanor presided, the silver, the lights, the odor of the chocolate overpowering the fainter fragrance of the tea, was enough to banish thoughts of the tempest raging without, saving just enough consciousness of it to enhance the enjoyment of the luxury within.

Even Eleanor could not be cold to the warmth and comfort of the hour; the tears, which at first she could hardly keep out of her proud blue eyes, went back to their sources; she made an effort to be gay, and succeeded in being very charming. I think she still hoped he had been delayed at the village; or,

that there would be a note for her at the post-office, explaining his absence.

For once, the usually kind, considerate girl was selfish. Severe as was the storm, she insisted upon sending a servant to the office; she could not be kept in suspense until Monday.

She would hardly believe his statement, upon his return, that the mail had been changed, and there was really no message whatever.

We went back to the parlor and passed a merry evening.

A touch of chagrin, a fear that we should suspect how deeply she was disappointed, caused Eleanor to appear in unusually high spirits. She sung whatever I asked of her; she played some delicious music; she parried the wit of others with keener and brighter repartee; the roses bloomed on her cheeks, the stars rose in her eyes. It was not altogether happy excitement; I knew that pride and loneliness were at the bottom of it; but it made her brilliantly beautiful. I wondered what Moreland would feel to see her so lovely—I almost regretted that he was not there.

James, too, was in an exultant mood.

It was late when we retired. I was in a state of mental activity which kept me awake for hours after. I never heard it rain as it did that night—the water seemed to come down in solid masses, and, occasionally, the wind shook the strong mansion as if it were a child. I could not sleep. There was something awful in the storm. If I had had a touch of superstition about me I should have said that spirits were abroad.

A healthy man, of a somewhat vivid imagination, but without nervousness, unknowing bodily fear, I was still affected strangely. I shuddered in my soft bed; the wild shriek of the locomotive lingered in my ears; *something besides rain seemed beating at the windows*. Ah, my God! I knew afterward what it was. It was a human soul, disembodied, lingering about the place on earth most dear to it. The rest of the household slept well,

so far as I could judge, by its silence and deep repose.

Toward morning I fell asleep; when I awoke the rain was over; the sun shone brightly; the ground was covered with gay autumn leaves shaken down by the wind and rain; the day promised well. I shook off the impressions of the darkness, dressed myself quickly, for the breakfast-bell had rung, and descending, joined the family of my host at the table. In the midst of our cheerful repast, the door-bell rung. Eleanor started; the thought that her lover might have stayed at the hotel adjoining the depot on account of the rain, must have crossed her mind, for a rapid blush rose to her cheeks, and she involuntarily put up a hand to the dark braids of her hair as if to give them a more graceful touch. The servant came in, saying that a man at the door wished to speak with Mr. Argyll and Mr. Redfield.

"He says it's important, and can't wait, sir."

We arose and went out into the hall, closing the door of the breakfast-room behind us.

"I'm very sorry—I've got bad news—I hope you won't"—stammered the messenger, a servant from the hotel.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Argyll.

"The young gentleman that comes here—Moreland's his name, I believe—was found dead on the road this morning."

"Dead?"

"They want you to come down to the inquest. They've got him in a room of our house. They think it's a fit—there's no marks of any thing."

The father and I looked at each other; the lips of both were quivering; we both thought of Eleanor.

"What shall I do?"

"I don't know, Mr. Argyll. I haven't had time to think."

"I can not—I can not—"

"Nor I—not just yet. Sarah, tell the young ladies we have gone out a short time on business—and don't you breathe what you have heard. Don't let any one

in until we return—don't allow any one to see Miss Eleanor. Be prudent."

Her frightened face did not promise much for her discretion.

Hastening to the hotel, already surrounded by many people, we found the distressing message too true. Upon a lounge, in a private sitting-room, lay the body of Henry Moreland! The coroner and a couple of physicians had already arrived. It was their opinion that he had died from natural causes, as there was not the least evidence of violence to be seen. The face was as pleasant as in slumber; we could hardly believe him dead until we touched the icy forehead, about which the thick ringlets of brown hair clung, saturated with rain.

"What's this?" exclaimed one, as we began to relieve the corpse of its wet garments, for the purpose of a further examination. It was a stab in the back. Not a drop of blood—only a small triangular hole in the cloak, through the other clothing, into the body. The investigation soon revealed the nature of the death-wound; it had been given by a fine, sharp dirk or stiletto. So firm and forcible had been the blow that it had pierced the lung and struck the rib with sufficient force to break the blade of the weapon, about three-quarters of an inch of the point of which was found in the wound. Death must have been instantaneous. The victim had fallen forward upon his face, bleeding inwardly, which accounted for no blood having been at first perceived; and as he had fallen, so he had lain through all the drenching storm of that miserable night. When discovered by the first passer-by, after daylight, he was lying on the path, by the side of the street, which led up in the direction of Mr. Argyll's, his traveling-bag by his side, his face to the ground. The bag was not touched, neither the watch and money on his person, making it evident that robbery was not the object of the murderer.

A stab in the back, in the double darkness of night and storm! What enemy had Henry Moreland, to do this deed upon him?

It is useless now to repeat all the varying conjectures rising in our minds, or which continued to engross the entire community for weeks thereafter. It became at once the favorite theory of many that young Moreland had perished by a stroke intended for some other person. In the mean time, the news swept through the village like a whirlwind, destroying the calmness of that Sabbath morning, tossing the minds of people more fearfully than the material tempest had tossed the frail leaves. Murder! and such a murder in such a place!—not twenty rods from the busiest haunts of men, on a peaceful street—sudden, sure, unprovoked! People looked behind them as they walked, hearing the assassin's step in every rustle of the breeze. Murder!—the far-away, frightful idea had suddenly assumed a real shape—it seemed to have stalked through the town, entering each dwelling, standing by every hearth-stone.

While the inquest was proceeding, Mr. Argyll and myself were thinking more of Eleanor than of her murdered lover.

"This is wretched business, Richard," said the father. "I am so unnerved I can do nothing. Will you telegraph to his parents for me?"

His parents—here was more misery. I had not thought of them. I wrote out the dreadful message which it ought to have melted the wires with pity to carry.

"And now you must go to Eleanor. She must not hear it from strangers; and I can not—Richard!—you will tell her, will you not? I will follow you home immediately. As soon as I have made arrangements to have poor Henry brought to our house when the inquest is over."

He wrung my hand, looking at me so beseechingly, that, loth as I was, I had no thought of refusing. I felt like one walking with frozen feet as I passed out of the chamber of horror into the peaceful sunlight, along the very path *he* had last trodden, and over the spot where he had fallen and had lain so many hours undiscovered, around which a crowd was pressing, disturbed, excited, but not noisy. The sandy soil had already

filtered the rain, so as to be nearly dry; there was nothing to give a clue to the murderer's footsteps, whither he went or whence he came—what impress they might have made in the hard, gravelly walk had been washed out by the storm. A few persons were searching carefully for the weapon which had been the instrument of death, and which had been broken in the wound, thinking it might have been cast away in the vicinity.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGURE BENEATH THE TREES.

As I came near the old Argyll mansion it seemed to me never to have looked so fair before. The place was the embodiment of calm prosperity. Stately and spacious it rose from the lawn in the midst of great old oaks whose trunks must have hardened through a century of growth, and whose red leaves, slowly dropping, now flamed in the sunshine. Although the growing village had stretched up to and encircled the grounds, it had still the air of a country place, for the lawn was roomy and the gardens were extensive. The house was built of stone, in a massive and yet graceful style; with such sunshiny windows and pleasant porticoes that it had nothing of a somber look.

It is strange what opposite emotions will group themselves in the soul at the same moment. The sight of those lordly trees called up the exquisite pictures of Tennyson's "Talking Oak":

"Oh, muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Summer-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Summer-place!"

I wondered if Henry had not repeated them, as he walked with Eleanor amid the golden light and flickering shadows beneath the branches of these trees. I recalled how I once, in my madness, before I knew that she was betrothed to another, had apostrophized the monarch of them all, in the passionate words of Walter. Now, looking at this ancient tree, I perceived with my eyes, though hardly

with my mind, that it had some fresh excoriations upon the bark. If I thought any thing at all about it, I thought it the work of the storm, for numerous branches had been torn from the trees throughout the grove, and the ground was carpeted with fresh-fallen leaves.

Passing up the walk I caught a glimpse of Eleanor at an upper window, and heard her singing a hymn, softly to herself, as she moved about her chamber. I stopped as if struck a blow. How could I force myself to drop the pall over this glorious morning? Alas! of all the homes in that village, perhaps this was the only one on which the shadow had not yet fallen—this, over which it was to settle, to be lifted nevermore.

Of all the hearts as yet unstirred by the tragic event was that most certain to be withered—that young heart, this moment so full of love and bliss, caroling hymns out of the fullness of its gratitude to God for its own delicious happiness.

Oh, I must—I must! I went in at an open window, from a portico into the library. James was there, dressed for church, his prayer-book and handkerchief on the table, and he looking over the last evening's paper. The sight of him gave me a slight relief; his uncle and myself had forgotten him in the midst of our distress. It was bad enough to have to tell any one such news, but any delay in meeting Eleanor was eagerly welcomed. He looked at me inquiringly—my manner was enough to denote that something had gone wrong.

"What is it, Richard?"

"Horrible—most horrible!"

"For heaven's sake, *what* is the matter?"

"Moreland has been murdered."

"Moreland! What? Where? Whom do they suspect?"

"And her father wishes me to tell Eleanor. You are her cousin, James; will you not be the fittest person?" the hope crossing me that he would undertake the delivery of the message.

"I!" he exclaimed, leaning against the case of books beside him. "I! oh, no,

not I. I'd be the last person! I'd look well telling her about it, wouldn't I?" and he half laughed, though trembling from head to foot.

If I thought his manner strange, I did not wonder at it—the dreadful nature of the shock had unnerved all of us.

"Where is Mary?" I asked; "we had better tell her first, and have her present. Indeed, I wish—"

I had turned toward the door, which opened into the hall, to search for the younger sister, as I spoke; the words died on my lips. Eleanor was standing there. She had been coming in to get a book, and had evidently heard what had passed. She was as white as the morning dress she wore.

"Where is he?" Her voice sounded almost natural.

"At the Eagle Hotel," I answered, without reflection, glad that she showed such self-command, and, since she did, glad also that the terrible communication was over.

She turned and ran through the hall, down the avenue toward the gate. In her thin slippers, her hair uncovered, fleet as a vision of the wind, she fled. I sprang after her. It would not do to allow her to shock herself with that sudden, awful sight. As she rushed out upon the street I caught her by the arm.

"Let me go! I must go to him! Don't you see, he will need me?"

She made an effort to break away, looking down the street with strained eyes. Poor child! as if, he being dead, she could do him any good! Her stunned heart had as yet gone no further than that if Henry was hurt, was murdered, he would need her by his side. She must go to him and comfort him in his calamity. It was yet to teach her that this world and the things of this world—even she, herself, were no more to him.

"Come back, Eleanor; they will bring him to you before long."

I had to lift her in my arms and carry her back to the house.

In the hall we met Mary, who had heard the story from James, and who

burst into tears and sobs as she saw her sister.

"They are keeping me away from him," said Eleanor, pitifully, looking at her. I felt her form relax in my arms, saw that she had fainted; James and I carried her to a sofa, while Mary ran distractedly for the housekeeper.

There was noisy wailing now in the mansion; the servants all admired and liked the young gentleman to whom their mistress was to be married; and, as usual, they gave full scope to their powers of expressing terror and sympathy. In the midst of cries and tears, the insensible girl was conveyed to her chamber.

James and myself paced the long halls and porticoes, waiting to hear tidings of her recovery. After a time the housekeeper came down, informing us that Miss Argyll had come to her senses; leastwise, enough to open her eyes and look about; but she wouldn't speak, and she looked dreadful.

Just then Mr. Argyll came in. After being informed of what had occurred he went up to his daughter's room. With uttermost tenderness, he gave her the details of the murder, as they were known; his eyes overrunning with tears to see that not a drop of moisture softened her fixed, unnatural look.

Friends came in and went out with no notice from her.

"I wish they would all leave me but you, Mary," she said, after a time. Father, you will let me know when—"

"Yes—yes." He kissed her, and she was left with her sister for a watcher.

Hours passed. Some of us went into the dining-room and drank of the strong tea which the housekeeper had prepared, for we felt weak and unnerved. The parents were expected in the evening train, there being but one train running on Sunday. The shadow deepened over the house from hour to hour.

It was late in the afternoon before the body could be removed from the hotel where the coroner's inquest was held. I asked James to go with me and attend

upon its conveyance to Mr. Argyll's. He declined, upon the plea of being too much unstrung to go out.

As the sad procession reached the garden in front of the mansion with its burden, I observed, in the midst of several who had gathered about, a woman, whose face, even in that time of preoccupation, arrested my attention. It was that of a girl, young and handsome, though now thin and deadly pale, with a wild look in her black eyes, which were fixed upon the shrouded burden with more than awe and curiosity.

I know not yet why I remarked her so particularly; why her strange face made such an impression on me. Once she started toward us, and then shrunk back again. By her dress and general appearance she might have been a shop-girl. I had never seen her before.

"That girl," said a gentleman by my side, "acts queerly. And, come to think, she was on the train from New York yesterday afternoon. Not the one poor Moreland came in; the one before. I was on board myself, and noticed her particularly, as she sat facing me. She seemed to have some trouble on her mind."

I seldom forget faces; and I never forgot hers.

"I will trace her out," was my mental resolve.

We passed on into the house, and deposited our charge in the back parlor. I thought of Eleanor, as she had walked this room just twenty-four hours ago, a brilliant vision of love and triumphant beauty. Ay! twenty-four hours ago this clay before me was as resplendent with life, as eager, as glowing with the hope of the soul within it! Now, all the hours of time would never restore the tenant to his tenement. Who had dared to take upon himself the responsibility of unlawfully and with violence, ejecting this human soul from its house?

I shuddered as I asked myself the question. Somewhere must be lurking a guilty creature, with a heart on fire from the flames of hell, with which it had put itself in contact.

Then my heart stood still within me—all but the family had been banished from the apartment—her father was leading in Eleanor. With a slow step, clinging to his arm, she entered; but as her eyes fixed themselves upon the rigid outlines lying there beneath the funeral pall, she sprang forward, casting herself upon her lover's corpse. Before, she had been silent; now began a murmur of woe so heart-rending that we who listened wished ourselves deaf before our ears had heard tones and sentences which could never be forgotten. It would be useless for me, a man, with a man's language and thoughts, to attempt to repeat what this broken-hearted woman said to her dead lover.

It was not her words so much as it was her pathetic tones.

She talked to him as if he were alive and could hear her. She was resolved to make him hear and feel her love through the dark death which was between them.

"Ah, Henry," she said, in a low, caressing tone, pressing back the curls from his forehead with her hand, "your hair is wet still. To think that you should lie out there all night—all night—on the ground, in the rain, and I not know of it! I, to be sleeping in my warm bed—actually sleeping, and you lying out in the storm, dead. That is the strangest thing! that makes me wonder—to think I *could*! Tell me that you forgive me for that, darling—for sleeping, you know, when you were out there. I was thinking of you when I took the rose out of my dress at night. I dreamed of you all night, but if I had known where you were, I would have gone out barefooted, I would have stayed by you and kept the rain from your face, from your dear, dear hair that I like so much and hardly ever dare to touch. It was cruel of me to sleep so. Would you guess, I was vexed at you last evening because you didn't come? It was that made me so gay—not because I was happy. Vexed at you for not coming, when you could not come because you were dead!" and she laughed.

As that soft, dreadful laughter thrilled through the room, with a groan Mr. Argyll arose and went out; he could bear no more. Disturbed with a fear that her reason was shaken, I spoke with Mary, and we two tried to lift her up, and persuade her out of the room.

"Oh, don't try to get me away from him again," she pleaded, with a quivering smile which made us sick. "Don't be troubled, Henry. I'm not going—I'm *not*! They are going to put my hand in yours and bury me with you. It's so curious I should have been playing the piano and wearing my new dress, and never guessing it! that you were so near me—dead—murdered!"

The kisses; the light, gentle touches of his hands and forehead, as if she might hurt him with the caresses which she could not withhold; the intent look which continually watched him as if expecting an answer; the miserable smile upon her white face—these were things which haunted those who saw them through many a future slumber.

"You will not say you forgive me for singing last night. You don't say a word to me—because you are dead—that's it—because you are dead—murdered!"

The echo of her own last word recalled her wandering reason.

"My God! murdered!" she exclaimed, suddenly rising to her full height, with an awful air; "who do you suppose did it?"

Her cousin was standing near; her eyes fell upon him as she asked the question. The look, the manner, were too much for his already overwrought sensibility; he shrunk away, caught my arm, and sunk down, insensible. I did not wonder. We all of us felt as if we could endure no more.

Going to the family physician, who waited in another apartment, I begged of him to use some influence to withdraw Miss Argyll from the room, and quiet her feelings and memory, before her brain yielded to the strain upon it. After giving us some directions what to do with James, he went and talked with her, with so much wisdom and tact, that the danger

to her reason seemed passing; persuading her also into taking the powder which he himself administered; but no argument could induce her to leave the mute, unanswering clay.

The arrival of the relatives was the last scene in the tragedy of that day. Unable to bear more of it, I went out in the darkness and walked upon the lawn. My head was hot; the cool air felt grateful to me; I leaned long upon the trunk of an oak, whose dark shadow shut out the starlight from about me; thought was busy with recent events. Who was the murderer? The question revolved in my brain, coming uppermost every other moment, as certainly as the turning of a wheel brings a certain point again and again to the top. My training, as a student of the law, helped my mind to fix upon every slightest circumstance which might hold a suspicion.

"Could that woman?"—but no, the hand of a woman could scarcely have given that sure and powerful blow. It looked like the work of a *practiced* hand—or, if not, at least it had been deliberately given, with malice aforethought. The assassin had premeditated the deed; had watched his victim and awaited the hour. Thus far, there was absolutely no clue whatever to the guilty party; bold as was the act, committed in the early evening, in the haunts of a busy community, it had been most fatally successful; and the doer had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. No one, as yet, could form any plausible conjecture, even as to the *motive*.

In the name of Eleanor Argyll—in the name of her whom I loved, whose happiness I had that day seen in ruins, I vowed to use every endeavor to discover and bring to punishment the murderer. I know not why this purpose took such firm hold of me. The conviction of the guilty would not restore the life which had been taken; the bloom to a heart prematurely withered; it would afford no consolation to the bereaved. Yet, if to discover, had been to call back Henry

Moreland to the world from which he had been so ruthlessly dismissed, I could hardly have been more determined in the pursuit. In action only could I feel relief from the oppression which weighed upon me. It could not give life to the dead—but the voice of Justice called aloud, never to permit this deed to sink into oblivion, until she had executed the divine vengeance of the law upon the doer.

As I stood there in silence and darkness, pondering the matter, I heard a light rustle of the dry leaves upon the ground, and felt, rather than saw, a figure pass me. I might have thought it one of the servants were it not for the evident caution of its movements. Presently, where the shadows of the trees were less thick, I detected a person stealing toward the house. As she crossed an open space, the starlight revealed the form and garments of a female; the next moment she passed into the obscurity of shadows again, where she remained some time, unsuspecting of my proximity, like myself leaning against a tree, and watching the mansion. Apparently satisfied that no one was about—the hour now verging toward midnight—she approached with hovering steps, now pausing, now drawing back, the west side of the mansion, from one of the windows of which the solemn light of the death-candles shone. Under this window she crouched down. I could not tell if her attitude were a kneeling one. It must have been more than an hour that she remained motionless in this place; I, equally quiet, watching the dark spot where she was. For the instant that she had stood between me and the window, her form was outlined against the light, when I saw that this must be the young woman whose strange conduct at the gate had attracted my attention. Of course I did not see her face; but the tall, slender figure, the dark bonnet, and nervous movement, were the same. I perplexed myself with vain conjectures.

I could not help connecting her with the murder, or with the victim, in some manner, however vague.

At last she arose, lingered, went away, passing near me with that soft, rustling step again. I was impelled to stretch out my hand and seize her; her conduct was suspicious; she ought to be arrested and examined, if only to clear herself of these circumstances. The idea that, by following her, I might trace her to some haunt, where proofs were secreted, or accomplices hidden, withheld my grasp.

Cautiously timing my step with hers, that the murmur of the leaves might not betray me, I followed. As she passed out the gate, I stood behind a tree, lest she should look back and discern me; then I passed through, following along in the shadow of the fence.

She hurried on in the direction of the spot at which the murder had been committed; but when nearly there, perceiving that some persons, though long past midnight, still hovered about the fatal place, she turned and passed me. As soon as I dared, without alarming her, I also turned, pursuing her through the long, quiet street, until it brought her to

a more crowded and poorer part of the village, where she went down a side street, and disappeared in a tenement-house, the entrance-hall to which was open. I ought to have gone at once for officers, and searched the place; but I unwisely concluded to wait for daylight.

As I came up the walk on my return, I met James Argyll in the avenue, near the front portico.

"Oh, is it you?" he exclaimed, after I had spoken to him. "I thought it was—was—"

"You are not superstitious, James?" for his hollow voice betrayed that he was frightened.

"You did give me a confounded uneasy sensation as you came up," he answered, with a laugh.—How can people laugh under such circumstances?—"Where have you been at this hour, Richard?"

"Walking in the cool air. The house smothered me."

"So it did me. I could not rest. I have just come out to get a breath of air."



WHAT WAS SHE DOING THERE?

"It is almost morning," I said, and passed on into my chamber.

I knew who watched, without food, without rest, in the chamber of death, by whose door my footsteps led; but ache as my heart might, I had no words of comfort for sorrow like hers—so I passed on.

CHAPTER IV.

MORELAND VILLA.

SEVERAL minor circumstances prevented my going in search of the woman who had excited my suspicions on the previous day until about nine o'clock of the morning, when I engaged an officer, and we two went quietly, without communicating our plans to any one else, to the tenement house before spoken of.

Although Blankville was not a large village, there was in it, as in nearly every town blessed with a railroad depot, a shabby quarter where the rougher portion of its working people lived. The house stood in this quarter—it was a three-story frame building, occupied by half a dozen families, mostly those of Irish laborers, who found work in the vicinity of the depot. I had seen the strange girl ascend to the second floor, in the dim light of the previous night, so we went up and knocked at the first door we came upon. It was opened by a decent-appearing middle-aged woman, who held the knob in her hand while she waited for us to make known our errand; we both stepped into her apartment, before we spoke. A rapid glance revealed an innocent-looking room with the ordinary furniture of such a place—a cooking-stove, bed, table, etc.; but no other inmate. There was a cupboard, the door of which stood open, showing its humble array of dishes and eatables—there were no pantries, nor other places of concealment. I was certain that I had seen the girl enter this room at the head of the stairs, so I ventured:

"Is your daughter at home, ma'am?"

"Is it my niece you mean?"

I detected an Irish accent, though the

woman spoke with but little "brogue," and was evidently an old resident of our country—in a manner *Americanized*.

"Oh, she is your niece? I suppose so—a tall girl with dark eyes and hair."

"That's Leesy herself. Was you wanting any work done?"

"Yes," answered the officer, quickly taking the matter out of my hands. "I wanted to get a set of shirts made up—six, with fine, stitched bosoms." He had noticed a cheap sewing-machine standing near the window, and a bundle of coarse muslin in a basket near by.

"It's sorry I am to disappoint you; but Leesy's not with me now, and I hardly venture on the fine work. I make the shirts for the hands about the railroad that hasn't wives of their own to do it—but for the fine bussums"—doubtfully—"though, to be sure, the machine does the stitches up beautiful—if it wasn't for the button-holes!"

"Where is Leesy? Doesn't she stop with you?"

"It's her I have here always when she's out of a place. She's an orphan, poor girl, and it's not in the blood of a Sullivan to turn off their own. I've brought her up from a little thing of five years old—given her the education, too. She can read and write like the ladies of the land."

"You didn't say where she was, Mrs. Sullivan."

"She's making the fine things in a fancy-store in New York—caps and collars and sleeves and the beautiful tucked waists—she's *such* taste, and the work is not so hard as plain-sewing—four dollars a week she gets, and boarded for two and a half, in a nice, genteel place. She expects to be illivated to the forewoman's place, at seven dollars the week, before many months. She was here to stay over the Sunday with me—she often does that; and she's gone back by the six o'clock train this mornin'—and she'll be surely late at that by an hour. I tried to coax her to stay the day, she seemed so poorly. She's not been herself this long time—she seems goin' in a decline like—

it's the stooping over the needle, I think. She's so nervous-like, the news of the murder yesterday almost killed her. 'Twas an awful deed that, wasn't it, gentlemen? I couldn't sleep a wink last night for thinkin' of that poor young man and the sweet lady he was to have married. Such a fine, generous, polite young gentleman!"

"Did you know him?"

"Know him! as well as my own son if I had one!—not that ever I spoke to him, but he's passed here often on his way to his father's house, and to Mr. Argyll's; and Leesy sewed in their family these two summers when they've been here, and was always twice paid. When she'd go away he'd say, laughing in his beautiful way, "And how much have you earned a day, Miss Sullivan, sitting there all these long, hot hours?" and she'd answer, "Fifty cents a day, and thanks to your mother for the good pay;" and he'd put his hand in his pocket and pull out a ten-dollar gold-piece and say, "Women aren't half paid for their work! it's a shame! if you hain't earned a dollar a day, Miss Sullivan, you hain't earned a cent. So don't be afraid to take it—it's your due." And that's what made Leesy think so much of him—he was so thoughtful of the poor—God bless him! How could anybody have the heart to do it!"

I looked at the officer and found his eyes reading my face. One thought had evidently flashed over both of us; but it was a suspicion which wronged the immaculate memory of Henry Moreland, and I, for my part, banished it as soon as it entered my mind. It was like him to pay generously the labors of a sickly sewing-girl; it was not like him to take any advantage of her ignorance or gratitude, which might result in her taking such desperate revenge for her wrongs. The thought was an insult to him and to the noble woman who was to have been his wife. I blushed at the intrusive, unwelcome fancy; but the officer, not knowing the deceased as I knew him, and, perhaps, having no such exalted

Vol. I.—2.

idea of manhood as mine, seemed to feel as if here might be a thread to follow.

"Leesy thought much of him, you think, Mrs. Sullivan," taking a chair unbidden, and putting on a friendly, gossiping air. "Everybody speaks well of him. So she sewed in the family?"

"Six weeks every summer. They was always satisfied with her sewing—she's the quickest and neatest hand with the needle! She'd make them shirts of yours beautiful, if she was to home, sir."

"When did she go to New York to live?"

"Last winter, early. It's nearly a year now. There was something come across her—she appeared homesick like, and strange. When she said she meant to go to the city and get work, I was minded to let her go, for I thought the change mebbe would do her good. But she's quite ailing and coughs dreadful o' nights. I'm afraid she caught cold in that rain-storm night afore last; she came up all the way from the depot in it. She was wet to the skin when she got here and as white as a sheet. She was so weak-like that when the neighbors came in with the news yesterday, she gave a scream and dropped right down. I didn't wonder she was took aback. I ain't got done trembling yet myself."

I remembered the gentleman who had first spoken to me about the girl said that she had come in on the morning train Saturday; I could not reconcile this with her coming up from the depot at dark; yet I wished to put my question in such a way as not to arouse suspicion of my motive.

"If she came in the six o'clock train she must have been on the same train with Mr. Moreland."

"I believe she was in the seven o'clock cars—yes, she was. 'Twas half-past seven when she got in—the rain was pouring down awful. She didn't see him, for I asked her yesterday."

"In whose shop in New York is she employed?" inquired the officer.

"She's at No. 8—Broadway," naming a store somewhere between Wall street and Canal.

"Are you wanting her for any thing?" she asked, suddenly, looking up sharply as if it just occurred to her that our inquiries were rather pointed.

"Oh, no," replied my companion, rising; "I was a bit tired and thought I'd rest my feet before starting out again. I'll thank you for a glass of water, Mrs. Sullivan. So you won't undertake the shirts?"

"If I thought I could do the button-holes—"

"Perhaps your niece could do them on her next visit, if you wanted the job," I suggested.

"Why, so she could! and would be glad to do something for her old aunt. It's bright you are to put me in mind of it. Shall I come for the work, sir?"

"I'll send it round when I get it ready. I suppose your niece intends to visit you next Saturday?"

"Well, ra'y, I can't say. It's too expensive her coming every week; but, she'll sure be here afore the whole six is complete. Good-mornin', gentlemen—and they's heard nothin' of the murderer, I'll warrant?"

We responded that nothing had been learned, and descending to the street, it was arranged, as we walked along, that the officer should go to New York and put some detective there on the track of Leasy Sullivan. I informed my companion of the discrepancy between her actual arrival in town and her appearance at her aunt's. Either the woman had purposely deceived us or her niece had not gone home for a good many hours after landing at Blankville. I went with him to the depot, where we made a few inquiries which convinced us that she had arrived on Saturday morning, had sat an hour or two in the lady's room, and then gone away up town.

There was sufficient to justify our looking further. I took from my own pocket means to defray the expenses of the officer as well as to interest the New York detective, adding that liberal rewards were about to be offered, and waited until I saw him depart on his errand.

Then, turning to go to the office, my

heart so sickened at the idea of business and the ordinary routine of living in the midst of such misery, that my footsteps shrunk away from their familiar paths! I could do nothing, just then, for the aid or comfort of the afflicted. The body was to be taken that afternoon to the city for interment, the next day, in the family inclosure at Greenwood; until the hour for its removal, there was nothing more that friendship could perform in the service of the mourners. My usual prescription for mental ailments was a long and vigorous walk; to-day I felt as if I could breathe only in the wide sunshine, so cramped and chilled were my spirits.

The summer residence of the Morelands lay about a mile beyond the Argyll mansion, out of the village proper, on a hillside, which sloped down to the river. It was surrounded by fine grounds, and commanded one of the loveliest views of the Hudson.

"A spirit in my feet
Led me, who knows how?"

in the direction of this now vacant and solitary place—solitary, I believed, with the exception of the gardener and his wife, who lived in a cottage back of the gardens, and who remained the year round, he to attend to out-door matters, and she to give housekeeper's care to the closed mansion.

The place had never looked more beautiful to me, not even in the bloom of its June foliage and flowers, than it did as I approached it on this occasion. The frosts had turned to every gorgeous color the tops of the trees which stood out here and there; back of the house, and extending down toward the southern gate, by which I entered, a grove of maples and elms glowed in the autumn sunshine; the lawn in front sloped down to the water's edge, which flowed by in a blue and lordly stream, bearing on its broad bosom picturesque white ships. In the garden, through which I was now walking, many brilliant flowers still lingered: asters, gold, pink and purple; chrysanthemums; some dahlias which had been covered from the frost; pansies lurking under their broad



MORELAND VILLA.

leaves. It had been the intention of the young couple to make this their permanent home after their marriage, going to the city only for a couple of the winter months. The very next week, I had heard, Eleanor expected to go down to help Henry in his selection of new furniture.

Here the mansion lay, bathed in the rich sunshine; the garden sparkled with flowers as the river with ripples, so full, as it were, of conscious, joyous life, while the master of all lay in a darkened room awaiting his narrow coffin. Never had the uncertainty of human purposes so impressed me as when I looked abroad over that stately residence and thought of the prosperous future which had come to so awful a stand-still. I gathered a handful of pansies—they were Eleanor's favorites. As I approached the house by the garden, I came nearly upon the portico which extended across its western front before I perceived that it was occupied. Sitting on its outer edge, with one arm half wound around one of its pillars, and her bonnet in the grass at her feet, I beheld the sewing-girl after whom I had dispatched an officer to New York. She did not perceive me, and I had an opportunity of studying the face of the woman who had

fallen under my suspicion, when she was unaware that my eye was upon it, and when her soul looked out of it, unvalled, in the security of solitude. The impression which she made upon me was that of despair. It was written on attitude and expression. It was neither grief nor remorse—it was blank despair. It must have been half an hour that I remained quiet, watching her. In all that time she never stirred hand nor eyelid; her glance was upon the greensward at her feet.

When I turn to that page of my memory I see her, photographed, as it were, upon every fold of the dark dress, which was some worsted substance, frayed, but neat; the black shawl, bordered, drawn close about the slender shoulders, which had the slight, habitual stoop of those who ply the needle for a living; the jetty hair pushed back from her forehead, the marble whiteness and rigidity of the face and mouth.

It was a face made to express passion. And, although the only passion expressed now was that of despair, so intense that it grew like apathy, I could easily see how the rounded chin and full lips could melt into softer moods. The forehead was rather low, but fair, consorting with the oval of the cheek and chin; the brows dark and rather heavy. I remembered the wild black eyes which I had seen the previous day, and could guess at their hidden fires.

This was a girl to attract interest at any time, and I mutely wondered what had entangled the threads of her fate in the glittering web of a higher fortune, which was now suddenly interwoven with the pall of death. All her movements had been such as to confirm my desire to ascertain her connection, if any,

with the tragedy. It seemed to me that if I could see her eyes, before she was conscious of observance, I could tell whether there was guilt, or only sorrow, in her heart; therefore I remained quiet, waiting. But I had mistaken my powers, or the eyes overbore them. When she did lift them, as a steamer came puffing around the base of the mountain which ran down into the river at the east, and they suddenly encountered mine, where I stood not ten feet from her, I saw only black, unfathomable depths, pouring out a trouble so intense, that my own gaze dropped beneath their power.

She did not start upon observing me, which, as I thought, a guilty person, buried in self-accusing reveries, would have done—it seemed only slowly to penetrate her consciousness that a stranger was confronting her; when I raised my eyes, which had sunk beneath the intensity of hers, she was moving rapidly away toward the western gate.

"Miss Sullivan, you have forgotten your bonnet."

With a woman's instinct she put up her hand to smooth her disordered hair, came slowly back and took the bonnet which I extended toward her, without speaking. I hesitated what move to make next. I wished to address her—she was here, in my grasp, and I ought to satisfy myself, as far as possible, about the suspicions which I had conceived. I might do her an irreparable injury by making my feelings public, if she were innocent of any aid or instigation of the crime which had been committed, yet there were circumstances which could hardly pass unchallenged. That unaccountable absence of hers on Saturday, from three o'clock until an hour after the murder was committed; the statement of her aunt that she was in the city, and my finding her in this spot, in connection with the midnight visit to the window, and the other things which I had observed, were sufficient to justify inquiry. Yet, if I alarmed her prematurely I should have the less chance of coming upon proofs, and her accomplices, if she had any, would be led

to take steps for greater safety. Anyhow, I would make her speak, and find what there was in her voice.

"Your aunt told me that you had gone to New York," I said, stepping along beside her, as she turned away.

"She thought so. Did you come here to see me, sir?" stopping short in her walk, and looking at me as if she expected me to tell my business.

This again did not look like the trepidation of guilt.

"No. I came out for a walk. I suppose our thoughts have led us both in the same direction. This place will have an interest to many, hereafter."

"Interest! the interest of vulgar curiosity! It will give them something to talk about. I hate it!" She spoke more to herself than to me, while a ray of fire darted from those black orbs; the next instant her face subsided into that passionate stillness again.

Her speech was not that of her station; I recalled what her aunt had said about the education she had bestowed on her, and decided that the girl's mind was one of those which reach out beyond their circumstances — aspiring — ambitious — and that this aspiring nature may have led her into her present unhappiness. That she was unhappy, if not sinful, it took but a glance to assure me.

"So do I hate it. I do not like to have the grief of my friends subjected to cold and curious eyes."

"Yet, it is a privilege to have the right to mourn. I tell you the sorrow of that beautiful lady he was to have married is light compared with trouble that some feel. There are those who envy her."

It was not her words, as much as her wild, half-choked voice, which gave effect to them; she spoke, and grew silent, as if conscious that the truth had been wrung from her in the ear of a stranger. We had reached the gate, and she seemed anxious to escape through it; but I held it in my hand, looking hard at her, as I said—"It may have been the hand of envy which dashed the cup of fruition from her lips. Her young life is withered

never to bloom again. I can imagine but one wretchedness in this world greater than hers—and that is the wretchedness of the guilty person who has *murder* written on his or her soul."

A spasm contracted her face; she pushed at the gate which I still held.

"Ah, don't," she said, "let me pass."

I opened it and she darted through, fleeing along the road which led out around the backward slope of the hill, like I pursued by the stinging fly. Her path was away from the village, so that I hardly expected to see her again that day.

Within two minutes the gardener's wife came up the road to the gate. She had been down to visit the corpse of her young master; her eyes were red with weeping.

"How do you do, Mr. Redfield? These be miserable times, ain't they? My very heart is sore in my breast; but I couldn't cry a tear in the room where he was, a-lying there like life, for Miss Eleanor sot by him like a statue. It made me cold all over to see her—I couldn't speak to save me. The father and mother are just broke down, too."

"How is Miss Eleanor, this morning?"

"The Lord knows! She doesn't do any thing but sit there, as quiet as can be. It's a bad symptom, to my thinking. 'Still waters run deep.' They're dreading the hour when they'll have to remove the body from the house—they're afraid her mind 'll go."

"No, no," I answered, inwardly shuddering, "Eleanor's reason is too fine and powerful to be unstrung, even by a blow like this."

"Who was that went out the gate as I came around the bend? Was it that girl, again?"

"Do you mean Leesy Sullivan?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know her? She acts mighty queer, to my thinkin'. She was out here Saturday, sittin' in the summer-house, all alone, 'till the rain began to fall—I guess she got a good soaking going home. I didn't think much about her; it was Saturday, and I thought likely she was taking a holiday, and

there's many people like to come here, it's so pleasant. But what's brought her here again to-day is more'n I can guess. Do you know, sir?"

"I do not. I found her sitting on the portico looking at the river. Maybe she comes out for a walk and stops here to rest. She probably feels somewhat at home, she has sewed so much in the family. I don't know her at all myself; I never spoke to her until just now. Did you get much acquainted with her, when she was in the house?"

"I never spoke to her above a dozen times. I wasn't at the house much, and she was always at work. She seemed fast with her needle, and a girl who minded her own business. I thought she was rather proud, for a seamstress—she was handsome, and I reckon she knew it. She's getting thinner; she had red spots on her cheeks, Saturday, that I didn't like—looked consumptive."

"Did the family treat her with particular kindness?" It was as near as I cared to put into words what I was thinking of.

"You know it's in the whole Moreland race to be generous and kind to those under them. I've known Henry more than once, when the family was going out for a drive, to insist upon Miss Sullivan's taking a seat in the carriage—but never when he was going alone. I heard him tell his mother that the poor girl looked tired, as if she needed a breath of air and a bit of freedom, and the kind-hearted lady would laugh at her son, but do as he said. It was just like him. But I'd stake my everlasting futur' that he never took any advantage of her feelings, if it's that your thinking of, Mr. Redfield."

"So would I, Mrs. Scott. There is no one can have a higher respect for the character of that noble young gentleman, than I. I would resent an insult to his memory more quickly than if he had been my brother. But, as you say, there is something queer in the actions of Miss Sullivan. I know that I can trust your discretion, Mrs. Scott, for I have heard it well spoken of; do not say any thing to others, not even to your husband, but

keep a watch on that person if she should come here any more. Report to me what she does, and what spot she frequents."

"I will do so, sir. But I don't think any harm of her. She may have been unfortunate enough to think too much of the kindness with which he treated her. If so, I pity her—she could hardly help it, poor thing. Henry Moreland was a young gentleman a good many people loved."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes in a fresh burst of tears. Wishing her good-morning, I turned toward the village, hardly caring what I should do next. Mrs. Scott was an American woman, and one to be trusted; I felt that she would be the best detective I could place at that spot.

When I reached the office, on my homeward route, I went in. Mr. Argyll was there alone, his head leaning on his hand, his face anxious and worn, his brow contracted in deep thought. As soon as I came in he sprang up, closed the outer door, and said to me, in a low voice:

"Richard, another strange thing has occurred."

I stared at him, afraid to ask what.

"I have been robbed of two thousand dollars."

"When and how?"

"That is what I do not know. Four days ago I drew that amount in bills from the Park Bank. I placed it, in a roll, just as I received it, in my library desk, at home. I locked the desk, and have carried the key in my pocket. The desk has been locked, as usual, every time that I have gone to it. How long the money has been gone I can not say; I never looked after it, since placing it there, until about an hour ago. I wanted some cash for expenses this afternoon, and going for it, the roll was gone."

"Haven't you mislaid it?"

"No. I have one drawer for my cash, and I placed it there. I remember it plainly enough. It has been stolen"—he sat down in his chair with a heavy sigh. "That money was for my poor Eleanor. She was to complete her wed-

ding outfit this week, and the two thousand dollars was for refurnishing the place out at the Grove. I don't care for the loss so much—she doesn't need it now—but it's singular—at this time!"

He looked up at me, vague suspicions which he could not shape floating in his brain.

"Who knew of your having the money?"

"No one, that I am aware of, except my nephew. He drew it for me when he went down to the city last Wednesday."

"Could you identify the money?"

"Not all of it. I only remember that there was one five hundred dollar bill in the package, a fresh issue of the Park Bank, of which, possibly, they may have the number. The rest was city money of various denominations and banks. I can think of but one thing which seems probable. James must have been followed from the city by some professional thief, who saw him obtain the money, and kept an eye upon it, waiting for a suitable opportunity, until it was deposited in the desk. The key is a common one, which could be easily duplicated, and we are so careless in this quiet community that a thief might enter at almost any hour of the night. Perhaps the same villain dogged poor Henry in hopes of another harvest."

"You forget that there was no attempt to rob Henry."

"True—true. Yet the murderer may have been frightened away before he had secured his prize."

"In which case, he would have returned, as the body remained undiscovered all night."

"It may be so. I am dizzy with thinking it over and over."

"Try and not think any more, dear sir," I said, gently. "You are feverish and ill now. I am going, this afternoon, with the friends to the city, and I will put the police on the watch for the money. We will get the number of the large bill, if possible, from the bank, and I will have investigations made as to the passengers of Wednesday on the train with James.

Have you said any thing to him about your loss?"

"I have not seen him since I made the discovery. You may tell him if you see him first; and do what you can, Richard, for I feel as weak as a child."

WALKS AMONG WORDS.

EVERY word has its history though we may never know it. If words are representatives, or correlatives of ideas, then they are born as ideas are born; but, as new ideas are constantly enunciated, and new words are not thereby necessarily added to our vocabulary, words may be regarded as constituents of ideas, to be used in a simple or combined order for the purpose of expressing a new conception. The Nominalists will have it that every idea must have, and assume the form of, a word ere it can be apprehended or introduced; but this is too objective a view of the case, since we have many *inexpressible* thoughts, emotions and instincts, which we fully apprehend and interpret, though no word exists to give them verbal utterance. As a general proposition it may be assumed that words are ideas *in esse*, rather than ideas *per se*; and the history of words is the history of the idea or ideas conveyed only in the sense of correlatives or *shadows*.

But even this must be considered true in a qualified sense, since a large proportion of what may be deemed new or modern words are undergoing remarkable changes. As for instance: the words *base*, *brat*, *caitiff*, *lewd*, *wench*, *idiot*, *gossip*, *dunce*, once were used with a different understanding than they now imply. "Base men" used to be persons of humble degree. A "brat" once was synonymous with brood or children. Thus, Gascoigne says:

"O Abraham's brats—O brood of blessed seed."
"Caitiff" and "captive" were *synonyms* in Chaucer's time. "Lewd" once implied merely unwelcomed. "Idiot" (Gr. *idiotēs*) first signified private, domestic, etc. "Gossip" used to mean sponsor at baptism. And a "wench" once was a maid or pretty girl!

We have before us a Bailey Dictionary (1782), in which he says of the word *politician* that its signification is a statesman; but it is evident that it was, at an earlier date, used in an offensive sense, for South, in his "Sermons" (1744), says: "The politician, whose very essence lies in this, that he is a person ready to do any thing that he apprehends for his advantage," etc., etc. Would it not be somewhat singular if this old meaning again should attach to the word? We now understand politician to mean, not a statesman, but one who spends his time in partisan discussion; and, much to be regretted, it is fast having odium attached to it, in the estimation of a large body of the people.

Blackguard was derived from black guard, i.e., the guard of scullions who always watched over the pots and kettles of a traveling household. Thus, Webster, in his "White Devil," says: "A lousy slave, that, within these twenty years, rode with the black guard in the Duke's carriage, mongst spits and dripping pans." It is easy to conceive how the term came to apply to any low fellow who sought to blacken others' characters.

Here we see not only how the word originated, but can anticipate the signification which now is attached to this severe epithet. In Dr. Trench's several admirable little books are given numerous *biographies* of words, in which we have various changes to note—always seeing the reason for the modification.

New words are so numerous as to excite pity for the generations to come. Once the English Language had only 2000 words regarded as English. Richard Fraunces' *Promptorium Purvulorum* (1499) contained this number. The "Expositor" of Dr. John Bullokar (1616) catalogued only about 5000. Bailey's "English Dictionary and Interpreter of Hard Words," in its last (24th) edition, edited by Dr. Harwood, 1782, carried the number up to twenty-three thousand. Johnson's celebrated work (1755), embraced about as many words as the contemporary editions of Bailey's book, but received constant additions with each new issue

until that edited by Rev. Henry John Todd, in 1814, added fourteen thousand words to its original vocabulary, making about thirty-three thousand words. (Some authorities say fifty thousand, but even the latest editions of that *opus magnum* does not reach that figure.) Since Johnson's time, the new words and changes of meaning introduced into the language, have increased so rapidly, that Dr. Worcester's unabridged contains, it is said, one hundred and four thousand words, with fully defined definitions; and the "positively last" edition of Webster's unabridged—but recently issued—makes a boast that it has several thousand more than its great rival.

At this rate of progress, in the year 1965 we shall claim at least one hundred and eighty thousand words, as necessary to a complete English vocabulary! Who will ever scale such a mountain?

That they all are necessary to a perfect expression of our ideas we can not conceive to be true. A large class of purely technical terms or arbitrary names for things are necessary innovations, but there are many, very many words adopted which could have been omitted without weakening our national diction. It is a fact, worthy of remark, that a comparatively small number of words suffices for many of our best writers. Mr. George P. Marsh estimates that Milton restricts his speech to eight thousand, and Shakspeare to fifteen thousand words, and these two writers, probably, have "wreaked thought upon expression" more completely than any author who has written in our language. And yet, in Shakspeare's time the best dictionary—that of Dr. John Bullokar (1616), the year in which the Great Poet died—contained but one fifth of this number as recognized English words pure. Mr. Marsh further states that, in the ordinary converse and pen labors of our most active men, the number of words used does not average more than *four thousand*. This doubtless is true. We know that expression or composition is most effective which contains the most direct, terse, *Saxon* words, and that those writers are most

pleasing, to all classes, whose vocabulary is confined to simples, rather than to compounds and derivatives. The very perfection of rhetorical beauty is embodied in the writings of Goldsmith, Addison, Steele, and yet how simple is their vocabulary! Washington Irving often is named the "American Goldsmith," but the parallel only holds good so far as it refers to his exquisitely plain expression. Bryant uses remarkably few words in his compositions—prose or verse—and certainly no poet writes with greater acceptance to the intelligence of our country.

Wherefore let aspirants for literary or oratorical honors take heed lest they become "*demoralized*" from the use of *too much* words.

There it comes—a word change and a word history. *Demoralized* has not the signification of four years ago. Then it meant one thing—now it means something more. Four years ago, to have said that a soldier was demoralized was to have assumed that he was given to vice; now it means that he is given to breaking ranks and running away—to *skedaddling*. [And, we'll hazard but little to prophesy that that shocking word "*skedaddle*" will become as fixed in our idiom as has the word *humbug*, since it is one of those words which, once understood, none will forget, and, though a decided vulgarity, is, nevertheless, a decided success in the popular mind.] The late war has given rise to numerous expressions to signify, if not new ideas, at least new phases of old ideas. Many of them will pass away with their provocation. *Skedaddle* (or skedaddle as it is more commonly spelt), doubtless will survive, though conceded to be an unusually abominable *Americanism*. So of the terms *bushwhacker*, *contraband*, (as applied to negroes), *shoddy*, etc., we shall not be surprised to see them engrafted upon the next edition of Dr. Johnson. Will not the Doctor's huge shade storm in its probationary prison-house that such uncivilized words should creep into *his* vocabulary?

Civilized is, comparatively, a new word. Dean Trench says of it:—

"Johnson does not know it in his Dictionary, except as a technical legal term, to express the turning of a criminal process into a civil one, and according to Boswell, altogether disallowed it in the sense it has now acquired." It does not occur in Bailey's work; and yet, Worcester quotes Bishop Hare as authority for its present meaning. As the bishop flourished in time of Queen Anne, and died A. D. 1740—fifteen years before the publication of Johnson's Dictionary—we can not conclude, with Dean Trench, that the word is of recent admission, in its refined sense. It is a noble word which "we Americans" should see to it shall have a wider, deeper, nobler signification than the old world would accord it, though Buckle's "History of Civilization" has done much toward rendering it one of the grandest words in the English Language.

Its contrast, or opposite, *savage*, is also somewhat new. It is first acknowledged in Puttenham's "Art of English Poetry" (1589), where, also, are first introduced to a standard recognition *scientific* and *idiom*. *Starvation* is not an *Americanism*, as some philological students would have it. It is of recent birth, forming a rare instance of a Latin termination to a pure English root. It is not found in Bailey or Johnson, nor in Richardson's first work, though given in his supplement. Horace Walpole thus states its origin and adoption: "It was first introduced into the English language by Mr. Dundas (Lord Melville), in a speech, in 1775, on an American debate, and hence applied to him as a nickname, viz.: *Starvation Dundas*." When Dean Trench, therefore, assumes that the word is an *Americanism* he is in error. It was admitted into Webster's books, but was not used in this country, so far as we can discover, before its adoption by Mr. Dundas, as above stated. The word *starve*, in this country, is almost invariably applied to perishing by hunger: whereas, its correct signification implies to perish by hunger or cold. Hence, it is always proper to say, starved with hunger; and the critic who recently charged tautology upon an author for

using the expression "starved of hunger," was not only hypercritical, but somewhat ignorant.

The words *telegram*, *revolver*, *humbug*, *placer*, *nugget*, *petroleum*, *kerosene*, *crinoline*, are all very new, and all, save the last, are of American origin. *Humbug*, it is true, is used by Fielding, 1751, but only of late came to be recognized as a legitimate term to imply an imposition. Probably to P. T. Barnum (the "great American showman") we are indebted for the popularity of the word. We could not now well do without it—no word in the language is its synonym. The words *solidarity* and *peoples* were introduced by Kossuth to English adoption.

The expressions *buncombe*, *outsider*, *comeouter*, *turncoat*, *lickspittle*, are real provincialisms, yet are recognized by Worcester in his last work. Though "popular" terms, their introduction to our dictionaries is of doubtful taste and utility. Each new political campaign introduces new terms and phrases to popular usage—some of them very expressive, it is true; but our "well of English undefiled" will soon become grossly defiled if lexicographers and good writers allow such words a place in their vocabulary. Worcester does not recognize *shyster*, *garroter*, *roughs*, etc., yet we think them quite as well accredited as *outsider*, *comeouter*, etc.

Our war to suppress treason, has produced a number of words (really epithets), which, though of great significance, should not gain a standard recognition. *Copperheads*, *Johnnies*, *Butternuts*, *Jayhawkers*, etc., are among such. *Shoddy* is another, but is, as said above, likely to live, as words of irony or contempt live, when words of anger and scorn die. "Codfish aristocracy" may have to give way to "Shoddy."

Mob is not given place in the English Encyclopedia (1795–1801), although it is known to have originated in the latter days of the dissolute reign of Charles II. Addison characterized it as a "ridiculous expression." Notwithstanding, it has become a very useful and significant appellation for an offensive crowd, though *riot* is better when violence is meant.

Rowdy is admitted in Worcester, and marked "low"—Mr. Bartlett ("Vocabulary of Americanisms") being quoted as authority for it. It is not given in Bailey, Johnson or Richardson. Only Americans understand what a "row" means.

Ruffian now implies a brutal fellow, but its early signification was a pimp—a sense in which it is now rarely used. As we have the words "scoundrel," "cut-throat," "villain," "assassin," "robber," "rascal," etc., etc., to imply a brutal fellow, it would be well to use *ruffian* in its early sense, and thus discard the very disgusting word *pimp*.

Miscreant, an expression of strong import, once only implied an unbeliever, and was applied by the Crusaders to the Moslem foe. By degrees it came to imply something of dislike; and passion was not long in affixing a stigma to the term. The word *infidel*, on the contrary, was applied by the Moslems to the Crusaders to signify Christians; yet, in the strange history of words, it now implies an *opponent* of Christian belief!

A case wherein an originally offensive meaning has been turned into one of pleasant import, is found in the words "Yankee," "Whig," "Tory," "Puritan," "Quaker," "Methodist"—all of which were bestowed upon persons and parties as nicknames. Constant repetition familiarized them, and they are now as dignified appellations as we have in the language. The word *Abolitionist*, not four years ago, was very offensive in its signification when used by their traducers: it is now a word of honor! Its antithesis, *Fire-eater*, will doubtless expire with its votaries, whose occupation is gone—let us pray, forever.

The word *editorial* is quite a new candidate for admission to lexicon honors. It does not appear as a substantive noun in any dictionary, we believe; and yet is used almost daily by the best scholars and writers as meaning the newspaper or periodical article prepared by the editor. It is given by Worcester only as an adjective. But, in spite of the lexicographers it will live, and ought to be recognized by our next "unabridged,"

as a *proper* word. We shall make it a *sine qua non* for the next dictionary we purchase. Do we jeopardize any publisher's property in lexicons by thus adverting to the great injustice done the "fraternity?"

Some of our hypercritics object strongly to this use of the word *jeopardize*. One writer pronounces it a "verbal monstrosity;" another demands that it shall be expunged from the English lexicon because it is only used in America! What an expurgation "we English" would have to undergo to get rid of every thing "American" in our daily habits, our converse, and our very thoughts! The same individual, doubtless, would have some objections to expurgating from English use potatoes, maize, tobacco, etc., because *they* were of American origin exclusively. If no better reason can be argued for its banishment than that it is *only* used in this country, we vote, by *all means*, to keep it on the record! But, it is not true that it is only in use here: good writers in England adopt it. Nor is it a very "modern invention," as even Worcester would have us infer. In Bailey it is distinctly given (1783) in its several forms, viz.: "jeopard," "jeopardy," "jeoparden," "jeopardise," "jeopardiously." "Jeoparden" was used in the sense of our word jeopardize, viz.: to put into jeopardy. Emerson, in his paper on "Culture," says: "A considerate man will shun heavy expenditure of his forces on pleasure or gain, which will jeopardize this social and secular accumulation." How much more forcible than to have used the apparent synonyms "peril," "risk," "put in danger," "hazard," etc., etc. The objection to the word, that the verb *jeopard* fully covers the ground, is entitled to the consideration of those purists who declare against all innovation. There are many cases where, if only the verb form existed, its use would read clumsily enough, and the reader would at once substitute the more agreeable and proper adjective.

By the way: is it not most singular that the word *clummy* does not occur in Shakspeare? It is an old word—so old

that scholars are not sure of its derivation. Bailey thinks it is from the Dutch *klompach*, or, rather, *klompe*, while Richardson gives it the same origin as clump, German *klump*, and formed, he says, immediately from it. Mr. Grose says: clumps, clumpet, i. e.: *clumsy*, idle, lazy, unhandy. Shakspeare may not have understood the Dutch of A. D. 1600; or, he may have had a prejudice against the word as suggesting the faults of his friends of the Swan and Boar's Head after a night's bout over the ale-pots. We don't like the word, because it always sounds to our ears as a wooden shoe or "boat" looks!

Esemplastic is a word coined by Coleridge, in his "Biographiæ Literaria." We observe that Worcester has admitted it, although we doubt if he can cite any authority for its use. No writer has adopted it, so far as we are aware. Coleridge was so much of a Græco-German, that his "magnificent monologues" used to embody many a high-sounding word more Coleridgean than authorized English. *Esemplastic* is purely his own word, though a very good one, it must be confessed.

Any reader of De Quincey must be struck with the great number of new significations attached to, or extracted from, old words, by this versatile writer. His affluence of ideas renders him a hard author to read, for his collaterals, introduced by way of illustration, absorb or override his main theme. This irrepressible flow of thought often coins new significations for old expressions, and, not unfrequently, new words; but, if not a purist in language, De Quincey is not a pedantic innovator, and his words and their construction are so much *his own* that we feel no uneasiness in coming upon them in his richly-endowed pages. Had Coleridge had but a modicum of his opium compeer's industry, what a mighty word-revolution might he not have made!

The naturalisation of foreign words is one source of word-aggregation which is sensibly and rapidly affecting the volume of our language. Such as *accouchement*, *début*, *débris*, *dictum*, *détour*, *abandon*, *addenda*, *apropos*, *finis*, *afflatus*, *fresco*, *alias*, *alibi*, *bijou*, *brochure*, *facetia*, *attaché*, *expose*, *artiste*, *connoisseur*, *colerie*—and so on through the alphabet to the number of hundreds—are not English in any sense except by recent adoption; but now they are rarely *italicized* to indicate their foreign attachment. We may expect soon to see such terms as *bon vivant*, *affaire d'honneur*, *ad infinitum*, *bon mot*, *bijouterie*, *beau monde*, *bon ton*, etc., adopted as our own. Such accretions must greatly cumber the language, and inevitably will demoralize it. If we are so silly as to suppose that, because a word is French, it is therefore better than the corresponding English of it, there is poor hope of a reform. Let the teacher aim ever to impress upon the pupil's mind the necessity of lingual purity in conversation and composition; and let parents at once withdraw all countenance and patronage from the teacher who will permit a pupil to corrupt his English diction with French phrases. Purity of utterance is becoming a *rare* accomplishment, as every intelligent observer must realize; and it behooves all who would preserve their "well of English undefiled" to test those teachers *thoroughly* who are to be permitted to form the taste and lingual habits of their children.

From this brief "walk," it will be seen that the garden of words is one full of interest and not devoid of beauty. There are, indeed, few studies more agreeable than these biographies of the components of language; and if we recur again to the theme it will be for the reason that it is enticing to the author. To the reader, let us hope it is at least interesting, if not also instructive.



THE GORILLA AT HOME.

"HAVE you seen it?" said a friend, one day last summer, accosting us as he came bounding down a long flight of stairs leading out on Spruce street. "No? Well, just go up and examine the thing." So we went up, and in a back office, perched upon a table, sat a creature, so like a human in some of its features and conduct, as to impress us strangely. It was the size of a child eight or nine years of age, though betraying more of the looks of an old man than of a child.

"What is it?" asked a bystander of its owner.

"An Orang-outang, sir," was the answer.

But it was not an orang. The creature was a Chimpanzee, from the Gaboon country, west coast of Africa, and had been brought over by a trader only a few days previous to our introduction. So human did it look and comport itself, that it was hard to divest the mind of the impression of its alliance to our species. All the stories which we had heard or read, regarding the wonderful intelligence of the monkey tribes, came to remembrance, and, seeing the conduct of the specimen on the table, made even the most marvelous anecdote credible. The mixed audience, gathering to see and examine the animal, had much to say in regard to his faculties, powers of reason and reflection, his ingenuity; and from what I heard of his performances it seemed to me that he was *more human* than the famed (or defamed?) Gorilla.

If it were necessary to accept the proposition that there *is* a connecting link between the man and the brute, let it be the lively and good-humored Chimpanzee, by all means, rather than the ferocious Gorilla, even though the great man-ape *is*, anatomically considered, a nearer relation!

"Alas, poor Yorick!" said the poet: alas, poor Jocko! said we, called in as we were, a few days after, to see the table gone and in one corner poor Chimpanzee dead. She had sickened and died as they are sure to do after a few days of the restraints of city or *civilized* life; and now her stuffed skin is her only monument.

All this *apropos* to our theme—the Gorilla—not the king of beasts but the sovereign of apes. While in Europe, a winter or two ago, we particularly sought out the *remains* of the creature which Du Chaillu, its champion, had placed at the disposal of British museums. In Liverpool we found one of the finest specimens now on exhibition—a stuffed male standing nearly or quite five feet in height. What a monster! If Caliban had come back to earth in his questionable shape, we conceive that even his familiarity with the deformed side of existence would have shuddered at the creature in that glass case. So human yet so inhuman! So like man yet so very unlike! Not as the lively and saucy Chimpanzee did it impress us as a *burlesque* on the man species; but as a creature formed to horrify and shock the instincts and senses, alike. Before it we stood for a full half-hour, until the whole revolting image was engraven on our brain; and when we turned away it was with a sense of relief. Nothing in the vast and superb collection of animate and inanimate life around us—of the relics of geologic eras and antediluvian days—of the curiosities of many lands—could impress us after that one shocking sight; and we passed out of the monster's presence with no desire to see it again.

Yet, we did see further specimens, male and female, skeletons and stuffed skins, in the British Museum, London, and in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. In every instance the first impression was repeated; and we could have signed a petition to the Governments to have the race exterminated as a race of monsters whose existence libeled the very idea of man's divine estate. Fortunately, then, for our morbid feelings on the subject, the race is confined to a small section of country, and is, in numbers, quite restricted; and if the spirit of science or adventure invades their dismal recesses, in the depths of almost impenetrable jungles, which the sunlight rarely penetrates, their extermination may rapidly follow.

The existence, in the African wilds, of an ape more closely approximating to man than the Orang-outang had long

been suspected, if not known, prior to 1847. The reference made by Hanno, the Carthaginian, to such a species is well known. Hanno set sail from Carthage with a large fleet and thirty thousand people of both sexes, to found a colony on the west coast of Africa—more than two thousand five hundred years ago. He cruised along the shores, as far down as the present Gaboon country, where he encountered the Gorilla, as we learn from his record of the voyage. He said:—

"Passing the streams of fire, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men; but much the greater part of them were females, with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called 'Gorillas,' (Gorullal.) Pursuing them, we were not able to take the males; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. Three females, who bit and scratched those who led them, were taken, but would not go with us; so having killed them, we flayed them, and conveyed the skins to Carthage; for we did not sail any further, as provisions began to fail."

This story—confirmed afterward by the narrative of an English sailor named Andrew Battel, a Portuguese prisoner who lived for many years in Angola—long ago attracted the attention of naturalists, but it was generally regarded as a fabulous invention; and yet, the idea that they were animals and *not* men was so clearly implied in Hanno's description of their ability to climb and in his statement of killing and skinning the females—which the navigator would not have been guilty of doing had the creatures been human—that men of science were inclined to credit the stories, which came to them through traders with the African coast, of a Man Ape, unknown to naturalists.

The mystery was partially solved in 1847, when a paper prepared by Dr. Thomas S. Savage was read before the Boston Society of Natural History, in which the discovery of a new species of

Ape was announced. On his voyage home, from Cape Palmas, Dr. Savage was unexpectedly detained on the Gaboon river, and the month of April, 1847, was spent at the house of the Rev. J. L. Wilson, senior missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions to West Africa. Soon after his arrival, Mr. Wilson showed him a skull, represented by the natives to be that of a monkey-like animal remarkable for its size, ferocity, and habits; and the doctor was led to believe that it had belonged to a new species of Orang. Intent on further investigation, and, if possible, on deciding the point by the inspection of a specimen alive or dead, Mr. Wilson entered cordially into the matter, and promised his full coöperation; and having been a resident in the country for several years, well acquainted with the chiefs and people, highly regarded by them, and speaking freely their language, he was able to render the doctor advantages of signal importance. He did not succeed, however, in obtaining either a living or a dead specimen, but only several skulls of the two sexes, and of different ages, with other important parts of the skeleton of the Gorilla. (These portions were afterward ably described, with several engravings, in a quarto pamphlet, on the return of Dr. Savage to America, by Dr. Wyman, professor of anatomy in Harvard University.)

In the paper as read occurred the following facts corroborative of his discovery:—

"Having been a missionary resident for several years, studying, from habitual intercourse, the African mind and character, I felt myself prepared to discriminate and decide upon the probability of their statements. Besides being familiar with the history and habits of its interesting congener, the Chimpanzee, I was able to separate their accounts of the two animals, which, having the same locality and a similarity of habits, are confounded in the minds of the mass, especially as but few, such as traders in the interior and hunters, have ever seen the animal in question. In this last fact stated we find an explanation of the confusion, inaccuracy,

and exaggeration which characterize the occasional references that have been made in books to both animals, the sources of such information being transient visitors and voyagers. If it be admissible to base and sustain a proposition on human testimony, then, to my mind, the existence of this new species of Orang, aside from the evidence of its skeleton, is established, and the account that I now submit of its habits, authentic. It is on such grounds, and with such convictions, I venture to place my statements on record, leaving them to the future for confirmation or correction.

"The tribe from which our knowledge of the animal is derived, and whose territory forms its habitat, is Mpongwe, occupying both sides of the river Gaboon, from its mouth to some fifty or sixty miles upward. The face of the country, as you proceed inward, is undulating and hilly, well watered with streams and rivers, and abounding with indigenous fruits. The river is visited, for purposes of trade in Ivory, ebony, and dye-woods, by vessels from different parts of America and Europe. In view of this fact, it may seem surprising that the animal should be unknown to science, and without its proper place in systems of zoology. But this is accounted for by the fact that its immediate habitat is back some distance from the coast, and its habits and ferocity such that it is not often encountered. The natives stand greatly in fear of it, and never attempt its capture except in self-defense. If the word 'pongo' be of African origin, it is probably a corruption of Mpongwe, the name of the tribe on the banks of the Gaboon, and hence applied to the region they inhabit. Their local name for the Chimpanzee is Enché-eko, as near as it can be Anglicized, from which the common term 'Jocko' probably comes. The Mpongwe appellation for the new congener is Engé-ena, prolonging the sound of the first vowel, and slightly pronouncing the second.

"Its height is above five feet; it is disproportionately broad across the shoulders, thickly covered with coarse black hair, which is said to be similar in its

arrangement to that of the Enché-eko. With age it becomes gray, which fact has given rise to the report that both animals are seen of different colors."

The whole world of naturalists was put at loggerheads, however, in 1860 by the appearance of Du Chaillu's *Adventures in the Fernand Vaz (Gaboon) country, in search of the mysterious "wild man of the woods."* His narrative, first printed in this country, excited comparatively little attention, but, proceeding to England, whither his numerous specimens (skins and skeletons) had been sent, he soon commanded the undivided attention of the societies. His work was reissued, with large additions and numerous engravings, and its statements excited the most singular interest. A spirit of disbelief arose which was soon augmented by the heated discussions of the men of science, and, in spite of his specimens, the great trader's stories regarding the habits, temper, strength and economy of the animal, were so discredited as to create a war of sections at once amusing and surprising.

But, the man who had braved death in African jungles was not the person to succumb to opposition—led, though it was, by some of the most eminent among English naturalists and travelers; and, after a year's warfare of words we believe Du Chaillu was accepted as authority, and his Gorilla adopted by the people if not by the paleontologists and natural philosophers. The hardy and enthusiastic hunter, however, has not rested upon his laurels, for he is again in the Gaboon country, expressly prepared for his researches; and if he survives his dangerous explorations of the unknown "back country," to return with his trophies and knowledge, the world of science will be treated with a work which must forever set at rest the character and classification of the great "Man Ape." His special region of exploration may be made clearer to the general reader by saying that it is on the western coast of Africa, almost midway between the Bight of Benin and the mouth of the river Congo, lying on either side of the equator, and extend-

ing back into the unknown regions of the hills beyond the coast-line belt. It is, hence, a few degrees further south than the Cape Palmas country, visited by Dr. Savage, which would appear to be the outer verge of the animal's haunts to the north. The region, therefore, of its choice is one where the jungles are densest and the tropic fruits most plentiful—for the creature is as pure a vegetarian as ever a bran-bread enthusiast could wish, and the enormous strength of the beast is proof enough that flesh and blood are not absolutely necessary articles of food.

Dr. Owen thus describes its chosen diet:—

"The palm-nut, of which the Gorillas greatly affect the fruit and upper part of the stalk called the 'cabbage.' The negroes of the Gaboon have a tradition that their forefathers first learnt to eat the 'cabbage' from seeing the Gorilla eat it, concluding that what was good for him must be good for man.

"The ginger-bread tree, which bears a plum-like fruit.

"The papau tree.

"The banana, and another species of the same description of plant.

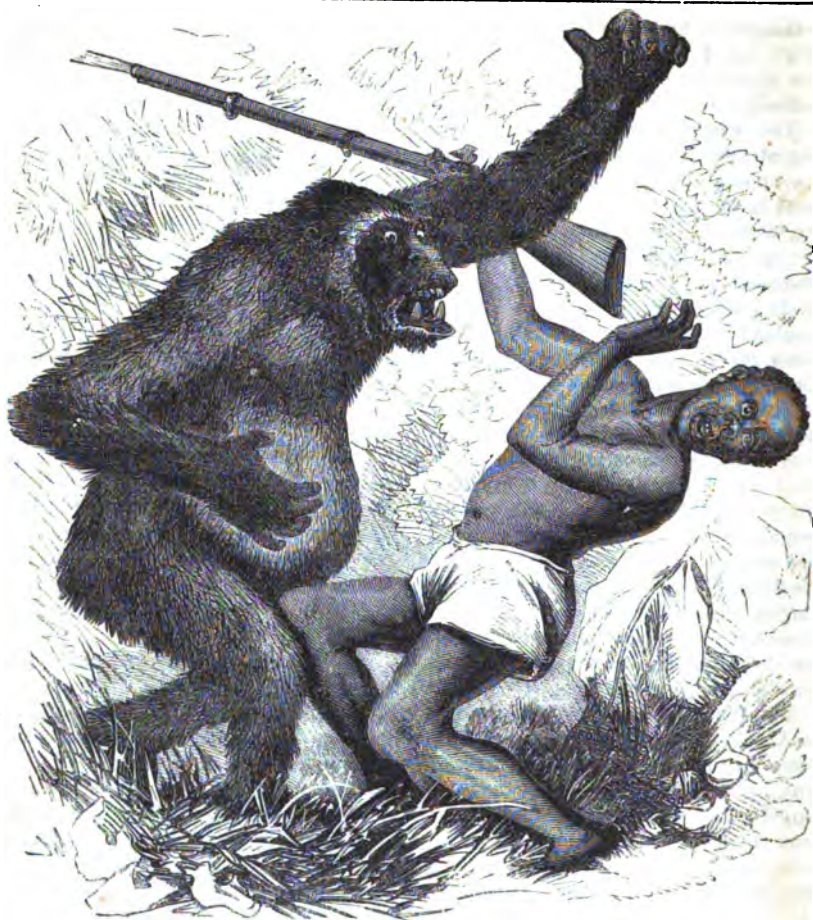
"The different species of amomum.

"A tree, with a shelled fruit, like a walnut, which the Gorilla breaks open with the blow of a stone.

"A tree, also botanically unknown, with a fruit like a cherry.

"Such fruits and other rich and nutritious productions of the vegetable kingdom, constitute the staple food of the Gorilla, as they do of the Chimpanzee. The molar teeth, which alone truly indicate the diet of an animal, accord with the statements as to the frugivorous character of the Gorilla; but they also sufficiently answer to an omnivorous habit to suggest that the eggs and callow brood of nests discovered in the trees frequented by the Gorilla might not be unacceptable."

Of the many wonderful stories related by Du Chaillu of the animal we can reproduce but few—just enough to inform the reader of what has been said. If he can find it in his heart to doubt, as he



HUNTER KILLED BY A GORILLA.

reads, let him read, nevertheless, and await the proofs Du Chaillu promises. We have introduced from his work the above illustration. He says:

"One by one, we went on a Gorilla hunt. All the Oralso (village or settlement) was busy, on the evening of my arrival, with preparations; and as meat was scarce, everybody had joyful anticipations of hunger satisfied, and plenty in the camp. Little did we guess what a frightful death was to befall one of our number before the next sunset. I gave powder to the whole party. Six were to go off in one direction for gazelles, and whatever luck might send them; and six others, of whom I was one, were to hunt

for Gorillas. We set off toward a dark valley, where Gambo, Igeremba's son, said we should find our prey. The Gorilla chooses the darkest, gloomiest forest for its home, and is found on the edges of the clearings only when in search of plantains, or sugar-cane, or pineapple. Often they choose for their peculiar haunt a wood so dark that, even at midday, one can scarce see ten yards. This makes it more necessary to wait till the monster beast approaches near before shooting, in order that the first shot may be fatal. It does not often let the hunter reload.

"Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various

directions. Gambo and I left together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he would find a Gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separate when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a Gorilla slain, when the forest began to rebound the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought at first quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the Gorilla's teeth. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the Gorilla suddenly, and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced near him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps. He stood his ground, and, as quickly as he could, reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire, the Gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sunk bleeding to the ground, the monster

seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the Gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong paws.

"When we came upon the ground the Gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground, and go off into the woods. We hunted up our companions, and carried our poor fellow to the camp, where all was instantly excitement and sorrow. They entreated me to give him medicine, but I had nothing to suit his use. I saw that his days were numbered; and all that I could do was to make him easy by giving him a little brandy or wine at intervals. He had to tell the whole story over again; and the people declared at once that he was no true Gorilla that had attacked him, but a man—a wicked man turned into a Gorilla. Such a being no man could escape, they said; and he could not be killed by the bravest hunter. This principle of fatalism or transmigration of souls is brought in by them in all such cases, I think, chiefly to keep up the courage of their hunters on whom such a mischance exercises a very depressing influence. The hunters are the most valued men in these negro villages. A brave and fortunate one is admired by all the women, loved—almost worshiped—by his wives, and enjoys many privileges among his fellow villagers. But his proudest time is when he has killed an elephant or a Gorilla, and filled the village with meat. Then he may do almost what he pleases.

"The poor fellow died the day afterward; but it is satisfactory to know that the monster Gorilla, by whom he was killed, was shot the day previous."

The ferocity of the animal is shown not only toward man but to its own kind. Of their combats among themselves Du Challu says:

"It uses no artificial weapon of offense, but always attacks with its arms, though in a struggle no doubt the powerful teeth would play a part. I have several times

noticed skulls in which the huge canines were broken off, not *worn* down, as they are in almost all the adult Gorillas, by gnawing at trees which they wished to break, and which, without being gnawed into, are too strong even for them. The negroes informed me that such teeth were broken in combats between the males for the possession of a female, and I think this quite probable. Such a combat must form a magnificent and awful spectacle. A struggle between two well-matched Gorillas would exceed, in that kind of excitement which the Romans took such delight in, any thing in that line they were ever gratified with."

Of the Gorilla's power of voice and his way of expressing his anger, the hunter writes:

"On the 18th, as we were hunting, I heard in the far distance what I at first took to be muttering thunder. I hurried on to reach some shelter in an ebony-grove at a distance before the storm should break, but promptly perceived the noise to be caused by a male Gorilla which was roaring to its female, who after a while could be heard answering with a weaker roar. The forest fairly shook with the tremendous voice of this animal. The echoes swelled and died away from hill to hill, until the whole forest was full of the din.

"Unluckily I had gone out with my smallest gun, loaded with shot, to shoot birds. I put in a ball instead of the shot, and determined to follow up the animals. By and by I could hear the deep drum-like sound which the male Gorilla causes by beating his breasts with his huge fists. The jungle was quite thick and our advance slow. Poor Makondoi was in a great fright, as we heard the animal, which kept up its terrible roaring, waiting at short intervals to hear the replies of the female.

"Presently I heard trees creaking, and saw through the woods, how every few minutes a sapling was swung about and then broken off. While I was watching these actions I suppose the animal became aware of the presence of danger, for presently a dead silence followed on the loud roars, and when, gun in hand, I broke

through the wood, my Gorilla was gone.

"I am sure I must have heard this Gorilla's roar three miles off, and the noise of his beating his breast at least a mile. No words can describe the thunderous noise which it produces. I say I heard it three miles off, because I was three quarters of an hour before coming near the beasts."

And of his strength he writes:

"The strength of the Gorilla is evidently enormous. A young one, of between two and three years of age, required four stout men to hold it, and even then, in its struggles, bit one severely; that with its jaws it can dent a musket barrel, and with its arms break trees from four to six inches in diameter, sufficiently proves that its vast bony frame has corresponding muscle. The negroes never attack them with other weapons than guns; and in these parts of the far interior, where no European gun had yet reached, as among the Aplingi, this great beast roamed unmolested, the monarch of the forest. To kill a Gorilla gives a hunter a life-long reputation for courage and enterprise, even among the bravest of the negro tribes, who are generally, it may be said, not lacking in this quality of courage."

How affecting is this incident:

"On the 25th of November I got a second young Gorilla. This time I was accessory to its capture. We were walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female Gorilla, with a tiny baby Gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching that I held my fire and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle.

"The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and with pitiful cries, endeavored to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither

walk nor bite, so we could easily manage it, and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother he crawled toward her, and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one. He crawled over the body, smelt at it, and gave utterance from time to time to a plaintive cry, 'Hoo, hoo, hoo' which touched my heart. I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed more docile than the other I had, for he already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry toward me when he saw me. I put the little body in alcohol, and sent it to Dr. Wyman of Boston, for dissection."

THE PRISONER OF WAR IN TEXAS.

CAMP GROCE—grave of many a noble Federal—lies upon the Navasota railroad, about four miles from Hempstead, capital of Washington county, Texas; a town noted, long anterior to the rebellion, for its bloody fracas with ball and bowie-knife, and which, in latter years, has lost nothing of its old reputation. I think that, during our prison-sojourn in its neighborhood, this representative borough must have been the scene of at least a dozen murders, shootings, and stabbings, whereof neither law nor justice took any cognizance.

The ground whereon a rebel "camp of instruction" had been located was owned by one Colonel Groce, who was said to have distinguished himself in the early Texo-Mexic war by running away to his snug property, which thereafter became known as "Groce's Retreat." This politic proprietor had now exempted himself from further demands for the nonce, by offering his waste fields as a military dépôt; and so the "Retreat"

was changed to a "Camp," where cow-boys and conscripts congregated, and raw militia-men were licked into discipline by officers hardly less uncouth or ignorant. Here the first rebel recruits, who flocked to Magruder's standard after the capture of Galveston, on New-Year's day, 1863, had been organized into companies of mounted infantry from the lower counties; and here, as to a railroad center, were dispatched the "awkward squads" that subsequently (merged into "Speight's Battalion," "Waul's Legion," and "Tom Green's Rangers"), became the raiders of Louisiana and the victors in many a fight on Texan borders.

Our general prison-quarters were a stack of pine barracks, five hundred feet in length, located some distance back from the railroad track, but in full view of it. The "camp" was hemmed in from open prairie country by a belt of woods and thickets, swampy and malarious. The neighborhood, like much of the "Brazos bottom," though rich in soil and products, has never been a healthy one. "Yellow Jack" nearly depopulated Hempstead a few years before the war, and typhoid fevers, agues, and dysenteries, are "to the manor born."

Our barracks were divided by pine partitions into compartments, each a hundred feet in length, which separated the "sheep from the goats," as our sailor-boys used to say; or, in other words, gave our officers quarters to themselves, and appropriated the remaining divisions to soldiers and seamen. Throughout the stack were distributed at one time about five hundred prisoners, captured at various fights; gunboat-men from the "Harrist Lane," whose noble commander—a son of Bishop Wainwright—fell on the deck of his gallant vessel before her surrender; from the "Morning Light," a blockading ship, taken by cotton-clad rebel river-boats, at Sabine Pass, in January; and from the "Clifton" and "Sachem," disabled by the fire of a mud-fort, where forty-two Irishmen—the "Davis Guard"—withstood, and actually drove off, seven thousand Federal troops, which General Banks had sent to occupy the coast of Texas. Mingled with

these man-of-war's-men" were New Yorkers, New Englanders, and batches from the Western States, in infantry blouses, cavalry jackets, and artillery frocks; a motley collection of brave but ragged "Yankees" who had been "gobbled" at divers spots between New Orleans and the Sabine river.

Behold them, emerging at dawn from close-pent barracks, to gulp a draught of morning air, in lieu of stronger stimulus, and to begin the routine of daily prison-life. The Jack-tars are stirring first; drawing water from a deep well which supplies the barracks, and kindling fires, whereon to boil corn-coffee and to bake corn-dodgers. Cocks crow from coops hard by; for our provident prisoners contrive to keep chickens, for an occasional thanksgiving broil or a broth to tempt some sick comrade. Mocking-birds begin to sing in wicker-cages that hang under rafters, out of the reach of rats, whereof there are terrible specimens cavorting about nocturnally. But no prison aviary can vie in melody with the woods around Camp Groce, that seem to rock and thrill, at times, under the "sweet jargoning" of silver-voiced songsters. Soon as the eastern skies are rose-flushed with Aurora's swift advance, a gust of music breaks out from the leafy wilderness. Cradled on twigs and top-most branches of red-oaks and cypress-trees, the mocking-bird swings and sings, the red-bird whistles, and the oriole trills; while underneath a buzz of golden bees, a hum of butterflies, and the low drum of partridges, mingle with chirps of the green cicada and guttural *basso* of frogs at the pool-edges.

The interior of our barracks, partitioned into different quarters, was confined enough, when foul weather kept us within doors. The pine walls were lined on either side with rough board bunks, each intended for two bedfellows. Battened shutters and doors of hemlock opened during the daytime on contiguous sand glaring under summer sun or drenched with periodical rain. A half-dozen trees threw gaunt shadows at intervals, but the area immediately around us had been denuded of original forest-

growth, so that there were only a few umbrageous spots nearer than the surrounding woods, to which the prisoners were allowed no access unless accompanied by a guard. There was a circle of shade-trees just outside of the dead-line, wherein religious meetings were held on Sabbath days by the rebel militia-men, and where the guards ate their rations diurnally; but that "grove," as they called it, was *tabooed* to us, and we were fain to content ourselves with the scant shelter afforded in the afternoon, by our ten-foot building, and a rude veranda covering at the officers' doorway. As for the men, they dozed away the summer hours in bunks, or lay outside at their barrack bases, or occupied themselves in making bird-cages, and carving rings of horn, or with chess-playing, draughts, and games of chance, adding occasional bouts at quoits, base-ball, and cricket. Sometimes, in the latter sports, a ball would roll beyond the dead-line, and be tossed back by a good-natured rebel sentry; but, occasionally, some more malignant "reb" would curse the "Yanks" for awkwardness, and yell a growling notice to the "corporal of the guard." One day, an eager prisoner pursued the ball within five feet of the line, whereat, without a challenge, the cowardly rebel guard drew up his musket and discharged it. The bullet whizzed by its intended victim, and, passing the group of players, struck somewhere near the barracks, wonderful to say, without inflicting harm, though crowds were round the doors. The rebel then called his corporal to give him another percussion cap, and coolly went on with his tramp. But a hundred hungry eyes watched the fellow that day, and many days afterward. Had he killed the man at whom he fired, he would never have left his post alive. At that time it was a novelty to be shot at by guards. Afterward, when a few brave fellows actually died by such means, we learned to regard the matter as quite incidental to prison-life in Dixie.

Our barracks, in the "rainy season," were very dismal abodes. But when fierce November "northern" searched into every nook and crevice with icy chill.

the sheds became melancholy indeed. Often were we awakened at midnight to find the water flooding our bunks, our blankets drenched, and the floor a long puddle. Then all hands, as the sailors expressed it, had to "turn out and caulk ship." Lighting our wretched "grease-lamps," made of sardine-boxes containing melted fat, with cotton rags for wicks, or, perhaps, a tallow-dip, which some genius manufactured for the prison-market, the occupants of submerged bunks would climb up to the roof, and tinker bravely at the hopeless task of mending warped weather-boards, or diverting water-jets aside, by impromptu contrivances of spout and shingle. Happy was the possessor of a water-proof blanket, or a roof-space less leaky than that of his neighbors. Miserable was the sick man, forced to lie helpless, or to be shifted suddenly, wet and shivering, to a less-exposed spot, if such could be found. Many a poor fellow, in the crisis of fever, or the utter prostration of chronic dysentery, has felt the "wet norther" thus fastening, like fangs, on his vitals, with a clutch never to be relaxed but in death.

The officers' barrack contained about forty bunking-places, or "roosts" as we termed them. The hopelessly sick were removed from the confined bunks to cots in the middle of the floor, on one side of our central doors, while the long tables, at which we messed, occupied another moiety of our common apartment. Thus the officers' barrack served at once for prison and hospital, dining-room and dormitory. Had there been fire-places we might have made it a kitchen also: but fortunately we had a cook-house in the rear—a ten-feet square shed—in which we had placed cooking-stoves purchased by subscription through friends at Houston.

It was a gloomy place at best, that barrack of Camp Groce. The rank and file were crowded more closely than the officers, and suffered accordingly; because, where hundreds of men are incarcerated, there must be diseased, filthy, and reckless individuals. But there was little to envy in our cleaner and less

thronged quarter. We had our sickness, our sufferings, our mortality; our bickerings and backbitings; our selfishness and greed; our lonesome watches by the sick, our vigils with the dying. In like proportion, officers and men were carried out in pine-coffins, dragged away on a wood-cart, and buried in a common graveyard in the wood. We were permitted to keep up some show of respect for our departed comrades; and when the grave had been hollowed by a few willing and sturdy sailors, allowed to dig under guard, we formed our sad procession, two by two, behind the corpse, and thus walked solemnly to the charnel-spot, to deposit the loyal dead in rebel ground, far away from the home of his youth, and the quiet dust of his kindred. Sometimes we said or read a prayer for the released prisoner; sometimes we listened to words of significance or warning; then, slowly retracing our steps, we went back to our barracks, with the reflection—alas! how fleeting!—that there was one less prisoner at Camp Ford, and that another of our number must be the next one called.

Our rebel guards were nondescript in order and appearance. Lank-bodied backwoodsmen, sallow-cheeked farmers, fat-bellied yeomen, "larding the lean earth," as they trudged on their post; wheezy and rheumatic old codgers, bleary-eyed and crooked; limping fellows, who mounted guard with an old Queen's Arm musket in one hand and a cane in the other; boys with "shrill, piping treble," and hobble-de-hoya, with double-barreled shot-guns and double-barreled voices; these were our Camp Groce militia, with a sprinkling of conscripts, squads of volunteers, coming and going, gangs of yellow-visaged Mexican cow-herds from the Rio Grande—who danced *fandangoes* nightly, and "vamosed the ranch" daily: altogether, doubtless, a regiment for some rebel Falstaff to "march through Coventry," every man stepping as if he had "gyves between his legs." I must not forget the "convalescents" from Hempstead hospital; ague-stricken, poor wretches, shaking on guard like China mandarins on your

mantel-shelf, and hapless heroes with bowel-complaints, constantly shouting for "corporal of the guard, post number fo'"—or the like.

A Confederate medicus we had; a clever old fellow of mysterious reticence, who invited our own surviving surgeon to share his quarters, outside the guard-line, and who provided much store of quinine, Dovers' powders, calomel, and occasional hospital whisky. But this useful ancient got himself into trouble one day, and decamped to parts unknown; leaving us in charge of our Yankee Hippocrates, who drenched, dosed, and doctored the men *ad libitum*. There was a great deal of experimental hospital-practice thereafter at Camp Groce; for our worthy surgeon possessed wonderful zeal and untiring application. Whether he killed or cured, as a specialty, was problematical to patients; but his medicines ran out, after a while, and the battle grew generally even between life and death forces. We continued our weary processions to the grave-yard, and yellow mounds multiplied week after week.

What long and lonely night-hours; what monotonous days; what conning of thrice-read books; what eager listening for news by the railway, dribbled to us through friendly guards; what poring over the foot-square journal from Houston; what yearnings for liberty; what speculations concerning "exchange."

Many varieties of mania and dementia did the prisoners alternate with. We had "chess on the brain," "pipes on the brain," "rings on the brain;" all with regular symptoms and diagnosis; setting us problems for one week in the game of chess, developing our skill, the next, in a hundred tobacco-pipes fancifully carved, and keeping us industrious for another seven days in the fabrication of rings out of ox-bone and cow-horn.

Periodically we dug sinks, and trenches for the deposit of waste matter. By messes, we took turns in purveying fuel from the woods, to which marched three or four of us at a time, preceded by a wagon drawn by mules, and followed by

a rebel guard in shocking hat and dilapidated galligaskins of cowhide.

Pioneered by our wagoner of African descent, we penetrated the still forest, and with resounding axes belabored tough hickory saplings. Then, piling our creaking wain, we turned barrack-ward; not forgetting to gather store of pennyroyal for "sweats," hollywood for pipes, red-peppers for our "soup maigre," sumach for a tonic, and *yippun*, to decoct into "the drink that cheers but not inebriates."

For it is true, that in the wild *yippun*, indigenous to Texas, and growing thickly in her woods and fields, we found an excellent substitute for tea; if the plant be not, in fact, a veritable variety of black tea, needing only care and cultivation to render it both strong and aromatic. Perhaps some stray slips of the genuine plant may have been dropped in the old Mexican province by Jesuits who brought them from Japan, or *Nippon*, as the natives call that curious island empire of Tycoons and No-kamis.

Be the origin of *yippun* what it may, I relished many an infusion of it in hot water, when Souchong or Young Hyson was an impossibility, and "Lincoln coffee" worth its weight in greenbacks. Sassafras tea was grateful at times, though insipid and blood-diluting, rye-coffee was not always to be obtained, and corn-coffee grew execrable. But a cup of *yippun*, with a slice of wheaten toast, and a suspicion of butter—how luxuriously it titillated my palate once, after a lenten season of mush, tough beef, and corn-dodgers.

Dull and tedious is captivity, even when its chains are flowers. That strange disease which the physician knows as *Nostalgia*; that withering and wasting home-sickness, which preys upon the brain and saps the heart's juices day by day; alas! how many noble and sensitive natures have fallen its victims in the southern prison-houses. I have seen strong men die slowly under it. It defies medicine and sustenance. Sympathy has no charm to stay its ravages. It fastens upon the breast of its prey, and sucks, vampire-like, the breath of

his nostrils. Many a heroic spirit, after braving death at the cannon's mouth; after bravely hoping, and lovingly waiting, through long months, for the gates of imprisonment to open; has at length succumbed unresistingly to this vampyre, Nostalgia, and found release in the end only through the gloomy portal of dissolution.

PRISONERS ON THE MARCH.

There are different kinds of marching; your grand march, with banners flying, drums beating, bugles sounding, and the flush of a glorious victory brightening the eyes and giving a spring to the step, as if every heel were clothed with the wings of Mercury; your route march, where the soldier knows that to straggle is death or desertion, and that the lighter his heart the lighter will be his journey, and the nearer his rest at the camping-ground; your double-quick advance, with shut teeth and expanded chest, and the glow of a coming conflict already beginning to tingle; and there is the retreat—either leisurely or hard-pressed, but in either case a dogged plodding, with little of pluck in it, to encourage or animate.

But the marching of prisoners into durance is the dreariest of all marching. The heavy drag of feet, supporting weary bodies, and carrying downcast heads and forlorn hearts; the painful tramp over stony roads, the shuffle through sands, and the flounder in mud and morass; all goaded on by the unrelaxing will of an enemy; such marching as this will often strain the toughest muscles, and break down the stoutest energies.

Over long stretches of sunburnt prairies—tramp! tramp! Far-away timber-islands loom in apparent neighborhood, but seem to recede as we advance painfully toward them. Canteens become empty, but feel heavier at our loins. With parched lips and scorched necks—foot-sore and stiff in every joint—tramp! tramp! the march goes on; till night constrains a halt, and the scanty ration of corn-dodger, the bed of bare ground, the unrestful slumber, prolong existence to another morning.

In wintry weather a prairie-march was frightful; when wretched wayfarers, shivering under threadbare blankets, felt the keen "norther" cut like a knife to bone and marrow. To shamble, barefoot, over icy ridges and frozen ruts, and totter on new-fallen snow, dry and glittering, which was often tracked with blood for leagues; to wade through streams thick with lumps of ice, or to creep over sharp, hard stubble, till the blistered feet became raw and often ulcerated; to cower, at the evening halt, around a fire, and tremble under fierce blasts of wind, or cold gusts of sleet—thus getting fitful and unrefreshing snatches of sleep; and to resume the tramp! tramp! at daybreak, with gnawing stomachs, only half satisfied with stone-cold, meager rations; such were the miseries of winter-marching that our poor boys were forced to endure—sometimes bravely sustaining all, but often dropping, nerveless and exhausted, by the roadside—to "wait for the wagon," which lumbered behind, packed with sick and miserable prisoners, many of whom would never be able to walk again.

On the marches of Federal prisoners in Texas the severest sufferings were too common. Sometimes a poor soldier or sailor fainted in his place, and was carried to the roadside by his comrades, who, themselves, were obliged to tramp forward. Then followed coarse invectives, vile curses, not seldom blows, from brutal guards, detailed to "hurry up the stragglers." On the second journey of our hapless fellows from Shreveport to Tyler, men were roped by lariats about the neck, and then fastened to the ponies of their guards, which dragged them till they sunk insensible. Young boys were cut over the head and face with sabers: I have seen their fresh wounds; men were shot down ruthlessly for no offense save their inability to keep up with the column. It is true, that the better-natured of our guards and their officers repudiated such murderous treatment of prisoners; but it was equally true that we never heard of punishment being inflicted upon the inhuman traitors who perpetrated the enormities.

The few winter-months of Texas are especially rigorous upon all forced to travel. The best clad and mounted man, with ample stock of provisions and stimulants, is subjected to great hardships when making long inland journeys. Stout horsemen have been discovered, with their steeds, frozen in the middle of a prairie. Stage-drivers, breasting a sleety norther, have succumbed to its fatal chills, and been found rigid and dead when their teams reached a town. Wild cattle, and even hogs, have died by droves on the wide prairie, or in the woody barrens—killed by the bitter blast striking their half-nourished bodies. What must be the miseries of five-hundred or a thousand prisoners—some of them sick, hundreds feeble—when goaded on, hour after hour, to make their twenty miles a day, with insufficient food, and with bodies nearly naked? God only knows what horrors have attended the marching of captives under rebel guards. Thick are the graves in wilderness fields, and on desolate highways, where rested at last the aching frames of those nameless martyrs who perished for their country, without the wild glory of the battle-field to inspire them, but with devotion as steadfast and loyalty as pure as our noblest heroes have ever cherished.

ATTEMPTS AT ESCAPE.

Many and curious were the plans and contrivances for escape that were hatched in the busy brains of Yankee prisoners. We had our tunnels in all directions. The first one projected at Camp Ford was laid out mathematically by rule and compass, under expert engineering skill; and this, at one time, promised a complete *stampede*. Ground was broken under a bedstead in a cabin occupied by Iowa officers, the "Hawk-eye Mess;" and a shaft was sunk, some eight feet, from which the tunnel struck off toward our rear stockade-line, the plan being to excavate deep under the wall, and burrow some forty rods beyond, before making an exterior opening amidst the prairie stubble. This first tunnel was discontinued and suddenly filled up, just as our

subterranean gallery had neared the blockade timbers. An unsuccessful "break out" of fifteen officers—thirteen of whom were run down by blood-hounds—provoked stricter rule and closer scrutiny on the part of rebel authorities, and we deemed it politic to suspend operations during the vigilant term.

Tunnels were subsequently made in all directions by prisoners. After our disasters on the Red River and in Arkansas had increased the population of Camp Ford to some thousands, the soldiers and sailors—many of whom had been prisoners for two years—grew desperately anxious to release themselves. Scores of these men dwelt in caves, which they dug in the hard clay, and descended into by clay steps. These abodes were like Esquimaux snow-huts or beaver-houses. A hole slanting up from the fire-place through the bank, served for a chimney; though many were without appliances for heat, being merely burrowing-places. Other huts were built on clay foundations, or with logs, or upright poles; some having timber and others board or thatched roofs. In one of these "*shebangs*," the boys started a tunnel from the chimney, which was built up out of an excavated den. The shaft-mouth, a hole sufficiently large to admit the body of a man, was "up chimney," about four feet above the blazing back-logs. To enter this aperture, it was necessary to pass, literally, like Moloch's children, "through the fire." The shaft slanted downward from the chimney, and was enlarged into an underground gallery which extended hundreds of rods and had lateral branches. Through this and other tunnels, frequent elopements took place, and at one time a *stampede* of more than a hundred prisoners. Very few, however, succeeded in making their final escape; for the country-people were treacherous and inimical, the woods and swamps hardly traversable, the guards ubiquitous on a scout, and the dogs—the man-hunting blood-hounds—unerring in their scent of fugitives. Yet, in some instances, almost miraculous escapes were effected,

the accounts of which would read like adventures in a romance.

There were many ludicrous attempts made to elude the sentinels and special guards. An old preacher, whom our boys dubbed the "Arkansas Traveler," succeeded in disguising himself in butter-nut garments, and passing out of the gate as one of the rebel visitors occasionally admitted. He made little headway, however, stopping at a farm-house, some five miles distant, to ask lodgings for the night, as a preacher. The dwelling was occupied by only two women, and our "Arkansas Traveler" was imprudent enough to construe some expressions which they dropped against Jeff. Davis, as a loyal symptom; so that he was tempted to hint his true character, as an escaped prisoner. The result was as might have been expected from "secesh women;" they sent a message to camp, and our poor "traveler" was soon overhauled by pursuers, who brought him back, and cast him, upon corn-dodger and water, into the outside guard-house, or "wolf-pen," as we used to call it.

On another occasion, one of our harum-scarum young men—a cavalry-officer—essayd a novel mode of self-enlargement. An old negro had been detailed as camp-scavenger, to come into the "corral" with a single mule, and collect all the garbage thrown from huts, and the general dirt of streets. Lieutenant G—— had prepared his dried beef and panola for rations, and made up his little bundle for the road, and, by an understanding with the "darkey," was allowed to ensconce himself in the cart, lying prone, in a corner, while the muck, dirt, and *debris* of Camp Ford were heaped over his sweating body. Thus buried under the garbage-heap, our brave comrade was drawn slowly through the stockade gate, and up the hill, to a dumping-ground, where dust and offal were deposited. Arrived at the spot, the cart was tilted, and Lieut. G—— dumped, with all his covering, into the reservoir, from which he emerged, it may be thought, in no savory condition. But, *as* *as* Rob. Burns says—"the best laid

schemes o' mice an' men gang aft aye;" and so it proved with our poor lieutenant; for, either the lynx-eyed rebel guard at our gate had suspected, or suspicion otherwise tracked the cart; and, before getting far on his path, our gallant Yankee was overhauled by Texan horsemen, with truculent bowie-knives and revolvers, while the ominous bay of sleuth-hounds sounded behind him. Unfortunate G—— was brought back to camp, and allowed ample prison time—which it doubtless required—to remove the trace and odor of his late "carriage-ride" from clothes and person.

SCORPION GULCH.

A GOLD-SEEKER'S TALE.

CALIFORNIA in the scorching mid-summer of 185—.

Joel Hereford, my fast comrade, and myself, had been working a lonely claim on the Red Bar of the Dry Fork of Feather River, for over six weeks; and, in the mountain coolness of one evening, soon after sunset, we found ourselves sitting at the door of our little shanty, seriously discussing whether we should continue or abandon the claim, and "prospect" for richer diggings. We had another partner in our present claim, a Mexican or native Californian—I never knew which—named Miguel Gonzago. He resided, with his wife and little daughter, at an insignificant ranch some miles below us, on the Yuba, and near the miniature commonwealth of Ophir, which then consisted of five log edifices, all drinking saloons, an equal number of cattle corrals, and several miners' tents. Gonzago had gone home for the night. Before going, however, he had strongly urged the abandonment of the Bar, and a resort to the richer deposits of the mountains.

The profits of our claim had been steadily decreasing, and both Hereford and myself, at length, came to the conclusion that we would, at all events, "sink the claim," as the phrase went; but in what direction next to turn our gold-seeking steps, we were at a loss to

determine. We were always sanguine. That the Eldorado of our golden dreams would, sooner or later, be reached, we never for a moment doubted. For two hardy, adventurous years, we had wandered from gully to gully, from stream to stream, ditching, dredging, cradling, sifting, had made money, lost some also, and now possessed sums of tolerable magnitude in bank at Sacramento. But we had followed the glittering bauble too long to be satisfied with any but colossal results. "Shall we go home?" was never a question with us, but invariably, "Where shall we go next?"

Our present contemplated change of base, however, involved a new consideration. We had long had vague apprehensions about the trustworthiness of our swarthy partner, Miguel, or "Don Miguel," as we jocosely termed him.

We had now fallen into a reverie, when Hereford suddenly broke the silence with:

"George, aren't you somewhat afraid of the Don?"

"Yes," I replied, starting a little at the question, for, at the very moment he spoke, the sinister features of the Mexican were floating darkly through my thoughts.

"I don't like him at all," said my comrade. "If he wasn't so shrewd, I would go in for turning him out of the concern. "Do you know," he continued, "when I was down at Marysville last week, I heard Jack Hays describing the appearance of that infernal robber and murderer, Gonzago, whom the Vigilance Committee chased for miles up the San Joaquin valley, without being able to catch him."

"What of that?"

"Nothing, only the description fitted our Don to a dot."

"Pshaw!"

"Besides that," persisted Hereford, "I believe he hates me like a fiend. The greaser has got it into his head, one way or another, that I have been making love to his wife."

I laughed; for I had, "in one way or another," got the same thing into my head.

Except that we would quit the claims, at all events, we came to no conclusion, whatever, and soon retired to our bunks, to sleep the thing through, and see what the morning would bring forth.

We rose betimes, while the sky was yet rosy in the east, as our preparations for departure would occupy several hours. After a hasty meal of biscuit and salt junk, Hereford proceeded to gather our mining implements together, while I stuffed the provisions into rude panniers of canvas cloth, wherewith to pack our mule for the journey. Our visits to Marysville or Sacramento were necessarily unfrequent. We were, therefore, in the habit of secreting our earnings, when of considerable amount, generally by burying them in the ground, until opportunity was afforded one of us to convey them to the nearest dépôt. Upon this occasion, we had accumulated upward of a hundred ounces of the precious dust, and concluded that the safer plan would be to bury it in the near vicinity of our "ranch," by which name we dignified the dilapidated eight-by-ten log-hut which we had erected among the golden rods and rank grasses at the water's edge.

Other preparations being complete, we sewed up our dust in a little sack, and went into the underbrush to find a suitable place for secreting it. Men are always somewhat nervous upon such occasions. We had hardly entered the thicket before there was a rustling sound behind us; and we both wheeled swiftly, with instinctive alarm.

"Did you see her?" exclaimed Hereford.

"I saw nothing."

"But I did. I think it was that monkey-faced girl of the Don's. She slipped through the brush like a ghost."

"What of it?" said I. "She runs through the mountains at will, and has frequently been here before."

"Not at daybreak," grumbled Hereford, uneasily. "Do you know, George, I suspect the Don sent her as a spy upon us."

This seemed entirely unreasonable to

me, and, without replying, I led the way deeper into the thicket. We heard another rustle, but saw nothing to warrant suspicion, and, soon selecting a suitable place—a little hillock, completely surrounded by a dense, bristling growth of the Spanish Bayonet—we put our treasure under ground, blazed the trees on either side to mark the spot, and then retraced our steps.

We had barely reached the bar again, before we heard a familiar volley of mongrel maledictions fired at some beast of burden. A moment afterward, Don Miguel broke out of the undergrowth on the opposite shore of the stream, driving a laden donkey before him. He was immediately followed by his wife—Donna Maria, as we called her—who was throned upon the back of another donkey, which was about the smallest adult specimen of his species I ever saw. How he supported the weight of his handsome but buxom mistress was a marvel, to which I can only liken the phenomenon of a tiny ant shouldering the carcass of a blue-bottle fly to his winter-quarters. The Don's little bare-legged girl was trotting merrily beside her mother as they came through the brush.

"Good-morning, señors," said the Don, who spoke tolerable English when he so wished.

We returned his salutation, and, as he had every appearance of migrating somewhere, asked him where he was going.

"*Caramba!* No you going to *vamos los rio?*" said he in great surprise.

"Yes," replied Hereford; "but we didn't know that you were."

"*Si, si, señor! Caramba!* We must dig more dust. Plenty up the mountains! Oh, plenty! plenty!" he earnestly exclaimed, illustrating his idea of "plenty" by describing with his arms a mighty curve, the continuation of which would probably have taken in about three-fourths of the starry heavens.

But, as nearly every barren bar, stream or gully, to which he had heretofore piloted us, had been described in much the same manner, we had grown somewhat

skeptical. Nevertheless, we had great faith in Gonzago's skill as an explorer, and, after a few minutes' consultation, agreed to accompany him. To my surprise, Hereford was now more earnestly in favor of it than myself. I soon, however, discovered that it was all owing to the shrewdness of the Mexican, who had brought his wife to accompany us; for the black eyes of the fair señora were alluring lights in that then comparatively womanless wilderness. She was from Sonora, barely twenty-five, and possessed much beauty, so far as it is to be found among the humbler classes of Mexico. Besides, she was very lively, rattled off a jargon of Anglo-Spanish very musically, and now looked prettier than ever, as she sat picturesquely perched upon her diminutive donkey, with the smoke-wreaths of her cigarette curling lazily up from her pretty lips.

The Don was a man of forty, dusky-featured, gloomy-browed and sunken-eyed, romantically dressed in the most approved *ranchero* style of slouched *sombrero*, white-fringed buckskin trowsers, and enormous spurs—upon the whole, half-ruffianly in his appearance, but polite and *sweet* withal.

The little girl, Inez, was probably ten years old, perhaps eight, and possibly twelve. She ran at large, half-naked, picked up rattlesnakes and bloated spiders with charming impunity, and laughed like an idiot at every thing she saw.

Hereford, having gone to the forest, returned with our mule, which had been picketed there. It occurred to me, for the second time, to ask the Don where he proposed to go.

"Oh, plenty dust! plenty! plenty!" he replied, again describing an arc of the heavens, to indicate the limitless extent of affluence to which he was about to lead us. But, upon being pressed to explain himself more minutely, he threw some light upon our understandings by mentioning the single name:

"*Los SCORPION GULCH!*"

I started back in surprise, and Hereford mechanically paused from arranging the pack on our mule. But the Don and his wife laughed immoderately at

our astonishment, and the little Inez chimed in as a matter of course.

"*Caramba!*" said Miguel. "Gulch only sixty miles off! Gulch full of gold!" "True; but fuller of snakes, tarantulas and every other poisonous pest!" cried Hereford; "and I, for one, have no inclination to pursue lucre in such company."

The place in question was far up in the *sierras*, somewhere in the neighborhood of Antelope Creek. A few miners, who were supposed to have been there, had spread marvelous reports throughout the mines of the treasures there concealed, but most effectually guarded by indescribable swarms of deadly insects and reptiles, as well as being almost unapproachable from the topographical nature of the neighboring country. I, for one, however, had come to regard these stories as altogether fabulous, or, at best, ridiculously exaggerated—a sort of bugbear, resorted to by the old miners, for the purpose of frightening new-comers. Hence, I rather liked the adventure, although the proposition had somewhat startled me at first. Hereford was induced, with a little persuasion, to fall in with the scheme.

An hour after sunrise, we started for the gulch, crossing Feather River, and striking through the mountains northwest by north. We had a difficult journey before us, which would probably occupy five days, as most of the way lay through the rough, frowning *sierras*, increasing in height at every step, over stony and very indistinct hunting-trails, where it seemed to the inexperienced eye that a wild goat could scarcely climb with safety. Nevertheless, with our hardy experience, and our bright visions of the promised land perpetually before us, to our eyes the distance hourly lessened, and we counted it not by footsteps. Our black-eyed *señora* would cook the game we killed, twice a day, and, as the country we traversed was well watered, we could almost nightly encamp beside a pleasant stream, where, after the breathless heat of those scorching days, the cold, clear gushes from the mountain's heart were an unspeakable blessing.

On the evening of the third day, we reached Antelope Creek, and Donna Maria's faithful little donkey dropped down and died at the brink. It was the first instance in my experience of a donkey actually perishing from exhaustion. I had theretofore been led to suppose that you could drive them any distance whatever, and feed them on a sheep-skin for an indefinite period of time.

Otherwise than that the remainder of the journey would have to be performed on foot, the *señora* was by no means concerned at the loss of the faithful animal. The next day, Hereford played the gallant in giving her the support of his arm over the more difficult portions of the way. These were numerous. For now we were in the very midst of the loftiest mountains of Shasta county, including peaks surpassed by few in California or Oregon for sublimity of scenery—a region even yet unknown in many of its secret features, to the steps of civilized man.

At about midday on Thursday, the fourth day out from Red Bar, we reached a most delightful plateau. It was covered with ample pasturage for our animals, and kissed at its eastern brink by an ice-cold torrent, which ran swiftly by, ere making the grand plunge of four hundred feet, which it accomplished about half a mile beyond. Here Don Miguel announced to us that we were within a mile of our destination, and proposed to make the plateau our encampment, while we prospected the gulch. This we acceded to. Leaving Donna Maria and her little changeling of a child to prepare the meal by our return, we set out for the infinite "plenty, plenty," of which our guide had so confidently assured us.

As we turned from the comparatively level plateau upon a narrow path, which wound deviously around an awful chasm between two lesser crags, Hereford and myself instinctively paused, and sent forth a great shout of surprise and admiration at the grandeur and magnificence of the scene so suddenly disclosed above, beneath, and around us. Far to the northward rose a single cone, of whose

sublime isolation and splendor we had frequently heard from the elder miners, who had given it the nautical, but significant title of "sky-scraper." Now we beheld it for ourselves—

"Not with the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
But soaring snow-clad through its native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."

In the interval between our perilous stand-point and this giant of the waste, were lesser peaks, looking more gloomy and somber as they lay in the mighty shadow of their superior; and broad, green cañons, bordering flashing streams, which rushed to the verge of some near chasm, visible or unseen, while the thunderous music of their fall was borne to our ears on the free, fresh air. One cliff rose with peculiar grandeur far away to the left of the grand cone, and over its rugged crest we could see one torrent slide through the pine-tops below, like a smooth, broad sheet of cold, blue steel. We were familiar with mountains, but the magnificence of this glorious scene was a picture to be recalled through the vicissitudes of a lifetime.

After lingering for many seconds upon its marvelous beauty, we followed the Mexican, who piloted us silently around the narrow brink of the chasm. Attaining firmer ground, we climbed a sharp ridge, through a twilight of dense pines, then down again over more level ground, but still through the trees, until we came suddenly upon the steep, sloping verge of an abyss so black, so terrible, that it seemed grotesque and unnatural—the phantasm of some haunting dream.

"Come, Don! hurry us around this infernal hole!" said Hereford impatiently. "It looks like the mouth of the bottomless pit! Come, let us go on to the gulch!"

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed the Mexican, with a complacent chuckle. "*Caramba!* this is the gulch."

We looked at him in amazement.

"*Si, sí!*" he continued. "Los Scorpion Gulch! plenty gold! plenty! plenty!"

"Suppose you go down first, and fetch up a few specimens," said Hereford, with some bitterness

In spite of our disappointment, we both laughed heartily at the ludicrous figures we cut on the outer verge of that yawning, horrible pit, whose very brink was almost unapproachable, without the certainty of being precipitated into unknown depths.

Gulch, until lately, was an obsolete word of Scandinavian origin, signifying, as a verb, to swallow or devour greedily; hence, as a substantive, a greedy swallower or devourer; and, therefore, was almost synonymous with *gulf* or *abyss*. I only know that I found the word in California when I went there; and it is a most excellent one, if we wish to preserve an analogy between the meaning of a thing and the sound of the term expressing it.

Scorpion Gulch, as it was called, was an enormous, irregular rift or crater, covering a surface of probably two acres and a half. The outer edge, upon which we stood, was fringed with dark and lofty pines on every side, with the shadows of a dozen far loftier mountains upon them. The ground sloped from this outer edge, at a steep decline—say that of sixty degrees—down to the proper verge or edge of the abyss, which, from them, dropped into perpendicular blackness; while a little rill of water leaped flashingly down one corner of the slope, and entered the pit with a very slight, shrill, ringing sound, which, as it came up from below, I likened in my mind to the laughter of some maniac giant, confined forever in the gloomy depths. Aside from this there was a strange and oppressive stillness. The sound of the distant cataracts was here shut away by the dense woods on all sides, and, owing to the close vicinity of the mountain wall, a strong breeze seldom stirred the trees, which rendered the midday heat almost unbearable. The trees were also so lofty that, on the one side or the other, their deep shadows almost covered the pit, so that the sunlight could seldom reach its mouth with an illuminating ray, but merely stole round the outer skirt—in a pallid, frightened way, it seemed to me. The sloping sides—between the bordering pines and

the inner brink—were covered with a thick growth of the pale, tufty grass of those regions, known as Buffalo grass, interspersed with the sharp, stout, bristling prongs of the Spanish Bayonet, prickly pear, and other species of cacti. As we stood wonderingly at the edge of the timber, instinctively keeping hold of the trees, a rattlesnake, about four feet in length, slipped boldly out from behind a cactus clump, eyed us malignantly for a few seconds, then glided glimmeringly down to the gulch, passed cautiously over, and was lost to our sight.

I turned away with a shudder. My comrades followed me, and we began to retrace our steps.

"To-morrow we come with ropes and crow-bars, and prospect way down to the bottom," said Don Miguel.

The idea of returning to that pit of evil struck Hereford and myself as so preposterous that we laughed immoderately at the proposition. But, all the way, and about the camp-fire in the evening, the Mexican urged so earnestly and vigorously for an exploration of the gulch that we went to sleep half persuaded to attempt it.

In the morning we were fully so. A hearty meal and a long, refreshing slumber are wonderful antidotes to morbid thoughts. When the sun was about three hours high, we started again with crow-bars, picks and spades, while the Don carried a bran new three-quarter inch Manilla rope, about a hundred and twenty-five feet in length, which he took from among the effects with which his beast had been laden. Donna Maria gave us a charming God-speed in Spanish, bestowing a bright look on Hereford with her large black eyes; little Inez ran for a considerable distance screaming and laughing after us; and we saw in every thing auspicious signs of success.

Arriving once more at the gulch, it did not look quite so gloomy and forbidding as on the evening before. We allowed our guide to make the preliminary preparations, which he quickly performed with a practiced hand. Our apprehensions were further modified by

the fearlessness with which he approached the yawning chasm.

Fastening one end of his stout rope to a tree on the side which sloped most gradually to the verge, he took the cord in his hand and boldly walked down to the inner brink. He then called out to us to let the crow-bar slide down to him. This we did, and, supporting himself with the rope, he soon succeeded in inserting the huge bar deep into the soil. He then made fast the rope to the bar, thus forming a very ingenious rail, by which one could descend to the mouth of the pit with comparative security. According to his directions, we now rolled him down some pine-branches and several large stones, which he dexterously caught and proceeded to build round the crow-bar into a little pyramid, selecting and fitting the stones with such nicety that they made a bulwark of considerable strength. Then, flinging the remainder of the line over the verge of the chasm, he suddenly caught it with a seemingly careless grip, flung himself over it, and, in an instant, was lost to view.

His disappearance was so sudden that it startled us considerably. At the same time, it gave us a much higher opinion of our swarthy confrère than we ever before had entertained.

He must have gone down pretty far, for, although we could hear him swearing at the obstacles he was encountering, his voice came up very indistinctly. Then there was a silence for many seconds. We began to fear that some accident had befallen him, when suddenly the rope was tugged more vigorously, indicating that he was now ascending, and pretty soon his huge *sombrero* appeared above the mouth of the pit. With an agile leap, he was again standing on the edge.

"Gold! gold! plenty! plenty!" he cried, and, taking off his hat, he took from its depths, and tossed us up, two fragments of dirty quartz, weighing two or three pounds each.

Hereford and I uttered joyful exclamations as we cracked one of these open with a pick. Absolutely one-eighth of

the mass was pure, glittering metal. The second fragment proved even richer than the first. Surely, we had found our Eldorado at last.

But sin is a frequent accompaniment of wealth. "See!" said Hereford, pointing to the earth that was clinging to one of the fragments; and, as I looked, I saw a scorpion about three inches in length, spring from it, and glide with incredible rapidity down the slope.

"Pluto, the god of riches, was also the deity of hell," I moralized.

But we were by no means despondent. We now thought little of the horrors of that rift in the bosom of the hills, but only of the yellow treasures which its black maw must contain.

Miguel now came up to us. After witnessing our delight with his usual equanimity, he intimated that the gulch should now be explored upon a more extensive scale. He said that he had not gone down more than thirty feet, and his powers of language were entirely inadequate to express the "plenty" of gold which he had seen shining on the walls. He thought that one of the party had better be fastened to the rope, and lowered down to its full length, it being his theory that the quartz was richer further down. Hereford and I were so elated at the prospect of filling our pockets on the instant, as well as of making preparations for future cart-loads of the precious mineral, that there was some contention between us as to which should first go down. At length we tossed up a half-dollar to decide, and I was elected.

Strapping a small pick to my belt, and providing myself with pine-knots and matches, to illuminate the depths when I should get to the extent of the line, I concluded my preparations by stuffing in my belt a small meal-bag, in which the Donna had placed my lunch. The bag I confidently expected to fill with gold before returning to the surface. Then, permitting Miguel to fasten the rope under my arm-pits, I was swung over the chasm, my two comrades meanwhile keeping a tight grip on the

rope, which had also a twist round the crowbar.

A feeling of horror took possession of me as I felt myself slowly descending into the unknown depths of that fearful abyss. I raised my hand, feeling of the tightly drawn rope above my head, and was astonished that I had not before noticed how very frail it was. My sensitiveness was so great that it seemed to be a mere thread. I was filled with a vague horror that it might, at any moment, snap, and launch me to destruction. Nevertheless, I conquered my fears by a great effort of volition, controlling myself sufficiently to call up at intervals, "All right!" to my companions above. Upon examining the wall of the chasm nearest me, I was also exceedingly encouraged to perceive, in the uncertain light, the yellow glitter which I knew so well how to appreciate. The rock was literally seamed and clothed with golden ore. I was about to realize all I had dreamed—I was penetrating the bosom of the mountains, the golden heart of the *sierras*, at whose gloomy exteriors I had so often moodily gazed, longing to pierce them with clairvoyant vision. Nevertheless, the darkness soon became so dense that I could not see my hand before my face, and my golden visions were slowly darkened by the actual terrors by which I was surrounded.

At length I felt that the extremity of the rope must be reached, as the regular jerks above my head suddenly ceased. I had left the broad, sunny daylight behind me; but now, turning my gaze upward through the apparently diminutive aperture at the top, the outline of which I could faintly distinguish, I saw the stars shining brightly in the heavens. I must now surely be deep enough. Feeling out for the wall, I luckily found it close at hand, and, to my joy, discovered a broad, firm ledge, which I immediately gained, giving a sigh of relief as I loosened the tight pressure of the cord from across my lungs. The wall was moist, but I managed to strike a match, and soon kindled a flaring torch from one of my pine-knots, placing it in a niche just

above my head. I was disappointed at the amount of light emitted by the flame, which I attributed to the dampness of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, a broad portion of the opposite side of the chasm was made visible, the sight of which dissipated any uncertainty which may have existed in my mind as to whether the glittering particles I had seen were truly gold. The glorious metal cropped out in huge, pure masses at my very feet. The entire circumference of the abyss was auriferous ore! I was almost wild with conflicting emotions. Where I stood, the quartz was exceedingly friable. It was possible, with a little diligence with my pick, to detach masses, seventy-five per cent. of which was clean, genuine gold.

I was suddenly interrupted in my operations by a great noise, as of contention, far above my head. I could hear curses and yells, and now and then fragments of the little pyramid, which Gonzago had piled about the crowbar, would come hurtling down before my face. I held my breath in an excess of terror. An indistinct premonition that something frightful was about to happen took possession of me, and I quaked from head to foot. Just then there was a great shout at the top; then as a mass—rendered shapeless by the velocity of its fall—came rushing by me to the depths below, a shriek, an awful howl of horror smote my ears with an emphasis which will continue to echo through them till my dying day. That mass was a human form, that howl a human voice.

Whose?

My heart stood still as I put to it that frightful query. I listened, with a sense of hearing sharpened by my extremity into an acuteness of abnormal intensity. Far, far down below, went the sullen boom of that falling body, striking the ledges as it went, until at length it died away; and then, far up above, I heard a fierce shout, and caught the expression: "Accursed Americano." Then, with horrible rapidity—like the events of a lifetime that pass in panorama through the brain of the drowning man—link by

link, I worked together the incidents of the few previous days. Our instinctive fear of Gonzago—his silent, sinister ways—his little girl spying us as we buried our treasure—his jealousy and hatred of Hereford—and, last of all, his luring us to that remote and almost impenetrable crater; all these reflections rushed through my mind in an instant, and I knew that my friend was, ere this, in the other world.

In a few seconds, I was aroused from my horror by feeling a tug at the rope from above. Instinctively loosening it from my person, I wound the end securely around a massive fragment close at hand. Scarcely was this done, when the crowbar and rope came rattling and clanging by me. Down, down, clanked the iron bar, but was soon brought to a stop by the fastening which I had made secure. The fiend at the top was evidently in doubt as to whether he had succeeded in launching me after my comrade, for he hung around the mouth of the abyss, sending down a jargon of oaths and yells, but without eliciting any response from me. At length all was silent. I concluded he had gone away; and, sitting down upon the ledge, and bowing my head upon my knees, I gave myself up to the host of emotions which oppressed my brain.

Need I say that I considered myself lost beyond redemption? The awful extremity of my own situation soon ameliorated the grief and horror into which the death of my friend had plunged me. I must have sat thus for hours, for, when I again scanned the walls of the abyss, I saw them but indistinctly, for the torch, which I had lighted, was nearly consumed. Even while I looked, it burnt from its fastening and fell into the unknown depths below. The bare idea of being left in that subterranean darkness was so horrible that my hand fluttered at my belt for a match immediately.

But I paused. I only had three more pine-knots. Should I not be sparing of them for an emergency? Emergency! What one could arise more perilous than my present situation? The air was so moist that I began to shake with cold.

No sound through that realm of darkness—no sound but the shrill small voice of that little torrent, dripping somewhere downward through the gloom. When far above, in the blissful regions of light and warmth, I had imagined that sound to be the chuckling laughter of a fiend! With what fearful fancies did it now impress me! I could have sworn that it was a voice, a demoniac voice. There was a weird, ghostly significance in its hollow but ringing laugh. Now it would chuckle in a wicked, self-satisfied way, then it would ring long and clear in silvery peals, with a joy so exultant and wild that I feared it would make me insane, and closed my ears with my fingers, which gave to it a muffled, ill-defined murmur, as of half-suppressed mirth, which was more horrible still. The awful blackness of that quintessence of midnight darkness lay upon me with the weight of an iron globe. I shut my eyes, and would yet feel it, pressing upon head and bosom, until I could scarcely breathe. But, sufferings of the imagination, like those of the body, must cease in time; and, after an interval, I resigned myself to my fate, and passed into a kind of torpor of despair. From this I was awakened by a clammy hand—so it seemed—a corpse-like, death-dewy, shuddering hand, passing across my neck. Flinging it off with a stifled shriek, I hastily lit another torch, and perceived that the ledge upon which I stood was swarming with the great, black, loathsome lizards peculiar to California, one of which must have given me that clammy touch which had so appalled me. The sudden gleam of the torch was reassuring, and I again began to examine the walls in a mechanical way. To my disgust, they were alive with large scorpions, while, from several ledges, I noticed, hanging and swinging, several of those hideous, black, bloated spiders, the tarantula—whose very aspect curdles the blood of the stranger. The bite of this insect is exceedingly venomous and sometimes fatal, and the sting from the tail of the scorpion—doubly dangerous from the fact that it moves with incredible velocity—is scarcely less painful.

Again I viewed the glittering gold-crusted walls of my prison-house with gloomy reflections. Above, around, beneath my feet was opulence outvying that of kingdoms and principalities—wealth enough to equip vast armies and cover the seas with mighty navies:—all this within my clutch—all this, and yet not enough to purchase me a gulp of God's pure atmosphere; not enough, perhaps, to save me from a lingering, miserable, unwept-for tomb. I covered my face with my hands, and burst into a torrent of bitter, scalding tears. But dark as may be the vicissitudes of fortune, often there are little things which may afford momentary relief.

I found that the little rivulet, whose silvery voice had at first so frightfully affected my morbid sensibility, dripped from the rocks so near me that, by cautious crawling, I could reach a little plashing basin, which it formed on the right hand extremity of the ledge whereon I rested. I drank a deep draught, and bathed my head in its refreshing currents. That, at least, was sweet and pure, and fresh from the free air of the mountains above. It had no longer a demon's voice for me, but tinkled merrily down like a chime of fairy-bells. That hearty draught and ablution was like a resumption of the connection with the upper world, which I had almost resigned forever. Naturally of a disposition exceedingly sanguine, the reaction from despair to hope was almost like the work of enchantment. I began to eye the walls, not with the dull stare of hopelessness, but with the swift glance of enterprise.

The ledge upon which I stood was a broad, deep platform of mingled earth and quartz, and it shook as I stamped it with my heavy heel. It must, therefore, be also comparatively thin as well as broad. Advancing to the outer edge as near as I dared, I cast the light of my torch up and down the opposite wall, and saw that the conformation of all sides was in no instance smoothly perpendicular, but composed entirely of ledges or galleries, at quite regular intervals, probably varying

in width from six to ten feet. Above and below, as far as I could throw the light of my torch, I saw this singular formation, and concluded that it must be so all the way to the surface. It struck me at once as a kind of ogre's amphitheater, as if there, in other days, they had held their hideous orgies.

I was encouraged to find myself planning and devising, with a busy brain, some method of ascent, however ridiculously impossible. Any thing was preferable to the torpidity of despair. To ascend by climbing up the edges of these projections, outside, over their appalling brinks, was not to be thought of for a moment. Even if the horror of the unfathomable depths had not been a sufficient objection, the fact that these edges were crumbly and insecure was an insurmountable one. I retired to the center of the platform I occupied, and looked up. The ceiling of the ledge immediately above was about two feet above my head. The only possible mode of ascent seemed to be by digging one's way up through the successive platforms or tiers. When I reflected that I must be nearly or quite one hundred feet below the crater's rim, the old qualms of despair almost repossessed me, but I managed to become myself again.

At least I would die trying to escape. Choosing several large fragments, I loosened them with my pickax, and built a little hillock on the ledge, by which I was enabled to step up to within a few inches of the ceiling; and, avoiding the loathsome insects as much as possible, I commenced pegging away at the rocky roof with all my might. It was very slow and arduous work; still I made headway in the friable stone made porous by the filtrations of ages and the corrosions of nameless centuries. Once I came very near losing my pick. It flew from my hand by accident, and almost rolled over the ledge. Regaining it, I proceeded to avoid a similar accident by securing it to my wrist with a thong, which I cut from my buckskin trousers. While doing this, I perceived the rope dangling over the ledge. I had forgotten all about that, yet there it was, with the crowbar

probably attached to its other end. I was overjoyed at this discovery, as the crow would be a most valuable auxiliary to the furtherance of my project. Quickly drawing up the line and loosening the still secure bar, I set to work again, with a degree of cheeriness which surprised me. I pried off great fragments, which went booming down the abyss, making a most appalling, long-echoing din. In about an hour, to my great joy, I felt the crow go through to the surface above. With a little more hard work, I effected a large breach in the yielding rock, through which, after increasing the elevation of the artificial stool on which I stood, I could thrust my head and shoulders. Very greatly encouraged, I put all my implements up through the aperture, and then crawled up myself, torch in hand.

After gaining the new ledge, I found to my alarm, that my torch was more than half consumed. I had only made my way up about ten feet, according to my calculation—estimating eight feet, from floor to ceiling, with two for the thickness of the ledge through which I had forced a breach. At that rate it would require the light of more than a dozen pine-knots—of which I now had but two and a half—to light me up to life again.

Nevertheless, I resolved to do the best I could with the materials at hand. The next ledge, immediately overhead, was thicker than the first, but not so far above me, which rendered it easier of access; and I made a breach in about the same time. In this way, after consuming another of my precious pine-knots, I forced through five ledges in all, when I was so exhausted that I concluded to call it a full day's or night's work (I could not tell which,) and knock off for a dose of nature's sweet restorer. I was very hungry, and then, for the first time, examined into the contents of the little meat-bag slung at my side. Meat there was none—only a few broken pieces of hard-tack. I had seen the Donna place meat within the bag. It must have been removed by that monster in human shape, who would thus consign me to a

death by starvation—thus to insure my destruction. How precious now became these pieces of hard-baked and stale crackers!

With a full knowledge of their value, I took a handful of the crumbs, crawled to the tumbling rill which I yet held within reach, and there made a supper whose delicious relish passes all words to express. This done, deeply refreshed and thankful, I crawled back to my working place, extinguished the torch and composed my weary limbs for repose, satisfied that I was forty feet nearer the surface than when my labor commenced.

Notwithstanding the dampness of the air, and the tormenting lizards, I slept well, and arose strong and hopeful for another struggle to gain the upper air. Before lighting my torch, I was greatly encouraged to perceive that the darkness was not so densely black as it had been. I could see the larger auriferous particles glittering on the wall. To my still greater satisfaction, on creeping to the verge of the ledge, and looking upward, I noticed that the stars in the sky were not so distinct as upon my former observation. I correctly ascribed these phenomena partially to the fact that my sight had improved on longer acquaintance with the darkness, and partially because I was approaching the regions of light. I also argued that I must have passed a portion of one day and an entire night in the abyss. When I first observed the stars, from the lower ledge, it was shortly after my descent, and, therefore, broad day in the upper regions; whereas now, if it were night, I should perceive the stars quite as distinctly as if viewing them from the earth's surface.

Much encouraged, though with a visible sense of hunger, I lit my torch, and set to work with a will. The present roof which I was attempting to force was more difficult than any of the others, being thicker, harder, and more compact. Fully twelve inches of the way was through quartz, unmixed with earth or sandstone, although it was veined, seamed and crusted in every direction

with pure metal. How the huge masses glittered and shimmered as they rolled, like flashes of yellow light, over the giddy brink!

I was now so confident of ultimately reaching the upper world, that, before proceeding to the work of my deliverance, I spent upward of an hour in hewing out the most valuable pieces of quartz I could select, and filling my little meal-sack, first carefully gathering every crumb of the cracker, which I placed in my side-pocket. All, save one piece, which would find its way to my mouth!

When, at length, the little bag was filled, by its weight I judged it to contain pure bullion to the value of nearly twenty thousand dollars. This I resolved to carry with me to the upper world, if possible; and, not daring to burden myself with more, I now proceeded to attack the roof.

I here, however, met with a misfortune which impressed me more severely than any incident that yet had befallen me. Scarcely had I resumed my labors with the crow-bar, when it accidentally slipped from my hands and rolled over the ledge. I stood, for a few seconds, perfectly petrified with grief and despair. The ringing clang of the bar, as it bounded from ledge to ledge to the seemingly depthless abyss, sounded like the knell of expiring hope. I looked upon the event as a judgment upon my cupidity in gathering together wealth in such a place, when time was so precious, and burst into tears. All men learn to weep in the course of an average lifetime—I graduated in the accomplishment during my residence in that shadow of the valley of death.

I still had my pick, and again I dashed away despair by a resort to my unfailing and sympathizing little friend, the torrent. Judgment or no judgment, gold-seeking was my trade, and, grasping my remaining implement with an iron hand, I resolved to cleave to my bag of bullion, if the heavens fell.

I soon found that I had somewhat exaggerated the misfortune sustained in the loss of the crow-bar. Although

fully four hours were consumed in breaching the ledge, at length I succeeded, and passed through with all my effects. I was well rewarded for my perseverance. For here I found the uniformity of the system of ledges destroyed by a long, natural gallery, upward of thirty feet in height, while the ledges continued on the opposite side of the abyss in unbroken order. I immediately attacked the sloping and irregular side of the gallery, to hew a staircase around and up to the highest ledge I could see on the opposite side. This, however, required many hours of arduous toil; and when at last I reached the ledge, and had carried up my effects, I was almost utterly exhausted. Just then, my last pine-knot torch expired. But this now gave me little concern, for I had reached a point barely twenty feet below the top of the crater's rim, and could see quite distinctly, as the sun had not yet gone down.

I had left the little rivulet far behind in my devious ascent; so, wearily retracing my steps, I found it again, and placing in my mouth the last crumb of the cracker, I took a deep draught from the limpid flood. Then, regaining my lofty perch—not, however, without being severely stung by a scorpion on the way—I prepared for sleep.

That night I had a horrible dream. I thought that I rolled from the ledge into the abyss. Down, down, indefinitely down, I felt myself plunging, while a great sound of thunder was in my ears. At length, of all the impossible freaks of dream-land, I landed safely on a ledge, with a moderate bump which merely awoke me. I was lying on my back, and started up in alarm for I could see no stars above me. All was inky blackness. Good heavens! the dream must be true. Surely the heavens *had* fallen in, with a vengeance. In my first confusion, I argued that, perhaps I had fallen so far that the stars were out of sight; but just then a crash of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning apprised me that the blackness overhead was only a temporary freak of the elements.

After awaking from another and longer nap in a drenching rain, I was further alarmed to find my left hand so swollen from the sting of the scorpion that I could use it only with the greatest difficulty. I also discovered, after due toil at the rocky roof overhead, that it would be impossible to effect an aperture sufficiently large to admit the passage of my body. The rock through this was like adamant. After great effort I succeeded in piercing with my steel-pointed pick a small hole, and pushed through it all my effects, but could not follow. The only way of making the ascent was to project the rope through, so that it would hang over the ledge; then to secure it by the handle of the pick under the hole, then climb up over the brink of the ledge, by means of the suspended cord. It was a fearful thing to contemplate, dangling again over that frightful pit, while, in my present weary and faint condition, with a disabled hand, it seemed almost impossible. Nevertheless, it was the only chance, and I nerved myself for the attempt. Slinging the rope through and securing it, I swung over the gulch with a prayer for deliverance on my lips. By great effort and indescribable pain from my suffering hand, I succeeded in climbing to the coveted ledge, where I sunk down moaning and breathless.

But I was now so high up that I could look over the verge of the pit almost to the roots of the encircling trees. To my amazement, I discovered that I had emerged almost at the very spot where I had left poor Hereford and the perfidious Mexican, at the time of my descent into the pit, in which I had remained three days and four nights. From the fact that I knew my ascent had not been made in a straight line, I argued that I must have performed the complete circuit of the crater once, perhaps twice, in the course of my devious windings. The spot, whence I had been lowered down, bore many indications of the terrible struggle, which must have ensued before Gonzago had succeeded in overcoming and flinging his victim into the abyss.

Now, leaving my implements behind me, by a great effort I threw my heavy bag of gold far up and beyond the smooth, treacherous green slope; then I clambered up, with a profound shudder at the horrors I was leaving behind. I had not crawled more than half-way up the brief funnel-shaped slope, when I heard a fierce "*Caramba!*" behind me, and, turning my head while I clung to a cactus with both hands, I saw the infernal Don at the edge of the opposite pine-skirt, taking deliberate aim at me with his rifle. With the instinct of a guilty soul, he had been unable permanently to leave the scene of his fearful crime, but had, probably, haunted the gulch like a specter, fearing that the ghosts of the dead within would rise and bear witness against him.

He fired, but, in his excitement or terror, missed me entirely. My belt still retained its never-absent knife and revolver, and the presence of that infernal wretch nerved me with the new incitement of vengeance.

By a desperate effort, I scrambled up before he could get another shot at me, but the bloodthirsty ruffian was around the pit and confronting me as soon as I gained the skirt of trees. Emaciated and disabled as I was, without a moment's hesitation, and without a word, I caught my knife, and closed with him. He was a man of prodigious muscular power, but vengeance nerved me with superhuman strength. Neither party expected mercy. We were at such close quarters that neither of us could, for the instant, use a weapon. Brief, but unspeakably terrible, was that struggle on the verge of the bottomless abyss. At length I felt his fresh and well-fed muscle overcoming my wasted frame. I felt him lifting and bearing me to the horrid edge. The agonizing thought of being again precipitated into that perdition of darkness inspired me with electric volition and thews of steel. With a yell, which must have been heard for miles, I got my swollen left hand on his windpipe and closed it with a deathly grip. Then, as he relaxed his clutch, I got in a blow with my knife, then an-

other, and he rolled from me toward the verge of the chasm. Regaining my own balance only with the utmost difficulty, I saw him stay his descent for one instant by clutching a prickly-pear bush, while he glared at me with eyes in which hatred and horror commingled. Then, as the weight of his grasp tore the shrub from its tendrils, he disappeared.

Faint with hunger, and overcome by my extraordinary experiences, I sought my rifle, which I had left in the thicket, before my descent into the pit. I found it, together with poor Hereford's, and managed to shoot a great wood grouse. This served to appease my raging hunger; and then I lay down, overcome, to sleep a sleep of many hours. It was full, blazing day when I awoke.

I never heard what became of Gonzago's wife and child. They were not at the plateau, where I had left them, though the donkey and mule were, and they were never seen at Ophir again. Like enough the villain murdered them both.

Reaching Marysville, at length, in safety, I passed a few days in rest, but never uttered a word of my adventure. To make my way home—to leave behind me the horrors of that gulch, and never to lure thither, by tales of its treasures, other victims—was my set purpose: so I passed from the mountains to the coast, a silent man; nor was my silence, on that one theme, again broken, until to tell to poor Hereford's mother the awful story of her son's burial in the Scorpion Gulch.

"May no man ever touch its horrid confines again," is my oft-repeated invocation!

NATIVE GREATNESS.

As the wondering traveler sees,
In forests dense and dark,
Grander far and nobler trees
Than ever graced a park:

So in the common walks of life
Are nobler beings found
Than those we style the lofty born,
The titled, and the crowned.

ASSASSINS AND THEIR WORK.

RIENZI.

THE smoldering fires of Roman democracy emitted one bright gleam, in the swift rise of Nicola Gambirini di Rienzi, ere they expired, perhaps forever, in his bloody fall; but now, when the principle for which he strove and fought, and at last laid down his life, is no longer sickly and puerile, but powerful, ever-growing, all-absorbing, the memory of America, scanning the list of the patriots and martyrs of the past, may well pause for instruction at the brief chapter which follows Rienzi's name. Before considering his career, however, it will be well to take a hasty survey of the troublous times in which he lived.

The abandonment of Rome by the Popes, for the blither air of Avignon, had served to strengthen, in a great degree, the sentiments and hopes of liberty in Italy, which, therefore, became an inviting field to the adventurer in arms or politics. By the secession of the Popes, Rome ceased to be the religious capital of the world, although she retained her relics and shrines, and was still the object of pilgrimage, which she had ever been. Petrarch called her the Jerusalem of the West. But the homage and the tribute, which had once been hers, now took another channel, flowing to the pontifical court at Avignon. Rome, therefore, having lost her religious supremacy, instinctively turned to the past, casting an ambitious but degenerate glance upon the records through which she had loomed so magnificently. German or French influence—mostly the former—swayed Italy like a reed in the wind, and, of course, the adherents of the foreigner were numerous and powerful; but a strong *native* spirit was, nevertheless, still dominant. There was an earnest yearning for the reestablishment of the supremacy of the old order of things—the restoration of the Roman Empire.

Though rigorously suppressed by the Popes and the Angevine sovereigns, Ghibellinism still vegetated in secret, and strengthened as it grew. This spirit was mostly nourished by a numerous body

of friars, of the Franciscan order, who were denominated the *fratricelli*, or spiritualists, and who lived in the utmost simplicity and piety, among the wildest solitudes of the Apennines, where they afforded a striking contrast to the magnificence and luxury of the Papal court. It was probably owing, in no small degree, to the influence of this organization that a strong religious reaction had arisen against the temporal power of the Popes, and the clergy in general. The secession from Rome—the rumored vices, abominations and base venality of the court of Avignon, all strongly tended to keep alive and strengthen the reaction—to illuminate the vision of an independent Italy, which inspired the nobler minds of the time, such as Dante's and Petrarch's; yet this religious Ghibellinism was, at the same time, blended with the profoundest devotion for the *ecclesiastical* supremacy of the Holy See.

The new patriciate, who took the place of the wild barons or counts of Tusculum and Palestrina, the Colonnas, the Orsini, the Gætani and the Savelli, had fortified themselves within the walls of the city, whose streets were the daily scene of their bloody feuds. These barons generally boasted of an impossible descent from the Cæsars and Scipios of the heroic past, but in fact they were mostly of Northern origin, descended from the dauntless barbarians who had made all Italy their prey, as, in former times, they had poured down from their fastnesses in northern Europe. The most prominent of these patrician families, between whom there was a hereditary and deadly feud, were those of the Colonna and the Orsini. Ferocious street encounters were of almost daily occurrence; and to add to the general anarchy, the Campagna was devastated by free companies of bandits, who plundered on their own account. In many instances, they were so numerous as to partake of the dignity of armies, and besiege cities, from which they would extort enormous ransoms. The then last two centuries had been marked by numerous revolutions, mostly bloody, but never successful.

Still, even in Rome, there was the mockery of a popular government. Each quarter of the city named its chief; and there was the assembly of the Caprioni, composed of the magistrates, to whom the letter of the law accorded an authority which they never had the courage nor the power to exert. There was still the proud name of Senator. The authority which attached to the name, however, seems to have had no definite limit; it was that of a stern dictator, according as he who wielded it had the power to enforce the dignity he assumed. It was never conceded but to the nobles; and it was by the nobles that all the outrages were committed. Withal, the churches were neglected, and falling into dilapidation. Yet, notwithstanding their sodden ignorance, the ancient pride still lingered in the minds of the Roman populace, with a latent fire.

This was the moment for a Rienzi, and it was from these troublous, discordant elements, that Cola di Rienzi (as he was called) dreamed of once more rearing the Metropolis to its pristine splendor. Gifted with extraordinary powers of eloquence, with the bitter memories of a younger brother, a mere boy, having been accidentally slain in one of the Colonna-Orsini brawls, he does not seem, in any instance, to have been actuated by a spirit of private vengeance; but to have been wholly governed, at least primarily, by a pure and lofty patriotism. In a letter of Rienzi, still extant, he claims that he was an illegitimate son of the Emperor Henry the Seventh of Germany. In this letter he gives a minute account of his birth. Gibbon discredits the whole story, as does also Dr. Papencordt, his ablest biographer.*

Rienzi seems to have used it as his ends required. He boldly asserted it, in a letter to the Emperor of Germany, years after his fall from the Tribuneship, when he received the rebuke, strangely as it must have fallen from the imperial lips, that "we are all children of Adam, and all return to dust."

Rienzi commenced his career with sig-

* Cola di Rienzi—und Seine Zeit, besonders nach unge druckten. Von Dr. Felix Papencordt. Hamburg und Gotha, 1841.

nal patience and prudence. Affecting a certain eccentricity of manner, he was admitted to the palaces of the nobles, and was also enabled to inflame the passions of the populace against their oppressors covertly, and frequently to harangue them openly, without exciting the suspicions of the patricians, who regarded him as a harmless mountebank. He was of noble presence, very handsome, and with a smile of peculiar beauty. Though low-born, he educated himself, and, at one time, headed a delegation from Rome to the Pope at Avignon. Petrarch accompanied the delegation. The Pope is reported to have been so pleased with the eloquent address of Rienzi, that he expressed a desire to hear him every day. Rienzi, however, soon excited the jealousy of Cardinal Colonna and fell into disgrace and poverty, from which he was at length rescued by the compassion of the Cardinal, and sent, under the auspices of the pontiff, to Rome, where he assumed the duties of official notary in the Papal interest. He early married the daughter of Francesco, a burgher of Rome, and had three children, two sons and one daughter. He sought and obtained popularity as a champion of the poor, styling himself "consul of the orphans, the widows and the poor."

His eloquence was magnetic. Becoming emboldened by success, in the early part of the year 1347, arguing from the ancient *Lex Regia*, that the Romans had a right to elect their own sovereign, he addressed a great assemblage of the people in the church of St. John Lateran. In the beginning of May of the same year, he met a hundred conspirators at midnight, and exacted from them an oath of unqualified support. Another meeting followed on the 19th; and shortly afterward he took part in thirty masses, which were said for the success of the enterprise.

The next morning, he made his *coup d'état*. Proceeding boldly forth, surrounded by a hundred accomplices, he reached the capitol, mounted the rostrum, and delivered his great speech, which has been hardly equalled for vigor and eloquence of diction. The people immediately chose him ruler of Rome,

with the title of Tribune, and he made his laws for the reestablishment of the "Good Estate."

Never was revolution accomplished with such rapid and bloodless success. The patricians scarcely surmised what was designed, ere they saw themselves checkmated and dethroned. They could only rave, or affect a contempt they were far from feeling. Baron Martin Orsini, one of the most powerful of the nobles, openly defying Rienzi, was dragged from his stronghold in the morning, and before night, he swung from a gibbet in sight of the entire capital. The patricians trembled for their lives, and the good effects of Rienzi's rule were so marvelous and immediate, as to appear the work of enchantment, and also to soon acquire for him the respect of the surrounding States. Even the jealous cities of Venice, Florence, Siena and Perugia, voluntarily gave in their submission, placing their liberties at his disposal; and, at length, Louis of Hungary, and Jane, of Naples, made him their umpire in the matter of the murder of Andrew, brother of the former, and husband of the latter.

In a letter to the German Emperor, at a subsequent period, Rienzi speaks of his great influence, as follows:

"I received the homage and submission of the counts and barons, and almost all the people of Italy. I was honored by solemn embassies, and by letters from the Emperor of Constantinople, and the King of England; the Queen of Naples submitted herself and her kingdom to the protection of the Tribune; the King of Hungary, by two solemn embassies, with great urgency, brought his cause against his Queen, and arraigned his nobles before my tribunal; and I venture to say, further, that the fame of the Tribune alarmed the Soldan of Babylon.

"When the Christian pilgrims to the sepulcher of our Lord, related all the wonderful and unheard-of circumstances of the reformation of Rome to the Christian and Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem, both Christians and Jews celebrated the event with unusual festivities. When the Soldan inquired the cause of these

rejoicings, and received this intelligence about Rome, he ordered all the havens and cities on the coast to be fortified, and put in a state of defense."

But success turned the head of the democratic chieftain. He retained only for a brief period the simplicity of a representative of the people, and arrogated to himself the pomp and pageantry of a conqueror. With a ridiculous ostentation, he assumed the titles of antiquity, in conjunction with the chivalric appellations of his own time. He styled himself "Tribune of the people"—"Augustus"—called himself "*Severe*," out of respect to the last of Romans, Severinus Boethius, and was knighted, according to the ceremonial of the chivalry of the day. In religion he was an enthusiast, to the verge of fanaticism. In one of his harangues, he declared, "As Christ, in his thirty-third year, having overthrown the tyrants of hell, and delivered the souls of men, went up crowned into heaven, so God willed it, that *in the same year of my life*, I having conquered the tyrants of the city, without a blow, and alone given liberty to the people, should be promoted to the laurel-crown of the Tribune."

Amid a ridiculous imitation of the pageants of the ancient Cæsars, he proceeded to the church of the Lateran, bathed in the porphyry vase, which had been used by the Emperor Constantine, and the next morning, in the presence of the multitude, summoned before him the Emperor, Charles IV., and Pope Clement VI., accompanying his declaration by pointing with his sword to three quarters of the globe, saying, "This, and this, and this is mine." The Bishop Orvieto, the Pope's representative at Rome, had supported the Tribune at first, but the arrogance of the latter soon caused his defection. The barons fled in alarm, mustering their mercenaries outside the walls, but Rienzi, with remarkable good fortune, attacked and routed them, inflicting a bloody loss.

The Pope sent a legate to call him to account for his usurpation of the jurisdiction of the church. The Tribune scornfully refused to recognize such an

agent, when he was promptly placed under the ban of excommunication, and his own supporters shrunk from him with horror. When too late to retrieve his fortunes, he suddenly saw his power at an end. The proud patricians returned in triumph.

One of them, the Baron Colonna, marched into the city, and fortified himself in his former stronghold, with a handful of desperadoes. Rienzi appealed to the populace to assist him in driving them forth; they heard him in cowardly silence. He then abdicated his authority, as Tribune, and retired into exile, after a reign of seven months.

In this abdication he has been reproached by the historians with pusillanimity. Gibbon calls him a coward. The Roman historian is not less severe, and even Dr. Papencordt thinks that Rienzi showed a marvelous lack of courage, and quotes from one of his letters, showing that he had strange premonitions of his fall, which unnerved him in his time of need; but we have reason to agree with Bulwer, who defends him from the charge, on the ground that the people had altogether deserted him, and that, single-handed, he was powerless.

Nevertheless, unsubdued and undespairing, the fallen chieftain spent a twelvemonth in wandering through Italy, in the disguise of a Franciscan friar. He concealed himself mostly among the hardy monks of the Apennines. But, in 1350, he boldly sought the presence of the Emperor at Prague, announcing himself as "Rienzi, Deliverer of Rome." The Emperor, amazed at his temerity, and yielding to the importunity of the Pope, sent him to Avignon, to be tried as a heretic. In this dilemma, Rienzi sought the aid of his old friend Petrarch. Though the latter had ceased to be an admirer of Rienzi, yet, by saying that the Tribune was familiar with all the poets, he produced a sentiment in his favor among the poetry-loving people of Provence, and the charge of heresy was quietly dropped.

Rienzi was thrown into prison. But he does not seem to have been treated

with undue harshness. He took his misfortunes very philosophically, remaining in his cell for three years, reading his favorite historian, Livy, from whom he drew many valuable lessons for his future use. The prisoner was a fatalist. He seems never to have doubted, for an instant, that he should ultimately be restored to the government of Rome. In the mean time, the imperial city was plunged into such anarchy and misery, that it became evident that none but he could restore order and prosperity. He was, therefore, taken out of prison by the benevolent Pope, Innocent VI., and sent back to Rome, in company with Cardinal Albornoz, the Papal legate. Baroncellis, a demagogue, who had assumed the title of the Tribune, was immediately deposed, and Rienzi once more appeared to be on the road to fortune.

Albornoz, however, who appears to have formed a correct estimate of the erratic character of the Tribune, kept him in his camp, under the walls of Rome. Here, by his matchless eloquence, Rienzi enlisted in his cause two distinguished youths, Arinboldo and Brettone, brothers of Fra Morcale, (Sir Walter de Montreal), the famous captain of the Free Company. They lent him considerable sums of money, and enabled him to borrow still more. One day, he appeared before the legate, magnificently attired, and requested to be made Senator of Rome. The legate gave him that appointment, and, with the aid of a few troops, Rienzi was, in a short time, in possession of his former power and glory.

His return was a perfect ovation. The whole city put on holiday attire to welcome him back. The "Good Estate" was restored, and again, as by the stroke of the enchanter's wand, order succeeded anarchy.

Great injustice has evidently been done the character of Rienzi, in describing him as more arrogant and overbearing, as the Senator, than he had been as the Tribune. It is evident, that Rienzi had not earned his dearly-bought experience in vain. The Senator was

wiser, more truly patriotic than the Tribune, although he was, by no means, perfect in his wisdom. He was too far beyond his age in his theory of a popular government; he had no good foundation whereon to build; the people with whom he dwelt were degenerate and ignorant to the last degree; and success, dependent upon their wise use of liberty and government, must have been impossible.

But, despite the great difficulties in his path, he went to work with his accustomed energy. The barons fortified themselves at Palestrina, where they defied their old enemy, involving him in an expensive war. The exchequer was drained, with no means of replenishment. The Pope's legate, Albornoz, with whom the pontiff had associated him in the government, jealous of the Senator's capacity and growing fame, refused him supplies. The selfish and besotted populace were least of all willing to lend him aid. Troops must be raised. The enemies of Rome must be met, and Rienzi began to tax the Romans. This caused a mutinous discontent, which ultimately proved his ruin.

There was at this time a bold adventurer in Italy, Sir Walter de Montreal, Knight of St. John, and gentleman of Provence, who was the most famous freebooter of his time. At the head of a large company of free-lancers, he devastated various States, and besieged and compelled the ransom of powerful cities. So great was the terror of his name, that he boldly entered Rome, after the resumption of the "Good Estate," and conferred with either faction. Although utterly reckless and unscrupulous, he was a man of distinguished presence and noble bearing, and his support would be a powerful aid to the party that should gain it. Rienzi appeared to win the "Fra Moncale," as he was popularly called, to himself, and an agreement was probably entered into between them, by which the "Free Company" was to be at the disposal of the "Good Estate." This agreement was probably made by the freebooter in good faith. The genius and striking

qualities of Rienzi would naturally have attracted him, sooner and more strongly than the haughty bearing of the patrician faction. But the unscrupulous are ever fickle, and while Rienzi was at Palestrina, conducting a siege against that almost impregnable stronghold, he was astounded to hear rumors of the sudden defection of Montreal to the side of the public enemy. Dispatching a secret messenger to the capital, the Senator obtained indubitable proofs of the treason of the Knight of St. John. Returning to the city in time to arrest the traitor, he promptly caused his trial, condemnation and death, by the ax of the executioner. Montreal richly deserved his fate. Besides being a forsworn traitor to the State, he was a robber and murderer of the deepest dye. But the fact of the Senator having been under pecuniary obligation to the family of the Knight has afforded opportunity to Gibbon, and all of his biographers, to attribute to him motives of the most sordid character. The execution of Montreal was otherwise unfortunate for Rienzi, inasmuch as, in spite of his crimes, the military genius and valor of the Knight had acquired for him considerable popularity among the masses.

Dr. Papencordt accuses Rienzi of having exercised his power with wantonness and cruelty during his rule as Senator. But we are rather inclined to agree with Petrarch, who was painfully amazed at the lenity of the Senator. He obtained no credit for sparing his enemies, either from his enemies themselves, or from the world. Both ascribed his actions to timidity. The former, remembering how he had covered them with humiliation, only brooded over vengeance. But the Senator was inexorable. Had he pardoned Montreal, in three weeks the robber would probably have been in possession of Rome. Other executions followed, most of them probably richly deserved, though including distinguished names.

Fate, however, was now hurrying upon Rienzi with swift and silent steps. His brief but brilliant career was nearly

closed. On the 8th day of October, 1354, a vast mob of the Roman populace, infuriated by the heavy, though necessary taxes, which the Senator had imposed, surrounded the Capitol, and clamored for his life. Rienzi clearly saw that his power was forever gone. By great exertions, he secured the escape of his wife and children to a boat, which was waiting on the Tiber, and then, returning to the Capitol, vainly endeavored to address the mob. Fearing the effect of his eloquence upon themselves, they thrown his voice with infuriated yells, beat him back with missiles, and fired the edifice. Most of the guards with whom Rienzi had surrounded himself were foreign mercenaries. One and all these deserted him, in his hour of need. He probably returned to the palace with the intention of sacrificing his life in the cause of free-government, but the action of the brutal populace filled him with disgust, and he resolved to escape in disguise, if possible.

Arraying himself in a coarse working garb, he placed upon his head some of the furniture of the palace, as if escaping with plunder, and passed down the steps while the edifice was in flames. Acting the part well throughout, he passed the outer gate, a portion of the mob rushing past him into the Capitol. Liberty and life were before him. He was, however, detected by one of his own soldiers, who tore the disguise from his head, and Rienzi was revealed to the multitude. They surrounded him in an instant. He was whirled along to the Place of the Lion. Arriving here, the crowd, still awed by the greatness of their victim, hesitated. At the same time the trumpets of the advancing barons were heard above the tumult. They were marching into Rome. Rienzi prepared to speak. But the first word from his lips was the signal of his death. The first blow was dealt him by an artisan, Cecco del Vecchio, and immediately afterward the Senator fell, covered with wounds, while the flames of the conflagration seemed to make of all Rome his funeral pile.

The causes of the second fall and ul-

timate murder of Rienzi have been seriously misstated. He fell from no fault of his own, but by reason of the gabelle, a tax on wine and salt. To preserve Rome from her patrician tyrants, it was necessary to maintain an armed force; to do this a tax was requisite, and in imposing it, the Senator lost his life.

In estimating the character of the man apart from the unwarranted reprehension of the historian and the indiscriminate eulogy of the romancer, Rienzi can only be considered as a hero, a martyr in a noble cause. There is, however, great truth in Papencordt's simple expression that "he was rather an extraordinary than a great man."

Of course the fall of Rienzi and the modified democratic idea of which he was the symbol were more immediately and strongly felt throughout the Italian States; but certainly, although news traveled slowly then, although intelligent information of world-wide affairs was confined to the few, certainly, with a more silent, sullen throb, its effect was universal. Though mostly remote from the immediate scene, the globe shook with his fall. It was felt in England, in France, in Spain; it reached to the Baltic, and beyond, to the barbarous North; and, however imperceptible, the vibration brushed the Levant, and swept on through Asia.

America was then a secret in the red-man's breast, but the breath of Rienzi's fall followed the white sails of discovery; it helped to waft Columbus to San Salvador; it followed Vespucci and the Cabots along the wooded coasts; it passed into the Aztecs' and the Incas' homes, undulating the advancing banners of the Spaniard; it sung through the cordage of the leaky Mayflower, on and on, over bleak New England, and on it passed into the heart of the glorious land where it deposited the little winged seed of liberty which it carried in its bosom.

In Rome itself, one day of the rule that followed upon his death was sufficient to vindicate his reign, and avenge his memory. Anarchy, oppression and misrule resumed their sway, and, "for

centuries afterward, whenever that wretched and degenerate populace dreamed of glory, or sighed for justice, they recalled the bright vision of their own victim, and deplored the fate of Cola di Rienzi." It has been worthily said—and how utterly it will be proved in the case of our own republic!—that "a thousand biographies can not decide upon the faults or merits of a ruler, like the one fact as to whether he is beloved or hated. But, if he has been murdered by the people, and is then regretted by them, their repentance is his acquittal."

The reign of terror throughout Italy,—of frequent, violent, and, apparently, purposeless revolutions, which the career of Rienzi had not, indeed, inaugurated, but which it had so forcibly signalized, continued to shake the peninsula after his fall; and the keen observer can trace, in the events of the succeeding centuries, the impress of that strong, heroic character. The throne of Naples was made vacant by assassination; the usurper Charles III. shared the same fate four years later; Venice arose to the summit of her splendor, and Florence was a dangerous rival, with her scheming Medici. Louis le Grand troubled the happy family in the latter part of the seventeenth century, as did the Austrian tyrants in the beginning of the eighteenth, and, a century later, the latter grappled Venice with a clutch which they still retain. But, that was the time when the hemisphere was quaking in the tread of the great Napoleon; and it is only recently that the trampled vineyards of Italy were sprinkled anew with blood-sweat in the wake of his crafty successor. However, the day-star of democracy still slowly but steadily clambers the east of those fairest of azure skies. For, is not Joseph Mazzini great in his exile? Is not Garibaldi honored in his native land? And shall not the Promethean spark of Cola di Rienzi's life and martyrdom be yet blown into a living blaze in the Capital of the Cæsars?

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

Beautiful! beautiful!
Look at her now!
How queenly her footstep,
How peerless her brow!
Oh, never a being,
In palace or hall,
Can equal her beauty—
The Belle of the Ball.

See! now she is dancing!
She glides to and fro
With a wild witching motion,
Then dreamy and slow.
More light than a snow-flake
Her footstep doth fall;
How perfectly graceful
The Belle of the Ball!

Her white arms are wreathing,
Her eye flashes bright,
A thousand gems sparkle
And scintillate light.
Coquettishly drooping
The snowy lids fall;
And veil the soft glance of
The Belle of the Ball.

Exquisitely lovely!
The blush and the smile
Which steal o'er the cheek
That is dimpling the while.
Then her musical voice
Which is sweeter than all—
She's a sad mischief-maker,
The Belle of the Ball.

But, now she is weary—
She tires of the dance—
Her liquid eye seeketh
An answering glance.
Then, close by her side,
As they glide from the hall,
He holds the soft hand of
The Belle of the Ball.

Beautiful! beautiful!
Look at her now!
A bridal robe 'round her,
And wreath on her brow.
The one at her side when
She went from the hall,
Has won the proud heart of
The Belle of the Ball!

OLD STYLE AND NEW STYLE.

DON'T imagine, my dear lady, that, in donning that *wad* of hair from the wig-maker's, and rigging out a full bal-asted "water-fall," you are achieving an unheard of triumph in the art of making yourself hideous. Others of your sex practiced the same art generations ago. Indeed, the heathen originated it—even the Egyptians, whose devotion to the toilette would put a modern belle to (not to the "blush," for *that* would positively injure the complexion) distraction. What, for instance, would it not cost in time, cosmetics and patience to sail out every afternoon as an Egyptian belle, whose head was dressed as follows, three thousand years ago—if their tomb-stones don't tell a fib!



The Lotus style.



The Peacock style.

These fashionables, we may assume, were maids of honor, or honorable maidens—which, we suppose, meant the same thing; hence, there is no just reason why you shouldn't imitate them. The first was dressed in the *lotus* style—the second in the *peacock* style. [How closely you, my dear Miss Thompson, have imitated that peacock style, you

have only to look at your hat to see. You have a full-feathered "widow-bird" on your hat, tail and all, while Miss Jenkins has an entire brood of partridges on hers.] The Egyptians, however, could *afford* to ornament their heads *in extenso*, because it didn't cost any thing for barbers. Blest with a bevy of slaves to obey her every motion, the *Egyptienne* had only to say, "stir yourselves!" to be served as follows:



An Egyptian Lady at her Toilet.

—that is, if the tombstones don't fib, again, which is not probable, since they always adhere closely to the truth, in these modern times, when recording the virtues of deceased bank officers, government speculators, etc.

That the Egyptians *were* barbarians admits of not a doubt, in our mind, judged by their style of head-rigging; but, should we scorn the daughters of Sesostris, and of the Great Pyramid builder, because they would oil their bodies, and "put up" their hair with crocodile fat, and without a water-fall? By no means, for then what should we do with you, *ma belle*, with your stock of *grease*, enough to start a modest *per-fumerie*? No, it won't do to turn up your cosmopolite nose at the Egyptians whose tastes you so clearly imitate.

The Greeks were a highly cultivated people, as civilization was understood two thousand years ago; and the evidence of their culture is had in the exquisitely classic style of their head-dresses. What, indeed, can be more graceful, more imposing, more *demonstrative* in the sense of the active principle of beauty than these superb styles of caput ornamentation?



Nimbo Head-dresses.



Mitra Head-dresses.



Kredemnon Head-dress.



Tholia Head-dress.

Here, my anxious beauty, is style for you—*true* style, pure style, classic style! How it shames your present habit of dressing your own hair, and the hair of somebody else, which you, with pretty simplicity, would have us regard as all your own!

But, don't be discouraged, my sweet Sophronia. If you do wear a bird on your hat, and a bag of hair on your head, it is no more than the Chinese do, whose tea you drink; and haven't you

as much right to Birds of Paradise, and water-falls, as an Oriental barbarian? Of course you have, being an enlightened American of the 19th century, and have a perfect right to adopt this Teet-o-see style if you so elect. Or, going over the straits to Nippon, have a right to imitate the hair-pins of the Japanese belle,

Chinese Head-dress.
(Tea-pot style.)

Japanese Head-dress.

from whom you may have learned, indeed, the use of those six-inch arrows in your back hair. You may have studied "effect" in the Londa style:



Londa Head-dress.

and, who knows how soon you will accept it as in exquisite taste? No telling, we are sure; nor, how near at hand is the adoption of the Ashira mode of decoration, where sun, moon, and stars are all combined.



Ashira Head-dress.

Don't be discouraged, we say; for, *ma chere*, there is a hight of monstrosity which you have not yet reached, and must reach ere you can compare favorably with your sex of a century ago. Behold, in the opposite column, one of your sister belles, arrayed for evening approach! What do you think of her? Not intimidated, we hope, for you surely have got to come to it yourself. The only question is—where will all the hair come from requisite for toilettes of this overpowering nature? The crop shorn yearly from the heads of Normandy maids will not answer, and you may have to fall back upon horses' tails and buffalo skins. There is another *striking* toilette which you may adopt—that prevailing during the Restoration, in England, when the "Merry Monarch" reigned. It then became customary for all ladies of fashion to paint their faces, and wear patches, which were supposed to add piquancy to the features, but



Powdered Belle of the last Century.

which also served sometimes to conceal some disfigurement, as Pepys, in his Diary, represents the Duchess of Newcastle "wearing many black patches because of pimples about her mouth." Some of these patches were of the most extraordinary shapes, such as suns, moons, stars, etc., as Butler has it in his "Hudibras:"

"The sun and moon, by her bright eyes
Eclipsed and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars."

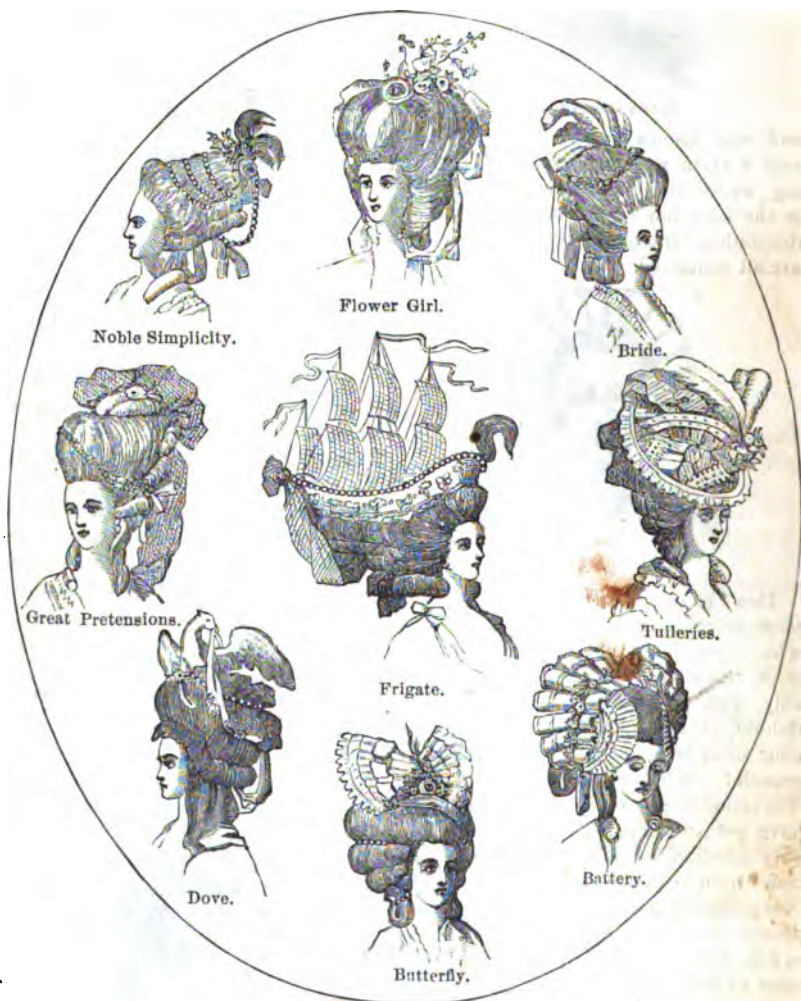
The annexed illustration, taken from an engraving of the period, represents a lady who, in addition to the above, had adorned her countenance *with a coach*



and horses! This custom became so prevalent, Grammont says in his memoirs, that you were *sure* to find rouge and patches on a lady's toilet.

It was also the fashion then for both sexes to blacken the eyebrows, as we

find in Shadwell's "Humorists": "Be sure if your eyebrows are not black, to blacken 'em soundly. Ah! your black eyebrow is your fashionable eyebrow. I hate rogues that wear eyebrows that are out of fashion."



Of the styles which were most in favor last century, the accompanying are some of them, with their *technical* appellations.

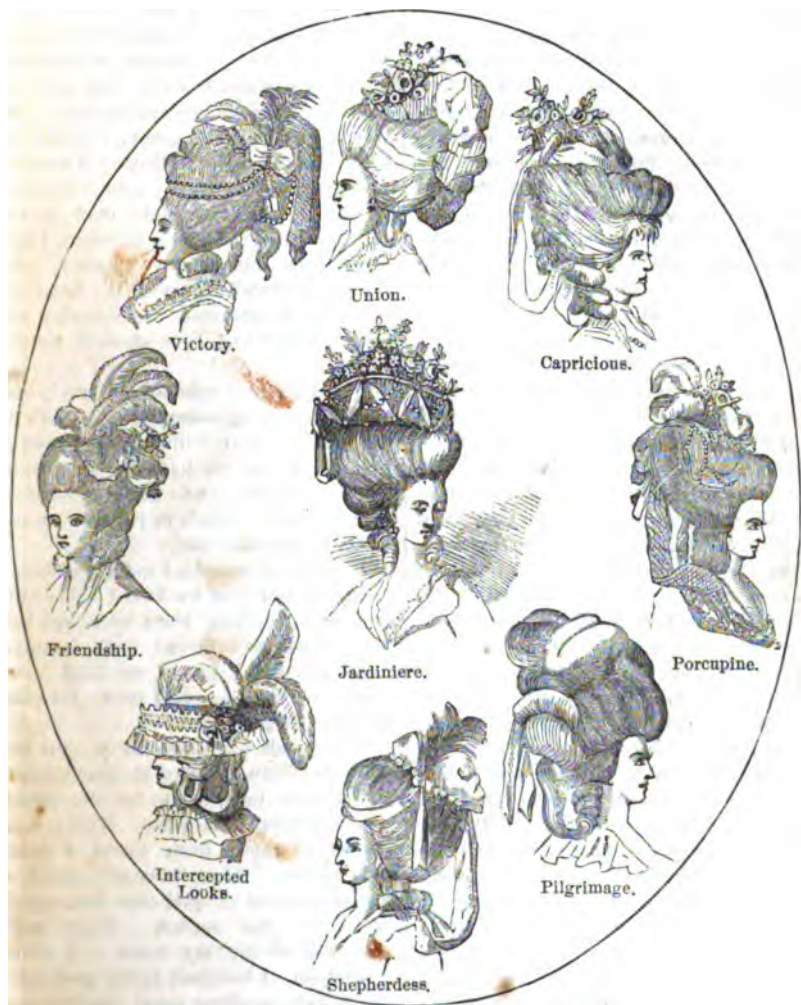
Two and three feet in height were these imposing erections—these *coiffures*

a-la-mode. Of what they were made, the following fling copied from the London Magazine for 1777, will inform us:

"Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of gay ribbon to tick her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round."

Now, seriously, my dear female reader, is there not a vast want of good taste in your present mode of dressing the head? Is not the water-fall a slovenly dodge to get rid of putting up the hair—are not the jaunty cap and feather

a folly fit only for flirts—are not these gigantic hair-pins, headed with glass jewels, and woven with gold made out of ordium, too much of a good thing? While there is no disposition, in this day and generation, to circumscribe



woman's right to do as she may please—to set her snare for the beaux as her taste and devotion to the toilet may dictate—there still is a great law which has its inexorable canons—the law of good taste, of propriety, of modesty, of
VOL. I.—5.

“all goodness:” can you prove, my dear Bella, that you are not outraging these canons every day of your life in the ornamentation which you bestow upon your head?

MY ROYAL WIFE.

OLD PLINY wrote, centuries ago, "*Ea sub oculis posita negligimus; proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectamus*"—which, very freely translated, means, Whatever is beyond a man's reach, he wants.

This was precisely my case.

My father, John G. Aspen, died at the opportune moment when I left college. Thus I, William Aspen, found myself, at the age of twenty-one, a man of property, without family or cares. My mother died when I was inhabitant of long-clothes, and my father had not married again. I was his only child. My father made his money in the old plodding way, and was respectable to the backbone. His name was not Shoddy; he was no mere striker of oil, nor swindling army-contractor, vulgarly rich. He was a member of the first society of New York, and, though he had sustained but little part in the genteel comedies of fashionable existence, his place was none the less certain on that account.

When I bade adieu to the charms of Euclid & Co., and came into my freedom and my father's wealth, you may believe that I was not disinclined to retrieve the reputation of the Aspen family from its rusty state in relation to fashionable life. I "plunged into the vortex" of that butterfly existence, and became the pet of match-making mammas, and the object of interest in willing maidens' eyes, through one giddy, whirling season—at the end of which I left the country in disgust—fully convinced that I was, myself, William Aspen, Esq., about the greatest "catch" in the matrimonial market of Gotham.

Well, perhaps I was—as those things go. If the requisites of a first-class matrimonial catch were to be defined, they would be about these, I suppose: Money, style, good looks, education, talent and money. Money is first and last, "and all the time." Style is an excellent adjunct—a fine personal appearance never is quite lost upon the sex, education is one of the admitted aids to gentility, and talent is appreciated in

Japonicadom as well as elsewhere; but, all these particulars *can* be dispensed with, if need be—money you *must* have.

Now, I had no doubt, in my own mind, that I possessed all the above requisites. Money I certainly had! style I have no doubt I had. As to good looks, I was six feet high, with curling black hair and moustache, a speaking blue eye, a shapely form, and the best "clothes" that money would buy. My education was pretty good; I could box the college compass. Having a remarkable gift for language, I spoke German, French, Italian, and could read in the dead tongues. Then as to talent, I was a "graceful and effective speaker," (*vide* the *Daily Moon's* report of the last commencement,) and could write poetry and essays, which had been deemed worthy of print.

What a pity it was—was it not?—for the catch-hunting mammas and the willing maidens, that William Aspen was so proud! I was as haughty as a nine-tailed bashaw, and no catch-hunter proved agile enough to put salt on any of those aforesaid nine.

I flirted, I chatted, I condescended, I charmed, and then I—froze! Beautiful blue eyes, thrilling black eyes, and loving brown eyes turned their batteries upon me, but I turned my back upon them—with politeness, I trust, yet none the less completely.

The goods were too cheap, you see. An heiress to a hundred thousand might do for *some* men, but to me the article was not worth the price. There were several of them, from whom I could have chosen. There was also quite a fine assortment of first-class fashionable belles, in the market. Their price was well within my reach. I didn't want them. I buttoned up my pockets—figuratively speaking—and strode out of the market-place in search of something beyond my reach. In one word, this was my resolve: I would marry a royal wife, or I would never marry. None but a king's daughter should lay the conjugal nose against mine and thrust her lips under my moustache like a

humming-bird after sweets—*vide* Sidney Smith's instructions to amateurs.

So I traveled. It is ten years now, since I commenced my roamings. I avoided the wiles of the gentler sex like the brave and determined youth I was. I lingered in delightful Venice, and the dark-eyed daughters of Italy moved me not. The *grissettes* of gay and chattering Paris were put *hors du combat* by my icy reserve. In the cities of the Rhine, *die Damen*, however *schön*, shone not bright enough to tempt me. In London I lived through one of its most brilliant seasons, moving in the first circles of society there, but the blue-eyed British belles were far too like my old acquaintances in Fifth avenue to be dangerous.

At last I came to Constantinople.

"Ah, here is heaven!" I cried, as I stood on the roof of my hotel, and gazed upon the beautiful scene spread out before me, "here I will remain forever!"

The glittering domes of the countless mosques shone in the light of the declining sun like great bubbles. Leafy avenues of green stretched away in all directions. The Golden Horn spread out its sheet of silvery beauty, and a thousand gay *kielangishes* with white sails, skimmed swallow-like over the bosom of the fair waters. Wherever my roving eye fell, it was greeted with beauty—only beauty. Yonder stood the palace of the Sultan—and I thought—but no matter! It was a gorgeous building, and I had heard there were seven fair Sultanas, reigning each over her separate galaxy of beauty, within that magnificent abode. Here, and here alone, were the things utterly beyond my reach. Ah, me! how I sighed for the forbidden fruit!—simply because it *was* forbidden, you understand.

I took an elegant establishment on the southern side of the city near the water-front, and gathered about me a retinue of native servants. I adopted the Turkish costume, which well became my figure. I avoided the companionship of all who spoke my own tongue, and caused my faithful George, my *valet du compagnon*, who had followed me from New York, a world of distress, by en-

joining upon him never to speak to me, save in the tongue of the Turk, so long as I remained in Constantinople. For my own part, I soon spoke the language like a native.

It was a delightful life that I led for the ensuing six months in Constantinople. Oh! shall I ever forget you, city of the beautiful? Your mosques—St. Sophia, overlooking the royal gardens, where they descend like an angel's pathway, to the water's edge—Solymania, with Thebaic columns and countless cupolas—Osmanlia and Valide, pillars of verd-antique, jasper and granite of Egypt, crowning majestic dome—I know you, all. Many were the listless, lounging rambles I led, disturbing the ancient dust of unfrequented neighborhoods, and mingling in the gay crowds where they were thickest among the arcaded streets. Many a beautiful maiden bent upon me loving glances from lustrous eyes, and more than once I saw the jealous vall fall as if by accident, revealing the loveliness shrouded from the common gaze; but, whether they exhibited the rich charms of the Georgian, the softer graces of the Circassian, or the full beauty of the Byzantine, it was all wasted. They were not royal!

It was in the fourth month of my stay in Constantinople that I was one day strolling alone through one of the most crowded streets without other aim than to stir my blood with the unabating novelty of the scene, so unlike that of other lands—for in Constantinople no one chatters but men, the women move about with the silence of ghosts, making their little purchases by signs alone. Presently I became conscious that I was followed by one of the veiled women who thronged the place. If I loitered to look at an object attracting my attention, she also loitered—if I increased my pace, she did the same. Not relishing this surveillance, or perhaps wishing to ascertain the woman's "intentions," I stopped short, and turned to one of the merchants sitting cross-legged amid his wares, and commenced negotiations for the purchase of a silver tassel. My pursuer also stopped, and approaching my

side, while pretending to search with her eyes among the wares, permitted her veil to fall away, revealing the most beautiful childlike face I ever beheld. A moment after we were both mingling again in the crowd. "Pity me!" whispered a voice in my ear, as the form of the Georgian girl—for such she seemed—passed close by my side. A moment later, she passed again, and this time dropped the words, "Follow me!" At the instant, she was overtaken by a hook-nosed Jew, who, without a word, took her by the hand and led her away. I thought no more of the adventure, but the memory of that innocent and enchanting face became daguerreotyped upon my consciousness. A week later, I found myself, one morning, from motives of mere curiosity, an attendant at the Aurat Bazaar, a noted place of sale for beautiful slaves. George was with me. He had learned in some way peculiar to himself—the fellow had a strange knack for picking up information—that a Georgian maiden was to be sold, whose history was somewhat uncommon. She had been stolen in infancy from her native province by a Jew who had brought her to Constantinople and reared her with every care he could devise, tending to increase her charms. He had caused her to be taught a variety of accomplishments, music, dancing and the like, with a view to heightening her value in the market. A day or two ago he had died suddenly, and the fair Georgian was put up for sale. George pointed her out to me amid the circle of slaves. She was dressed in a gauzy robe that clung in pliant folds to her luxuriant form, displaying all its rich exuberance and rare symmetry. Her face was covered by a fleecy veil, which floated aside as I looked upon her, and revealed the sweet features that I had seen in the street a few days before. At that moment she bent upon me a look of such pleading intelligence, that my resolve was instantly taken. The bidding commenced, and was pursued with much spirit, but the girl was finally struck down to me for three thousand dollars. George brought my purchase home, and that evening

she came into my presence, arrayed in the most ravishing costume possible to the Turkish dress. Her lovely face was uncovered, and as she sprang forward to my feet, and grasping my hand covered it with kisses, I confess I felt a singular emotion at my heart. Raising her thrilling eyes to mine, she addressed me in a tone of the most subduing music, pouring out her gratitude and love in the rich images of the language of the orient.

Ah! she was a dangerous enemy to my resolutions of celibacy! But in the hour of my nearest approach to surrender, I triumphed.

"Fatime," said I to her, as she still clung to my hand, "you are free. I wish no women about my person. I purchased you for yourself."

There was a strange mingling of gladness and despair in her eyes as I pronounced these words. She gazed upon me with a look of wondrous feeling, as if she would pierce to my soul. I returned her gaze with another, whose chilling import she could not mistake. She released my hand, and bowed her head upon her breast in silence. I motioned to George to take her away. As she left the room she turned her beautiful head, and looked upon me with bright, swimming eyes, pressed her hands upon her heart, and was gone.

I saw her no more. In obedience to her wishes, I instructed George to provide her with attendants, and convey her to the island of *Ægina*, where a little cottage home was purchased for her, and she was left to lead her new life—mistress of her own actions.

In the early part of the seventh month of my residence in Constantinople, I was one Friday standing in a grove on the Asian shore of the Bosphorus, a short distance above the imperial palace, awaiting the arrival of the royal *cortège* on the way to prayers. Friday is the Mussulman Sabbath, and the Sultan was coming with his court to worship in the little mosque in the middle of the luxuriant grove. Here were groups of men chattering with each other, and smoking their *chibouques*; yonder were *coteries*

of veiled ladies, keeping to their own place; gorgeously caparisoned steeds prancing in the back-ground—a scene of beauty and life only visible in the East. Presently there came sweeping round a projecting bluff, the royal *cortège*—a procession of brilliant-lued barges, glittering in decorations of gold and silver, in one of which the Sultan sat, beneath a pavilion of purple and gold, upon a divan glittering with precious stones. In one of the following barges, were the ladies of the court; and upon these my eyes were riveted with peculiar interest, for they were of that world from which my birth shut me out forever. As the royal troupe came ashore, and the Sultan passed by on his mettlesome charger with a Pasha at either golden stirrup, and the grove was filled with the fragrance of the priest's censer, and the Sultanas came in their turn, and the people bared their heads and bowed humbly, I stood erect and gazed upon the procession with proud and half-indignant eyes—almost angry at the thought that it should be expected of *me* to bow before these favored mortals. Imagine my emotions when I saw my gaze steadfastly returned by the eyes of one of the royal group of ladies! The face was covered by its rich cloth of embroidered white silk, but the sloe-black eyes bent upon me a burning glance that thrilled me to the heart.

What followed, after that moment, I have never been able to recall. I was dizzy with the new sensations that swam in my poor head; I saw before me a gorgeous castle in Spain, with myself and the black-eyed Sultana its occupants; and in that hour I would have periled heaven to realize this, the grand dream of my life.

The next day I received a visit from one of the nobles of the court. He bowed his bald head to the ground before me, bidding me live forever. The Sultan desired my presence at the imperial palace. I put on my turban in silence and accompanied the officer with a fast-beating heart, though with the utmost outward composure.

The Sultan sat upon a gorgeous sofa

in the audience-chamber, with his nobles about him. I saluted his majesty respectfully, and then stood erect and haughty, awaiting in silence the imperial desirée. It was an impressive moment.

"Allah be praised!" said the Sultan, aside to a noble. "It is a proud Frank."

"What would the king?" I asked.

"By our prophet!" cried the Sultan again, "he speaks the language like a Moslem born. Thou art certainly a Frank?" he added, addressing me.

"I am," said I. "What is the king's wish with me?"

The Sultan coughed, and rubbed his august nose as if in deep reflection. Then he spoke:

"You shall know! My beloved daughter, my Therissa, loves the Frank!"

I closed my eyes to conceal my emotions.

"She would honor you by making you her husband. It is sacrilege."

I bowed affirmatively.

"A woman's ways are incomprehensible. She has long declared her wish never to marry. And now, her choice falls upon a Frank. It is impossible that the king's daughter should marry a Frank."

"And the king has called me hither to tell me this?" I asked.

"The Frank can become a Moslem," he said, with peculiar emphasis.

I started at the thought. I become a follower of the Prophet?

"You hesitate," said the Sultan.

I saw the prize sliding from my eager grasp.

"Enough," I cried, in desperation. "From this hour I am no longer a Christian. Allah is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

The Sultan smiled and glanced about him at his nobles.

An officer advanced and whispered in my ear.

I bowed at the Sultan's feet, and kissed the carpet upon which they rested.

He immediately conferred upon me the title of Lieutenant, and then waved me away.

We were married; that is, Therissa and I. I scarcely know how. I lived

in a dream through all those coming days. But I know I became the husband of the Sultana Therissa, and that I knew no more how she looked after I had married her, than I did that day when I saw her in the grove before the royal mosque. I was initiated into the knowledge of my real position as a Sultana's husband, by frequent instructions as to my place and duties, from the Grand Vizier and other officers of the empire. I became the owner of a magnificent palace, and was instructed to banish my faithful George therefrom—for George rebelled indignantly at the thought of becoming a heathen—he would none of it. So I established George in my old residence, and promised him I would provide well for him so long as he would remain there.

On the day I took possession of my palace, I bade George provide the last dinner I should eat in my old home; for though I spent the day at my palace, I knew that I should be expected to dine at the old home that day. As I wandered about my new estate, I realized, for the first time fully, the change that had overtaken me. I had always lived in a style that would have been pronounced the height of splendor by my old acquaintances in New York, but even I was dazzled by the magnificence of my new home, with its beautiful arcade, its marble-pillared avenues, its gilded balconies, its dancing fountains, its shady grottoes, its profusion of splendor and luxuriance and loveliness. In the afternoon my wife came; I received her at the door with a low obeisance; her retinue of ladies passed in; and I left the palace and returned to my old residence to dinner.

"And how is Mrs. Aspen?" asked my faithful George, grinning broadly.

I bade the scoundrel hold his tongue. Mrs. Aspen, indeed!

It was nine o'clock that evening when the attendants came to conduct me to the palace, to be presented to the lady I had married. The etiquette of the hour was well understood by me, thanks to the careful instructions I had received.

"At last I shall behold her!" I murmured, as I approached the door of the

chamber in which the princess awaited me. It was a solemn moment; I had taken the royal leap in utter darkness, and now I was to discover whether I had married a beauty or the reverse; for I had only seen her eyes and her clothed form. The latter was like that of most Turkish ladies—full, round, "inclined to *embonpoint*"—shall I say *fat*? At least, fat women are generally good-natured; and in Turkey, fat is the chief standard of beauty.

The door was thrown open by the two eunuchs who had conducted me thus far, and I passed in and stood in the presence of—"Mrs. Aspen"—as George said.

She sat on a throne, with her ladies of honor on either side. Her attire was gorgeous, and dazzling gems gleamed from her bright hues through the gauzy folds of a great veil that covered her from head to foot. I knelt upon the embroidered carpet at her feet and bowed in silence for a moment; then arose, took the lady's fair hand in mine, and pressed it to my lips.

"Light of my soul," said I, "receive my adoration!"

The maids of honor removed the veil, and I looked upon her face.

She was not hideous!

I drew a long breath of relief, for I had entertained some fears in spite of me—she certainly was fleshy, and her face was not so *petite* as that of the Georgian girl, Fatime. What business had I to be thinking of Fatime at that moment?

While I waited to see whether she would make a place for me to sit at her side, or accompany me from the apartment, the attendant eunuchs prostrated themselves before me, and signified their readiness to conduct me away.

"Is this your wish, fair Therissa?" I asked of my wife.

She nodded, and looked at the floor—her fat cheek on her palm.

I bit my lip and followed the eunuchs.

They showed me to my chamber, and informed me I was at liberty to remain in it, or go elsewhere about the palace; "they would attend me."

I speedily found, let me here remark, that these fellows were always ready to attend me; they dogged me like my shadow, everywhere—they or two others as black as they, and so much like them that I could never tell them apart.

I stayed in my chamber. Adjoining it was my wife's, connecting by a heavy door. Both rooms were furnished with every appliance of luxury and ease. I sat me down and waited the coming of my bride. I had yet to get acquainted with her—to test her temper—to look into her soul through those windows, her bright black eyes, and see what treasures or what dross lay within. Ah, me!

An hour passed by. I was on nettles of impatience. At last I heard her enter her chamber with her ladies of honor, laughing and chatting. They closed the door, and after a short time the attendants left the apartment. Then I went to the door and found it locked.

"What a blunder!" I muttered.

I rapped gently. No answer. I rapped louder. No answer.

What should I do? Call a slave to open the door? My wife might be offended. Curious, what fears I had of offending her!

There was the key-hole. Must I confess that I put my eye to it? I saw nothing. Then I put my mouth to it.

"Therissa!" I cried, in a low tone, "sun of my existence, am I forgotten? I would fly to thee!"

Confound it, this was too ridiculous! The husband of a princess whispering tender words through the key-hole! *Ohe, jam satie!*

I put my ear to the key-hole. Ah! I heard—yes, it was Therissa—snoring.

"Oh, by the prophet now," I cried, "this is too much! How deeply she must love me!"

It was a sore wound to my vanity; but sleep heals all wounds for the time.

"I shall see her to-morrow," I murmured; "I will demand an explanation. Does she think me a dog?"

As the hour for the morning meal drew nigh, on the following day, I prepared myself for the interview that

should take place. I was fully determined to have a sufficient explanation of the insults of the previous evening, and to assure my royal partner that, whatever the customs of the country might lead her to expect of her husband in the way of submissiveness, she must expect nothing of the sort from *me*. I would speak kindly and lovingly to her, but firmly. She should be made to understand at once that I was her equal—for in America every man is a sovereign. (Why had this thought never before occurred to me in the whole course of my life!)

My wife was not at the morning meal, to which I was conducted.

"The princess," said I to an attendant; "where is she?"

"The princess is breaking her fast" said the slave, bowing low.

"Conduct me to her."

"It is impossible, your excellency!"

"Why, slave?"

"The daughter of the king has her maids of honor at her meals, and no other person is permitted to be present."

So this was another custom of my new life! I ate my breakfast in a frame of mind not at all conducive to digestion. At least, I should see her during the morning.

The hours passed by. She did not seek me, and I felt it in vain to seek her. But toward the middle of the afternoon my patience gave way.

The Sultana was at the *collations* in her private refreshment room, when I resolved to see her.

"Stand aside, slave!" I cried to the eunuch who barred my way at her door. "I shall pass!"

"Allah defend me!" uttered the poor fellow; "I can not do it! My head would pay the forfeit."

"That for thy head!" I exclaimed, in a rage, knocking the unhappy eunuch down and stepping over his prostrate form into the room where the ladies sat.

The Sultana Therissa was sucking an orange and laughing, but as I entered and bowed low before her, she turned her black eyes on me with a look that had little welcome in it.

"Beautiful Therissa!" I said, in a more imploring tone than I had ever deemed it possible that I should come to use to woman born, "why am I shut up from the light of her whose eyes are my soul's lode-stars?—Am I despised?"

The princess extracted her little finger from the depths of a jar of hybla honey, and with it pointed me to the door.

"You—you, baniah me?" I asked, half choking with mingled rage and astonishment.

"I have not sent for you," said she. "Go."

I went. But in what a rage!

"And I have lived the life I have," I cried, as I strode the avenues of the palace, with the eunuchs at my heels, "for this reward! It is too much. But praised be the polygamic laws of Turkey, I can have my revenge! I will seek another wife—one who will love me and not treat me as if I were a brute animal."

I went to my room and prepared to go out into the street. But when I got to the outer doors of the palace, I found them fast.

"What means this?" I asked one of the eunuchs at my heels; "I desire to go out into the streets of the city."

"Live forever!" said the slave; "the Sultana's husband must get permission."

"Permission? From whom?"

"From the princess Therissa."

"Dog, thou liest!"

This was a rash and unpremeditated statement, however, and not correct, for the dog did not lie—he told the bitter truth. The truth was not palatable.

Ask permission I would not; go out without it I could not; so I stayed at home.

It was yet early in the evening of that day, when I received a message from the Sultana, desiring my presence.

"Ah," I muttered, "so she is at leisure at last."

I chafed under the hateful thought that I had been all day awaiting her pleasure, and that now she sent for me I must go to her whether I liked it or not. "But she shall find," I said to myself, "that this course of treatment will

not suit her purpose with me. Perhaps she thinks to break my proud will and make me her devoted slave, to come and go at her beck and nod. She will learn her mistake. I will go to her now, but she shall see that the scene of this morning is not forgotten. I will be as reserved and distant as an iceberg!"

I thought that would thaw her!

I was ushered into the room where the princess sat. With head erect, and eyes upon the floor in haughty indifference to the presence into which I came, I advanced over the threshold and bent one careless glance toward the Sultana.

Good heavens! Could I believe my eyes? A gilt grating stretched completely across the chamber, separating me from the woman I had married. She reclined on a divan, smoking a cigar, with every appearance of satisfaction. About her were grouped a number of ladies, who none of them took any notice of my entrance. Neither did the princess Therissa.

Determined to be as cool as my wife—I felt terribly tempted to call her "Mrs. Aspen," soothing my anger with a touch of the ridiculous—I deliberately selected a convenient carpet on which to cross my legs, and directing a servant to fetch me a chibouque, calmly closed my eyes and smoked. I opened them again on hearing sounds of suppressed mirth, and looking up, found that the group beyond the grating were now invisible, the lamps having been so arranged as to turn a flood of light upon that portion of the apartment in which I sat, while the ladies were in semi-darkness behind the grating.

Was this a new insult? Had they put me on exhibition here, like an Irish giant, to stare and giggle at me?"

My musings on this subject were cut short by the entrance of a dozen or so of turbaned Turks from the city. It appeared from what they said, that they had been invited hither to entertain the ladies with music and conversation. They were all members of the F. F.'s of Constantinople, and their conversation was evidently modulated with great care

not to offend their fair, though invisible, hearers in any way. At first, they addressed occasional remarks to me, but I replied in dignified monosyllables, and soon they left me in silence with my chibouque. I listened attentively to all they said, however—not because there was any special importance in their remarks, but from lack of better employment. During the hour, my attention was attracted especially to a pensive-looking youth, who talked very little, but whose eyes were repeatedly turned with an earnest expression toward the group of ladies, as if he would pierce the twilight in which they sat. There was no mistaking the peculiar light that shone in his eyes. It was the old light—old as the world—the light of love. I wondered who among those ladies could be the object of the pensive youth's devotion. I half wished—but no matter. I was not long in doubt.

Before departing, the group called on one of their number for a song. It was the pensive youth. In a very sweet voice, and with his eyes burning with the feeling embodied in the verses, he sung a Turkish love-song, of which the following is a close translation :

Beautiful one with the starry eyes,
Would that thou wert mine own !
I languish with love for thee,
I burn ! I die !
Why can I not move thy heart ?
Oh, I am despairing !
Lovely Therissa !

The sun goes down and I mourn ;
It rises and still I am in grief.
The world has lost its beauty ;
Thou art not mine !
Why can I not move thy heart ?
Queen of my bosom !
Lovely Therissa !

Well, upon my word, thought I, the fellow is bold enough ! One would think he did not dream the lady's husband was in the neighborhood ! Confound him—I wish he had her.

Did I show this in my eyes, as the singer bent a keen glance of scrutiny upon me at the close of his song ? It must be that I did, for a gleam of wonderful light and intelligence shot over the young man's face, which I did not

at the time understand. I understood it soon after.

As the party was leaving, he pressed into my hand a paper on which he had written these words :

"Proud Frank, you are unhappy. Would you be free ? Ask for liberty to visit Bim-bashi Ali. He will befriend you. I am he. Destroy this paper. It might cost me my head."

I read this paper in my room (where I was left utterly alone, as before,) and the next day I made the appeal recommended in the note of the pensive youth. My wish was at once complied with.

The inevitable eunuchs followed at my heels as I proceeded to the house of Bim-bashi Ali.

He saluted me with the ceremonious respect due from one of his inferior military rank, and then banished the eunuchs, and locked the door.

We were alone.

"I was right !" he asked, as he turned eagerly toward me.

"In what ?"

"In supposing thee unhappy."

"You were."

"Yes, I knew it. The Sultana Therissa is proud—prouder even than thou art—but ah, she is very fair !" He rolled his eyes upward in ecstasy.

"She is too fat," said I.

"Blasphemy !" said the Turk. "How could that be ? No ! She is too proud for thee. Thou canst not bear it. But I am otherwise, for I love her. I would die for her. Ah me, I shall die without her ! I would thou wert dead !"

"Thank you," said I ; "you are frank."

"May your shadow never be less," said Ali, recovering himself ; "I spoke piously—*Allahoo akbar* ! I am perishing with passion."

"I wish you had her, Bim-bashi," said I.

"If thou art true," said Ali, as he grasped my hands, "I may hope. Listen to me ! My sister Sophia is one of the Sultana Therissa's ladies of honor ; we have means of communication ; and this will explain to you how it happens that I am so familiar with the secrets

of the princess' heart. I know why she married thee, Frank! Didst thou think it was love? Ah, no! It has been the freak of the Sultana's life, to marry only a man who had never had a wife nor a slave before her. But in Turkey where should she look for such a one? She saw thee, and in curiosity sent a spy to learn something of thee. This spy reported thee a wondrous man, who had never loved, who would have no seraglio, who had sworn to marry only a princess. He reported thy purchase of Fatime, the Georgian girl, and her banishment into Greece by thee. About this very time the Sultan insisted that Therissa must select a husband from his nobles. He said the royal household was getting too large. Only a week before, he had bow-strung a hundred of his harem, and the Bosphorus had swallowed their poor forms to make room in the palace. Still it was too full, and the Sultan frankly confessed that it made him feel unpleasantly to be compelled to order more heads cut off; the Sultana Therissa *must* marry, and establish her retinue in her own palace.

"When the Sultana heard this, she begged at first that another hundred or two of his harem might be sent to sleep in the Bosphorus, but the king, though he idolizes his daughter, loves himself still better, and would not. In this emergency, Therissa fell sick; and when the Sultan asked the cause, she protested it was love for thee. The king stormed at the thought, at first, but finally arranged as you know about it; for, as I have said, he idolizes Therissa, and would do much to please her. But I—ah, I adore, I worship her—I would tremble with joy but to kiss her littlest toe!"

Here the poor fellow clasped his hands convulsively, and raised his eyes to the ceiling.

"And what do you wish me to do?" said I. "You promised to set me free."

"Listen! Return to the Sultana, and relate to her all this that I have told you. She will ask you how you learned it. Tell her then that Bim-bashi Ali risked his head by telling you this tale, and did it out of his deep and deathless love for

the Sultana Therissa, the only woman that he ever loved. Tell her that the Bim-bashi Ali long since disposed of his seraglio, and shut himself away from the sight of woman, out of the love he bore for the Sultana Therissa. For her he is an anchorite, and unless he receives her love he will soon perish with despair."

"I will do your bidding," said I, "but I have small hopes of a successful result. Perhaps you know best; I am little learned in these matters. A woman is a puzzle and a contradiction. Turkish women are the greatest puzzles and the greatest contradictions of their sex. And the Sultana Therissa is the superlative of these, among the women of Turkey. I will try—but if I fail?"

"Allahoo akbar!" said Ali, with a low bow: "God is great! I shall then have my head cut off and my body sunk in the Bosphorus. Adieu!"

"Adieu, Bim-bashi!"

I hastened to my palace, and sought the presence of the Sultana. She received me with surprising alacrity, but would not permit a near approach to her person.

I told her all. I was eloquent. I painted, in glowing colors, the love which Ali held in his breast for her, and which was so great that he imperiled his life in the hope of reaching the heart of his idol. The warm sentences from my lips fell upon a soil already prepared by the song of the previous evening, which Ali had dared to sing. Remember that a Sultana never knows what it is to receive protestations of love. Before marriage, she is shut away from the world. Her heart was fallow ground. My suit was successful.

But what a creature is woman! She tried to pretend she was not moved by Ali's protestations; but she was willing to exchange almost any one in *my* place!

"I would rather part with you than not," said the woman; how ridiculously fat she did look at that moment! "You have many faults, the greatest of them being that you have the manners of a beast!"

"This to *me*—William Aspen!"

"Your backbone is too stiff," she continued. "Your waist is too thick. You

can not make a bow. Besides, your nose is much too long. And you eat butter like a hog, I am told. As for Bim-bashi Ali, I will set spies to examine into his history. As for you——" she pointed with her little finger to the door.

I left the apartment, and never saw her again.

"The Sultana Therissa makes quick work, at least!" said I, as I stood in my old residence on the shore of the Marmora, the following night—a divorced husband.

George was delighted to see me once more.

"You'll be sending for Fatime, now, won't you, Mr. Aspen?" he asked.

"No," said I, "it won't be worth while, as we are to leave Constantinople so soon."

"Oh, that's it, is it, sir?" said George. "And which way?"

"We will go to the island of Ægina."

"Ah," said George, meaningly.

A week later, a little Levantine brig bore me away from Constantinople, and under favor of a fine northerly breeze, I fled through the Propontis, down the Dardanelles, away.

George was with me, of course; and to him I told my story, and its result upon my mind and heart.

"No more royalty for me," said I. "I shall marry Fatime, the beautiful Georgian; she loved me, at least; and I *think* I loved her, too. We will reside in that earthly heaven, Ægina, for a time, and then I will take my Georgian wife to New York. Will not Fifth Avenue make a belle of her, with her wonderful beauty? And the wife of William Aspen, too! Some day I will tell them she was once a slave—some day when she is the regnant queen of the fashionable world; and tell them, too, that William Aspen preferred her to a king's daughter."

At last we reached the isle of beauty. Oh, matchless Ægina, you were made for love's paradise! There is no spot on earth like unto thee; cold indeed must be the heart that would dwell in thy gardens of bloom and glory, and feel not love stirring within! Given an

object, and love *must* live in peerless Ægina.

So Fatime had found it, it seemed. For when I got there, I found her the happy wife of a magnificent specimen of a Greek youth—a clear-eyed, uncorrupted lad, who had been reared as a shepherd boy.

Although Fatime was very glad to see me, I confess that Ægina had not the attractions for me that I expected it would have; and I sailed for home in a week or two.

Once more I am mingling in the circles of the metropolia. I am thirty-one to-day, and a bachelor—or must I say, a widower?—or, still more dreadful, a grass-widower? I am still young, at least. You may find some gray streaks in my hair, but you will find none in my heart. I wonder I could ever have thought so lightly of the beauty of my countrywomen! There are no titled sultanas or princesses, in this land, but there are *queens*.

INDEED, I NEVER KNEW.

WHEN they asked me of his eye,
If it was black or blue,

I could only make reply:

"Indeed, I never knew!

I only saw the sunny glance,
That broke in splendor through."

When they asked me of his face,

If it was dark or fair,

I could only answer back:

"I neither know nor care;

I paused a moment, but to read
The fine expression there."

When they asked me of his form,

His manners and his mind,

I could only answer them,

With feelings undefined:

"I only know that when he went,
His image stayed behind."

And when they asked me if I loved—

If my young heart was stirred,

I blushed, and could not answer them—

I could not say a word,

Nor tell them that my heart was sick

With happiness deferred.

THE SPY SYSTEM OF EUROPE.

FEW persons, even among those who have made the complete tour of Europe, are aware of the extraordinary surveillance under which they passed. If told that a spy dogged them to every border, and that, when they crossed that border, another spy took them in secret keeping, they would laugh, perhaps, at its improbability. But, there are many things in European governments as undemonstrable as the governments themselves, yet which are existent facts, nevertheless; and one of these is the spy system, to which these governments, in a measurable degree, owe their perpetuity. In France no man enters an inn who is not reported at once to the Prefect of Police, his person being described, his business indicated, and the length of his stay in the country made known. You see no official who makes this scrutiny, but it is made, nevertheless—first by the innkeeper at whose house you tarry, in a blank form, filled out and dispatched to the police, and second, by a *shadow* who verifies the innkeeper's report, and keeps you in sight. In Paris, to keep each visitor under surveillance would seem impossible, yet it is done by the singularly thorough nature of the capital police. Every government official is, directly or indirectly, a member of the police. As every place of public resort, every museum, every palace, every pleasure-ground, is thick-set with "servants," so many spies has the Prefect, in addition to his own regular force of *gens-d'armes*, messengers, firemen, patrolmen, secret detectives and "shadows." And, though you pass along, apparently unheeded, through the multifarious mazes of Parisian life, you still are under the constant observation of eyes as subtle as Lucifer's—under the hearing of ears as attentive as a surgeon's listening to the beating of a pulse.

Not alone upon foreigners is this observation kept. The habits of every Frenchman are known—his companions and places of resort are known—his *ideas* are known; and, as a consequence,

every Frenchman is secretive to an intense degree—is suspicious—is shrewd, and, way down in his heart, a hate reposes whose only expression is a dagger to cure the wrongs his humanity has had to endure under the name of government. This is why the society of France is so inflammable—so revolutionary, for, never since the days of the De Medicis, have Frenchmen been free from the secret spy system of the government. Even in the days of the revolution, when "the people" rioted and their representatives ruled, the government spy was abroad as ever, dogging the steps of every citizen who did not assimilate with the "republic." So ingrafted upon government has the system become that the people have grown to recognize it as inseparable from it; and yet, they realize to-day more than ever, that a government which can not trust the people is little else than a tyranny. To-day, in France, the great mass of citizens regard the police, in all its ramifications, as an Emperor's guard, necessary to an Emperor's preservation; and, so feeling, they will submit only so long as it is policy to do so. This, none better realizes than Napoleon; and the entire structure of his government is directed to the end, of first insuring his own power, and second, to reconciling the people to it—not by concessions, but by appeals to their pride as a nation, and to their worldly self-interests, whose profits, in trade and manufactures, he labors intensely hard to increase. He is one of the most successful of modern rulers because he retains his power, and, day by day, becomes more necessary to the trade interests of France.

In Austria we have the French spy system in all its detail, but without any of its popular features. Every spy is a spy, and nothing else. Whatever character he may assume he feels the hand that moves him, and obeys with a dogged determination which renders him a mere machine—a creature having no wish or will of his own apart from his bounden duty. The number of spies in actual employ throughout Francis Joseph's dominions is enormous—so

numerous that it has been said "every other Austrian is a detective, and all the rest are informers." In Prussia it is the same. From Vienna to Berlin is but from one German city to another—habits, manners, customs, laws, courts, inns—all seem the same. And yet how excessively jealous are the two nations! The French do not *despise* the English more than the Prussian despises the Austrian; and if both are hated and feared alike by all the minor German States it is because they are to be hated and feared. The process of absorption even now has commenced; in the division of territory growing out of the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio, the minor States read their own future. No wonder, then, that Central Europe is a heart of fire, full of terrible passions, ready to burst forth on the slightest pretext; and no wonder that the German governments all patronize the spy system to a limit incredible to one not fully conversant with their internal and external dangers. It is their safeguard against an explosion.

To illustrate this secret adjunct of power, and to show how it is made to contribute to the State's safety, we may repeat the story of a young English tourist. We were discussing the question as to what European monarch belonged the honor of having the best spy organization, when he related his experience in that line.

I had, he went on to say, rambled over Prussia, merely with an idle traveler's curiosity, subject meanwhile to all kinds of petty annoyances, when at last I reached Berlin, where I resolved to remain and await a remittance from my banker in London, my funds having suddenly run short, by reason of my purchase of a large diamond, which had been offered me at a tempting price. I selected a hotel of the second class, and established myself in it very comfortably, having, as I believed, about funds enough to meet my expenses till more should arrive.

I had been in Berlin perhaps a week, visiting various places of amusement and curiosity, when one morning, after having been engaged in poring over an

English paper till a late hour, I relighted a half-smoked cigar, and sallied forth for a brisk walk.

I had not gone a hundred paces, before I found a sentry's musket at my breast, and heard the ominous words—

"Sir, I arrest you in the king's name!"

"What for?" I demanded. "What have I done?"

"Broken the law!" replied the fellow, with insolent coolness, at the same time rudely tapping my cigar with his musket.

"Broken what law?"

"The law against smoking."

"Is a gentleman not allowed to smoke in Prussia?"

"Not in the street, sir."

"Well, confound your laws!" cried I, rather sharply: "I have been constantly annoyed by some miserable, petty enactment like this, ever since I set foot in this country?"

This was not a very polite speech for a stranger to make in any country, and least of all for a man under arrest in a land of despotism.

"Forward! march!" said the sentry, indicating with his musket the way I was to go.

"Take me to your superior, then, and let me settle this matter at once!" said I, with an air, supposing the whole thing would result in a pretty round fine.

The sentry called the officer of the guard, who met me with a civil bow.

"Fined for smoking in the street, I suppose," I said, in a sort of explanatory way.

The sentry whispered a few words in his ear.

"You must pass the night in the guard-house!" said the officer, turning to me.

"Pshaw!" said I; "you are only jesting! Come, what is the fine?"

"How long have you been in Prussia?" asked the officer.

"About eight months," I answered.

"And have you yet to discover that the officers of justice in this country are not in the habit of jesting with affairs of State?"

"Oh, then smoking a cigar in the

street is an affair of State in Prussia, is it?" said I, in an ironical tone.

The officer frowned and bit his lips, but made no reply.

We reached the guard-house in silence.

"Surely not in there?" said I, as my conductor threw open the door of a damp, filthy cell.

"Enter!" was his stern response.

I did so, and was left there to pass the night alone as best I might.

Early the next morning I was marched off to the police office, and found myself among a crowd of miserable wretches, who had been arrested during the night for various crimes, and were now huddled together here to await an examination. As I was the only well-dressed person of the party, and had been brought here for a slight irregularity, I naturally expected my turn would come first.

I was mistaken; perhaps the design of the authorities was to humble me still more; at all events, one after another of my companions in misery were led off and disposed of, till I remained alone. I was vexed, and at the same time a little alarmed. Perhaps the whole affair was going to turn out a good deal more serious than I had supposed possible—it had already done so—and I might be far from through with it yet. I had committed no crime, it is true; in fact, I had done nothing to merit the disgrace and punishment I had already received; but I knew enough of the arbitrary power of despotism to make me feel not a little concerned, and to regret in some measure my hasty and passionate words.

At length I was summoned into a small, narrow room, divided by a bar, behind which sat a man with one eye, a large scar across his left cheek, and whose sardonic expression of countenance would certainly have kept me from selecting him for a boon companion. With his one eye he took a quick, sharp survey of my face and person, and then, in a squeaking voice, demanded my name.

"Richard Beresford."

He turned and fumbled over a pile of papers, and at length drew out one which I recognized as my passport.

"Hum! an Englishman!" he muttered, with an expression which showed he had no liking for the nation.

He then referred to a large book which lay on the desk beside him, and, after examining it for a few minutes, said, in the same squeaking voice—

"This matter is serious, and must be decided by higher authority."

"And all this grows out of simply smoking a cigar in the street, does it?" said I, in a tone that betrayed some of the irritation I felt.

"You will see, sir!" was the short, surly rejoinder of the one-eyed functionary, who held the office of inspector of police.

I could not resist the temptation of a reply, notwithstanding I knew it would do me more harm than good.

"Well," said I, "if I am to be kept in durance much longer, I hope I shall either be furnished with something to eat, or permitted to procure it myself, for I have no desire to be starved to death, for nothing."

To this the inspector did not even condescend to reply, but taking up a printed blank, he filled it out and handed it to my conductor or guard, who immediately tapped me on the shoulder and told me to follow him. We left the room by a door opposite to the one by which we entered. Hearing a step behind me, I looked back, and discovered a soldier with a musket, following just a pace behind me. For the first time I really trembled. All this caution and care must mean something; perhaps I was about to be immured in a dungeon. I had not done any thing—but what of that? I was in the power of men who might deal harshly with me, and what redress would I have? what means of escape from their clutches? I might be missed and eventually be inquired about but in the mean time I might also die in a dungeon. Politically speaking, the English government was bound to see me have my rights; but getting redress for a wrong through government inter-

ference is a slow process at best, and I was not in the least consoled by thinking of it at that time.

After being led through a long, narrow passage, I was conducted into another small, dingy room, upon the door of which was painted, "*Department of Arrests.*" In this apartment were three men, two of them writing at desks behind a bar, and the third, a little, grim old man, was busily poring over what appeared to be an official document. This third personage, who was in reality the great mogul of the place, did not deign to lift his eyes from the manuscript in his hand, for even so much as a glance at my inferior self, but kept on reading, and occasionally making notes for more than an hour, after which he got up and went out, and was gone at least two hours more, I being all this time kept standing and waiting in the most anxious suspense. In Prussia, however, a prisoner can wait—who cares?"

At last the little, grim old man came shuffling back to his place; and, having adjusted his spectacles, signified that he was ready for any new case, which in this instance happened to be mine.

"The prisoner will step up close to the bar," he said, in a cracked and grating tone.

I obeyed the order, and found my face about two feet from his. He opened a large book, and, after one sharp glance at me, fixed his eyes on that.

"What is your name?" was his first question.

"Richard Beresford."

"Your country?"

"England."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-six."

"Your profession, or occupation?"

"Gentleman."

"What do you mean by *gentleman*?" and he peered sharply at me over his spectacles.

I was tempted to reply by asking if there were no such personages in Prussia; but I refrained, knowing that any sharp answer would react upon myself.

"In England," I said, in a very civil

tone, "a gentleman is a person of good family and education, who has the means to live without following any particular business."

"Ah—I see!" he rejoined, with a sneer. "Have you parents?"

"I have."

"Where does your father live?"

"A few miles from London."

"What is his business?"

"He lives on his income."

"Umph! Well, sir, how long have you been in Prussia?"

"About eight months."

"Where have you been since entering this kingdom?"

I named the places I had visited in regular order.

"You mention Dessau," he said, referring to his book; "when were you there?"

"Last month."

"How long were you there?"

"I do not remember the number of days."

"I will tell you, then—five. You stopped at the White Horse, a not over respectable inn. You rose late, and went to bed late, and you spent your time in rambling about in an idle way—smoking cigars, and sometimes swearing at things that did not please you. You see we have it all down here," he added, tapping the book. "Now, then, you left Dessau and went to Wittenberg?"

"I did."

"How long were you there?"

"A week or two."

"A vague, unsatisfactory answer! You were there just two weeks and one day! Well, what did you do there?"

"About the same as at Dessau."

"What did you do there different from any other place where you stopped in this kingdom?"

"I do not remember."

"No? then your memory is not worth much. I will tell you. You purchased a diamond of a small, dark man, for less than its real value."

I started with surprise. Was every movement, every act, I might almost say every thought of mine, since enter

ing the confines of Prussia, known to the police? It seemed so.

"Why did you purchase that diamond for less than its real value?"

"Because the owner offered to sell it at that tempting price," I answered, wondering what was to grow out of this.

"The *owner*, you say! how did you know who the owner was?"

"I supposed, of course, that it belonged to the man that sold it."

"Rightfully?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you suppose he would sell it under its real worth?"

"Because, as he said, he was anxious to raise ready money."

"Did you not think the diamond was stolen?"

"I had no reason to think so from the price. It is natural for persons to offer jewels, or any thing else, in fact, for less than their real value, when anxious for ready money."

"Yes, and a thief will sell for less than the real owner."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"You only paid about three-fourths of the worth of that diamond; this should have made you suspicious. In fact, you were! You *believed* that diamond to have been stolen, if you did not indeed *know* it! And you were right. It was stolen. It belongs to a set owned by Count Esterhazy. Where is it now?"

I produced it, with a good deal of tremulous misgiving. It had cost me a thousand pounds—a good deal too much to lose. The old man took it, and examined it with avaricious eyes.

"Of course, this having been stolen, is forfeited," he said. "The only question is, whether you, as the receiver, ought not to be held equally guilty with the thief, who has already been apprehended, tried, and condemned. All things considered, however, I have decided to let you go. You are fined five dollars for smoking in the street. Pay that, sir, and go, and beware how you again fall into the hands of our police!"

"And am I to lose my diamond and the thousand pounds I paid for it?" said I, scarcely able to keep down my anger.

"You may thank me, sir, that you get off thus easily under the circumstances!" said the old man, throwing up his spectacles.

"This matter shall not rest here, though!" said I, as I laid down my fine and turned to go.

"No threats to the officers of this government, if you *please*!" said the grim old man, with a look that made my flesh creep; "*or you pass from here to a dungeon at once!* You have already said enough since your arrest to put you where your friends could not find you; and if I hear another word of insolence, you shall go there! Take my advice, young man, keep your tongue close in Prussia, and leave the kingdom as soon as you can!"

I did; and if ever they catch me in that region again the thieves shall have the liberty to rob me of another thousand pounds! exclaimed the narrator, as he flung his cigar from his lips with an energy which proved that the memory of Berlin was not pleasant.

What a contrast to all this does our own Republic offer! Here each man moves as he wills; he talks as his judgment dictates; he acts as he sees fit. No spy dogs his steps; no passport is required to give him the privilege of travel; no boundaries are established to restrict his right to residence or passage anywhere in all the broad domain. Here, where the Government is the people, a spy would be an anomaly—tolerable only in a time of war, and then only so far as the public safety required;—when the danger ceased even the most vengeful enemy would be free from surveillance, save by officers of the civil law whose province it was to take cognizance of actual offenses against the Statutes. The Republic is one, and a citizen of Maine has rights in Texas which guarantee him "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Blessed Fate that cast our destiny here rather than in Europe; and O, most Providential Fate, which, through the perils of civil war, has brought forth a Nation, one and indivisible.

FIRST AND LAST.

A LOVE STORY.

I.

THE CHALK OUTLINE.

THE stillness of a summer's day was over every thing, only broken, now and then, by the voices and laughter of such of the Seminary pupils as remained during the noon recess. I was alone in the long recitation room on the second floor, standing before the black-board with a chalk-pencil in my fingers; but I was not working out the problems of the Legendre which lay neglected by my side. No, oh, no! The place, the time, my duties, all had slipped from me; I did not hear the murmur of children in the play-ground, though I felt the warm breath of an occasional breeze from the trees which shaded it. I was putting the finishing touches to a sketch. It was only a chalk outline, but to me, who saw it through the atmosphere of passion and hope, it had all the fullness and color of a perfect portrait. There were the sheeny curls and the dark-blue eyes of Evelyn Ward—there the haughty brows, the smooth white forehead, the enchanting mouth. I stood back a little and took a long look at it. She was so beautiful, and I had the power to reproduce that beauty! I think, even now, it must have been a very striking likeness, considering the materials from which it was made. Evelyn was the pride of the school and the eldest daughter of the great man of the village—Ward, the cotton factor. I was a boy of about her own age, yclept Maurice, the son of the Widow Ballaert. And there I was, in all the presumption of youth and ambition, giving my secret dreams a shape. It would do no harm; she would not see it, no one would be the wiser for it. I had painted her in my heart so many hundred times that her picture dwelt there every day. I was familiar with every shade of color which her glittering hair took on; I knew all her looks and motions, so careless and proud. I knew, too, that every boy in the school was a worshiper at her shrine, and that if she ever looked

complacently upon any one it was upon Willis Green, who was going away to college in the fall. But the admiration of those boys was, to the passion I felt for her, like the glimmer of a sliding wave to the fierce constancy of the sun. I loved her. I was only seventeen, but I was a poet and dreamer, and all my visions, thus far in life, had centered about her.

I stood back and gazed upon the image I had created—I forgot the hastening moments, the peril of detection—I was not in that dismal school-room, but in a summer dell, alone with Evelyn, and she was mine, for I had made her. The proud mouth seemed to part in a smile and invite me. Why not kiss it? Again I drew near the picture, and, thrilling in every vein and nerve, I bent and pressed my lips to those I had imaged.

Fatal Indulgence!

I heard a titter—two, three, a dozen suppressed titters, swelling into a burst of laughter behind me. I started up and faced the music. Half the school was laughing at me, and the 'master' in the background. Some mischievous imp of a girl had come softly into the room, discovered the nature of my noon studies, and fled silently away to report the state of affairs, returning with an eager body of recruits, stealing in on tiptoe to surprise the enemy. The blood which had surged so deliciously in my heart tingled hotly in my ears. With a desperate attempt to join in the laugh I glanced around upon the crowd. Evelyn Ward was there, standing erect, her blue eyes flashing, a red spot on either cheek. I knew that round, red spot betokened anger. If she had blushed I should have been comforted in the midst of my confusion; but she did not honor me with a blush. The blood left my ears and forehead, I felt cold and pale. The sudden revulsion was almost too great for my power of endurance. Who that has been a boy and dreamed of manhood, but can sympathize with my terrible shame and mortification? I had blushed when I whispered to myself, in the stillness of night, that I loved Evelyn

Ward;—here was my secret at the mercy of all these hateful boys and tormenting girls! The mountain of ridicule in store for me already weighed upon my soul. In my distress I cast my eyes upon the master. He was a gentleman—no rude pedagogue of the olden stamp; not a glimpse of a smile disturbed his serene features, though I was certain that pity softened his glance. He came to the rescue nobly:

"Really, Maurice, you have a surprising talent for drawing. If I could make as pretty a portrait as that, I'd be tempted to kiss it, too! Take your seats, my children. Don't you hear the bell?"

As they turned to obey him, Evelyn took her little lawn handkerchief from the pocket of her silk apron, and, with a gesture of annihilating contempt, wiped my picture from the blackboard. I went to my desk, drew forth my rhetoric, and tried to fix my mind upon the tropes and metaphors which danced upon the page before me. I did not dare to raise my eyes. The room was unusually still, only a faint murmur coming from the far end, where a class of girls was reciting. Then I heard Willis Green, asking, in his clear, cutting voice, "permission to speak with Ballaert on a matter of importance."

"You can speak, if necessary," said the master.

"I thought he would like to be informed that there was chalk on the end of his nose."

With what cool malice he announced this indisputable fact! Another half-suppressed giggle ran around the benches; the master tried to frown, but it was a futile attempt. He was good-natured and had a keen sense of the ridiculous; and, after a moment's struggle with propriety, he burst out into a ringing laugh, followed in chorus by the whole school. Evelyn laughed quite loudly, and glanced wickedly at Willis Green, who tossed his handsome head, quite certain that he had been very witty. How I hated him.

I did not move, or change color; I made no attempt to wipe that disagreeable chalk from my nose. I was proud as Lucifer, and the impulse I had felt to

seize my cap, and dash out-doors, never to return to those precincts, was repressed. I kept my seat; when the noise had a little subsided, I bowed to Master Green.

"Thank you for your kindness," I said, quietly, and then slowly and composedly drew forth my handkerchief and wiped my nose.

Sometimes tears of self-pity come to my eyes even yet when I think of the torture I endured through the rest of that endless afternoon. My heart swelled and stifled me, my veins were on fire; yet, when called up to my exercises in mathematics, my brain was preternaturally clear; I did not make a mistake; indeed, I carried myself so well, that the pupils began to believe they had nothing to laugh at, since their ridicule made so little impression. If I had been rich and petted like Willis Green, I should not have been so miserable, but, the bitter sense of poverty was always with me, adding to my troubles.

At last, school was dismissed. I would not linger behind, as if dreading the consequences of my folly. One thing I was determined upon—if I met Willis Green, to thrash him. He was a year older than I, and more trained in athletic habits, but I felt a giant within me, quite capable of coping with his meanness. I think he had an impression to that effect, for he came out last, and sneaked off by a by-path.

I had gained the street through the gantlet of fun awaiting me, and finding that Willis had no mind to cross my path, was walking slowly toward home, when a soft little hand slipped into and pressed mine. It belonged to Grace, a younger sister of Evelyn's, a little girl of thirteen, slender and timid, but with eyes and hair the color of the elder one's.

"Don't be angry with me, Maurice," she said, as I made an effort to withdraw my hand; "I didn't laugh at you. I think it was rude and ungenerous of them—even of Mr. Hartwell. He was old enough to know better. I felt so sorry for you! Oh! if you knew how offended

I was with them," and the bashful little creature actually kissed my ugly brown hand, while her eyes filled with tears.

"I am not angry with any one, Grace; at least, not with any one but Willis Green."

"You don't dislike him half as much as I do," said my little champion; "he's so conceited, and—hateful!"—it was the worst word she could think of. "I wonder how Eva can like him! Do you know, I don't think he's half as handsome as you are."

"Pshaw, Grace!"

"I don't," pursued my little comforter, with a blush, casting down her eyes, "his hair is not wavy, like yours, and his eyes are too black—they don't look people straight in the face as yours do. I think you are real good-looking, Maurice, and very smart. But I never should have told you, if the others had not been so mean."

It was pleasant to be flattered by that pretty, trembling voice; but it is more than likely that I no more guessed the tumult in that fluttering child-bosom, nor the effort it had caused her to say so much, than the world at large guessed the hopes and ambitions cherished by me.

"If ever you want to paint my picture, you shall," continued little Grace. "You are as good as Evelyn or Willis, either, or anybody. I think your mother is as much of a lady as mine, and she'll make a gentleman out of you. When I make a party, I am going to invite you, and choose you for my partner."

"Thank you, Gracie. I'll try to be worthy of your good opinion. And when I get to be a great artist, I hope to paint your portrait."

She seemed pleased at this, looking up at me with a shy smile. But as I gazed into her blue eyes I was thinking only of Evelyn's, and how, when I got to be a great artist, I would compel that beautiful girl to consider even a chalk outline from my hand an honor and a favor.

II.

THE WIDOW BALLAERT.

THE Widow Ballaert, whose son I had the happiness of being, was neither the village seamstress nor its washerwoman. She had come to Wardville when I was a little fellow in frocks; bought, and paid for, a small house and large garden; and had there taken up her residence—a stranger, in the midst of strangers. At that time she was about twenty-two years of age; she wore deep mourning, which she never, thereafter, laid aside. I have been told that she was far the prettiest and highest-bred woman in the vicinity, fair and sweet as a girl, though her cheeks were usually pale and her manners composed even to haughtiness. She seemed to be neither rich nor poor. She furnished her house very plainly, did her little housework with her own hands (except that once a week a woman came to wash and clean up), dressed plainly in good garments, and kept me tastefully. I have a miniature of myself which she painted when I was three years old (for it was from her I took my talent for painting), in which I appear to great advantage in a little black velvet sack-dress, and my long yellow hair curling down my back and about my red cheeks, fine and glistening as silk floss. She used to spend much time embellishing my clothes and brushing my curls over her fingers. I have heard how greatly she was admired, as she walked up the aisle of the Episcopal church, on Sundays, her prayer-book in one hand, leading me with the other.

At first all the ladies called on her and made much of her. It was too evident that she was a lady to need letters-patent to announce the fact. But, my mother was too reticent. She did not volunteer to inform her new friends why she had chosen Wardville for her residence, what her means were, where her relatives lived. It was inferred that she was a widow. When some of the more enterprising callers inquired how long her husband had been dead, she replied, evasively, that *she had lost him* a year before coming to Wardville. She

was asked, pointedly, if she did not find it gloomy, living so solitary. Some told her it was a pity she had not a mother or a young sister to share her home, she was so lonely. To this her answer was that she *was* lonely—very lonely, and always expected to be, in this world—that her mother and sisters had happy homes of their own, and she would not ask them to share her sadder one. She did, indeed, inform them, that her family resided in New York, but that was a large city, and without the particular street and number of the residence, it would be difficult for interested ones to ascertain their social *status*, or any particulars of the young widow's previous life.

So, by degrees, the Widow Ballaert began to be "talked about." Any one who ever has lived in a small community knows at once what ostracism then followed. The ladies did not like her; the gentlemen liked her too much. For some of the men, and among them the minister, had heard enough to blame the other sex for their malicious and unproved insinuations against one who never, to their knowledge, had sinned in the smallest degree against propriety. Among those who defended her the most warmly, was Lawyer Green, the father of Willis, a keen lawyer and a "leading" man, but one not particularly respected, and whose praise of a woman would not add to her glory. The less often his wife called, the more often he came, for my mother was beautiful and friendless; but, she soon politely refused to receive him, and then he, too, joined in the belief that there *was* matter for wise people to shake their heads over. He told, that on the occasion of one of his visits to the city, he had called on Mrs. Ballaert, and offered to convey any package or message which she might wish delivered to her friends in New York, when she had declined sending any, saying that she had regular communication with them by mail, and did not need to avail herself of the proffered kindness. All this was extremely suspicious.

Gradually she was "dropped." No one visited her but the old minister, and,

once or twice a year, the minister's cautious wife. My mother did not appear to feel the slight. She kept quietly to her way of living, growing a little paler and a little prouder every year. When business called her into the street, men sometimes made coarse remarks, after she had passed, of admiration or suspicion; but not one of them, the vainest bravo of them all, would have ventured to address her in other than the most respectful terms.

The years glided by; I grew apace; we two kept our pretty flower-garden in order in the summer, and in the winter my mother sewed and painted flower-pieces or miniatures, teaching me, in the mean time. Occasionally she sent off a case of these paintings to New York, by express, receiving in return a considerable remittance of money. In this way, any thing like a luxury, which we ever enjoyed, was purchased. In this way came our books, paints, canvas, our Christmas feast, my mother's new shawls and best dresses, and, when I was old enough to go to the Seminary, in this way my tuition was paid. Her regular income, from whatever source it was drawn, was just sufficient to cover the plain ordinary expenses of the household.

Thus I grew up, loving my mother with all the passion of a strong nature which had nothing else to love. And I believe that in my love she was tolerably happy. Whatever wrong she had endured from others, her child adored, admired, appreciated her—and she found occupation in the cultivation of his tastes and intellect. We were happy—sometimes deeply so; but there was a *shadow* over our home, as there always is where there is doubt and mystery, and in that shadow I grew up. It was to be expected that I should be timid, proud, shrinking, defiant, happy and miserable at times. I think my mother sometimes repented the manner of my bringing up, when she saw its effect upon the mingled sensitiveness and enthusiasm of my temperament; and it doubtless was in the endeavor to correct this error that she insisted upon my continuing at the

Seminary; when often and often I would come home and, in tears and anger, beg her to take me from the school.

"You must learn, betimes, to take the world as it is, my boy," was her argument, even when tears were in her eyes at the recital of my sufferings. You can now see that much more was meant by little Grace than the common patronage of a richer child, when she offered me her sympathy and friendship, and declared the estimation in which she held my mother.

The day after my rash adventure with the chalk outline, I went to school as if nothing had happened, but I still cherished the intention of punishing Willis Green for his impertinence. He was careful to give me no opportunity. Day after day, week after week slipped by. The scholars forgot to laugh at that unfortunate kiss. Evelyn never spoke to me after it; before, she had occasionally honored me with a bow or a passing word. Yet the more she scorned and neglected me, the more deeply infatuated I became. I could not restrain my eyes from watching her, even during study hours. The whole school knew of my passion, and amused themselves with it. I admired even that school-girl hauteur which led her to put on such airs of coldness toward me and many others. I thought she had a *right* to be proud and particular; she could not hold herself too precious. My secret, burning ambition, was, some day to make myself worthy of her. In my own room, at home, I had a great canvas, life-size, upon which I spent hours each day of those long summer afternoons. Not even my mother knew who was the subject of this ambitious attempt; I think she believed that I was painting *her* picture; she did not dream that my love was already divided. I was making another portrait of Evelyn Ward.

III.

A CHANGE IN LIFE.

It was the day before the fall exhibition at the Seminary. Every day was

precious to me, not because of my studies, but because Evelyn was going away to a boarding-school at the end of the term, and I should see her no more for a year. The afternoon session was over; I lingered in the play-ground, waiting for Evelyn to come out, that I might watch her at a distance, as she passed along. Half-a-dozen of the oldest girls, and as many of the boys, were to take part in a grand performance; they were staying late, now, to rehearse. I had not been invited to join in the play, though I was one of the best declaimers in the school; whereas, Willis Green had a leading part. Of course, Evelyn was to be the queen. My soul was full of bitterness. When I heard them coming out I sauntered toward the gate, as if I, too, had been detained. Evelyn was looking splendidly. That indescribable air of pride, so becoming to her, was unusually visible, for she had been enacting her favorite character; her cheeks were flushed, and her dark-blue eyes sparkled. I walked more slowly than they, and, as they passed me, Master Green, made bold by the presence of the girls, contrived, as if by accident, to brush against me, then turned and apologized in mock courtesy. He was a little too daring that time. My answer was a blow which knocked him down. He sprang to his feet and said something, between his teeth, about my mother. Then the fight began. The girls screamed and wrung their hands; the master looked out of the window and shouted to us to stop, but we were in no humor for obeying. Willis was the oldest, largest and best trained; but I was fighting my mother's battle, and her cause, being the right one, was triumphant. We were both severely punished, but presently, I had Green down and beaten half senseless. He had pride enough, mean and jealous as he was, not to cry for mercy. But, Evelyn interposed in his behalf; she came up and seized me about the neck, with tears begging me to stop.

"I meant to kill him," I said, releasing my hold, "but, if *you* choose to beg for him, I will let him go. Never speak

to me again, sir, or 'I'll finish the business yet."

I hurried away, smarting but triumphant. Master Green was so defaced as to be obliged to give up his part in the exhibition. However, I did not know or think of that at the time, for another event occurred that night which drove all lesser things from my mind.

I was triumphant, but the sting of that remark about my mother still remained. It grew sharper and sharper as I hurried toward home, and when I arrived there, flung open the door of our little sitting-room, and sprung in, I was too excited to notice what otherwise would have alarmed me at once.

My mother was sitting in her arm-chair, leaning back, looking strangely thin and worn, breathing as if with an effort, a hectic spot on either cheek. She had been out of health all summer, indeed, for a year or more, but I was too inexperienced to realize the danger which threatened her. I saw that she looked ill, but I did not *think* of it; my heart was too full.

"Mother," I cried, dashing my cap to the floor, "I can bear it no longer! I must leave the place! I must leave you! What is this mystery which you do not explain even to me? Why do people dare to speak of you to your own child as they do?"

She looked at me in mute surprise, the color receding from her face till it was perfectly white; she pressed her hand to her side.

"Does my son, too, doubt me?" she almost whispered.

"No, no, no, mother!" I cried, flinging myself on my knees beside her. "You know that I do not—that I would die in your defense. But, alas! I am so unhappy!"

Unhappy! I had dared to be unhappy about small things, and now a real misery had come upon me. I was sobbing, when I heard my mother gasp. Raising my head, I saw her features convulsed. In less than three minutes she was dead. Where was all my boyish passion, my petty struggles, then?

How awful was the calm which followed!

My mother, though I knew it not, had long been wasting with a hopeless disease; she was, doubtless, very near death at that terrible hour in which I, bursting in upon her weakness with my excitement, snapped the hair by which the sword was suspended.

Now that the widow Ballaert was dead, the neighbors endeavored to atone for past uncharitableness by an extra show of attentions no longer needed. They were kind, surely, but I did not thank them as I ought. When it came bedtime, and my dear mother lay composed upon her cold couch, they wished to compel me to bed, while some of them watched with the dead; but I resisted them so stubbornly they were obliged to allow me to remain sole watcher with her whose sole earthly friend I had been.

It may have been eleven o'clock of that strange night—I cannot tell—when I heard some one weeping softly in the room. I looked about in vague surprise. Just inside the door, on a little stool, sat a small figure in a white frock. The light was too dim for me to recognize the intruder; for several moments I questioned if it were a spirit. When she saw that I noticed her, she rose up and crept timidly toward me. It was Gracie.

"Don't scold me, Maurice," she sobbed, laying her head against my shoulder. "I heard them say that you would not let them sit with you, and I could not bear to think of your being here, so lonely. You might think you had no friends. Besides, I felt so bad when I heard she—she was dead. I loved her—indeed I did. So I stole away; they think I am in bed at home—for I felt as if I must stay with you."

I could not send her away. She drew up the low seat and sat by my side. At times I forgot all about her; but whenever I realized where I was, I felt her little cold hand nestled in mine. Dear child! not many older ones could have kept so patient, faithful watch.

After the funeral, I prepared to go

away. There was nothing to keep me in Wardville, for Evelyn was away in a remote boarding-school. My mother had encouraged me to believe that I had talents as an artist, and there was now nothing to withhold me from the course I had long desired to pursue. I sold that precious little home—so dear that every rose-tree and bunch of violets, the paper on the walls, the worn carpet on the floors—every thing, seemed to hold a part of my heart. The source of our slender income had never been known to me, and the secret of it died with my mother. Doubtless, had not she been taken away so suddenly, she would have explained all, now that I had come to an age to appreciate her motives.

One cold morning of early winter saw me on the steps of that house which now belonged to others, and beside me, two trunks. One of these held my mother's clothing, drawings, books, and other souvenirs which now were my most precious possessions—the other contained my own small wardrobe, and the few hundred dollars which had come from the sale of the property. The stage which was to convey me to the railroad station rolled up; I took a seat outside, beside the driver, and, as we dashed through the outskirts of Wardville, I saw a slender little figure on the portico of a stately house, waving a handkerchief in mute farewell.

I had had an interview with Gracie the previous evening. She had come to bid me good-by, and I had given her that little miniature of my baby self which my mother had painted, in return for her patiently bestowing upon me every bit of information which she possessed concerning Evelyn. In my foolish vanity and mad passion, I hoped that when Evelyn came home, she would see the picture, and want it.

IV.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."

FOUR years I had been a hard-working student. I was not ignorant, entirely,

when I began my studies in New York. My mother's taste and knowledge had been of inestimable value to me. The previous year, I had hoped that some of my pictures would gain access to the Academy, but they were rejected, at the last hour, by the committee. Now, at the end of these four years, I was as much the poorer in pocket as I was richer in experience. I had lived with the closest economy, but my few hundreds had melted away, and as yet I had not sold even a sketch. It was high time for me to open a studio, and enter upon my profession, with a view to getting a living. Hitherto, I had devoted myself to it from love of it. The road to fame and a competence appeared much longer, steeper and drearier, than it had when I was a boy, but still on the golden hill-top I saw no face smiling but that of Evelyn Ward. It was she who beckoned me onward, and who was to crown me at the summit.

The second summer after leaving Wardville, I had returned to it on a sketching tour, walking the whole distance of a hundred miles, stopping at farm-houses for food and rest. Evelyn had returned from her "finishing school," quite ready to take her place as the belle and heiress of the village named after her wealthy father. Willis Green still paid court to her, and I had the bitter pleasure of meeting them occasionally, riding out together on spirited steeds, while I trudged along the dusty highway with my portfolio slung at my back. On these occasions, Evelyn honored me with a nod, but Willis never looked at me; he could not forget the thrashing I had given him. They were a handsome couple: on horseback, Miss Ward was magnificent.

Little Grace I seldom saw, for I could not call at her home. She was growing into a young lady now, who could no longer encourage a friendless boy. When I saw her once, by chance, she told me that it was her turn to be sent to the finishing-school, and that she should be away two years. She appeared cold and constrained; I thought the world was changing even her innocent impulses.

When I went back to the city, after that visit, time seemed to me to be turning to lead. Evelyn would be married in a year or two; she had beaux by the score, and here was I as far, apparently, from being able to enter into competition with them, as when I was a boy. I grew melancholy. I am not certain but that I would have made the very ideal of an artist in those days, had my picture been taken. I think I let my hair grow long, and that buttons and collars were neglected. However, I did not cease to work—I was so miserable, that I labored to kill time. To soothe my lonely, aching soul, I began a life-size portrait of my mother in her youth. For a guide, I had a miniature taken when she was not over twenty; then I had the deathless memory of her graceful movements and noble figure. It was a labor of love. I worked upon it three months. I felt that if I had genius the best effort it could achieve could not sufficiently consecrate that fair beauty of one whose life had been like a bright stream suddenly wasting itself and disappearing in desert sands. I resolved to conquer the prejudices of the Academy against an unknown student, and enter it first with this work. In this I was not disappointed. My "Portrait of a Lady" hung upon the walls, and crowds came to gaze upon it in common with the other pictures with which it had the honor to be associated.

I lingered often and long in the Academy, as might have been expected of a young artist who enjoyed the honor of being represented there for the first time. My picture attracted its full share of attention. I was quite willing to believe the admiration it excited was given more to the rare beauty of the woman than to the skill of her por-trayer, though I had given the most painstaking care to the drapery and accessories. The dress was the same as that worn in the miniature—a blue brocade; and the ornaments were copied from those of my mother which I had in my possession.

I think it was the second week of the exhibition, that I went in one morning,

rather early, and found an old gentleman, with silver-white hair and a gold-headed cane, standing before my picture I passed by, in affected carelessness, when he turned upon me such a wild look, that the thought crossed me that he might have been insane.

That old gentleman was my grandfather!

"Whose—whose—whose portrait is that? Who—who—who painted it? Hey?"

"It is my mother's, and I painted it."

"What—what—what's your name? Hey?"

"Maurice Ballaert."

Then, of course, it all came out. The explanation was a long one, but I will compress it. My mother's family was respectable and wealthy; she, the oldest daughter, had been wooed and won by a French gentleman, with whose credentials her father never was fully satisfied. In fact, he opposed the match, and the couple ran away. After their marriage, he forgave them, and they came home to live with him; in his house I was born. My mother madly loved my father—the more, that the rest of the family distrusted him. When I was about two years of age, a woman arrived from Paris to whom my father had been previously married. There was no doubt of it; she had the proofs with her. The guilty man was away at the time on business in a neighboring city. That night my mother, with her child, disappeared. Every effort was made to trace her without avail. It was generally believed that she had committed suicide; her parents and family put on mourning, believing her to be dead. Mr. Ballaert fled to California.

Dear mother! dear, heart-broken mother! sinless, but sinned against! How clearly I could read the motives which had driven her to that sad exile. Too sensitive to bear the pity, curiosity or blame of the world, her faith rudely broken, her love outraged, what could she do but flee away with her child, where she could bring him up, his name, if possible, untainted by the stigma of his father's acts!

I wept more freely than I had since the day of her burial, as I listened to her sad history from the lips of those who knew it best; and I did not weep alone. Uncles, aunts and cousins gathered about me with their sympathy. As for my grandfather, (who did not stutter except when greatly excited,) I at once became his idol. I was Emily's child, and, according to his affirmation, which I never doubted, "a fine boy! a splendid young man!" As if good fortune must be heaped upon me, after being so long withheld, I learned that I was the heir to thirty thousand dollars, which my father, dying in California, had willed to me, should I be discovered among the living. In that will he expressed his love for my mother, solemnly asserting that he would not have married her, had he not heard that his first wife, whom he hated, was dead the year before. Be that as it may, he has gone to that bar where the truth is made apparent.

V.

THE LAST BECOME FIRST.

A VERY brief time after this important occurrence found me in Wardville. I had heard that Evelyn had discarded Willis Green, (he was too young for her now,) and was about to be married to a leading Philadelphian, a widower, who had come to the village on business connected with cotton. I would not believe it. "Cotton," "money," "widowers," "distinguished position"—what had they to do with so beautiful and proud a creature, whose every thought should be a romance? No! I was not too late! I would, at least, strive gallantly for the prize. So I made haste to Wardville.

It was a rosy evening in the last of May that I approached the house of the Wards, to which I had been that day invited by the cotton factor, who had called on me at the hotel, ignoring my past in view of my present. The sun had sunk from view, but his warm light still deluged the garden which lay at one side, a spot of perfume and bloom,

as I walked up the avenue leading to the portico. Looking at this garden with beating heart, to calm myself with its quiet, I saw a young lady, in a white dress, sitting in a little temple, looking at the western sky. Was it Evelyn? Yes! My heart throbbed audibly; then a sudden impulse overcame me. I walked quickly along the garden-path to the entrance of the temple. Hearing my step, she turned. More beautiful than ever! the same deep-blue eyes, the same forehead and dimpled chin, and waves of glistening hair!—not a year older—as fresh, as lovely, and (so it seemed) more gentle and gracious than of old. The chilling hauteur had all melted from her deportment.

Oh, joy! the rosy smile and blush which rippled over her face, sent the first delicious foretaste of my happiness to my eager soul.

"Mr. Ballaert, now, not Maurice," she said, very soft and low, holding out her hand, and looking on the ground.

I took her hand; I kissed it, thrice, a dozen times; it was not withdrawn.

"Do not be so kind to me," I said, "or I shall not have the strength to be wise. I have loved you so long—so many years—so deeply, that your first smile will bring my love down in a torrent to overwhelm you." I was not looking at her now, for I had sunk to my knees, and had my face bowed upon her hands. "Evelyn, do I dare hope that you are listening to me?"

There was an effort to withdraw the hands; I looked up; her face was pale, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"It is not Evelyn," she said, "it is 'little Gracie.' Did you not know me?"

I sprang up, looking like a fool, I dare say.

"Did you not know that Evelyn is to be married to-morrow?"

Then, when I did not answer, with a tremble of the lip—

"I am sorry for you, Maurice; indeed, indeed I am."

But, I was not sorry for myself. I stood a step or two apart, my face

turned away. The pain, the despair pictured upon it, I could not endure should be read even by those soft eyes. I did not heed, I scarcely heard those sweet, unselfish words—"I am sorry for you, Maurice; indeed, indeed I am." Those other words: "Evelyn is to be married to-morrow," rung in my ears until every thing grew dark about me.

Presently I heard voices and laughter. Gay, rippling tones, which I knew too well, sounded in the direction of the house. I looked, and saw Evelyn stepping from an open window into the garden, followed by the man who was to become her husband on the morrow. He was bald, fat, "and forty"—but he had the air of a man of the world, and of a dealer in cotton. Evelyn seemed perfectly contented with him, as she hung upon his arm, smiling at his remarks.

They came directly toward the summer-house. Some way—I can not explain it to myself—I grew cool, and gathered all my faculties about me as they approached. I could not only criticise the lover but the beloved. Evelyn had changed. She was older, and the haughtiness, the *worldliness*, had increased; there was something almost supercilious in her smile; and I knew that her heart was more engaged with the bridal fineries, and the city splendors about to follow, than with the sacredness, the awe, the joy of her new position.

As they slowly sauntered along, talking of some arrangement for the morrow, my eyes turned from them to the young girl on the bench. She was making a great effort to put the trouble out of her face, but, as I regarded her, a burning blush swept over cheek and brow.

At sight of that I began to realize the position in which my rash avowal had placed *her*. Supposing my declaration addressed to herself, she had allowed me to see that it would not have been distasteful; and now, a terrible shame devoured her. How beautiful she looked in that maiden shame! My heart was touched with a pity as

deep as that which she had avowed for me. And when Evelyn came up, and recognized me (in my new position,) with a warmth she had never before shown, even going so far in her welcome as to declare I was just the one she wanted to pair off with a pretty girl as an attendant at the wedding, a revulsion, as curious as it was sudden and abiding, took place in me. Explain it who may, it was nevertheless true, that in that hour my old passion was as completely obliterated as if it never had been, and there arose before my mental vision a succession of past scenes, now colored with the present feeling of distrust, contempt—almost hate. My *manhood* had asserted itself over my self-respect—my pride, my power over circumstances asserted itself in that one moment, and I confronted the cotton-bought beauty as one who had fully triumphed over a foe too insignificant for my anger.

But, even as I stood there before the worldly woman, the vision, as it were, lifted away the curtain from my own past, and I looked to behold in that past what never before had impressed me. Gracie, little Gracie, seeking to soothe me in my boyish mortification—beside me in my hour of agony, at my mother's death-bed—waving me farewell when I started out in the journey of life! Gracie, the ever true, ever gentle, ever good. Gracie, first to understand me—the last to leave me. Gracie, who, through all the long years, had been true to my memory—faithful to her own pure impulses; for, had she not, in that hour, avowed all?

The vision passed like a flash, but it was enough to teach me a new truth. An almost inexpressible tenderness—a yearning to atone for a great wrong committed, filled my heart; and a sudden resolution prompted me to accept the invitation to stand as eighth groomsman. My manner was that of one who had won in a life-and-death contest—composed, deliberate; while, within, my heart was terribly, deeply moved.

The *lovers* passed on, leaving us alone. Gracie arose to go, so heavily

burdened with her confusion and pain as to make my eyes fill with tears.

"Darling Gracie—angel Gracie!" The words were uttered by my lips in a tone which seemed to issue from the very heart's center, for they thrilled and startled me by their intense fervor.

Grace paused like one in a dream. She gazed intently for a moment into my tear-dimmed eyes, then the crimson all left her face, until she became as pale as one terror-stricken.

"Gracie, darling—you who have loved me so long and so truly—whom I have worshiped, and yet, until this moment, knew it not—Gracie, gentle, pure and good—I lay at your feet the holiest love it is in my inmost soul to offer. Gracie, will you come here to-night and permit me to tell you of the love I hold for you—for you—for you!"

I could say no more. The pallor which overspread her face as my words came forth, passed away, and the rich crimson came in its stead—but only for a moment, as if some sudden pang had come to terrify her timid love again, and she became pale once more—oh, how pale!

Clasping her hands over her bosom as if to still its terrible throbbing, she retreated backward from the temple. Pausing a moment in its shadow she sobbed: "Maurice, come to-night, but oh, do not come to repeat such words as have just passed your lips, for I know—I know it never can be—never can be!" and she fled up the walk toward the house as if pursued.

She was not pursued, save by my troubled thoughts. The agony imprinted on her fair, pure face was too real, too desolating to give me much peace during the remaining hours of that most momentous of days. How the hours passed I never knew. Only I well remember the keen but weighty pain which oppressed my heart, that seemed like a heart of lead and a heart of fire. Night found me there, but not until the shadows had deepened so as to render the lines stamped upon my face invisible to her before whom I was to bow in supplication and in worship.

I entered the temple to find Gracie already there. I moved to her side, took her trembling hand in mine, and—and—well, I don't know what occurred; but when ten o'clock came we both stood outside the temple, hand locked in hand, as deeply, reverently happy as two human hearts could be.

"Good-night, my Gracie, and may good angels keep you," I said, imprinting the betrothal kiss upon her upturned forehead.

There was excitement over the wedding, next day, in the Ward mansion; in fact, there was a sensation, for there were two weddings, one of which was so unexpected as to amaze even the minister. Mr. Ward alone knew of the arrangement, for, hand in hand, that morning, Gracie and myself had asked his forgiveness and consent to our marriage on that very day, and, not averse to the "joke," as he termed it, it was all easily arranged. Gracie became my wife in right good earnest, and that was no joke; or, if a joke, one which I wish may be repeated by every single man in the land, until all the pure and good women are won.

Often and often I say, when looking out from my own experience, upon the ways of wedlock:

"Alas, that so many marry the worldly, and overlook the richness of a love that is not at all worldly!"

A PLEA AND A PROTEST.

THE question of "restoration" of the States lately in arms against the Union should receive the earnest consideration of every good citizen. It presents so many features of moral, social and political importance, that we are warranted in assuming it of more significance to the well-being of the country than all other questions combined.

One feature of the question we propose to canvass—namely, the *representative* value of populations.

The South repudiated, as a section, its obligations to, and connection with, the Union, because of its practical minority *as a section*. It is the merest folly to

assume that States seceded because of any sins of commission practiced by the North. The alleged grievances regarding runaway slaves and a denial of the rights of slavery in the territories, were only concomitants of a deeper, more significant cause—the vast numerical preponderance of the Free States, and, by virtue of this, their ability to control representation in the interests of Free Labor. In *that* fact lay the *prime* incentive to the secession movement. That movement would have been reserved for a future day, had not the census of 1860, and the vote polled that year, for the Free-State candidates, demonstrated the final close of the reign of the South in the Halls of Congress.* Said Mr. Everett: "Out of seventy-two years, since the organization of this government, the executive chair has, for sixty-four years, been filled nearly all the time by Southern Presidents; or, when not by Southern men, by those possessing the confidence of the South. For a still longer period the controlling influences of the legislative and judicial departments of the government have centered in the same quarter. Of all the offices in the gift of the central power, in every department, far more than her proportionate share has always been enjoyed by the South."

Every decennial census, after the year 1800, changed the relative order of the States—the balance slowly but certainly shifting to the North. As Virginia's voice had, from the formation of the Government up to the year named, been almost supreme, she beheld her power

* The South so construed the vote, though it is a fact that the Republican candidate was elected only through the division of the vote against him. That vote stood:

For opposition, - - - -	2,804,560
For Lincoln and Hamlin, - - - -	1,857,610

Majority against Free State candidates, 946,950

Had the Democracy been united, Mr. Lincoln would have been defeated by a heavy vote, viz:

For Douglas, - - - -	1,865,978
For Breckenridge, - - - -	847,953

- - - -	2,313,929
For Lincoln, - - - -	1,857,610

Majority against Lincoln, - - - - 556,319

So that, in fact, those responsible for Mr. Lincoln's first election were those who seceded from the Charleston Democratic nominating convention.

passing away with something of dismay. In 1790 she stood first among the States in population and wealth; in 1830 she was third; in 1840 she was fourth; while in 1860 she had gone down, in the graduated scale, to the position of fifth State in the Union. As with Virginia so with the South, generally. In the heavy increase, shown by each census, of the Northern States, they read the doom of their political and sectional ascendancy, and, like men resolved never to yield their prestige, or to abdicate their power, the study of Southern Congressmen was how to add *new* States to their section. Though overridden in the Lower House by the popular majority of the North, they could, by multiplying slave States, retain their ascendancy in the Senate—the branch most nearly allied to the Executive in its ability to control legislation, and to which, *alone*, was committed the acceptance or rejection of all Presidential nominations.

To further this end, Louisiana Territory, embracing what is now Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, was purchased of France at a heavy cost in gold from the United States Treasury;* and thus the *United States* became *proprietor*, in fact and law, of that entire region.† But the opening of the great North-West Territory, by the Ordinance of 1788, more than counterbalanced, in a political aspect, the Louisiana purchase; and again new domains were annexed to the South, by *General Government* purchase. Mississippi was partitioned from the region owned, by old charter title, by the State of Georgia. The Federal Government bought the country first of Georgia, then of the Indians, whose titles Georgia had failed to suppress; thence Mississippi became a State entitled to representation. Alabama soon was carved

* We know Jefferson regarded the purchase as unconstitutional, but *that* did not prevent its consummation. The excuse put forward—of the commercial necessity of the purchase—was, after all, but the *secondary* motive: the real motive was the ascendancy which the vast slave region would give the south in Congress.

† If proprietor in fact, how could those States assume *their* right to secede? The most liberal or illiberal construction of law would fail to establish a right of secession in their cases. They could only go out of the Union by Revolution or by consent of the Union.

out of Mississippi and Georgia, to appreciate Southern Congressional strength. Florida was purchased from Spain, with Federal Government gold, for the same purpose.

All these special purchases by the United States, contributed to the political supremacy of the slave section. Arkansas and Missouri, ere long, were added to the slave list—the latter only after a most determined struggle on the part of Northern members, who beheld, in the gradual encroachments of the slave system, the dangers which eventually culminated in the attempted dissolution of the Union. But, by Henry Clay's great influence, and the establishment, as a compromise, of the parallel 36° 30'—north of which, it was covenanted, slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, never should be permitted—the convulsion was calmed, and Missouri came in as a slave State.

This brought matters down to 1820; and so they remained until 1840, when the census once more came, with its array of figures, to send terror into the Southern ranks. It was then evident that, without new accessions of territory, the slave interest would be placed in the minority, and its long reign ended. More territory must be had; the General Government again must become almoner to consummate the subtly covered designs of the intriguants. To the North they could not go, for there gleamed the sword of Henry Clay's compromise. To the South they could only go by conquest or purchase of soil from a foreign power. To purchase it was impossible, because the North would not consent, even if Mexico should name her price. The trick of Texan "annexation" was conceived—so despicable a trick, indeed, that the North revolted at it, and Henry Clay, as the champion of the Whig party, ran for the Presidency as the anti-annexation candidate. But in vain. The Southern propagandists succeeded in having the Democratic party adopt the issue; and James K. Polk, a zealous pro-slave emissary, was chosen President to create a war against Mexico in order to secure Texas. War followed, and

Texas became ours at a cost of over one hundred millions of dollars to the General Government. This accession quieted the South, for a while. The region was vast enough to make five States and thus to add *ten* votes to the Southern side in the United States Senate—enough to perpetuate the old rule.

The Fates, however, seemed bound to thwart these well-laid plans. Soon the census of 1850 announced an exhibit as astounding to the slave propagandists as it was gratifying to the friends of free labor. Now had come the moment when slavery must give over the contest and yield to the inevitable course of progress toward free institutions. The Texan scheme had failed because emigration would *not* take that course, but filled up the Northern free soil in preference; and Texas bid fair, for years, to remain a single State. The "friends of the South" were baffled, effectually and permanently, if *more* new territory could not be added quickly to their strength. Desperate cases require desperate remedies in politics as in medicine; and the domineering men of the South in Congress were just the men to conceive and carry forward the new programme which was to perpetuate their ascendancy. Or, failing to do this, it would offer a popular pretext for initiating the long but secretly conceived project to dismember the Union and erect a Slave Confederacy which should, eventually, absorb Mexico, and thus become the dominant power in the Western World.*

"Away with the Missouri Compro-

* Long conceived. Said Andrew Jackson, in his letter to Rev. J. S. Crawford, May 1st, 1833: "I have had a laborious task here, but nullification is dead, and its actors and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good Government on the globe, and that prosperity and happiness we enjoy over every other portion of the world. Haman's gallows ought to be the fate of all such ambitious men who would involve the country in civil war, and all the evils in its train, that they might reign and ride on its whirlwinds, and direct the storm. The free people of the United States have spoken, and consigned these wicked demagogues to their proper doom. Take care of your nullifiers you have among you. Let them meet the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country. The tariff, it is now well known, was a mere pretext. * * * Therefore, the tariff was the only pretext, and disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the Negro, or the Slavery question."

mise!" became the startling cry; and once more the sadly misled Democratic party was made to do the work of the men managing Southern politics. As a party it stood forward for *abjuring* the solemn compact of 1820, by which all territory north of 36° 30' was given up to *free labor* forever. When that party moved squarely up to any issue, assisted by the South as a section, it could carry forward in triumph, any issue. No plea availed to stay the dishonorable repudiation; and, as if it was meant to see how deeply the South could abase the Democracy of the Free States, a northern man was chosen to do the work of opening Kansas to slavery. Mr. Buchanan was triumphantly elected; and, true to his pledges, he undertook the work of sustaining slave settlement on free soil. The "Kansas war" followed; the aroused spirit of free labor and free suffrage would not obey the will of the machinators. Despite all the efforts of President and pro-slave bayonets, Kansas filled up with men from the North, and through much tribulation and blood she came into the Union with a Free-State Constitution.

Thus was the desperate intrigue thwarted, as it deserved to be; for a more impious act never was perpetrated under the guise of popular right than the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise and the Executive attempt to force free labor from the soil.

The defeat in the Kansas conspiracy was decisive in a wider sense, however, than merely to give the Free-State party, then, a triumph. The Republican party grew out of that struggle, while a division was created in the Democratic party which was to prove fatal to its supremacy. Thus were the Fates avenged at last; and the Southern scepter broken: the Republic was made free by the very madness of those who would have it otherwise.

The important bearing which all these historic citations have upon the present condition of things will be apparent to the reader who will attentively consider our further remarks.

By the inherent nature of our institutions it is necessary that the majority

shall rule. By "consent of the governed" is meant—consent of the majority as expressed at the ballot-box; otherwise we should have no government. All our order, all our law, all our progress depend upon obedience to this principle of submission to the majority rule, and to the adjudication of the ballot-box. In ordering the detail of government, however, our fathers fixed, for the Slave States, a rule of representation, in Congress, which did not apply to the Free States, or those to become free. In these latter, members of the Lower House of Congress were to be elected upon an apportionment of actual inhabitants—a certain number of whom were to be entitled to a representative. In the Slave States it was arranged, in view of certain contingencies then existing (but which, we may add, soon ceased to prevail), that all the actual inhabitants should have a representation, and, *in addition*, three-fifths of all their slaves should be added to the list of inhabitants. This provision, therefore, conceded the South representation in Congress not only on its actual free white population but also *upon its slaves*, thus absolutely giving slavery a large representation as slavery, and rendering it possible for a small community of free people to elect a representative in Congress. Indeed, it was possible under the rule for one man to own slaves enough to vote himself into Congress by one vote—his own. That such an anomaly of representation should have remained, after the causes had ceased to exist which induced its first adoption, was owing solely to the power of the Southern members of Congress to control legislation and to preserve their privileges against the encroachments of the majority.

How the rule operated as regarded the diversity of benefits conferred upon different States, will be seen by the following statement:

South Carolina, with a white population, in 1860, of 801,371, sent to the Lower House of Congress *four* representatives; while Connecticut, with an enumerated population of 460,161 was allowed but four members of the House. New Jersey,

with a population of 672,081 had *five* members, while Mississippi, with only 354,699 white population also had five members!

Ohio, with a free white population *exceeding* that of the six States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana, had, by the apportionment of 1860, but *fifteen* members of the Lower House, while the six States named had *twenty-six*!

This singularly undemocratic inequality of representation so enured to the benefit of the Southern States as to give the eleven Commonwealths which composed the late "Southern Confederacy" a representation in the Lower Branch of Congress of *sixty-one* members to a free white population of 5,581,684—or one member for every 91,500 of enumerated inhabitants; while the New England States, with a population of 8,135,801 had only *twenty-five* members—or one to every 125,000 inhabitants! The Middle States, with a census return of 7,465,943, had but *fifty-nine* members! The Western States, with a population of 7,870,896, had but *sixty-one* members—exactly the number given to the Slave States referred to whose white population was two and one-third millions *less*!

Such a discrepancy should arrest the attention of every intelligent voter, belong to what organization he may. It is a wrong against any principle of suffrage which no true democrat can recognize as even approximately right—warranted by no correct interpretation of the first principles of a republican government, whose rulers rule only by "consent of the governed." But, wrong and humiliating as it is, the evil bids fair to gain *additional* political power. And this is what the people of a restored Union should consider, *now*.

If the PRINCIPLE of three-fifths representation system is continued in force, without Constitutional repeal, we shall behold the white population of the South doing the voting, not for THREE-FIFTHS of the negroes, as heretofore, with the results above indicated, but for FIVE-FIFTHS of the negroes, with a result to greatly enhance their Congressional strength!

By the Constitutional Amendment, slavery will be abolished. This will also abolish, by negation, the three-fifths rule. But, the principle, remaining unrepealed, of permitting the whites to represent their negroes, will give to the whites a powerful accession of conceded—or, rather, of usurped—power; since all the late slaves now becoming "population," and so being reckoned in the enumeration, their *entire* representation is given into the hands of their late masters, instead of a three-fifths franchise as heretofore. That is, 1,580,212 more negroes will be accorded a franchise enumeration, adding *fourteen* more votes or representatives to those who assume the sole right of representation.

Are we prepared for this? Are we to free the slaves only to confer additional power upon their masters lately in rebellion against the life of the Republic? Let the reflecting citizen answer. Let the old democratic State of Pennsylvania answer when she stares this impending result in the face:—by the new apportionment rendered necessary to keep the representative number down to 288, Pennsylvania will have, when the above figures are *added* to the enumerated list of population, about 21 representatives, and the seven States referred to, viz.: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, with an aggregate white population *less* than that of the Keystone State, will have about *fifty* representatives!

No, we are *not* prepared for this! We are *not* victors in the great struggle for nationality to confer *additional* benefits on the vanquished, nine-tenths of whom are as bitterly hostile toward the North as they were four years ago. Repeal the three-fifths rule as a remnant of the order of things dead and buried: and, in its stead, insert the Constitutional and purely democratic provision that no community, no State, no section shall have the power to disfranchise a minority of its male resident population yet retain the power of its Congressional representation.

CURRENT NOTES.

LITERATURE and Art in America never gave promise of better results than now. While the number of books put forth during 1863 is vastly less than for any year between 1850 and 1860, the character of the works is a pleasing evidence of progress toward a higher standard of excellence.

Take, for instance, the recent lists of Van Nostrand, Appletons, Ticknor & Fields, Lippincott, Scribner, Harpers, etc., and it will be apparent to the most casual observer that a change for the better already is accomplished, for publishers are but the representatives of public taste, and issue just what the public demands. The majority of new books announced are of sterling interest and of greater or less permanency of value. A more earnest class of thinkers are wielding the pen, and men are writing from a higher and more sagacious inspiration.

A further illustration of this progress is had in the extensive perusal given to magazines and papers of the better or more reflective order. In Great Britain the immense circulation obtained for the "Good Words" Monthly, and for the "Leisure Hour," elicited much remark, considering the large number of monthly magazines already, there, before the public. But, the success attendant upon the newly-introduced "Sunday Magazine" proved that, even in Britain, tastes do change, and change for the better. Ten years ago such magazines as those just named could not have circulated one-tenth of their present issues; and the interesting fact that both "Good Words" and "Sunday Magazine" are very largely read here, despite their purely English ideas and sympathies, is significant of the American demand for a "popular" literature of the serious, studious, *well-thought* nature, of which these English magazines are types.

The popularity of the "Sunday Magazine" has impelled its publishers to make New York one of its publication offices, from which it is to be served; and its wide circulation may be regarded as certain until it shall be supplanted by

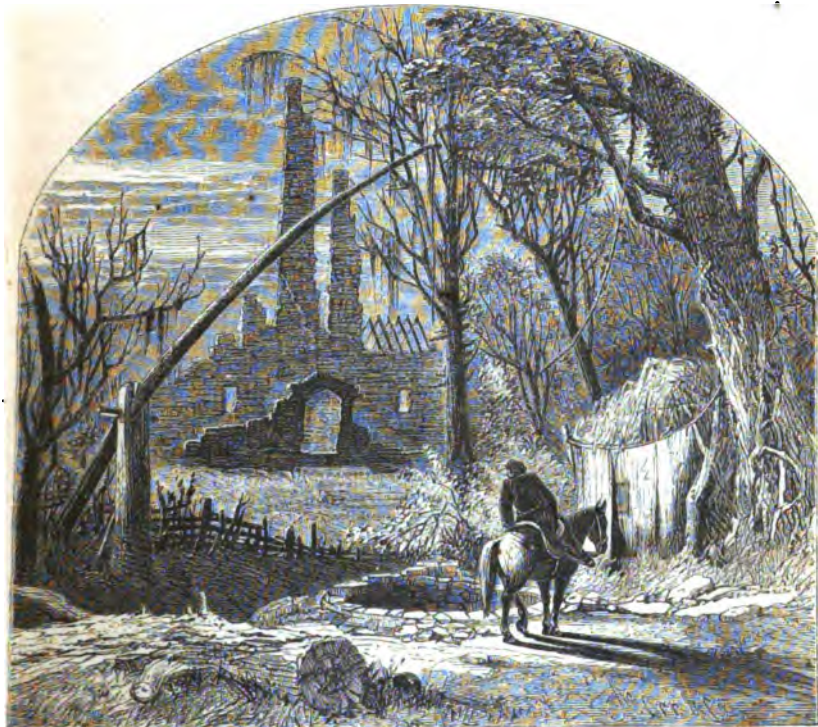
some American magazine covering its ground in an *American* way. This the new monthly, "Hours at Home," aims to do, with a flattering degree of success.

In weekly journals, the sudden rise of "The Nation" and "The Round Table" indicates progress—devoted, as these journals almost exclusively are, to a severe standard of criticism in politics and literature; while the increasing circulation of all the best weeklies confirms the correctness of the assumption that American mind and American tastes are giving and receiving a purer, more thoughtful, more definitive literature than the most hopeful could have prophesied four years ago.

In Art, the progress is marked—not so much, perhaps, as the sudden development of literature, but clearly a progress. Our artists, like our authors, have received a new, fresh, vigorous inspiration; the times which have tried our patriotism have wrought favorably upon their creative faculties; and the works, of the younger race of painters in particular, betray a steadier hand, a wiser purpose, a nobler ambition than before the war. When our "writers in colors" are given to understand that their customers demand works at once original, true and full of correct sensibility, they will forget old mannerisms, discard false or maudlin types, and erect, for themselves, as our authors are doing, higher and stronger, and, at the same time, *sweeter* standards of excellence. The prices paid for good pictures certainly are inspiring enough, in a *material* sense. The purchase, by Mr. McHenry—the great English railway contractor—of Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," for the princely sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, is but an indication of the generally growing idea of value which appertains to works of art. Artists long and justly have plead poor patronage as an excuse for poor pictures. We shall hear no more of this, and hope to see such good results as will give to *American* Art a position for the future worthy of our country and its studios.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1866.



FOR WHAT?

A BALLAD OF THE END OF THE WAR!

BESIDE an ancient well I tied my horse;
Over the cool recess a fragrant lime-tree drooped;
I stood beneath its shade, and looked, of course,
To find the bucket where the well-sweep stooped.

It was not there; the well-curb, too, was gone;
The water, far below, gleamed dark and sullenly;
I raised my eyes—the sight I then looked on
Was such, pray God! as you may never see.

Two chimneys of a noble house were left,
One tree stood where a hundred noble elms had been,
And art and industry were both bereft
Of what fair eyes, in days before, had seen.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. I.—7

All there was desolate; rank grass and weeds
Darkened the ground that once was bright with flowers;
Ah! where were those, whose home the country's needs
Had ravaged sorely, in its darkest hours?

Sadly I thought how many young and brave
Will never see their broken homes again,
But rest in their unknown, unhonored grave,
Some careless trench in some far battle plain.

Doubtless this home had such—youths full of pride,
Too proud to own the nation's gentle sway;
In pride they perished, bravely fought and died,
With desperate valor foremost in the fray.

This ruin, now, remains their monument,
Their burial tablet in its ashes lies,
Upon themselves recoiled their fell intent,
Destroying what they sought to aggrandize.

Gloomy with thought, again I looked about,
And saw a little cabin, roughly made,
Where boughs and withered grass hung down without—
Just then my horse, impatient, loudly neighed.

A feeble hand had slowly pushed aside
A tattered rag that formed the cabin's door;
Out peered a form, dark-faced and woeful-eyed;
I paused, and feared to look and listen more.

Approached me, then, a withered negro crone,
And one of whiter skin beside her came,
And both seemed scarcely else than skin and bone,
So worn and shrunken was each feeble frame.

The mistress and the slave—'twas plainly seen
That harsh and ruthless war had left but these;
The white upon the black appeared to lean,
Though neither could control her weakened knees.

The look of each was one of wistfulness;
Both gazed at me with mingled doubt and fear,
As wondering if I came to curse or bless;
I waited by the well till they were near.

Perhaps the mistress saw the kindly glance
Of one who always pitied misery;
I know that then she feared not to advance,
But held a wooden pipkin out to me.

A little pipkin, with a cotton cord—
She spoke as if her burdened heart would burst;
"The best we have, all we can now afford,
But please to take it, sir, and quench your thirst."

I took it gladly, filled it from the well,
But then my dangling saber chanced to clank;
With frightened cry the aged woman fell,
And down among the grass and weeds she sank.

I knelt beside her, and I raised her up,
 I knew the cause and nature of her fright,
 I gave her water from the wooden cup,
 And gently soothed her fear, as best I might.

My haversack was hanging at my side,
 I spread before them both my little store;
 The food was plain, but she forgot her pride,
 As, hungrily, the bread and meat she tore.

The faithful slave, black-faced, but true of heart,
 Thought only of her mistress' pain and care,
 She scarcely touched the food, but sat apart,
 And slyly made the other eat her share.

The woman—beautiful in days gone by—
 Seemed stronger as she thanked me for my mite,
 But gazed, with tears and many a heavy sigh,
 Upon her ruined home, that wretched sight!

"And this was yours?" I asked. "It was, is mine,
 But none are left to share the desolate place,
 Save Dinah and myself; of all my line
 The bloody war has left me not a trace."

"How live you here?" I asked. "As best we can;
 At times our life is hardly less than death;
 At times there comes some kindly-natured man,
 As you have come, to give us strength and breath."

"Your husband, children, friends?" again I said;
 "Are they, as is the homestead, with the past?
 It surely can not be that all are—" "Dead!"
 She sadly answered, while her tears flowed fast.

"My oldest boy in Pennsylvania slept,
 My second in the Wilderness is laid."
 Again she turned away her face, and wept,
 And as for me, I bowed my head and prayed.

She lifted up her eyes, and cried, "O, God!
 Thy will is done, whatever else is not;
 We feel and own the chastening of Thy rod,
 We know Thy greatness when Thy wrath is hot!"

And then, I could not hold the words within my mouth,
 But spoke, and said: "How rightfully accurst
 Art thou, O, cruel, suicidal South,
 For this thy crime, the greatest and the worst!"

"No, no!" said Dinah, "dar' was good men here,
 Good men dat cl'arly saw de comin' light,
 Good men, wid only de Almighty's fear,
 Dat worked and suffered till de day was bright."

I honored her, that negro worn and old,
 Subject so many years to frauds and lies,
 Who, still, of good men, few and scarcely bold,
 The virtue and the truth could recognize.

"Your husband, too?" at last I asked again,
"His age would surely keep him from the fight,
It can not be that he was also slain,
I dare to hope he died within your sight."

"He did," she answered, and a frantic gleam
Shot from her eyes. "He could not bear, he said,
The Yankee rule; and—O, it's like a dream—
When Lee surrendered, soon I saw him dead!"

"But how?"—I eagerly inquired—"for what?
The war was over then—peace had its day."
"By his own hand," she answered, "his own shot!"
She wept, and then again I wished to pray.

"And those were all?" I asked, with tearful eyes.
"O, no; my youngest one, my Benjamin,
My darling boy, I know not where he lies;
Alas, that he should suffer for such sin!"

"His name?" I whispered, for I had a thought—
Though how it came my God alone can tell;
Somehow the woman's face a memory brought,
Of one whom I had cared for when he fell.

"'Twas Henry Fannin; O, my dearest one!
How I have wept and prayed for thee so long!"
"He lives," I cried, "and you shall see your son!
He lives, I know, and he is well and strong!"

And then I told her, as she listened there,
And Dinah, too, with wet, bewildered eyes,
Told them about the boy with chestnut hair,
Whom I had taken as my battle-prize.

I told them how his cruel wound had healed,
How I had watched him, and one fair and young
Had shown him what before was half-revealed,
That he and his were fighting for the wrong.

But she, that girl of kindest voice and heart,
Herself had saved him from a double death,
Taught him to act the nobler, better part,
To thank his country with his latest breath.

Her eyes were shining with her tears and joy,
As there she knelt, and kissed my rugged cheek,
And prayed me to bring back her darling boy.
I pressed her hand, but did not dare to speak.

The war is ended; months and months ago
That stricken mother's lips have kissed her son,
No longer at the homestead rank weeds grow,
And "reconstruction" fairly is begun.

And I?—Harry and Ellen wrote to me,
A few days since, and said: "The baby cries
About his Northern uncle; come and see."
I won't, for tears are plenty in my eyes.



THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BURTON, THE DETECTIVE.

WHEN I came out of the office, I encountered James on the steps, for the first time that day. I could not stop to make known the robbery to him, and telling him that his uncle wished to see him a few minutes, I hurried to my boarding house, where I had barely time to take some lunch in my room, while packing a small bag to be sent to the cars, before hurrying back to Mr. Argyll's to attend the funeral escort to the train. James and I were two of the eight pallbearers, yet neither of us could summon fortitude to enter the parlor where the body lay; I believed that James had not yet looked upon the corpse. We stood outside, on the steps of the piazza, only taking our share of the burden after the coffin was brought out into the yard. While we stood there, among many others, waiting, I chanced to observe his paleness and restlessness; he tore his black gloves in putting them on; I saw his fingers trembling. As for me, my whole being seemed to pause, as a single, prolonged shriek rung out of the darkened mansion

and floated off on the sunshine up to the ear of God. They were taking the lover away from his bride. The next moment the coffin appeared; I took my place by its side, and we moved away toward the depot, passing over the very spot where the corpse was found. James was a step in advance of me, and as we came to the place, some strong inward recoil made him pause, then step aside and walk around the ill-starred spot. I noticed it, not only for the momentary confusion into which it threw the line, but because I had never supposed him susceptible to superstitious or imaginative influences.

A private car had been arranged for. James and I occupied one seat; the swift motion of the train was opposed to the idea of death; it had an exhilarating effect upon my companion, whose paleness passed away, and who began to experience a reaction after his depression of feeling. He talked to me incessantly upon trifling subjects which I do not now recall, and in that low, yet sharp voice which is most easily distinguished through the clatter of a moving train. The necessity for attending to him—for making answers to irrelevant questions, when my mind was preoccupied, annoyed me. My thoughts centered about the coffin, and its inmate, taking his last ride under circumstances so different from those under which he had set out, only two days ago, to meet her whom his heart adored; whose hand he never clasped—whose lips he never touched—the fruition of whose hopes was cut off utterly—whose fate, henceforth, was among the mysterious paths of the great eternity.

I could not, for an instant, feel the least lightness of heart. My nature was too sympathetic; the currents of my young blood flowed too warmly, for me to feel otherwise than deeply affected by the catastrophe. My eyes shed inward tears at the sight of the parents, sitting in advance of us, their heads bowed beneath the stroke; and, oh! my heart shed tears of blood at thought of Eleanor, left behind us to the utter darkness of a night which had fallen while it was yet morning.

Musing upon *her*, I wondered that her cousin James could throw off the troubles of others as he did, interesting himself in passing trifles. I have said that I never liked him much; but in this I was an exception to the general rule. He was an almost universal favorite. At least, he seldom failed to please and win those for whom he exerted himself to be agreeable. His voice was soft and well modulated—such a voice as, should one hear it from another apartment, would make him wish to see the speaker; his manner was gracious and flattering. I had often wondered why his evident passion for Eleanor had not secured her interest in return, before she knew Henry Moreland, and had answered myself that it was one of two reasons: either their cousinly intercourse had invested him, to her, with the feelings of a brother or relative, or her fine perceptions, being the superior woman which she was, had unconsciously led her to a true estimate of his qualities. This day I felt less affinity for him than ever before, as I gazed at his dark, thin features, and met the light of eyes brilliant, unsteady and cold. That intense selfishness which I had secretly attributed to him, was now, to my perhaps too acute apprehension, painfully apparent. In my secret heart, as I listened to his light remarks, and perceived the rise of spirits which he hardly endeavored to check, I accused him of gladness that a rival was out of the way, and that the chances were again open for the hand of his beautiful and wealthy cousin. At first, he had been shocked, as we all were; but now that he had time to view the occurrence with an eye to the future, I believed that he was already calculating the results with regard to his own hopes and wishes. I turned from him with a feeling of aversion.

After neglecting to reply to him until he was compelled to drop the one-sided conversation, I recollected that I had not yet spoken with him in regard to his uncle's loss; so I said to him quite suddenly:

"Mr. Argyll has been robbed of a sum of money."

An inexplicable expression flashed into his face and passed off; it went as soon as it came.

"So he informed me, just before we started. He says that you will put the police on the track of it—that possibly the five-hundred dollar bill will be identified. It was taken from his desk, it appears?"

"Yes; I wonder what will happen next?"

"Ay! I wonder what will."

"Who knows what a narrow escape *you* may have had," said I. "It is well that you came here in broad daylight; else, like poor Henry, you might have fallen a victim to a blow in the dark. Mr. Argyll thinks you must have been followed from the city by some professional burglar."

"He thinks so?" he asked, while the shadow of a smile just showed a second in the mirror of his eyes; it was as if there was a smile in his heart, and a reflection from its invisible self fell athwart his eyes; but he turned them away immediately.

"It's queer," he resumed, "horribly queer; don't you think so? I saw that money in the desk Friday evening. Uncle asked me to hold the lamp a moment, while he found some papers, and I noticed the roll of bills lying in his cash-drawer, just as I had given them to him. It must have been abstracted Saturday or Sunday—it's queer—confoundedly so! There must be some great villain lurking in our midst!"—this last sentence he uttered with emphasis, looking me through with his black eyes.

There was suspicion in his gaze, and my own fell before it. Innocence itself will blush if obliged to confront the insult of accusation. I had had many wild, and doubtless many wrong and suspicious thoughts about various persons, since the discovery of the murder; and this was turning the tables upon me rather suddenly. It had never occurred to me that among the dozens upon whom vague and flying suspicions might alight, might be myself.

"There is an awful mystery somewhere," I stammered.

"Humph! yes, there is. My uncle Argyll is just the man to be wronged by some one of his many friends and dependents. He is too confiding, too unsuspecting of others—as I have told him. He has been duped often—but this—this is too bad!"

I looked up again, clearly enough, and sharply, to see what he meant. If he intended covertly to insinuate that I was open to imputation as one of the "friends or dependents" who could wrong a benefactor, I wished to understand him. A friend, I knew, Mr. Argyll was to me; a friend to be grateful for; but I was no dependent upon his bounty, as his nephew was, and the hot blood rushed to my face, the fire to my eye, as I answered back the cool gaze of James with a haughty stare.

"There is no love lost between us, Richard," he said, presently, "which is principally your fault, but I am friendly to you; and as a friend, I would suggest that you do not make yourself conspicuous in this affair. If you should put yourself forward at all, being so young, and having, apparently, so small an interest in the matter, you may bring unpleasant remark upon yourself. You need not be offended, for I only say to you what I say to myself. Let us stand back and allow our elders to do the work. As to that money, whether it has or has not any connection with the—the other affair, time will perhaps show. Let the police do what they can with it—my advice to you is to keep in the background."

"Your course may be prudent, James," was my reply, "I do not ask your approbation of mine. But to one thing I have made up my mind. So long as I live, and the murderer of Henry Moreland is undiscovered, I will never rest. In Eleanor's name, I consecrate myself to this calling. I can face the whole world in her behalf, and fear nothing."

He turned away with a sneer, busying himself with the prospect from the win-

dow. During the rest of the ride we said little; his words had given me a curious sensation; I had sustained so many shocks to my feelings within the last forty-eight hours, that this new one of finding myself under the eye of suspicion, mingled in with the perplexing whirl of the whole, until I almost began to doubt my identity or that of others. A vision of Leesy Sullivan, whose wild footsteps might still be tracking hills and fields, hovered before me—and out of all this distraction, my thoughts settled upon Eleanor. I prayed God earnestly to be with her in this hour; either to strengthen her heart and brain to bear her affliction without falling to ruins beneath the weight, or to take her at once to Himself, where Henry awaited her in the mansions of their eternal home.

The arrival of the train at Thirtieth street, recalled me to my present duties. Carriages were in waiting to convey the coffin and its escort to the house of the parents, the funeral being arranged for the following day. I saw the officer who had gone down from Blankville in the morning, waiting in the depot to speak to me; but I did not need to be told that he had not found the sewing-girl at her place of business. I made an appointment to meet him in the evening at the Metropolitan, and took my place in the sad procession to the house of the Morelands.

I was anxious to give notice of the robbery at the bank, and to ascertain if they could identify any of the money, especially the large bill, which being new, I hoped they would have on record. Banking hours were over, however, for the day, and it was only by intruding the matter upon the notice of Mr. Moreland, that I could get any thing accomplished. This I decided to do; when he told me that by going directly to the bank, he thought I could gain access to the cashier; and if not, he gave me his address so that I might seek him at his residence. Mr. Moreland also advised me to take with me some competent detective, who should be witness to the statement of the

cashier with regard to the money paid to James Argyll, on his uncle's draft, and be employed to put the rest of the force on the look-out for it, or any portion of it which was identifiable. He gave me the name of an officer with whom he had a chance acquaintance, and of whose abilities he had a high opinion; telling me to make free use of his name and influence, if he had any, with him, and the police—

"And please, Mr. Redfield—or James here, if you should be too busy—make out an advertisement for the morning papers, offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the detection and conviction of the—the—murderer."

James was standing by us during the conversation; and I almost withdrew my verdict upon his selfishness, as I marked how he shrunk when the eye of the be-reaved father rested upon him, and how vainly he endeavored to appear calm at the affecting spectacle of the gray-haired gentleman forcing his quivering lips to utter the word—"murderer." He trembled much more than myself, as each of us wrung Mr. Moreland's hand, and departed down the steps.

"It unmanned him," he said, stopping a moment on the pavement to wipe the perspiration from his brow, though the day was not at all warm. "I believe," he added, as he walked along, "that if the person who resolves to commit a crime would reflect on all the consequences of that act, it would remain undone forever. But he does not. He sees an object in the way of his wishes, and he thrusts it aside, reckless of the ruin which will overwhelm surrounding things, until he sees the wreck about him. Then it is too late for remorse—to the devil with it. But I needn't philosophize before you, Richard, who have precociously earned that privilege of wisdom"—with that disagreeable half-laugh of his—"only I was thinking how the guilty party must have felt could he have seen Henry's father, as we saw him just now," and again I felt his eye upon me. Certainly, there seemed no prospect of

our friendship increasing. I would rather have dispensed with his company, while I put my full energies into the business before me; but it was quite natural that he should expect to accompany me on an errand in which he must have as deep an interest as myself. Coming out of the avenue upon Broadway we took a stage, riding down as far as Grand street, when we got out and walked to the office of the detective-police.

The chief was not in at the moment of our entrance; we were received by a subordinate and questioned as to our visit. The morning papers had heralded the melancholy and mysterious murder through the city; hundreds of thousands of persons had already marveled over the boldness and success, the silence and suddenness with which the deed had been done, leaving not a clue by which to trace the perpetrator. It had been the sensation of the day throughout New York and its environs. The public mind was busy with conjectures as to the *motives* for the crime. And this was to be one of the sharp thorns pressed into the hearts of the distressed friends of the murdered man. Suddenly, into the garish light of day, beneath the pitiless gaze of a million curious eyes, was dragged every word, or act, or circumstance of the life so abruptly closed. It was necessary to the investigation of the affair, that the most secret pages of his history should be read out—and it is not in the nature of a daily paper to neglect such opportunities for turning an honest penny. Here let me say that not one character in ten thousand could have stood this trial by fire as did Henry Moreland's. No wronged hireling, no open enemy, no secret intrigue, no gambling debts—not one blot on the bright record of his amiable, Christian life.

To return to the detective-office. Our errand at once received attention from the person in charge, who sent a messenger after the chief. He also informed us that several of their best men had gone up to Blankville that afternoon to confer with the authorities there. The public

welfare demanded, as well as the interest of private individuals, that the guilty should be ferreted out, if possible. The apparent impunity with which the crime had been committed was startling, making every one feel it a personal matter to aid in discouraging any more such practices; besides, the police knew that their efforts would be well rewarded.

While we sat talking with the official, I noticed the only other inmate of the room who made a peculiar impression upon me for which I could not account.

He was a large man, of middle age, with a florid face and sandy hair. He was quietly dressed in the ordinary manner of the season, and with nothing to mark him from a thousand other men of similar appearance, unless it was the expression of his small, blue-gray eyes, whose glance, when I happened to encounter it, seemed not to be looking at me but into me. However, he turned it away, and occupied himself with looking through the window at the passers-by. He appeared to be a stranger, awaiting, like ourselves, the coming of the chief.

Desiring to secure the services of the particular detective whom Mr. Moreland had recommended, I asked the subordinate in attendance, if he could inform me where Mr. Burton was to be found.

"Burton? I don't know of any one of that name, I think—if I may except my stage experience with Mr. Toodles," he added, with a smile, called up by some passing vision of his last visit to the theater.

"Then there is no Mr. Burton belongs to your force?"

"Not that I am acquainted with. He may be one of us, for all that. We don't pretend to know our own brothers here. You can ask Mr. Browne when he comes in."

All this time the stranger by the window sat motionless, absorbed in looking upon the throng of persons and vehicles in the street beneath; and now I, having nothing else to do, regarded him. I felt a magnetism emanate from him, as from a manufactory of vital forces; I felt, instinc-

tively, that he was possessed of an iron will and indomitable courage; I was speculating, according to my dreamy habit, upon his characteristics, when the chief appeared, and we, that is, James and myself, laid our case before him—at the same time I mentioned that Mr. Moreland had desired me to ask for Mr. Burton to be detailed to aid our investigations.

"Ah! yes," said Mr. Browne, "there are not many outsiders who know that person. He is my right hand, but I don't let the left know what he doeth. Mr. Moreland had his services once, I remember, in tracking some burglars who had entered his banking-house. Poor young Moreland! I've seen him often! Shocking affair, truly. We mustn't rest till we know more about it. I only hope we may be of service to his afflicted father. Burton is just here, fortunately," and he beckoned to the very stranger sitting in the window, who had overheard the inquiries made for him without the slightest demonstration that such a being had any existence as far as he was concerned, and who now slowly arose, and approached us. We four went into an inner room, where we were introduced to each other, and drawing up our chairs in a close circle, we began, in low voices, the discussion of our business.

Mr. Browne was voluble when he heard that a robbery had been committed in Mr. Argyll's house. "Without doubt," he said, "the two crimes were connected, and it would be strange, indeed, if nothing could be discovered relating to either of them. He hoped that the lesser crime would be the means of betraying the greater. He trusted the rogue, whoever he or she might be, had, in this imprudent act, done something to betray himself. He had hopes of the five-hundred dollar bill."

Mr. Burton said very little, beyond asking two or three questions; but he was a good listener. Much of the time he sat with his eyes fixed upon James, who did a good deal of the talking. I could not, for the life of me, tell whether James was conscious of those blue-gray eyes; if he was, they did not much disturb him; he

made his statements in a calm and lucid manner, gazing into Mr. Burton's face with a clear and open look. After a while, the latter began to grow uneasy; powerful as was his physical and mental frame, I saw a trembling of both; he forced himself to remain quiet in his chair—but to me, he had the air of a lion, who sees its prey but a little distance off, and who trembles with restraint. The light in his eye narrowed down to one gleam of concentrated fire—a steely, glittering point—he watched the rest of us and said little. If I had been a guilty man I should have shrunk from that observation, through the very walls, or out of a five-story window, if there had been no other way; it struck me that it would have been unbearable to any accusing conscience; but my own mind being burdened with no weightier sins than a few boyish follies—saving the selfishness and earthliness which make a part of all human natures—I felt quite free, breathing easily, while I noticed, with interest, the silent change going on in the detective.

More and more like a lion about to spring he grew; but whether his prey was near at hand and visible, or far away and visible only to his mental gaze, I could not tell. I fairly jumped, when he at last rose quickly to his feet; I expected to see him bound upon some guilty ghost to us intangible, and shake it to pieces in an honest rage; but whatever was the passion within him, he controlled it, saying only, a little impatiently:

"Enough, gentlemen, we have talked enough! Browne, will you go with Mr. Argyll to the bank, and see about that money? I do not wish to be known there as belonging to your force. I will walk to his hotel with Mr. Redfield, and you can meet us there at any hour you choose to appoint."

"It will take until tea-time to attend to the bank. Say about eight o'clock, then, we will be at the—"

"Metropolitan," said I, and the quartette parted, half going up and half going down town.

On our way to the hotel we fell into an

easy conversation on topics entirely removed from the one which absorbed the gravest thoughts of both. Mr. Burton did more talking now than he had done at the office, perhaps with the object of making me express myself freely; though if so, he managed with so much tact that his wish was not apparent. He had but poor success; the calamity of our house lay too heavily on me for me to forget it in an instant; but I was constantly surprised at the character of the man whose acquaintance I was making. He was intelligent, even educated, a gentleman in language and manner—a quite different person, in fact, from what I had expected in a member of the detective-police.

Shut up in the private parlor which I obtained at the Metropolitan, the subject of the murder was again broached and thoroughly discussed. Mr. Burton won my confidence so inevitably that I felt no hesitation in unavailing to him the domestic hearth of Mr. Argyll, whenever the habits or circumstances of the family were consulted in their bearing upon the mystery. And when he said to me, fixing his eye upon me, but speaking gently:

"You, too, loved the young lady,"—I neither blushed nor grew angry. That penetrating eye had read the hidden secret of my heart, which had never been spoken or written, yet I did not feel outraged that he had dared to read it out to me. If he could find any matter against me in that holiest truth of my existence, he was welcome to it.

"Be it so," I said, "that is with myself, and no one else."

"There are others who love her," he continued, "but there is a difference in the quality of love. There is that which sanctifies, and something, called by the same name, which is an excuse for infinite perfidy. In my experience I have found the love of woman and the love of money at the bottom of most mischief—the greed of gain is by far the commonest and strongest; and when the two are combined, there is motive enough for the darkest tragedy. But you spoke of a young woman, of whom you have suspicions."

I told Mr. Burton that in this matter I trusted to his discretion; that I had not brought it to notice before Mr. Browne, because I shrunk from the danger of fixing a ruinous suspicion upon a person who might be perfectly innocent. Yet that circumstances were such as to demand investigation, which I was sure he was the person to carry on. I then gave him a careful account of every thing I had seen or learned about the sewing-girl. He agreed with me that she ought to be placed under secret surveillance. I told him that the officer from Blankville would be in after tea, when we could consult together and dispose of the discussion before the arrival of James and Mr. Browne—and I then rung the bell, ordering a light supper in our room.

The Blankville official had nothing to report of Miss Sullivan, except that she had not arrived either at her boarding-house or at the shop where she was employed, and that her character stood high at both places. She had been represented to him as a "strictly proper" person, very reserved, in poor health, with a sad appearance, and an excellent workwoman—that no gentlemen were ever known to call to see her, and that she never went out after returning to her boarding-house at the close of work hours. We then requested him to say nothing about her to his brother officers, and to keep the matter from the newspapers, as we should regret doing an irreparable injury to one who might be guiltless.

It seemed as if the Fates were in favor of the guilty. Mr. Browne, punctually at eight o'clock, reported that there was none of the money paid out to James Argyll at Mr. Argyll's order, which the bank would identify—not even its own bill of five-hundred dollars, which was a recent issue. They had paid out such a bill on the draft, but the number was not known to them.

"However," said Mr. Browne, "bills of that denomination are not common, and we shall be on the look-out for them, wherever offered."

"But even should the robber be

discovered, there is no proof that it would establish any connection with the murder. It may have been a coincidence," remarked James. "I have often noticed that one calamity is sure to be followed by another. If there is a railroad disaster, a powder-mill explosion, a steamer destroyed by fire, before the horror of the first accident has done thrilling our nerves, we are pretty certain to be startled by another catastrophe."

"I, too," said Mr. Burton, "have remarked the succession of events—echoes, as it were, following the clap of thunder. And I have usually found that, like the echoes, there was a natural cause for them."

James moved uneasily in his chair, arose, pulled aside the curtain, and looked out into the night. I had often noticed that he was somewhat superstitious; perhaps he saw the eyes of Henry Moreland looking down at him from the starry heights; he twitched the curtains together with a shiver, and came back to us.

"It is not impossible," he said, keeping his face in the shadow, for he did not like us to see how the night had affected him, "that some one of the clerks in Mr. Moreland's banking-house—perhaps some trusted and responsible person—was detected by Henry, in making false entries, or some other dishonesty—and that to save himself the disgrace of betrayal and dismissal, he has put the discoverer out of the way. The whole business of the establishment ought to be thoroughly overhauled. It appears that Henry went directly to the cars from the office; so that if any trouble had arisen between him and one of the employees, there would have been no opportunity for his consulting his father, who was not at the place all that afternoon."

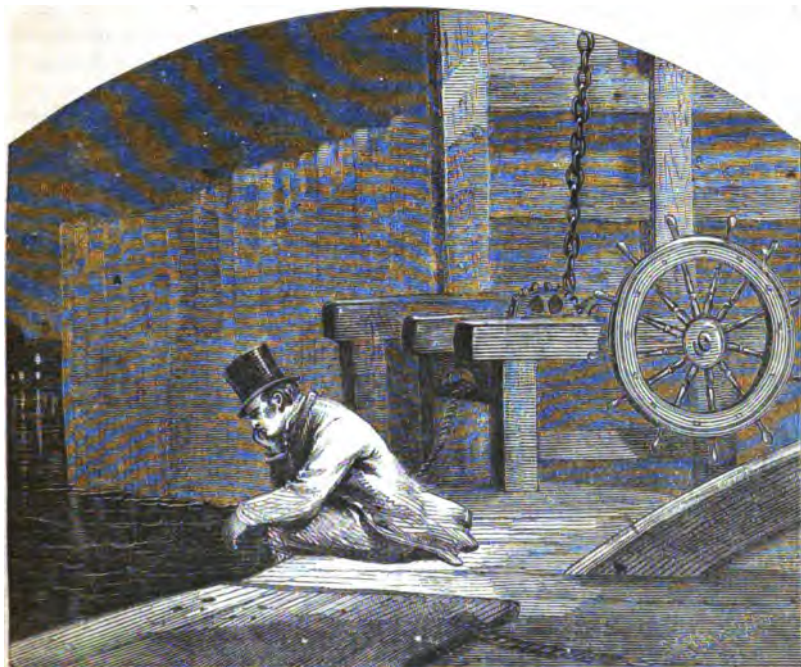
"Your suggestion is good," said Mr. Browne, "and must be attended to."

"The whereabouts of every one of the employees, down to the porter, at the time of the murder, are already accounted for. They were all in the city," said Mr. Burton, with precision.

Shortly after the party separated for the night. An urgent invitation came from Mr. Moreland for James and myself to stop at his house during our stay in the city; but we thought it better not to disturb the quiet of the house of mourning with the business which we wished to press forward, and returned an answer to that effect. It was nearly ten o'clock when James recollected that we had not been to the offices of the daily journals with the advertisements which ought to appear in the morning. It was the work of a few minutes for me to write one out, which we then copied on three or four sheets of paper, and finding an errand-boy below, we dispatched him with two of the copies to as many journals, and ourselves hurried off with the others. I went to one establishment and my companion to another, in order to hasten proceedings, knowing that it was doubtful if we could get them inserted at that late hour. Having succeeded to my satisfaction with my own errand, I thought I would walk over to the next street and meet James, whom, having a little further than I to go, I would probably meet, returning. As I neared the building to which he had gone, and which was brilliantly lighted up for its night-work, I saw James come out on the pavement, look around him an instant, and then start off in a direction opposite to that which would lead back to Broadway and his hotel. He had not observed me, who chanced to be in shadow at the moment; and I, without any particular motive which I could analyze, started after him, thinking to overtake him and offer to join him in a walk. He went, however, at so rapid a pace, that I still remained behind. Our course lay through Nassau and Fulton streets, to the Brooklyn ferry. I quickened my pace almost to a run, as James passed into the ferry-house, for I saw that a boat was about to start; but I had a vexatious delay in finding small change, so that I got through just in time to see the boat move off, James himself having to take a flying leap to reach it after it was under way. At that hour

there was a boat only every fifteen minutes; of course I gave up the pursuit; and sitting down at the end of the bridge, I allowed the cool wind from the bay and river to blow against my hot face, while I gazed out on the dark waters, listening to their incessant moaning about the piers, and watching where they glimmered beneath the lights of the opposite shore. The blue and red lamps of the moving vessels, in my present mood, had a weird and ghastly effect; the thousands of masts of the moored shipping stood up naked against the sky, like a forest of blighted, skeleton pines. Sadness, the deepest I had ever felt in my life, fell upon me—sadness too deep for any expression. The shifting water, slipping and sighing about the works of men which fretted it; the unapproachable, glittering sky; the leafless forest, the wind fresh from its ocean solitudes—these partially interpreted it, but not wholly. Their soul, as far as the soul of Nature goes, was in unison with mine; but in humanity lies a still deeper deep, rises a higher height. I was as much alone as if nearly a million fellow-creatures were not so encircling me. I thought of the many tragedies over which these waters had closed; of the secrets they had hidden; of the many lives sucked under these ruthless bridges; of the dark creatures who haunted these docks at evil hours—but most I thought of a distant chamber, where a girl, who yesterday was as full of love and beauty as a morning rose is full of dew and perfume—whose life ran over with light—whose step was imperial with the happiness of youth—lay, worn and pallid, upon her weary bed, breathing sighs of endless misery. I thought of the funeral procession which to-morrow, at noon, should come by this road and travel these waters, to that garden of repose, whose white tombstones I knew, although I could not see them, gleamed now under the “cold light of stars?”

Thus I sat, wrapped in musings, until a policeman, who, it is likely, had long had his eye upon me, wondering if I were a suspicious character, called out—“Take



BAFFLED.

care of your legs, young man!" and I sprung to my feet, as the return boat came into her slip, drifting up, and bumping sullenly against the end of the bridge over which my legs had been dangling.

I waited until, among the not numerous passengers, I perceived James hurrying by, when I slipped my hand into his arm quietly, saying:

"You led me quite a race—what in the world have you been across to Brooklyn for?"

He jumped at my voice and touch; then grew angry, as people are apt to do when they are startled or frightened, after the shock is over.

"What business is that of yours, sir? How dare you follow me? If you have taken upon yourself the office of spy, let me know it."

"I beg your pardon," I answered, withdrawing from his arm, "I walked over to the H— office to meet you, and saw you walk off in this direction. I had no particular object in following you, and perhaps ought not to have done it."

"I spoke too hastily," he said, almost immediately. "Forget it, Richard. You pounced upon me so unexpectedly, you gave me a nervous shock—irritated my combativeness, I suppose. I thought of course you had returned to the hotel, and feeling too restless to go back to my little bedroom, there, I determined to try the effect of a ride across the river. The bracing air has toned me up. I believe I can go back and sleep"—offering his arm again, which I took, and we slowly retraced our steps to the Metropolitan.

I will not pain the heart of my reader by forcing him to be one of the mournful procession which followed Henry Moreland to his untimely grave. At two o'clock of Tuesday, all was over. The victim was hidden away from the face of the earth—smiling, as if asleep, dreaming of his Eleanor, he was consigned to that darkness from whence he should never awaken and find her—while the one who had brought him low walked abroad under the sunlight of heaven. To give that

guilty creature no peace was the purpose of my heart.

James resolved to return to Blankville by the five o'clock train. He looked sick, and said that he felt so—that the last trying scene had “used him up;” and then, his uncle would surely want one of us, to assist him at home. To this I assented, intending myself to stay in the city a day or two, until Mr. Burton was prepared to go out to Blankville with me.

After such of the friends from the village as had come down to attend the funeral, had started for home in the afternoon cars, I went to my room to have another interview with the detective. In the mean time, I had heard some of the particulars of Mr. Burton's history, which had greatly increased the interest I already felt in him. He had chosen his present occupation out of a consciousness of his fitness for it. He was in independent circumstances, and accepted no salary for what was with him a labor of love; seldom taking any of the liberal sums pressed upon him by grateful parties who had benefited by his skill, except to cover expenses to which long journeys, or other necessities of the case might have subjected him. He had been in the “profession” but a few years. Formerly he had been a forwarding-merchant, universally esteemed for integrity, and carrying about him that personal influence which men of strong will and unusual discrimination exercise over those with whom they come in contact. But that he had any extraordinary powers, of the kind which had since been developed, he was as ignorant as others. An accident, which revealed these to him, shaped the future course of his life. One wild and windy night the fire-bells of New York rung a fierce alarm; the flames of a large conflagration lighted the sky; the firemen toiled manfully, as was their wont, but the air was bitter and the pavements sleety, and the wintry wind “played such fantastic tricks before high heaven,” as made the angel of mercy almost despair. Before the fire could be subdued, four large warehouses

had been burned to the ground, and in one of them a large quantity of uninsured merchandise for which Mr. Burton was responsible.

The loss, to him, was serious. He barely escaped failure by drawing in his business to the smallest compass, and by the exercise of great prudence, he managed to save a remnant of his fortune, with which, as soon as he could turn it to advantage, he withdrew from his mercantile career. His mind was bent on a new business, which unfitted him for any other.

The fire was supposed to be purely accidental; the insurance companies, usually cautious enough, had paid over their varying amounts of insurance to those fortunate losers, who were not, like Mr. Burton, unprepared. These losers were men of wealth, and the highest position as business firms—high and mighty potentates, against whom to breathe a breath of slander, was to overwhelm the audacious individual in the ruins of his own presumption. Mr. Burton had an inward conviction that these men were guilty of arson. He knew it. His mind perceived their guilt. But he could make no allegation against them upon such unsubstantial basis as this. He went to work quietly and singly, to gather up the threads in the cable of his proof; and when he had made it strong enough to hang them twice over—for two lives, that of a porter and a clerk, had been lost in the burned buildings—he threatened them with exposure, unless they made good to him the loss which he had sustained through their villainy. They laughed at him from their stronghold of respectability. He brought the case into court. Alas! for the pure, white statue of Justice which beautifies the desecrated chambers of the law Banded together, with inexhaustible means of corruption at their command, the guilty were triumphant.

During this experience, Mr. Burton got an inside view of life, in the marts, on exchange, in the halls of justice, and in the high and low places where men do congregate. It was as if, with the thread in

his hand, which he had picked out, he unraveled the whole web of human iniquity. Burning with a sense of his individual wrongs, he could not look calmly on and see others similarly exposed; he grew fascinated with his labor of dragging the dangerous secrets of a community to the light. The more he called into play the peculiar faculties of his mind, which made him so successful a hunter on the paths of the guilty, the more marvelous became their development. He was like an Indian on the trail of his enemy—the bent grass, the broken twig, the evanescent dew—which, to the uninitiated, were “trifles light as air,” to him were “proofs strong as Holy Writ.”

In this work he was actuated by no pernicious motives. Upright and humane, with a generous heart which pitied the innocent injured, his conscience would allow him no rest if he permitted crime, which he could see walking where others could not, to flourish unmolested in the sunshine made for better uses. He attached himself to the secret detective-police; only working up such cases as demanded the benefit of his rare powers.

Thus much of Mr. Burton had the chief of the police revealed to me, during a brief interview in the morning; and this information, it may be supposed, had not lessened the fascinations which he had for me. The first thing he said, after the greetings of the day, when he came to my room, was:

“I have ascertained that our sewing-girl has one visitor, who is a constant one. There is a middle-aged woman, a nurse, who brings a child, now about a year old, every Sunday to spend half the day with her, when she does not go up to Blankville. On such occasions it is brought in the evening, some time during the week. It passes, so says the landlady, for the child of a cousin of Miss Sullivan’s, who was married to a worthless young fellow, who deserted her within three months, and went off to the West; the mother died at its birth, leaving it entirely unprovided for, and Miss Sullivan, to keep it out of the charity-hospital, hired this woman to

nurse it with her own baby, for which she pays her twelve shillings a week. She was, according to her story to the landlady, very much attached to her poor cousin, and could not cast off the little one for her sake.”

“All of which may be true—”

“Or false—as the case may turn.”

“It certainly will not be difficult to ascertain if such a cousin really married and died, as represented. The girl has not returned to her work yet, I suppose?”

“She has not. Her absence gives the thing a bad look. Some connection she undoubtedly has with the case; as for how deeply she is involved in it, we will only know when we find out. Whoever the child’s mother may have been, it seems evident, from the tenor of the landlady’s story, that Miss Sullivan is much attached to it; it is safe to presume that, sooner or later, she will return to look after it. In her anxiety to reach the nest, she will fly into the trap. I have made arrangements by which I shall be informed if she appears at any of her former haunts, or at the house of the nurse. And now, I believe, I will go up to Blankville with you for a single day. I wish to see the ground of the tragedy, including Mr. Argyll’s residence, the lawn, the library from which the money was abstracted, etc. A clear picture of these, carried in my mind, may be of use to me in unexpected ways. If we hear nothing of her in the village, I will return to the city, and await her re-appearance here, which will be sure to occur within a month.”

“Why within a month?”

“Women risk themselves, always, where a little child demands it. When the nurse finds the baby abandoned by its protector, and the wages unpaid, she will throw the charge upon the authorities. To prevent this, the girl will be back here to see after it. However, I hope we shall not be a month getting at what we want. It will be curious if we don’t finish up the whole of this melancholy business before that. And, by the way, you and young Argyll had quite a hide-and-seek race the other night!” and when I looked

my astonishment at this remark, he only laughed. "It's my profession, you know," was his only explanation.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

WE went up to Blankville that evening, arriving late. I confess that I felt a thrill, as of cold steel, and peered over my shoulder, as we walked up the hill from the depot; but my companion was guilty of no such weakness. He kept as sharp a look-out as the light of a setting moon would permit, but it was only with a view to making himself familiar with the premises. We passed the Argyll mansion on our way to my boarding-place; it was too late to call; the lights were extinguished, except the faint one always left burning in the hall, and in two or three of the chambers. A rush of emotion oppressed me, as I drew near it; I would fain have laid my head against the pillars of the gateway and wept—tears such as a man may shed without reproach, when the woman he loves suffers. A growing anxiety possessed me to hear of Eleanor, no report of her mental or physical condition having reached me since that piercing shriek had announced the parting of her heart-strings when the strain of final separation came. I would have gone to the door a moment, to make inquiries, had I not inferred that a knock at that late hour must startle the family into nervous anticipations. The wan glimmer of the sinking moon struck under the branches of the silent trees, which stood about the dark mass of the stately mansion; not a breath stirred the crisp foliage. I heard a leaf, which loosened itself and rustled downward to the sod.

"It is a fine old place," remarked my companion, pausing because my own steps had come to a stand-still.

I could not answer; he drew my arm into his, and we went on. Mr. Burton was growing to me in the shape of a friend instead of a detective officer.

That night I gave up my room to him,

taking a hall bedroom adjoining. After breakfast we went forth into the village, making our first call at the office. Mr. Argyll was there, looking thin and careworn. He said that he was glad to have me back, for he felt unfit for business, and must let the mantle of labor drop upon my shoulders hereafter.

There had been an implied understanding, although it had never been definitely agreed upon, that I was to become a partner in the law with my teacher, when I had been admitted to practice. He had no one associated with him in his large and lucrative business, and he was now getting of an age to feel like retiring from at least the drudgery of the profession. That he designed to offer me the place open for some candidate, I had not doubted, for he had said as much many times. This prospect was an unusually fair one for so young a person as myself; it had urged me to patient study, to eager, ambitious effort. For I rightly deemed that a respect for my habits of mental application and a faith in my as yet undeveloped talents, had decided Mr. Argyll to offer me the contemplated encouragement. This had been another reason for James' dislike of me. He could not look favorably upon one who had, as it were, supplanted him. Instead of seeing that the fault lay in himself, and applying the remedy, he pursued the false course of considering me as a rival and an interloper. He, also, was a student in the office, and that he was a year behind me in his studies, and that, if he ever became a partner, it would be as a third member of the firm, was owing solely to his habitual indolence, which gave him a distaste for the dry details of a lawyer's work. What he would have liked would be to have his examination shirked over, to be admitted on the strength of his uncle's reputation, and then to be employed only in making brilliant oratorical efforts before the judge, jury and audience, after some one else had performed all the hard labor of the case, and placed his weapons ready at his hand.

If Mr. Argyll really intended to take

the son of his old friend into the firm, instead of his own nephew, it was simply on the prudent principles of business. I was to pass my examination the first of November;—this remark, then, which he made, as I observed how weary and unwell he looked, was not a surprise to me—it came only as a confirmation of my expectations.

At that moment James entered the office. There was a cloud on his brow, called up by his uncle's words; he hardly took time to shake hands with me, before he said:

"How is it, uncle, if you are worried and over-worked, that you do not tell *me*? I should have been glad to help you. But it seems I am of no possible account nowadays."

Mr. Argyll smiled at this outbreak, as he would at the vexation of a child. A father could not be kinder to a son, than he was to James; but to depend upon him for solid aid or comfort would be to lean upon a broken reed. The cloud upon the young man's face grew thunderous when he perceived Mr. Burton; although, if I had not been looking straight in his eyes, I should not have noticed it, for it passed instantly, and he stepped forward with frank cordiality, extending his hand, and saying:

"We did not know you were to come up. Indeed, we did not expect Richard back so soon. Has any thing transpired?"

"We hope that something will transpire, very soon," answered the detective. "You are very anxious, I see—and no wonder."

"No—no wonder! We are all of us perfectly absorbed—and, as for me, my heart bleeds for my friends, Mr. Burton."

"And your friends' hearts bleed for you."

Mr. Burton had a peculiar voice, searching, though not loud; I was talking with Mr. Argyll, and yet I heard this reply without listening for it; I did not comprehend it, and indeed, I let it in at one ear and out at the other, for I was asking about Eleanor.

"She is better than we hoped for," said the father, wiping the mist from his eyes

which gathered at the mention of her name, "but, alas! Richard, that is not saying much. My girl will never be herself again. My pretty Eleanor will never be my sunshine any more. Not that her mind is shaken—that remains only too acutely sensitive. But her heart is broken. I can see that—broken, past mending. She has not left her bed since Henry was carried away; the doctor assures me there is nothing dangerous about her illness—only the natural weakness of the system after intense suffering, the same as if she had endured great physical pain. He says she will rally presently."

"If I could take her burden upon myself, I would ask no greater boon," I said.

My voice must have been very full of the feeling within me, for it made Mr. Argyll give me a wondering look; I think it was the first time he had a suspicion of the hopeless passion I had cherished for his daughter.

"We must all bear our own troubles," he said. "Poor Richard, I fear you have your own, like the rest of us."

When I again noticed what was passing between the other two, James was telling Mr. Burton, with great animation, of some information which had been lodged with the authorities of the village. I became absorbed in it, of course.

A respectable citizen of a town some thirty or forty miles beyond, on the railroad, hearing of the murder, had taken the trouble to come down to Blankville and testify to some things which had fallen under his observation on the night of the murder. He stated that he was a passenger on the Saturday afternoon train from New York; that the seat in front of his own, in the car, was occupied by a young gentleman, who, by the descriptions since given, he knew must be Henry Moreland; that, as there were but few people in that car, he had given the more attention to those near him; that he was particularly attracted by the prepossessing appearance of the young gentleman, with whom he exchanged a few remarks with regard to the storm, and who informed

him that he was going no further than Blankville.

"After we had been riding a while," said the witness—I do not give James' words in telling it, but his own as I afterward read them in the sworn testimony—"I noticed a person who sat on the opposite side of the car, facing us. His forehead was bent on his hand, and he was looking out from under his fingers, at the young man in front of me. It was his sinister expression which compelled me to notice him. His small, glittering black eyes were fixed upon my neighbor with a look which made me shudder. I smiled at myself for my own sensation—said to myself, it was none of my business—that I was nervous—yet, in spite of my attempts to be unconcerned, I was continually compelled to look across at the individual of whose serpent-gaze the young gentleman himself appeared totally unconscious. If he had once met those eyes, I am certain he would have been on his guard—for I assert, without other proof than what afterward transpired, that there was *murder* in them, and that that person was Henry Moreland's murderer. I can not prove it—but my conviction is unalterable. I only wish, now, that I had yielded to my impulse to shake my unknown neighbor, and say to him—'See! there is an enemy! beware of him!' There was nothing but the man's look to justify such a proceeding, and of course, I curbed my feelings.

"The man was a common-looking person, dressed in dark clothes; he wore a low-crowned felt hat, slouched down on his forehead; I do not remember about his hair, but his eyes were black, his complexion sallow. I noticed a scar across the back of the hand which he held over his eyes, as if he had sometime been cut across with a knife; also, that he had a large ring, with a red stone in it, on his little finger.

"When the cars stopped at Blankville this person arose and followed Henry Moreland from the car. I saw him step off the platform behind him, which was the last I saw of either of them."

It may be imagined with what a thrill of fearful interest we listened to this account, and the thousand conjectures to which it gave rise.

"It can not be difficult," I exclaimed, "to find other witnesses to testify of this man."

We were assured by James that every effort had been made to get some trace of him. No person answering to the description was a resident of the village, and no one could be heard of as having been seen in the vicinity. Not a solitary lounge about the depot, or the hotel close at hand, could recall that he had seen such a stranger leave the cars; no such person had stopped at the hotel; even the conductor of the train could not be certain of such a passenger, though he had a dim recollection of a rough fellow in the car with Mr. Moreland—he had not observed where he left the train—thought his ticket was for Albany.

"But we do not despair of some evidence, yet," said Mr. Argyle.

"The New York police, not being able to do any thing further here, have gone home," continued James. "If such a villain lurks in New York, he will be found. That scar on the hand is a good point for identifying him—don't you think so, sir?" to Mr. Burton.

"Well—yes! unless it was put on for the purpose. It may have been done in red ochre, and washed off afterward. If the fellow was a practiced hand, as the skill and precision of the blow would imply, he will be up to all such tricks. If he had a real scar, he would have worn gloves on such an errand."

"You think so?" and James drew a long breath, probably of discouragement at this new statement of the case.

"I would like to go down to the depot, and along the docks for an hour," continued Mr. Burton, "if there is nothing else to be done immediately."

James politely insisted upon accompanying us.

"What the deuce did you bring another of those detectives up here, for?" he asked me, *so to voce*, at the first opportunity,



A GLEAM FROM THE RIVER.

"We've had a surfeit of them—they're regular bores! and this Burroughs or Burton, or whatever his name is, is the most disagreeable of them all. A conceited fellow—one of the kind I dislike, naturally."

"You mistake his character. He is intelligent and a gentleman."

"I wish you joy of his society," was the sneering reply.

Nevertheless, James favored us with his company during our morning's tour. One sole fact the detective ascertained in the course of his two hours' work. A fisherman had lost a small boat during the storm of Saturday night. He had left it, fastened to its accustomed moorings, and in the morning, found that the chain, which was old and rusty, had parted one of its links, probably by the extreme violence with which the wind had dashed the boat about. Mr. Burton had asked to see the remnant of the chain. It was still attached to the post around which it had been locked. An examination of the broken link showed that it was partly

rustured away; but there were also marks upon it, as if a knife or a chisel might have been used.

"I see my boy Billy a-tinkerin' with it," said the fisherman. "Like as not he's been a-using of it to whittle on. That boy breaks more knives'n his neck's wuth. He's goin' on nine, now, and he's had six jack-knives in as many months."

Mr. Burton stood, holding the chain in his hand, and looking up and down the river. His face glowed with a light which shone through from some inward fire. I, who had begun to watch his varying expressions with keen interest, saw that he was again becoming excited; but not in the same way as on that first evening of our meeting, when he grew so leonine.

He looked at the water and the sky, the fair shores and the dull dock, as if these mute witnesses were telling to him a tale which he read like a printed book. A few moments he stood thus in silence, his countenance illuminated by that wonderful intelligence. Then, saying that his researches were through with in this part

of the village, we returned, almost in silence, to the office; for when this man was pondering the enigmas whose solution he was so certain to announce, sooner or later, he grew absorbed and taciturn.

Mr. Argyll made us go home with him to dinner. I knew that I should not see Eleanor; yet, even to be under the same roof with her, made me tremble. Mary, who was constantly in attendance upon her sister, would not appear at the table. She came down, for a moment, to greet me, and to thank me for my poor efforts. The dear child had changed some, like the rest of us. She could not look like any thing but the rose-bud which she was—a fresh and pure young creature of sixteen summers—a rose-bud drenched in dew—a little pale, with a quiver in her smile, and bright tears beading her eyelashes, ready, at any moment, to drop. It was touching to see one naturally so joyous, subdued by the shadow which had fallen over the house. Neither of us could say much; our lips trembled when we spoke *her* name; so, after a moment's holding my hand, while the tears began to flow fast, Mary unclasped my fingers, and ran back up-stairs. I saw Mr. Burton hide those blue-gray eyes of his in his handkerchief; my respect for him deepened as I felt that those eyes, sharp and penetrating as they were, were not too cold to warm with a sudden mist at the vision he had beheld.

"Ah!" murmured I to myself, "if he could see Eleanor!"

When dinner was over, Mr. Argyll went up to see his children, giving me permission to show the house and grounds to the detective. James went on the portico to smoke a cigar. Mr. Burton sat a short time in the library, taking an impression of it on his mind, examined the lock of the desk, and noticed the arrangement of the one window, which was a large bay-window opening to the floor and projecting over the flower-garden which lay behind the house and bordered the lawn to the right. It was about three feet to the ground, and

although quite accessible, as a mode of entrance, to any one compelled to that resource, the window was not ordinarily used as a mode of ingress or egress. I had sometimes chased Mary, when she was not so old as now, and sent her flying through the open casement into the mignonette and violets beneath, and I after; but since we had both grown more sedate, such pranks were rare.

We then went out upon the lawn. I took my companion to the tree beneath which I had stood, when that dark figure had approached, and passed me, to crouch beneath the window from which the death-candles shone. From this spot, the bay-window was not visible, that being at the back of the house and this on the side. Mr. Burton looked carefully about him, walking all over the lawn, going up under the parlor windows, and thence pursuing his way into the garden and around to the bay-window. It was quite natural to search closely in this precinct for some mark or footsteps, some crushed flowers, or broken branches, or scratches upon the wall, left by the thief, if he or she had made his or her entrance at this spot. Going over the ground thus, inch by inch, I observed a bit of white lawn, soiled and weather-beaten, lying under a rose-bush a few feet from the window. I picked it up. It was a woman's handkerchief, of fine lawn, embroidered along the edge with a delicate running vine, and a spray of flowers at the corner.

"One of the young ladies has dropped it, some time ago," I said, "or it has blown across from the kitchen grass-plot, where the linen is put out to dry."

Then I examined the discolored article more closely, and, involved in the graceful twinings of the spray of flowers, I saw worked the initials—"L. S."

"Leesy Sullivan," said my companion, taking it from my hand.

"It seems too dainty an article for her ownership," I said, at last, for, at first, I had been quite stupefied.

"A woman's vanity will compass many things beyond her means. This thing she has embroidered with her own needle

—you remember, she is a proficient in the art.”

“Yes, I remember. She may have lost it Sunday night, during that visit which I observed; and the wind has blown it over into this spot.”

“You forget that there has been no rain since that night. This handkerchief has been beaten into the grass and earth by a violent rain. A thorn upon this bush has pulled it from her pocket as she passed, and the rain has set its mark upon it, to be used as a testimony against her.”

“The evidence seems to conflict. She can not be a man and woman both.”

“Why not?” was the quiet reply. “There may be a principal and an accomplice. A woman is a safer accomplice for a man than one of his own sex—and *vice versa*.”

The face which I had seen, in its despair, the face of Leesy Sullivan, rose in my memory, full of passion, marked in every soft yet impressive lineament with slumbering power—“such a nature,” I thought, “can be maddened into crime, but it will not consort with villainy.”

Mr. Burton put the handkerchief in the inside pocket of his coat, and we returned into the house. He inquired the names of the servants, none of whose initials corresponded with those we had found, nor could I recall any lady visitors of the family to whom the handkerchief might belong by virtue of its inscription. There was not the shadow of a doubt but that it had been the property of the sewing-girl. Some errand, secret and unlawful, had brought her to these grounds, and under this window. We now considered it proper to show the handkerchief to Mr. Argyll, and relate to him our grounds of suspicion against the girl. Mary and James were admitted to the council. The former said that she remembered Miss Sullivan; that she had been employed in the family, for a few days at a time, on several different occasions, but none of them recent. “We liked her sewing very much, and wanted to engage her for the next six weeks,”

she added, with a sigh, “but on inquiring for her, learned that she was now employed in New York.”

“She must, then, have been perfectly familiar with the arrangement of the house, and with the habits of the family; as for instance, at what hour you dined. She might enter while the family were at table, since, had she been surprised by the entrance of a servant, or other person, she could affect to have called on an errand, and to be waiting for the young ladies,” remarked Mr. Burton.

The servants were then summoned, one at a time, and questioned as to whether they had observed any suspicious persons whatever about the house or grounds within a week. They were, of course, in a national state of high excitement, and immediately upon a question being put to them, answered every other imaginary case in the world but that, blessed themselves, called on the Virgin Mary, gave an account of all the beggars as called at the kitchen last year and the year afore, cried abundantly, and gave no coherent information.

“Ah, sure!” said Norah, the cook, “there was the blackin'-and-bluin' man come around last Wednesday, and I tuk a bottle of the blue for the clothes. It's a poor mimicry, I have, sure, since I came across the say. Afore that I could recollect beyond anything, and the praste used to praise my rading. I think it was the tossing an' rolling ov the ship upst my brain. It was Saturday, it wur, and oh, Lordy, it is setting me all ov a trimble a-thinkin' of that day, and I see a little yellor dog a-stickin' his nose into the kitching door, which was open about half, and says I, there's vagabonds around sure, now, I knew by the dog, and I wint and looked out, and sure as me name's Norah, there was an old lame man wid a stck a-pretinding to look for rags an' bones in the alley to the stable, which I niver allows such about, as it's against the master's urther, and I druv him off immajetly—and that, I think, was Sathurday two wakes now, but I won't be sure; and I don't mind nobody else but

the chany-woman, wid her basket, which I don't think it could have been her as done anythin' bad, for she's been round rig'ler, for a good while, and is a dacent-spoken body that I've had some dalin's wid myself. I sowld her my old plaid gown for the match-box of ebony that sits on the kitching-mantel now, and oh dear! but my heart's dead broke, sure! Margaret and I daren't set in the kitching of nights no more, unless Jim's there, an' I've woke up scr'aming two nights now—och hone! and if I'd see'd any thing, I'd a told it long afore, which I wish I had, seein' you've axed me, sir. It don't do no good a-cooking delicacies which nobody eats no longer—I wish I had never come to Amyriky, to see poor Miss Eleanor so tuk down!" and having relieved herself of the sympathy which she had been aching to express, without the opportunity, she threw her apron over her head, and sobbed after the manner of her people.

Margaret's testimony was no more to the point than Norah's. Mr. Burton let each one go on after her own heart, putting up with the tedious circumlocution, in the hope of some kernel of wheat in the bushel of chaff.

After a deluge of tears and interjections, Maggie did finally come out with a statement which arrested the attention of her listeners.

"I've never seen none gawking about as didn't belong here—not a living sowl. The howly Virgin prevint that iver I should see what Jim did—it wasn't a human being at all, but a wraith, and he seen it that very night. He niver told us of it, till the Tuesday night, as we sot talking about the funeral, and it frightened us so, we niver slept a wink till morn-ing. Poor Jim's worried with it, too; he pretinds he isn't afraid of the livin' nor dead, but it's no shame to the best to

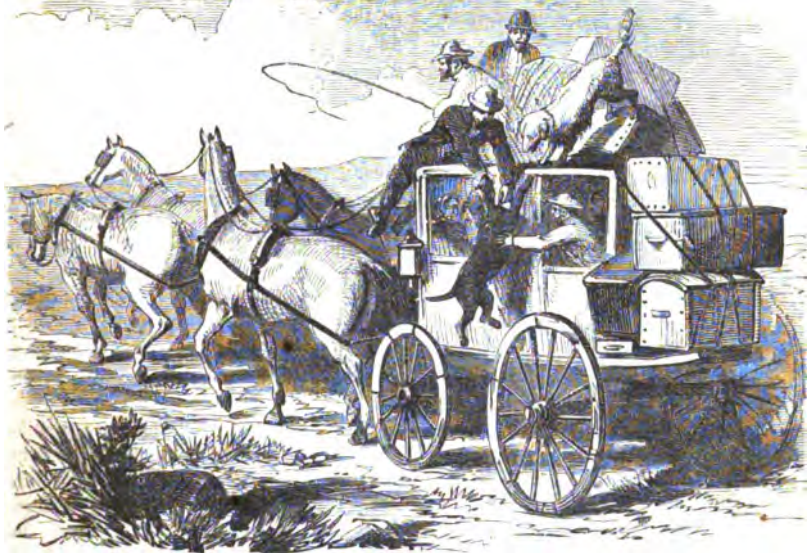
stand in awe of sperits, and I see he's backward about going about the place, alone, after dark, and no wonder! Sure! he saw a ghost!"

"What was it like?"

"Sure, you'd best call him, and let him describe it for hisself—it'll make your blood run cold to think of sich things in a Christian family."

Jim was summoned. His story, weeded out, was this. On Saturday evening, after tea, his mistress, Miss Eleanor, had asked him to go to the post-office for the evening mail. It was very dark and rainy. He lighted the lantern. As he went out the back gate, he stopped a minute and lifted his lantern to take a look about the premises, to see if there was any thing left out which ought to be taken in from the storm. As he waved the light about, he saw something in the flower-garden, about six feet from the bay-window. It had the appearance of a woman; its face was white, its hair hung down on its shoulders; it stood quite still in the rain, just as if the water was not coming down by bucketfuls. It had very large, bright eyes, which shone when the candle threw the light on them, as if they had been made of fire. He only saw it an instant. He was so frightened that he let his lantern fall, which did not happen to extinguish the candle, but when he lifted it up again, the wraith had vanished. He felt very queer about it, at the time; and the next day, when the bad news came, then he knew it was a warning. They often had such in the old country.

We did not undeceive Jim as to the character of the phantom. With the assurance that it probably would not come again, since its mission had been accomplished, and a caution not to make the girls in the kitchen too nervous about it, we dismissed him.



THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND.

TO RED RIVER AND THE WOOD CREEK.

"FIRST to Fort Garry, And then—to the Old Harry," is a saying current among old "North Westers," equivalent to the assumption that Fort Garry, on the Red River of the North, is the *jumping off place* of civilization. To "Red River and Beyond," means to follow the usual trail from the Red River Settlements, up the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle rivers, then across to the South Saskatchewan, and along, up its valley, to Bow Fort in the mountains, and thence across to the head-waters of the Columbia and Frazer rivers. Over that route many a man besides the Hudson Bay Company's employees has passed, including, we believe, the ubiquitous J. Ross Browne, whose path over the Western section of "our country," if marked on a map, would look like veins of wealth on the body politic, or, like the imaginary wanderings of the American Eagle.

But, few *travelers* have penetrated the country far to the north, along the Up-

per or North Saskatchewan river to the head-waters of the Athabasco, which flows northward to the Frozen Sea. Save to the missionary, the trapper and hunter, the daring Canadian half-breed *voyageur* and the Hudson Bay Company's men, it is almost a *terra incognita*, the land of beavers and bears, the summer haunt of the buffalo, and the—very place for the *very* adventurous to go.

Go there three sportsmen did; spend one winter in these dreary wilds they did; push on over the Rocky Mountains, down to the Frazer River country two of them did—all in search of a "North-west Passage" through the British Possessions. They were Englishmen, *of course*; for, what would a Yankee want of *such* a passage! *His* wants lie in another direction—say, toward Sofora and "a port on the Gulf you know." Gadsden, in his twelve-million-dollar purchase, forgot to secure any outlet to his Ophir; therefore Manifest Destiny must do what Gadsden

didn't do—open a way to the Gulf by absorbing a slice of Sónora. "Manifest Destiny" is a genius in his way, and the port to windward will be *sure* to fling wide its gates at Guaymas, Cockle Harbor, or somewhere above Hermosillo. That will be a "South-west Passage," we suppose, through which will move the tons of gold, hills of silver, mountains of copper, and whole ranges of iron which are reported to constitute a small part of Arizona's wealth.

A North-west Passage to the Pacific through the Queen regnant's domain long has been the dream of patriotic Britons who don't like to be obligated to Yankee Doodle for a pass over the continent; and now that the Vancouver island region has opened into a thriving colony, and the Frazer River diggings have given Mr. Bull a "bully" mine of his own, the desire to open a passage to the transmontane possessions has become a chronic distemper with Mr. John. So, three good sons of John resolved to unravel the mystery, explore the unexplored vastness, and—let us know what they thought of it. "The idea of a route across the northern part of the continent," said they, "is not a new one. The project was entertained by the early French settlers in Canada, and led to the discovery of the Rocky Mountains. It has since been revived and ably advocated by Professor Hind and others, hitherto without success. The favorite scheme of geographers in this country for the last three centuries has been the discovery of a North-west Passage by sea, as the shortest route to the rich countries of the East. The discovery has been made, but in a commercial point of view it has proved valueless. We have attempted to show that the original idea of the French Canadians was the right one, and that the true North-west Passage is by land, along the fertile belt of the Saskatchewan, leading through British Columbia to the splendid harbor of Esquimalt, and the great coal-fields of Vancouver Island, which offer every advantage for the protection and supply of a merchant fleet trading thence to India, China, and Japan."

"We have attempted to show," reminds us of Artemus Ward's "therefore, wherefore, whichever whereby notwithstanding may-be-so if you so think;" and if the reader will follow up their trail, will listen to their own story, he will be pretty sure to come to the conclusion that, to get to the Pacific and "thence to India, China and Japan," by way of the Saskatchewan, will be as easy as to raise hops on the north pole. "We" means, 1st, a real live Lord, a livelier Doctor, and a very lively other man who was going along from a motive no more patriotic than "for the fun of the thing:" that is—the Viscount Milton, F. R. G. S., F. G. S., etc.; W. B. Cheadle, M. A., M. D., Cantab., F. R. G. S., etc.; and one Treemiss, who didn't sport a single title, but did own two dogs, which was just the same we suppose, as far as he was concerned. These three gentlemen we therefore introduce—not in their gentlemanly capacities, however, but as Milton, Cheadle and Treemiss, sportsmen, travelers and explorers, in whose adventures we have a fund of fun, information and far North-western life-experiences.

Entering upon their journey at Quebec, they passed rapidly, by the usual route, *via* Chicago to St. Paul, Minnesota, or, rather, to St. Anthony, six miles beyond (six miles of Stevens' great Northern Pacific Railroad, which may possibly "fetch up," some day, at Devil's Lake, but not much further until some means can be discovered for reducing the snow-falls in those regions from six feet, during six months of the year, to six inches. When *that* will be, let some sharp "operator" in Minnesota embryo city lots figure out and report in his next Prospectus.) From St. Anthony they "staged it," with what degree of enjoyment let them say:

"The 'stage,' a mere covered spring-wagon, was crowded and heavily laden. Inside were eight full-grown passengers and four children; outside six, in addition to the driver; on the roof an enormous quantity of luggage; and on the top of all were chained two huge dogs—a bloodhound and Newfoundland—

belonging to Treemiss. Milton and Treemiss were fortunate enough to secure outside seats, where, although cramped and uncomfortable, they could still breathe the free air of heaven; but Cheadle was one of the unfortunate 'insides,' and suffered tortures during the first day's journey. The day was frightfully hot, and the passengers were packed so tightly, that it was only by the consent and assistance of his next neighbor that he could free an arm to wipe the perspiration from his agonized countenance. Musketoos swarmed and feasted with impunity on the helpless crowd, irritating the four helpless babies into an incessant squalling, which the persevering singing of their German mothers about Fatherland was quite ineffectual to assuage. Two female German Yankees kept up an incessant clack, 'guessing' that the 'Young Napoleon' would soon wipe out Jeff. Davis; in which opinion two male friends of the same race perfectly agreed. The dogs kept tumbling off their slippery perch, and hung dangling by their chains at either side, half strangled, until hauled back again with the help of a 'leg up' from the people inside. This seventy-mile drive to St. Cloud, where we stayed the first night, was the most disagreeable experience we had. There six of the passengers left us, but the two German women, with the four babies they owned between them, still remained. The babies were much more irritable than ever the next day, and their limbs and faces, red and swollen from the effects of musketo bites, showed what good cause they had for their constant wailings."

And thus they journeyed on, over land exceedingly fertile and thick with "horses and draught oxen, most astonishingly fat." Sixty-five miles of open and level country—a succession of prairies dotted with copses ("islands") of scrub oak and wild poplar—brought them to Sauk Center, on the night of the second day, where they tarried all night, and secured a dog who was to become the hero of many an adventure. In that "dorg" we have an interest, in more

ways than one, as we shall see, so we give his story:

"As it still wanted half an hour to sundown when we arrived, we took our guns and strolled down to some marshes close at hand in search of ducks, but were obliged to return empty-handed, for although we shot several we could not get them out of the water without a dog, the musketoos being so rampant, that none of us felt inclined to strip and go in for them. We were very much disappointed, for we had set our hearts on having some for supper, as a relief to the eternal salt pork of wayside houses in the Far West. On our return to the house where we were staying, we bewailed our ill-luck to our host, who remarked that had he known we were going out shooting, he would have lent us his own dog, a capital retriever. He introduced us forthwith to 'Rover,' a dapper-looking, smooth-haired dog, in color and make like a black-and-tan terrier, but the size of a beagle. When it is known from the sequel of this history how important a person Rover became, how faithfully he served us, how many meals he provided for us, and the endless amusement his various accomplishments afforded both to ourselves and the Indians we met with, we shall perhaps be forgiven for describing him with such particularity. Among our Indian friends he became as much beloved as he was hated by their dogs. These wolf-like animals he soon taught to fear and respect him by his courageous and dignified conduct; for although small of stature, he possessed indomitable pluck, and had a method of fighting quite opposed to their ideas and experience. Their manner was to show their teeth, rush in and snap, and then retreat; while he went in and grappled with his adversary in so determined a manner, that the biggest of them invariably turned tail before his vigorous onset. Yet Rover was by no means a quarrelsome dog. He walked about among the snarling curs with tail erect, as if not noticing their presence; and probably to this fearless demeanor he owed much of his immunity from attack. He

appeared so exactly suited for the work we required, and so gained our hearts • by his cleverness and docility, that next morning we made an offer of twenty-five dollars for him.

"The man hesitated, said he was very unwilling to part with him, and, indeed, he thought his wife and sister would not hear of it. If, however, they could be brought to consent, he thought he could not afford to refuse so good an offer, for he was very short of money.

"He went out to sound the two women on the subject, and they presently rushed into the room; one of them caught up Rover in her arms, and, both bursting into floods of tears, vehemently declared nothing would induce them to part with their favorite. We were fairly vanquished by such a scene, and slunk away, feeling quite guilty at having proposed to deprive these poor lonely women of one of the few creatures they had to lavish their wealth of feminine affection upon.

"As we were on the point of starting, however, the man came up, leading poor Rover by a string, and begged us to take

him, as he had at last persuaded the women to let him go. We demurred, but he urged it so strongly that we at length swallowed our scruples, and paid the money. As we drove off, the man said good-by to him, as if parting with his dearest friend, and gave us many injunctions to 'be kind to the little fellow.' This we most solemnly promised to do, and it is almost needless to state, we faithfully kept our word."

And, the travelers had to add: "A fortnight afterward, these kindly people—in common with nearly all the whites in that part of the country—suffered a horrible death at the hands of the invading Sioux." Yet, "unconscious of the dangers gathering round, and little suspecting the dreadful scenes so shortly to be enacted in this region, we drove merrily along in the stage. As we went further West, the prairie became more extensive, timber more scarce, and human habitations more rare. Prairie-chickens and ducks were plentiful along the road, and the driver obligingly pulled up to allow us to have a shot whenever a chance occurred. On the

third day we struck Red River, and stayed the night at Fort Abercrombie; and the following day, the 18th of July, arrived at Georgetown. The stage did not run beyond this point, and the steamer, by which we intended to proceed to Fort Garry, was not expected to come in for several days, so that we had every prospect of seeing more of Georgetown than we cared for."

But, they didn't remain there as long as they might have done. Ascertaining that the *International*—a little stern-wheel craft, with a big name, drawing



PARTING WITH THE DOG.

about ten inches of water (the name or the steamer as the reader pleases)—would be long in coming, the travelers, with true travelers' *grit*, resolved to canoe it to Fort Garry, the small matter of five hundred miles away. That was nothing, however, since the accommodating Red River of the North had the knack of running up north down-stream, and all they had to do was to steer and fight musketoes.

Meandering around the town of four houses, six shanties and a dry goods' box, the adventurers had several experiences—one of which was:

"On the day of our arrival, two half-breeds came in from a hunting expedition in which they had been very successful. They had found a band of twenty elk, out of which they killed four, desisting, according to their own account, from shooting more from a reluctance to waste life and provision!—a piece of consideration perfectly incomprehensible in a half-breed or Indian. We went down to their camp by the river, where they were living in an Indian 'lodge,' or tent of skins stretched over a cone of poles. Squatted in front of it, engaged in cutting the meat for drying, was the most hideous old hag ever seen. Lean, dried-up and withered, her parchment skin was seamed and wrinkled into folds and deep furrows, her eyes were bleared and blinking, and her long, iron-gray hair, matted and unkempt, hung over her shoulders. She kept constantly muttering, and showing her toothless gums, as she clawed the flesh before her with long, bony, un washed fingers, breaking out occasionally into wild, angry exclamations, as she struck at the skeleton dogs which attempted to steal some of the delicate morsels strewn around."

Not one of the most captivating of her sex, certainly; but, any person who has been among the Indians realizes the correctness of this picture. An Indian woman at fifty is "a hag;" at sixty she is a monster; at seventy she is—well, never mind what. We have often thought, when reading Dante's immortal poem, that it was a great pity the poet



OLD INDIAN HAG.

could not have seen an old Indian woman. Had he looked upon her likeness, he could have added a new conception to his infernal messengers, and have presented a model of deformity which must have caused even the Devil to put his hands on his *bowie-knife* for self-defense.

The three didn't want to tarry in Georgetown after that; and we don't blame them. So they set about securing the means of getting away, and, after various sharp struggles with half-breeds and full-bloods of the aboriginal stock, succeeded in procuring two wretched canoes—one of which was battered and leaky, and the other was full of bullet-holes, having recently been riddled by Sioux balls, and its whole load of Assiniboines slaughtered. But, as it was the best they could do, they provisioned for the voyage, and bravely embarked upon their five-hundred-mile pleasure trip to Fort Garry.

All went well enough so long as the food held out, and so long as plenty of wild fowl awaited to be shot; and so they floated down toward the northern zone, as happily as if Sioux didn't lurk along the stream; and they didn't, for just at that moment, the savages were whetting their knives to cut the throats of all the men, women and children in Northern Minnesota. Two weeks after

the travelers had passed over the road from St. Paul to Fort Abercrombie, the Sioux massacre was committed, as they already have told us. Two weeks later, and the Britons might have discovered a North-west Passage to the fabled Hunting Grounds beyond mortal vision. After a week's voyaging, the little steamer was met in the stream, bound for the "port" above, "if something didn't give way or a snag didn't fetch her up all standing." Reprovisioning with salt pork and flour, the voyageurs progressed on downstream without mishap, until one came in the shape of such a storm of lightning, thunder, wind, rain and "whirligig" as only the West can produce. They were resolved, one clear starlight night, to make a night's journey, in order to expedite their passage, and so did not "shore" as usual. After a while an ominous looking cloud rolled up in the west. They didn't know what a North-west cloud meant, and so kept on, until, suddenly, as it seemed to them, the darkness became complete; then, without warning, a vivid flash of lightning lit up for a moment the wild scene around, and almost instantaneously a tremendous clap of thunder, an explosion like the bursting of a magazine, caused them to stop paddling, and sit silent and appalled. A fierce blast of wind swept over the river, snapping great trees like twigs on every side; the rain poured down in floods, and soaked the travelers through and through; flash followed flash in quick succession, with its accompanying roar of thunder; while, at intervals between, a dim, flickering light, faint and blue, as the flame of a spirit-lamp, or the "Will-o'-the-wisp," hovered over the surface of the water, but failed to light up the dense blackness of the night. With this came an ominous hissing like the blast of a steam-pipe, varying with the wind, now sounding near as the flame approached, now more distant as it wandered away.

They were in the very focus of the storm; the whole air was charged with electricity, and the changing currents of the electric fluid, or the shifting winds, lashed and played with their hair in pass-

ing. The smell of ozone was so pungent that it fairly made them snort again, and forced itself on their notice even among the other more fearful phenomena of the storm. The men made an attempt to land at once, but the darkness was so intense that they could not see to avoid the snags and fallen timber which beset the steep, slippery bank; and the force of the stream bumped the boats against the timber in a manner which warned them to desist, if they would, avoid being swamped. Little chance of escape in that case, for the river was deep, and it would be almost impossible to clamber up the slippery face of the bank, even if they succeeded in finding it, through the utter darkness in which they were enveloped. There was nothing to do but to face it out till daylight, and the three therefore fastened the two canoes together, and gave themselves up to the fury of the storm. Some difficulty was experienced in bringing the two canoes alongside, but, by calling out to one another, and by the momentary glimpses obtained during the flashes of lightning, they at last effected it. Treemiss, crouching in the bows, kept a sharp look-out, while the others, seated in the stern, steered by his direction. As each flash illuminated the river for an instant, the look-out was able to discern the rocks and snags ahead, and a vigorous stroke of the paddles carried them clear during the interval of darkness.

Hour after hour thus passed, but the storm raged as furiously, and the rain came down as fast as ever. The night seemed as if it would never come to an end. The canoes were gradually filling with water, which had crept up nearly to their waists, and the gunwales were barely above the surface. It became very doubtful whether they would float till daybreak.

The night-air was raw and cold, and as the men sat in their involuntary hip-bath, with the rain beating upon them, they shivered from head to foot; their teeth chattered, and their hands became so benumbed that they could scarcely grasp the paddles. But they dared not



A NORTH-WEST BREEZE.

take a moment's rest from their exciting work, in watching and steering clear of the snags and rocks, although they were almost tempted to give up, and resign themselves to chance.

With what an intense feeling of relief did they first observe rather a lessening of the darkness than any positive appearance of light. Shortly before this, the storm began sensibly to abate; but the rain poured down as fast as ever. They hastily landed in the gray morning on a muddy bank. Drawing their canoes high on shore, that they might not be swept off by the rising flood, the voyageurs wrapped themselves in their dripping blankets, and, utterly weary and worn out, slept long and soundly.*

This was a damper on their joys, and it was not the only one, for on three

successive days, no sooner would they dry out than another flood of rain, accompanied by fierce thunder-claps, would come suddenly upon them to soak them through and through again. On the fourth day, the heavens were propitious, and the voyage was resumed. The travelers were now as unromantic as a prairie farmer who never beheld a hill, and only longed for the comforts of the settlement. Vain longings! They were yet at least one hundred and fifty miles from their journey's end; the blazing sun poured down with unmitigated power; their provisions were out, and no game offered them a shot. Their case became, indeed, doleful enough. Before night-fall, however, swarms of ducks and geese flocked on the water, and the hungry men were happy once more. And very happy, on the next morning, when the *International* came puffing along to their rescue, and for the comfortable pursuit of their journey to the fort, where three weeks were spent pleasantly enough among the Red River settlers.

These settlers are a peculiar people—a heterogeneous community of about eight thousand souls—Englishmen, Irishmen,

* Mr. Ross, the author of the "Fur Hunters of the Far West," in his "History of the Red River Settlement," makes mention of a storm very similar to the one described above. In that instance the party were camping out on the plains; three tents were struck by the lightning, and two men, a woman, and two children killed. Several horses and dogs were also killed. The rain fell in such torrents, that in the course of a few minutes the flood of water was so great that two small children narrowly escaped being drowned. A summer rarely passes in Red River without the loss of several lives by lightning.

Scotchmen, English Canadians, French Canadians, Americans, English half-breeds, Canadian half-breeds, and Indians. Nearly the whole population, with the exception of a few storekeepers and free-traders, lived by the Hudson's Bay Company, for the Company was king. The Company made the laws, bought the produce of the chase and of the farm, supplying in return the other necessities and the luxuries of life.

The farmers of Red River are wealthy in flocks and herds, and grain, more than sufficient for their own wants, and live in comparative comfort. The soil is so fertile, that wheat is raised year after year on the same land, and yields fifty and sixty bushels to the acre, without any manure being required. The pasturage is of the finest quality, and unlimited in extent. The countless herds of buffalo which the land has supported are sufficient evidence of this. But, shut out in this distant corner of the earth from any communication with the rest of the world—except an uncertain one with the young State of Minne-

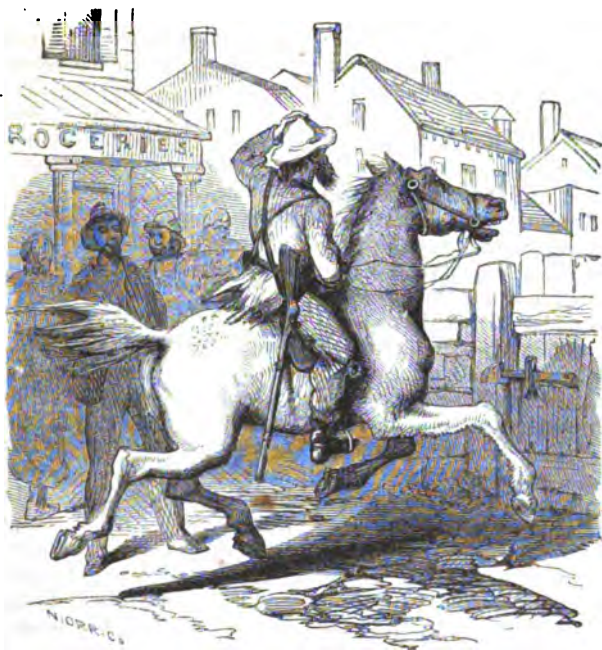
sota by steamer during the summer, and with England by the Company's ship which brings stores to York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, once a year—the farmers find no market for their produce.

The colony, notwithstanding many inducements to progress, does not grow—a fact owing less to the keep-the-people-away policy of the now defunct monopoly (the Hudson's Bay Company) than to the incorrigible idleness and want of thrift exhibited by the French Canadians, and their relatives, the French half-breeds, who form the largest section of the inhabitants. The latter, the most numerous of the two, are also the most unreliable and unprofitable members of society. Desultory, fickle, mercurial, and passionately fond of gayety and finery, they have an utter distaste for all useful labor, and rarely succeed in raising themselves into any permanent position of comfort and independence.

But as hunters, guides, and voyageurs they are unequalled. Of more powerful build, as a rule, than the pure Indian, they combine his endurance and readi-



GOING TO THE HUNT.



BUCEPHALUS.

ness of resource with the greater muscular strength and perseverance of the white man. Day after day, with plenty of food, or none at all, whether pack on back, or trapping in the woods, treading out a path with snow-shoes in the deep snow for the sleigh-dogs, or running after them at a racing pace from morning to night, when there is a well-beaten track, they will travel fifty or sixty miles a day for a week together without showing any sign of fatigue.

The two great events of the year at Red River are the Spring and Fall Hunt. The buffalo still forms one of the principal sources from which provisions are obtained. Pemmicán and dried meat, like fried pork with us, are staple articles of food in every establishment. At these seasons the whole able-bodied half-breed population set out for the plains in a body, with their horses and carts. Many of the farmers who do not go themselves engage half-breeds to hunt for them. These expeditions now assume very large proportions. The number of hunters frequently exceeds five hundred, and they

are accompanied by the women and children, to prepare the meat. The number of carts often reaches one thousand five hundred or one thousand six hundred. When the buffalo are found, the horsemen are formed into line, and ride up as close as possible before the herd takes flight at full speed. Then the captain gives the word, and all charge, as hard as horses can gallop into the middle of the herd. The fattest beasts are singled out and shot down, and often more than one thousand carcasses strew the ground.

Finding it too late in the season to attempt crossing the mountains that year, the adventurers decided to travel westward to some convenient point on the Saskatchewan, there to winter, in readiness to go forward in the spring. Four attendants—including La Ronde, a well-known guide—were secured; also good saddle-horses. Treemiss bought the champion runner of the settlement, and Milton repurchased an old favorite—for the young lord had once before visited the settlement on a buffalo hunting expedition, when La Ronde and he became fast

friends; while Cheadle succeeded in buying the most remarkable animal of the whole. Bucephalus stood about fifteen hands, was straight in the shoulder, one of his legs was malformed and crooked, his head was very large, and his tail very long. On the road he was continually stumbling; and when Cheadle rode him about the settlement, he was at first nearly pitched over every gate and fence he came to. When the horse caught sight of one, he made for it, and suddenly stopped, stock-still, as a hint for his rider to dismount and tie him up—an illustration of the gossiping habits of his late owner. But he turned out the most useful horse of the whole number, galloped over the roughest ground after buffalo without ever making a mistake, or giving his rider a fall, and eventually carried packs over the mountains into British Columbia.

These were their saddle beasts. Others were taken to haul six carts—small, rough, wooden affairs, peculiar to that region—carts which well knew how to stand hard wear, and are easily repaired if a misfor-

tune should befall them. These six carts carried their supplies of pemmican, dried meat, flour, tea, salt, tobacco, rum, a large quantity of ammunition, blankets, and buffalo robes, and knives and trinkets for presents or barter. Discarding boots and coats, they adopted the true Red River costume, viz.: moccasins and hunting skirts made of the skin of the Cariboo. Their weapons consisted of a double-barreled gun, hunting-knife and a revolver each.

Starting from the Fort on the 23d of August, the train passed on up the Assiniboine, the trail running close along its banks. Woodland and prairie alternated, and for many miles up-stream the hamlets of settlers dotted the way. At one they halted, for there dwelt a cousin of one of the attendants, and therein was a dance, or a "noce," as wedding festivities are called. The three jolly Englishmen "went in" to enjoy the frolic, and enjoy it they did. Being "treated," ere they entered the house, with pies, cakes, tea and whisky, spread out on the ground outside, they then passed into the



DANCING THAT IS DANCING.

ball room—the usual sitting-room of the two-roomed house. It was crowded with guests, dressed in full half-breed finery. At one end were two fiddlers, who worked in relays, the music being in most rapid time, and doubtless very fatiguing to the instrumentalists. The dance, in which about half a dozen couples were engaged when the strangers entered was a kind of cross between a Scotch reel and the "Lancers," a number of lively steps, including a double-shuffle and stamp, being executed with great vigor. The dancing *was* dancing, and no mistake, and both the men and their fair partners were exceedingly hot and exhausted when the "set" was finished. The figures appeared so intricate, and the skill of the performers so admirable, that the three gentlemen were deterred from yielding to the repeated solicitations of the M. O. to select partners and foot it with the reel. At length, however, Milton, with a courage equal to the occasion, and, it is suspected, strongly attracted by the beauty of the bride—a delicate-featured, pensive-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, with a light and graceful figure—boldly advanced, and led her out amid the applause of the company. He succeeded in interpreting the spirit of the music, if not with the energy, certainly with a greater dignity and infinitely less exertion than his compeers. His performance was highly appreciated by all—including Treemiss and Cheadle—who gazed with admiration, mingled with envy, at a success they were unequal to achieve.

Wearied at length of the hot room, and the incessant scraping of the fiddles and stamping of feet, they returned to camp and proposed to start again. La Ronde, who had been in various stages of intoxication ever since leaving Fort Garry, taking parting drinks with his friends at every opportunity, had disappeared, and the others endeavored to persuade their employers that it was too late to go further that night. Overruling their objections, however, the train set out. La Ronde made his appearance before they had gone very far, considerably sobered, and very penitent. He assured them he

had had his last drunk for many a long day, saying: "Je boive pas souvent, mes-sieurs, mais quand je boive, je boive comme il faut, c'est ma façon voyez vous." So it turned out, for they never had to complain of him again, and, although frequently offered rum, he always refused it, declaring that he did not care for it unless he could have a regular carouse. And thus it is with both half-breeds and Indians; they do not drink from a liking to the taste of the liquor, but simply to produce the happy state of intoxication.

After leaving Portage La Prairie, fifty miles beyond Fort Garry, and the western boundary of the settlement, the party entered a fine, undulating country, full of lakes and marshes thronged with wild-fowl, and studded with pretty copses of aspen. As they rode along they continually came across the skulls of buffalo, whitened by age and exposure. A few years ago buffalo were plentiful along the road between Red River and Carlton. The prairies were gay with the flowers of the dark blue gentianella, which grew in great profusion.

Each day was like the one before, yet without a wearisome monotony. Some times they jogged dreamily along beside the carts, or lay basking in the bright sunshine. When tired of idleness, they cantered ahead, with Rover—their favorite retriever—in attendance, and shot geese and ducks at the lakes, or prairie grouse in the copses. Feathered game was so plentiful that they easily killed enough to feed the whole party, and rarely had occasion to trench on their stock of pemmican. A little before sundown they camped by wood and water, hobbled the horses, and then ate suppers with appetites such as the lord had never before known. At night, while smoking their pipes round the camp-fire, La Ronde amused them with stories of his hunting adventures, of encounters with the Sioux, or of his journey with Dr. Rae, after which we turned into our blankets and slept soundly till daybreak.

And thus journeying on day after day, tarrying for a short period at the far-removed post of Fort Ellice, the travelers

on the 25th of September, crossed the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and Carlton House, a Hudson Bay post on the North Saskatchewan, was reached on the same day. There the first snow fell, warning them to go into winter-quarters. La Ronde selected the peaceful wood levees near White Fish Lake, about eighty miles N. N. W. of Carlton, situated on the borders of an endless forest, whose solemn fastnesses no foot has ever penetrated—not even the foot of the venturesome hunter. Before starting for the winter camp, however, it was determined to take a few days' hunt, to lay in a good stock of buffalo meat, as that was the last "run" of the season, on the plains. On the first day of the hunt, bear-tracks were seen and followed by Treemiss and Cheadle, but without avail, as the melting snow soon dissolved the trail. A little buffalo hunt was quickly extemporized, just to keep the blood warm; but it turned out a race for a big white wolf, who wouldn't be killed, though shot at and ridden over by the horses a dozen times. A real buffalo race, however, was had on the succeeding day, when several big fellows were slaughtered, and Treemiss, in the excitement of the chase, wandered off and was lost. Therefore, said the narrator:

"At daybreak next morning all the men were dispatched in search, but without success. Presently, however, a group of horsemen were descried riding toward us, and proved to be Treemiss and a party of Crees. After wandering about, the night before, until after dark, completely lost, he turned aside into a clump of trees, and attempted to light a fire. But matches, tinder and wood were all wet, and he could not succeed. Mounting his tired horse once more, he rode along for several hours, drenched to the skin, and almost numb with cold. At length, by a fortunate accident, he came upon an Indian camp, and was most hospitably received. He was taken into the chief's lodge, his clothes dried, meat and Indian tea set before him, and, as a cordial after, a mug of warm water mixed with grease. Weary as he was, however, he found it almost impossible

to sleep that night. Both men and squaws turned out continually to cook meat, smoke, or beat presuming dogs, which were seized, as they rushed out of the lodge, by others lying in wait at the door, and a general fight ensued. When morning came, he made his hosts understand that he had lost his way, whereupon they saddled their horses, and as if by instinct, led him straight to our camp."

Then followed an Indian pow-wow, in which the Cree chief made a speech worthy of his cause and the occasion—which is not saying a great deal—giving the whites liberty to hunt buffalo on his domains. For this generous concession of the ragamuffin, who hadn't any thing which he wouldn't sell for a keg of rum, the whites presented him with knives, ammunition, tea, salt and tobacco. Why they did not also add a whole shirt and a looking-glass is not stated. But the man of bronze was dissatisfied; he wanted a gun, blankets, and—*rum*, which were flatly refused, and the Crees went away with looks which said: "Look out for your horse-flesh and carts!" Indians take to horse-stealing and rum-drinking by instinct, as a beaver takes to water or a Hollander to tobacco; and no missionary has yet been able to prove to a Sioux or Blackfeet, or even a Cree, that horses were not made to steal, and rum not manufactured to be drank, free of Government tax.

This La Ronde only too well knew; so he had to use all possible ingenuity to avoid the rogues. A very hard "retreat" was made next day, in which men, carts and horses were taxed to their utmost, and, favored by a heavy fog, they escaped the night visitation which, it was afterward ascertained, the Cree chief had attempted. The whites made their way back to Carlton House, there finally to arrange for their winter's operations.

Treemiss then left them—having resolved to winter among the Thickwood Hills, fifty miles N. W. of Carlton, where large game was abundant—moose, bear, buffalo, etc.—and where a celebrated hunter dwelt, named by the sweetly-sounding appellation of Atahk-akoohp

or "Star of the Blanket." La Ronde and another servant, named Bruneau, were to accompany Milton and Cheadle to the country of the very obliging Wood Cree chief, whose love of good horse-flesh and "hot-stuff" would have commended him strongly to Congress, in some sections. A kind of parting dance was given the jolly Englishmen by the half-breeds—that is, the Englishmen furnished the refreshments and the rum, Mr. Lillie, the keeper of the post, furnished the room, and the half-breeds supplied the rest!

"The night after our return to Carlton," they wrote, "a ball was got up by half-breeds in honor of our visit. Mr. Lillie gave up his best room for the purpose, and we provided the refreshment, in the shape of rum; the expectation that we should do so being no doubt one of the greatest attractions the entertainment offered. The men appeared in gaudy array, with beaded firebag, gay sash, blue or scarlet leggings, girt below the knee with beaded garters, and moccasins elaborately embroidered; the women in short, bright-colored skirts, showing the richly embroidered leggings, and white moccasins of cariboo-skin, beautifully worked with flowery patterns in beads, silk, and moose-hair. Some of the young girls were good-looking, but many of them were disfigured by goitre, which is very prevalent among the half-breeds at all the posts on the Saskatchewan, although unknown among the Indians. Sinclair, who acted as musician, was kept hard at work, with but short respite for refreshment, and the revelry continued far into the small hours."

After a four days' march, through sleet, over frozen streams, and through wet, heavy grass, the two men in search of a North-West Passage came upon the spot which became their winter's home, whose topography and peculiar civilization the chronicle daguerreotypes in the following lively manner:

"The next day brought us to a lovely little spot, a small prairie of perhaps two hundred acres, surrounded by low wooded hills, and on one side a lake winding with many an inlet among the hills and

into the plain, while here and there a tiny promontory, richly clothed with pines and aspens, stretched out into the water. The beauty of the place had struck the rude voyageurs, its only visitors, except the Indians, and they had named it La Belle Prairie.

"As we crossed it, we remarked to one another what a magnificent site for a house one of the promontories would be, and how happy many a poor farmer who tilled unkindly soil at home would feel in possession of the rich land which lay before us. The same day we struck the river Crochet, a stream of about the same size as Shell river, and assisted to help the carts across, as we had done at the latter. About half a mile beyond, we saw two small wooden houses. We encamped in an open space at a little distance, and then walked up to make the acquaintance of the occupants. One of the huts had been built by an enterprising free-trader, Mr. Pruden; the other, at its side, by the company, in opposition. Mr. Pruden was at length induced to enter the company's service as chief trader at Carlton, and presented his dwelling to two families of Indians. The company's establishment was dismantled, and remained untenanted. A fishery was still worked occasionally at White Fish Lake, close by. In the house we found an old Indian engaged in mending a net, and his squaw squatted by the hearth indulging in a pipe. They shook hands with us very cordially, La Ronde introducing us as a great chief and great medicine-man, who had traveled far for the pleasure of making their acquaintance. The old fellow rejoiced in the name of Kekekooarsis, or 'The Child of the Hawk,' in allusion to the beak-like form of his nose.

"We smoked several pipes with him while answering the numerous questions he addressed to us through La Ronde, and were so delighted with his urbanity, that in a weak moment we promised to make him a present of a small quantity of rum. Alas! mistaken generosity, fruitful of anxiety and trouble! The old gentleman became all excitement, said we were the best fellows he had met for

many a day, adding that if he might venture a suggestion, it would be that we should fetch the fire-water immediately. We accordingly went back to the lodge, sent off to him a very small quantity well watered, taking the precaution to fill a small keg with a weak mixture, and hiding the cask in the cart.

"It does not answer, however, to dilute the spirits too much. It must be strong enough to be inflammable, for an Indian always tests it by pouring a few drops into the fire. If it possesses the one property from which he has given it the name of fire-water, he is satisfied, whatever its flavor or other qualities may be.

"We had hardly covered up the cask, when Kekekooarsis appeared, accompanied by his squaw, a withered old hag, and Keenamontiyayoo, "The Long Neck," his son-in-law. The men were already half drunk, singing away the Indian song without words, and clamorous for more rum. They produced a number of marten and other skins, and all our explanations failed to make them understand that we had not come as traders.

"After two hours' continued discussion, we doled out another small quantity, as the only way to get rid of them. How they chuckled and hugged the pot! exclaiming: "Tarpwoy! tarpwoy!" (It is true! it is true!) hardly able to believe the delightful fact. At the first dawn of day, they entered the lodge again, bringing more furs for sale.

"Boys rode off as couriers in all directions to carry the welcome tidings to their friends in the neighborhood. Before long, men came galloping up from different quarters, and these were presently followed by squaws and children, all eager to taste the pleasure-giving fire-water, and our lodge was soon crowded with importunate guests. To end the matter, we sent them off with what remained in the little keg; all they actually knew that we possessed, for we had kept the cask in the cart securely out of their sight. In about two hours all returned, more or less intoxicated, and the infernal clamor recommenced with tenfold importunity. First one fellow thrust a

marten skin into our hands, another two or three fish, while a third, attempting to strip off his shirt for sale, fell senseless into the arms of his squaw. The demand was the same with all, and incessant: "Isquitayoo arpway! isquitayoo arpway!" (Fire-water! fire-water!) Hour after hour we sat smoking our pipes with an air of unconcern we did not feel, and refusing all requests. Afternoon came, and the scene still continued. We dared not leave the lodge, lest they should search the carts and discover our store.

"Wearily passed the time till darkness came on, and still the crowd sat round, and still the same request was dinned into our ears. But we were thoroughly determined not to give way, and at last they began to conclude we were inexorable, and dropped off one by one, immensely disgusted with our meanness. In the dead of night we stealthily arose, and La Ronde went out to reconnoiter the position of the Indians. None were near, and all was perfectly still. We now proceeded, with the greatest caution, to remove the cask from its hiding-place, and La Ronde and Bruneau went off to cache it safely at some distance. They returned before daylight, very cold and wet, having crossed the river, and deposited the cause of our troubles in the bush, some miles away.

"In the morning Keenamontiyayoo came to our lodge, but did not renew his importunities. Our firmness the day before had produced a most salutary effect. We were, however, so much disgusted with our experience of the last two days, that we resolved to give up the idea of fixing our winter residence here, and retreat to La Belle Prairie, putting a distance of nine or ten miles between our troublesome neighbors and ourselves."

Which they did—returning to that beautiful nook in the hills, to break its pristine stillness and enjoy its protecting shadows.

And here we leave the adventurers, building their hut, and generally getting ready for a long winter's siege in a far northern clime. The story of that winter's stay we shall give.

ASSASSINS AND THEIR WORK.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

IT was the afternoon of the 25th day of October, in the year 1555. In the old ducal palace of Brabant, in the gay city of Brussels, a newly-erected stage or platform stood at the western end of the great hall. In the center of this stage was a splendid canopy, erected as a temporary throne. Around it, on tapestried seats, sat an assemblage of dignitaries, grave magistrates and executive officers, arrayed in the picturesque and brilliant uniforms peculiar to the ancient Netherlanders. In the body of the hall a great multitude was gathered. All were awaiting the appearance of Charles V, their emperor, who was on that day to abdicate the throne in favor of his son, Philip II.

The clock struck three. Charles V entered, a prematurely decrepit old man, with white and bristling hair, shaggy gray beard, wide forehead and dark-blue eye, tottering on crippled legs, and supported on one side by a crutch, on the other by a tall and handsome young man of twenty-two, then simply the emperor's page and confidant, but afterward the grandest figure in the history of his country. His features were dark, symmetrical and well chiseled; his head small, but sturdily set; his hair, moustache and peaked beard, of a dark-brown hue; his eyes brown and thoughtful; his forehead expansive, and, even at that early age, marked with lines of thought, for he was the emperor's adviser in all cares of state. His dress was magnificent in the highest degree, as the times in general, and the present ceremony in particular, rendered necessary.

This young man was William, Prince of Orange; and that occasion was his *debut*, as the hero of the long and eventful drama which has rendered his name one of the most illustrious in modern history.

Philip II, on that day, took the Netherlands throne. The abdicating monarch recommended to his son's confidence the Prince who had served him so ably. Philip, at first adopting the recommend-

ation, was afterward led to believe that William was his enemy, and the enemy of his throne.

In the following year, Charles V also abdicated the throne of Spain, in favor of Philip. When Philip, in 1559, left the Netherlands to make his residence in Spain, he publicly insulted William, on the eve of his departure. The government of the Netherlands was bestowed upon Margaret of Parma, a woman wholly under the influence of Cardinal Granvelle, an ambitious, unscrupulous prelate. Under the government of this wily minister of evil were the Dutch doomed to suffer.

In 1559 William of Orange, then still in Philip's confidence, was dispatched to France, to negotiate with the French king a treaty of peace. The Frenchman indiscreetly communicated to William a plan which was on foot, whereby the Inquisition was to be introduced into the Netherlands, with all its most horrible machinery, when, to use the Prince's own words, "It would need but to look askance at an image to be cast into the flames." He made no sign, before the French monarch, of his horror at this news; but, from that hour, his purpose was firm, to set his life against this monstrous iniquity. Himself a Catholic, it was not a feeling of religious opposition that animated him, but simply one of sympathy and compassion, as he avowed, "for so many virtuous men and women thus devoted to massacre."

From this time forth, the life of William of Orange exhibits a striking likeness to that of Abraham Lincoln, which we shall seek rather to indicate than to illustrate, by comparison. Although he ultimately became the instrument of the Dutch Republic's creation on a free basis, emancipated forever from the shackles of that slavery of conscience which had cursed the land, it was not with a purpose to reach that end that he was first animated. His primary motive was to combat encroachments upon the rights of the Netherlands—to balk the tyranny of the bigoted monarch in his efforts to obtain an unbounded influence over his Dutch empire. When, at twenty-six

years of age, William stood arrayed against the Inquisition, and against the proscription of religious freedom, he simply stood where he was placed by the inevitable logic of right and justice. He was not widely known among his countrymen; he only awoke their admiration, their love, their devotion, through successive stages, until, at last, he was recognized by them as their champion, and was looked upon by them as the savior of his country, in the hands of God. Through the fire of trial put upon his country, in which he stood as the central figure, he struggled upward and onward against enemies and obstacles the most bitter and the most appalling, but never quailed—never faltered. Throughout his whole public career, he was the mark for slanders the most cutting and contumelious, although his life was one steady and consistent refutation of slander. From the hour when he was charged with having murdered his wife, Anne of Egmont, onward, he was accused of every mean, base, cruel and detestable vice and crime known to humanity; but a purer man perhaps never lived. To these charges he seldom gave any notice, and never bestowed angry words upon any one about him. His manner, while never cringing or fearful, was gentle and kind to every one. A historian, who spoke most bitterly of the Prince, gave his character just eulogy, saying: "Never did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He upon no occasion manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault," etc. He also was naturally gay and lively in disposition, fond of genial conversation, and possessing a familiar, yet dignified manner with all who had to do with him. Caution was one of his most predominant characteristics, so that by the radicals of his day he was deemed too slow; but he did not espouse the side of freedom in order to convert that freedom again into slavery; and when the religious reformers, who had succeeded in banishing the Catholic Inquisition, sought to introduce a milder, but no less reprehensible slavery over those who rejected the now popular faith, William's was the

hand which restrained these radicals, and prevented the outrage. He cherished no malice against enemies, and seemed almost too lenient with offenders. His unimpeachable honesty was another striking trait in his character. In 1564, when a gangrene had spread through the whole government, and corruption and fraud ruled with a high hand—when all public functionaries were notoriously and outrageously venal—William of Orange set his breast against the sea of poison, and was uncontaminated by it. "Of all the conspicuous men in the land," says Motley, "he was the only one whose worst enemy had never hinted through the whole course of his public career, that his hands had known contamination." And this, not through mere negative virtue, which is almost no virtue at all; for he was sorely tempted, being plunged in a deep sea of debt and pecuniary embarrassment throughout his public career, though wealthy enough while still in private life. A picture of the Prince, when the cares of state, and of the great cause in which he was champion, had begun to tell upon his physique, represents him as careworn of face, thin of figure, and sleepless of habit; and, though still genial and gentle to all, a deep sadness could be read in his face.

How like an exposition of the traits and character of Abraham Lincoln does this read! To it, with singular fidelity of likeness, must be added the history of his life-labors, with their result, and the final going out of this serene and beautiful light before the breath of the assassination fiend.

In 1568, William of Orange united with two other noblemen of the day in an effort to induce Philip (now in Spain, of which country he was king, as well as emperor of the Netherlands), to withdraw Cardinal Granvelle, representing that there was danger of a rebellion among the people unless this offensive prelate was removed from the power he held, through Margaret of Parma, his tool, regent of the province. Philip, who was one of the most earnest advocates of the Inquisition, was enraged at this action of William of Orange, but dared not refuse

to comply with the people's wishes. So Granvelle was withdrawn ; but to recompense himself, Philip sent to his insubordinate Netherlands, from Spain, an army of Spanish and Italian soldiers, under the Duke of Alva. Philip by no means relinquished his purpose of introducing the Inquisition into the province. In 1566 a remonstrance against the proposed introduction was offered to Philip by three hundred noblemen, headed by Louis, brother of William, but it was rejected with scorn, and the petitioners styled *gneulx*, or beggars. This treatment of a band of the first gentlemen of the country created great indignation among them. "They call us beggars!" cried Brederode, a tall, black-bearded nobleman of commanding mien; "let us accept the name!" Putting on a leathern wallet, such as beggars of that day wore, and taking a large wooden bowl such as the beggars carried, he filled the bowl with wine, and draining its entire contents at a draught, cried out, "Long live the beggars!" The excited noblemen took up the cry; each donned the wallet and drained the bowl in turn, and with shouts and laughter they repeated the thrilling cry which often thereafter rung over fields of blood and carnage, "*Vivent les gneulx!*"—"Long live the beggars!" It became their shibboleth, and in after years their enemies learned to dread the name of "the beggars."

The Duke of Alva, with his soldiers, advanced into the excited and rebellious Netherlands. Several noblemen of consequence were arrested as traitors, and executed. Granvelle, the determined cardinal, who was in Spain, at Philip's elbow, was rejoiced at this; but demanded that William of Orange be also arrested and executed. "If this fish is not caught," said Granvelle, "the duke's fishing is good for nothing." Accordingly, William, together with other noblemen, was summoned to appear before the infamous "blood council," with which trial was a mockery, and death almost a certainty. William refused to appear, and denied the jurisdiction of that unholy body. Thereupon Alva declared William outlawed, seized the

Prince's estates in the Netherlands, and quartered his soldiers thereon—also seizing William's only son, and sending him to Spain as a hostage. This was the commencement of a long and bloody war. William of Orange took the field against the Duke of Alva—not against King Philip, toward whom William still professed entire loyalty. The Prince held the duke to be a satrap who had invaded his (William's) domains, and had acted in his late behavior without the king's orders. But efforts subsequently made to effect a peace, showed that Philip would not permit a peace that left the Netherlands freedom of conscience. Unless they would accept the Inquisition, the war should continue.

In 1581, it having become apparent to the Netherlands that they must either accept the Inquisition at last, or separate boldly from their allegiance to Philip, they chose the latter alternative; and on the 26th of July in that year they promulgated their Declaration of Independence. On the 5th of the same month, William of Orange had, after being urgently pressed, accepted the "entire authority as sovereign and chief of the land, as long as the war should continue." Without this limitation as to time, William would not accept the sovereignty. Soon after, this limitation was secretly canceled by the states, without the knowledge of William. They were determined that the man who had served them so well, should continue permanently to serve them. And he did so continue until his death.

In the previous year, Cardinal Granvelle had drawn up a paper which is known to the world as the hideous Ban, one of the most infamous papers that ever disgraced the annals of tyranny. By it, Philip offered a magnificent prize to the murderer who should assassinate the good William of Orange, whom it charged with being a great criminal and a "wretched hypocrite." The dastard who should take the life of this man, was to be rewarded with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash, (equivalent to a million in the present

day;) "if he have committed any crime," continued the Ban, "however heinous, we promise to pardon him;" and, strongest temptation of all to the vulgar mind, the assassin was to be rewarded with admission into the ranks of Spain's nobility—the haughtiest nobility on the face of the globe. By this monstrously infamous scheme did Philip seek to be rid of the man who fought his tyranny with hard and bitter hand—the man who had resisted every effort of the king's emissaries to win him over by bribery. But here shone forth the luster of William's honest and incorruptible nature, with pure and steady light. He had been approached when his cause seemed tottering to decay, when he was overwhelmed with cares, harassed with trials, plunged in a wide sea of doubt and distress; and even in that hour, when distinctly given to understand that he had but to name his own terms, and forsake the cause to which he had given his life, he turned his back upon his tempters, and wooed freedom with renewed vigor. "Neither for property nor for life," were the words of William of Orange, "neither for wife nor for children, will I mix in my cup a single drop of treason."

It was but natural that the glittering prize offered by the Ban should set to work a host of murderous but ambitious men, each seeking after his own fashion in what manner he could compass the death of the Prince of Orange. It may be supposed that whenever William moved, his path was followed by the bloodthirsty wretches who sought his life. But the states provided for Father William, (as he was now affectionately styled), a body-guard, which left no hope of a public assassination, with a subsequent escape for the murderer. So that the attempts made upon William's life were most probably in very small proportion to the number of men who watched night and day for an opportunity to make that attempt.

On Sunday, the 18th day of March, 1682, the first open attempt on the Prince's life was made. In some respects, which the reader will hardly

fall to observe, the manner of this attempt was strikingly like that which the assassin Booth made with such terrible success on the life of Lincoln. The Prince dined with a company of "noble gentlemen" at his own house, on that day, and was in fine spirits, having participated with all his accustomed geniality in the lively conversation at the table. On leaving the table, William led the way to his own apartments, pausing on the threshold of the antechamber to show his guests a piece of tapestry on which some Spanish soldiers were represented. At this moment a young man of small stature and sallow complexion appeared and handed him a petition. As he took the paper, the young man suddenly held a pistol close to the Prince's head, and fired, the ball entering the neck under the right ear, passing through the roof of the mouth and coming out under the left jaw, carrying with it two teeth. The Prince's beard was set on fire, so closely was the pistol held to his head. But at the same time the fire from the weapon cauterized the wound, which otherwise would probably have caused his death by bleeding, before the wound could have been dressed. The Prince, on recovering his consciousness, which he did as he stood, though at first blinded and stunned, called out quickly, "Do not kill him—I forgive him my death:" thus illustrating the kind and forgiving disposition he possessed in such a remarkable degree. But before his words were uttered, the young man had been pierced in thirty-two vital places by the weapons of the halberdiers, while two of the noblemen present had already run him through with their rapiers. The Prince lay long in a critical condition, his life being alternately hoped for and despaired of; but he recovered at last, and on the second of May following, went to the great Cathedral, where he offered up thanksgiving, surrounded by a vast multitude, sobbing for joy at the deliverance of the man they so loved. The would-be assassin, in this instance, was one Juan Jauregui, a servant of a Spanish merchant in Antwerp, who had entered into

the affair purely as a commercial speculation.

In the following July a second attempt was made—this time by poison. One Basa, an Italian, and Salseda, a Spaniard, undertook the murder by this means, but were early detected and imprisoned. Basa committed suicide in prison. Salseda was torn to pieces by four horses—a horse being fastened to each of his limbs, and then, stripped of all harness, the four whipped till they ran in different directions with the mutilated remains.

In March, 1583, Pietro Dordogno was executed for the third attempt to assassinate the Prince, he having confessed that he came from Spain expressly for that purpose. In April, 1584, Hans Hanzoon was executed for the fourth attempt to accomplish the base deed, by means of gunpowder placed under William's seat in church, and under his house in Flushing, where Hanzoon lived. The fifth known attempt was frustrated by the honorable conduct of Le Goth, a French officer whom the Duke of Parma released from prison on condition that he would poison William; but De Goth, rightly holding that a compact, so villainous was of no binding effect upon him, exposed the plot to the Prince, and became one of his most faithful adherents. It is with the sixth attempt that we now have to deal, for it was successful.

In the drowsy little city of Delft still stands a plain, two-storied brick house, with a red-tiled roof, opposite the "old kirk," a plain, old-fashioned brick church with lancet windows. In that house, in the summer of 1584, William of Orange resided, having removed thither from Antwerp in the previous year. The stillness of that canal-intersected old city, whose traffic was mostly conducted in the noiseless waters of the canals, and whose clean and shaded streets were seldom disturbed by the rumble of wheels, was about to be broken by an event of the bloodiest and most cruel character—an event which should carry grief and lamentation into many a peaceful household, and whose horror should come thrilling down the lapse of centuries, to stir the blood of the living in our day.

At Villefans, in Burgundy, several years preceding the year of the assassination, the prince of darkness had been at work in the breast of a young man of insignificant aspect and seemingly inoffensive nature, named Balthazar Gérard. This young man had long cherished the purpose of murdering William. When but twenty years of age, he one day struck his dagger into a door, exclaiming, passionately, "Would that this were the heart of Orange!" The publication of the Ban seemed to give directness and force to his purposes. From that hour, he devoted himself to the one object of his life. He proceeded to Luxembourg, and there learned that the assassination already had been performed by Juan Jaureguy. But, this proving untrue, he was again aroused to action; for he had, meantime, become a clerk in the employ of Count Mansfield, Governor of Luxembourg. His first work was to secretly take impressions in wax of the Governor's seals, in order to offer them to the Orange party, and thus win their confidence. He was detained in Luxembourg for some time, by various circumstances, but at last, in March, 1584, he departed. Arriving at Treves, he confided his plan to a couple of Jesuit fathers in the college there, who did not disapprove of his determination, while one of them was warm in his approbation, promising Balthazar a place among the martyrs should he be killed in the attempt. At Tournay, he was greatly comforted and encouraged by another Jesuit to whom he made confession. His next step was to address the Duke of Parma a letter, most carefully worded, laying before that personage a general plan of his project. This letter he presented in person to the duke; but Parma was almost disheartened in his long-maintained efforts to have William killed. He had paid money to numerous cut-throats of villainous aspect, on the promise to perform the deed, but without result. When he, therefore, looked upon this "obscure, undersized, thin-bearded runaway clerk," he bestowed little attention on the adventurer, and dismissed him with no encouragement.

Learning more about Balthazar afterward, he consented to hear his plans in detail. After hearing them, Parma so far modified his opinion of the clerk as to promise him the offered reward in case of success; but it is notable that the duke refused to furnish Balthazar even the sum of fifty crowns to defray necessary expenses. Balthazar was, therefore, unable to buy himself so much as a weapon with which to commit the murder. But, nothing daunted, he set himself to work with the means at his command, and by skillful maneuverings, and the practice of an actor's shrewdest arts, he succeeded in finally getting into the service of Noel de Caron, adherent of Orange, then setting forth on a mission to the Duke of Anjou. Soon after this, while in France, Balthazar obtained permission to convey to William of Orange the news of the Duke of Anjou's death. With this important mission, Balthazar confidently relied on eventually obtaining access to William's person.

Arriving in Delft, Balthazar left his dispatches. It was early in the morning of a Sunday, and the Prince was yet abed. To Balthazar's surprise and no little agitation, he was introduced into William's bedroom, in order to relate fuller particulars of Anjou's death. What must have been the emotions of this bloodthirsty assassin at finding himself for the first time face to face with the man whose life he had sought for so many years with such an unflinching purpose. There he lay, in bed, alone, helpless; while his assassin, through his guise of a pious, psalm-singing Calvinistic youth, gloated with eager eyes upon the spectacle before him. But in his wildest moments of hopefulness, Balthazar had never dreamed of an hour like this; hence he was unprepared. He had provided no means of escape in such an event; he had no weapons. In fact, he had not even money to buy weapons. And it was with the money that the kind Prince of Orange gave him in charity, that Balthazar went off and purchased the pair of pistols, one of which took that Prince's life.

It was on Tuesday, the 10th day of

July, 1584, at high noon, that William of Orange, with his wife on his arm, led the way to the dining-room in the old brick house at Delft. He wore a wide-brimmed soft hat, with a cord of silk about the crown; a ruffled collar surrounded his neck; a medal of the never-to-be-forgotten beggars, or *gneule*, rested on his breast; and over his well-worn leathern doublet was a loose gray surcoat; while the wide, slashed underclothes of the period made up his dress, in the plainest fashion of his time. At the doorway Balthazar Gérard presented himself, with pale and agitated face, and asked for a passport. William (although he had been informed by residents of Cologne of the attempt about to be made on his life) was as serene and undisturbed as usual, and took no notice of Gérard's manner; but his wife, more keenly awake to the dangers which beset her husband, anxiously questioned the Prince, and remarked in an undertone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance." But William was undisturbed; directed a secretary to give Gérard (or Francis Guion, the orphaned Calvinist, as he supposed him) the passport. He then went on into the dining-room, and remained over his dinner till two o'clock, conversing cheerfully with his family and his guest, the burgomaster of Leewarden.

The dining-room was on the ground floor. The Prince's private apartments were above. The wooden stairway leading up to them had its foot in a little square vestibule opening off from the dining-room. This vestibule had on one of its sides an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and communicating by a portal with the narrow lane at the side of the house. A flood of light streamed over the stairway from a large window half-way up, but the arch just mentioned was completely in shadow. In this arch Balthazar Gérard awaited his victim. The clock struck two. The good Prince entered the vestibule, talking pleasantly to the old burgomaster, with a benevolent smile on his face. He passed to the foot of the stairway and placed his foot on the lowest step. Gérard crept from his place of concealment. The Prince's

foot was on the second stair, when there rung through the little room the report of a pistol, and he fell backward into the arms of Jacob Van Maldere, one of his attendants, exclaiming: "*Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme! Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de ce pauvre peuple!*" ("My God, have pity on my soul! My God have pity on this poor people!") These were his last words. In a few minutes he was dead.

Balthazar Gérard had poisoned the balls of the pistol, and he did not pause to note the result of his shot, for he knew it was fatal. Into the arch he sprung, and through the side-door out into the narrow lane. He had thrown away his weapons, and ran swiftly up the lane, designing to scale the ramparts, and leap into the moat. He had provided himself with bladders having pipes attached, so that he could blow them full of air, and they would help him in swimming across the moat, where he had a horse in waiting. But just as the ramparts were close before him, he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. The miss-step was fatal. A number of pages and halberdiers had given chase when he ran, and as he struggled to his knees after falling, they seized him, and returned with him to the house. He did not deny the deed, but gloried in it. The city magistrates immediately convened a court in the Prince's house, and held a preliminary examination of the prisoner, after which he was heavily ironed and thrown into a dungeon.

The popular grief at the death of this man, and the popular rage against the fanatical assassin, may be appreciated more fully by us Americans than by any other people of the present day; for a like grief prevailed among us, with like occasion, but recently; and it is doubtless true that our first fury of indignation against Booth was equal to that which the Netherlands felt against Gérard. But the tortures our anger would have led us to inflict upon Booth, would never have been put in practice by us had he been captured alive, for our civilization would have revolted at it, as it now revolts at the sufferings of Balthazar Gérard. William of Orange had saved from torture other men who had attacked him

with the same deadly intent, and he would have done as much for Gérard; but the Prince was gone, and there was no man in the Netherlands who could or would intercede for his assassin. He was put upon the rack, and from day to day endured the most frightful pains with a composure so astounding that his judges believed he was protected by witchcraft. In the intervals of repose in the torture, he conversed calmly and intelligently, and avowed that the prospect of dying a thousand deaths would not deter him from again attempting the crime, if he were free and William living. A shirt from the body of a hospital patient, supposed to be a sorcerer, was put upon Gérard, but, as may be supposed, it had no effect in breaking up his wonderful composure and fortitude. He would raise his bloody head from the bench and cry, blasphemously, the words Christ uttered on the Cross, "*Ecce homo!*" ("Behold the man!") To the judges, in return for the food they gave him in prison, he said that he would serve as their advocate in the courts of heaven. He wrote deliberately a full account of the motives that had impelled him to the commission of the crime, and the means by which he had succeeded in bringing it to pass; but he took care, in what he said, to avoid implicating the Duke of Parma.

The frightful sentence which was finally passed upon the assassin was carried out to the letter, with a cruelty so fierce that the gentle spirit of the assassinated Prince might almost have been expected to rise from the grave to protest against it. It was on the 14th of July that the horrible spectacle took place, in the presence of a jeering crowd of spectators. His joints had been already put out and in place by the rack, and his body was scarred and roasted by the flames of previous torture, but he mounted the scaffold with calm and unshrinking nerves. The pistol which had sent the fatal ball into the Prince's body, was broken in pieces by the hammer of one of the executioners, as the first step in the ceremony. In doing this, the executioner was hit upon the ear and hurt, by

the flying off of the head of the hammer. The crowd laughed over this mishap, and the culprit joined in the laugh. Gérard's right hand, which had pointed the fatal weapon, was burned off with a red-hot iron, and even this excruciating torture wrung no cry from the man. His flesh was then torn from his body with pincers, in six different places. His legs and arms were then chopped off close to his body, and his bowels torn out by cutting open the abdomen. Still Gérard lived. It was not until his heart was cut out and thrown in his face that his lips ceased their motion. His head was then chopped off; and the sentence was executed!

Thus was the crime of the fanatic avenged—for fanatic he was. While animated to some degree by the reward offered by the Ban, it is true that Balthazar Gérard believed himself serving the cause of his king and his God, by ridding the earth of an enemy of religion and humanity. For himself, he was upheld in his sufferings on the scaffold by a firm belief that he should reign with the saints and martyrs in Paradise. The reward promised to the assassin was paid to his father and mother, for what Parma termed "the laudable and generous deed" their son had performed. They were made nobles of the land, and received the three seignories of Livremont, Hotal and Dampmartin—formerly the property of William of Orange. At a later day, on the union of Franche Comté with France, the patents of nobility the Gérards held were torn in pieces and trampled under foot by a French Governor.

The Prince was laid in the tomb, amid the tears of a weeping people, on the 8d of August, 1684. But he had lived long enough to establish the emancipated commonwealth on a secure foundation, and to give existence to an independent country, liberated forever from Spanish tyranny. His death, however, prevented the union of all the Netherlands into one republic, a purpose which would doubtless have been accomplished had his life been spared. That life stands to all coming time as its own noblest testimo-

nial. He accomplished a great and glorious work, and enshrined himself forever in the affections of his people. "As long as he lived," says Motley, "he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

LIFE IN REBEL PRISONS.

THE FIRST EXCHANGE.

FOUR thousand weary-souled prisoners gather upon the rising ground within our stockade, to witness the departure of a thousand fortunate comrades selected for this first exchange.

Many of us have been eighteen months in close captivity, and have felt the northers of two rigorous winters, and the heats of two scorching summers; continually hoping for liberation, and as constantly doomed to grow heart-sick with "hope deferred."

And now we behold a fifth of our population setting their faces joyously toward the Red River, while we can only follow them with straining eyes and yearning spirits. It is a bitter reflection, and we strive hard to banish it. We have bidden our comrades "good-by," and "God bless you!" We try to get up a cheer, as they tramp away from the stockade-gate, between files of rebel guards. But the hurrah dies in our throats. We bid "God-speed" to the brave boys who are going; but to cheer them with the old-time "hurrah!" would be a mockery of our own desolate feelings.

The long column, marching by the flank, descends out of our sight, and its last traces are lost in clouds of dust upon the road. We totter back to our cabins, huts, and burrowing places, that seem tenfold more dreary than before. We talk of our late associates, and of the liberty they are expecting to taste. Some "doubting Thomases" among us shake their heads, and prophesy that all will come back again within a fortnight—that the rebel "exchange" is "bosh," as it has been many times before, and that none of us will see Red River or the Union lines, until the end of the

war, unless we "skedaddle," and baffle the "bloodhounds."

But most of our number take a more consoling view of affairs, and hope that this "first exchange" will be followed by a second one. And then who will be the fortunate ones? "Steele's men" are sanguine of an early call for them. "Red River" prisoners are sure that Banks must have them to fill up his regiments. As for the poor sailors—oldest captives of all—they smoke their pipes, and curse McEachan and the Confederacy.

A REBEL ADJUTANT.

McEachan (the boys pronounce it "*Mac Ann*,") is a sort of camp-adjutant, officiating in place of the commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Borders, a truculent fellow, who denounces Yankees, and threatens hanging, shooting, and the guard-house on every convenient occasion. Borders, however, is more of a barking than a biting dog, and our boys know it. Not so, however, with his factotum, McEachan—a tyrannical upstart, who never smelt powder in a battle, but is ready to draw revolver on an unarmed prisoner, with the slightest provocation, or without it. Riding into the stockade, of a morning, at roll-call, his belt bristling with pistols, and a big saber clattering below his saddle, this warlike specimen of a lollipop boy or counter-jumper dashes up and down the line, with big oaths in his mouth, and a brigandish cutting and slashing of the air with his long sword. This is McEachan, and the boys love him as Satan is popularly supposed to love holy water.

Some days ago, a private of the Thirtieth Illinois Volunteers was shot by the guard without word of warning. This victim to wanton cruelty was an exemplary young man, one of the "pious soldiers," who hold prayer-meetings twice a week under the trees by our "three graves," where sleep a lieutenant and two privates, one of whom died from the bite of a tarantula, another by the bullet of a guard. The killing of our young Illinoisian was cold-blooded murder, for he was at least forty feet distant from the stockade, seated in front

of a hut, and talking with a comrade on his favorite theme—religion. Adjutant McEachan came in to-day, raging like a savage, because some officer had remarked that the shooting of prisoners was unjustifiable. With his revolver brandished, he threatened to shoot all "Yankee whelps" who dared to differ from him.

Our sailors hate the fellow mortally. Some months ago, having learned that considerable money was circulating among the jack-tars, and passing from hand to hand in a game of chance called "*Keno*," McEachan determined to have "a hand" in the play. So, one morning, he made his entry with a file of guards, and pounced suddenly upon various groups of prisoners, squatted on the ground, with "greenbacks" staked upon their favorite chances. So abrupt was the guerrilla attack, that the boys were taken completely by surprise, and their "stamps" were confiscated before their eyes at the revolver muzzle. About a couple of hundreds were realized by McEachan in this foray, and the farce of selling the "greenbacks" at auction, for the benefit of the Hospital Fund, was afterward authorized by the rebel commandant. The sailors, who were principal losers by the raid, never forgot nor forgave McEachan; and his subsequent brutality, at all times, afforded ample fuel to feed their dislike of him. They spontaneously bestowed on him the nickname "*Keno*," and it was easy thereafter to know when McEachan was in the stockade by the horrible concerto of "*Keno!*" "*Keno!*" which resounded from all parts of camp, pitched in every key, and interspersed with cat-calls, squeals, and brays of derision, following the fellow, at a distance, wherever he went. This, of course, was galling to the "adjutant," and he would get himself into a white rage, endeavoring to pursue the concealed offenders through a labyrinth of huts, tents, and wigwags. At length, one day, when the entire camp seemed vocal with cries of "*Keno*," McEachan bethought himself of a rare expedient to ferret out his enemies. It was just before the hour for issuing rations,

when the adjutant abruptly announced that no meat should be served to the prisoners till the men who cried "Keno," were delivered up by their comrades.

This, to be sure, was a fine proposition to make to Yankee seamen, who stick to their shipmates through "all weathers," as they say. McEachan might have made the alternative a general massacre instead of a deprivation of food, and the same result would have followed. Our stout boys, both soldiers and sailors, indignantly spurned the implication of treachery to their comrades; and a couple of days passed without distribution of rations. Then the camp began to boil with excitement. Men collected in knots and rings; speeches were made; resolves uttered, fortified with stern oaths, and a general outbreak and stampede were threatened. McEachan heard of the rising storm, and sent in an insolent message that he just wanted an opportunity of shooting by wholesale, and they had better go on with their attempt. But the rumor of Yankee intentions to break prison, *en masse*, to the number of four thousand men, had already traveled to Tyler, headquarters of the post-commandant, Colonel Anderson. The camp-commander, Colonel Borders, and his adjutant, McEachan, had no time to carry into effect their menace, (which would have resulted in a bloody battle, and the overrunning of the surrounding country by Yankee raiders,) before Colonel Anderson came post-haste to the stockade, to learn the cause of trouble. Presenting himself within the gates, he found himself at once surrounded by multitudes of desperate, half-famished men, with a fixed purpose gleaming from their eyes, and their hands armed with clubs and missiles, which they brandished dangerously around him. He attempted to address them—Colonel Anderson was a gentlemanly sort of rebel at all times—but the boys would hear no explanation; they demanded their rights—their "rations;" and they closed in so wrathfully about the post-commandant, and whirled their clubs in such fierce proximity to his sacred head, that he was fain to cry aloud to

our officers for assistance, and to take refuge in Captain Crocker's "shebang," from that roaring animal, "the mob." Standing, then, in the doorway, he promised full compliance with our just demands, and an immediate issue of the withheld rations. He, moreover, sent for McEachan, and administered a severe reprimand to that worthy on the spot, which crowned the triumph of belligerent Yankeedom. The boys gave three cheers, and dispersed to their quarters; the supplies of rations came in, and—"order reigned in Warsaw."

There is no doubt that the determined demonstrations of our prisoners, at this time, caused great fright to all the rebel neighborhood. To the fears of a sparse population, lest the "Yanks" should break out and forage the country, burn towns, and spread wide havoc, was to be attributed Colonel Anderson's prompt rebuke of McEachan's tyranny. Had the boys submitted, tamely, there is no knowing to what lengths the persecution might have extended. As it was, the manifestation of our spirit and desperation caused much anxiety to rebel authorities, and we learned that our "ringleaders" were marked for future punishment, whenever an opportunity should present itself.

Adjutant McEachan keenly felt his humiliation before the "boys," and cast about speedily for some way to revenge himself. Two or three of our officers were especially objects of hatred to this fellow, and they, with nearly six hundred soldiers and sailors—comprising the most prominent of the "ration-rioters"—were suddenly ordered off to Camp Groce, some two hundred miles in the interior. So abrupt was the summons to march, that the men had scarcely a moment for preparation. McEachan was in his glory, and slashed around among the poor fellows in the most approved bravo style. He vindictively hoped they might all die before they reached the other camp, and told the rebel officer who was to have charge of the train, to march them twenty-five miles a day, and kill all who dropped behind. The officer was one whom we

had heard deliver a strong "secesh" speech last summer, but, to his honor be it said, he was not of McEachan's cowardly stamp, and informed that youngster at once, that he received no orders from him, and that, while the prisoners were under his care, he would march them to suit himself. He kept his word, and, as we afterward learned, our boys were treated kindly by him and his guards during the whole journey to Camp Groce.

McEachan's foraging propensities developed themselves in another exploit, soon after this. He usually superintended the muster, and while our officers were standing in line, one morning, took the opportunity to "go through" (as pick-pockets say) several of our shanties, upsetting every thing, emptying the meal-bags and other receptacles, and making a complete ransack of our little property. He and his marauding assistants thus contrived to capture many "prizes," some of us losing knives, others canteens or haversacks, one officer a pair of opera-glasses, another a silver fork and spoon, and so on through the plundered "she-bangs." Two of the sufferers, discovering their losses, sent out a note to Colonel Borders, which, unluckily, fell into McEachan's hands, and the latter came in again, foaming. He swooped on the letter-writers, swore at them, and told them he was strongly tempted to order them both out on a stump for the day, for being so "impertinent and un-officer-like" as to attempt to address the colonel, without transmitting the note through his hands.

The officer who lost the fork and spoon, however, wrote another note, and took care that it reached Borders without interception, the result of which was, that McEachan was obliged to bring back the missing silver.

This McEachan was afterward ordered, with his regiment, to the front, was taken prisoner by the Federals, and sent to New Orleans. When our sailors were subsequently liberated, and reached the Crescent City, they made various efforts to get into the sugar-house where the rascal was confined, but, their object being

suspected, admittance was not accorded them. Had they reached him, there is little doubt that they would have broken every bone in his body. As it is, there are many vows of retribution recorded against him, and, as sailors are roving characters, and liable to "turn up" anywhere, we may, some time, hear of a "settling up scores" between McEachan and the "Yanks" whom he wanted to starve to death.

A RAID IN CAMP.

Our sailors were a thrifty, trading sort of population by themselves, though it must be owned that many of them gambled recklessly. "Jack," it is well known, can "turn his hand" to almost anything; and consequently it was he who pioneered our camp-traffic; starting "bakeries," to supply grape pies, leathery pastries, and leaden "hot-rolls," and getting up "stores," where home-made cigars could be had for a dollar apiece, a plug of tobacco for ten dollars, and a dram of Louisiana rum (sometimes) for double the sum. It got noised about camp that the sailors were doing a great business in this way, and had concealed "supplies" of all sorts, which incited some "lewd fellows of the baser sort," among Steele's teamsters, and other "outsiders," combined with scape-grace soldiers, to make a "descent" upon Jack's quarters, in the expectation of plunder. The "raid" was secretly organized, and carried into execution with great celerity. "Jack" was taken all aback, at first, and the "roughs" had it all their own way for a while, till the sailors rallied. Then began a battle royal. Sticks, fists, and every offensive weapon at hand, were brought into requisition, and the "raiders" were driven, with black eyes, broken noses, and sore shins, out of the sailors' district, and far up the main avenue. One stalwart rogue, of the Rob Roy party, was attacked by a little sailor, half his size, and so belabored with blows that he fled ingloriously from the field, and, taking shelter in Captain Crocker's "she-bang," secreted himself under the table. There he was speedily overhauled by Captain Johnson, who dragged him out, and handed him over to the sailors. He

was forced to run a gantlet of his foes, before escaping; but, not content with his punishment, was found, after dark that night, lurking near the sink, with a club, and lying in wait for Captain Johnson. The sailors captured, and would have dealt severely with the scamp, but he pretended such penitence, that the boys could not hurt him. They "swore him and let him go."

It was a notable trait in our brave Federal prisoners that they seldom or never cherished malice for a long period, even against the rebels who ill-treated them. Smarting with sufferings from bad usage by guards in Texas, our boys were accustomed to threaten severe retaliation whenever they should get a chance. "Wait till we get in charge of some prison-camp of rebels," they would say—"we'll be even with you fellows for all this cruelty." But, long afterward, when our soldiers were actually placed, as guards, over the very Texans and Louisianians who had abused them, they seemed to forget all animosities, and, so far from retaliating vindictively, the gallant fellows would actually divide their tobacco and rations with the "rebs" who stood in need of them. "Blast you!" said a noble Indiana volunteer, in doing some kindness to a prisoner—"we can't treat you as you did us, no matter if you deserve it!"

A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN PRISON.

In the beginning of November, 1864, we had a "Black Flag" commandant over us, who believed in "no quarter" to Yankees, and who was greatly exercised concerning the coming Presidential election in the Union. As many of us had been for months languishing in prison, and a majority were under the impression that all things had not been done for "exchange," as they might and ought to have been done, this patriot Brown, our commandant, imagined it would be a good time to obtain an expression of opinion against the "Lincoln government." If he could be enabled to get a nearly unanimous vote of our four thousand prisoners in favor of a "change of administration," it would be

a good card to put in rebel newspapers, as showing the opposition of "Yankee soldiers" to "this cruel war." So patriot Brown offered to furnish us paper, to record our ballots, and on November 8th we "went into an election," which was duly inspected and registered, about two-thirds of the convalescent prisoners voting, with the following result:

For Abraham Lincoln,	- - - -	1804
"George B. McClellan,	- - - -	687
"Vallandigham,	- - - -	1
"Gov. Morton,"	- - - -	1

"Gov. Morton" was a half-draft Kansas boy, whom the boys amused themselves with. The votes for Gen. McClellan were mainly cast by Irish boatmen, and the Irish of New York regiments. But a few officers voted against Lincoln, and these had been known as "Copperheads" for some time past, on account of their constant grumbling against "government," for delays in "exchange." The "returns" were taken out to Colonel Brown, who received them without a word, though he was apparently much surprised at the result.

MORE ASSASSINATION.

Whether the result of our election exasperated the "powers that were," or not, I can not say; but a "reign of terror" was soon after inaugurated. Shootings became quite frequent. Officers and men were driven, nightly, from the tents, by threats of the guards to make targets of them. One soldier, named Leslie, a member of the Thirty-sixth Iowa Volunteers, was shot outside the camp, while walking at least thirty feet within the stockade posts, a wide ditch separating him from it. No apology was offered for this outrage, and no reason adduced but the wish of a cowardly rebel to "kill a cussed Yank." Poor Leslie was shot through the stomach, the ball shattering his left elbow in its course. He survived about two hours, lying in great agony, in his brother's arms. Nearly every man murdered in this stockade was the favorite of his regiment or his company. In spite of our guards, however, "tunneling" went on briskly, and before Christmas we had several subterranean galleries completed.



THE PRAIRIE DOG AT HOME.

PERHAPS we should say, the "Diggers at Home," in deference to the animal's habits and *habitat*, but the reader might infer that we meant the Digger Indians, of repulsive memory; or the poor fellows who spaded their way into Yorktown

and Corinth; or the "Steam Paddies," whose excavating propensities threaten to demolish all the hills of the land. The little creature whose story we tell is the Prairie Dog (*Spermophilus Ludovicianus*), one of the most singular of all the animals

which inhabit the Great American Plains. Though called a *dog*, it is not of the *canisora* (flesh-eaters), but of the *rodents*, vegetarians of the strictest sect. Why a vegetarian should be called a dog the naturalists explain upon the hypothesis that his *bark* is something canine if his teeth and stomach are not. He is, withal, so small a beast as to render his name a misnomer if dog means any thing of magnitude. It is sometimes, indeed, called by the very romantic title of *Wish-ton-wish*, which, in Indian parlance, means, *Little-thing-with-a-big-house*. Its bark is a short, yelping sound, which it is fond of uttering, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. Even in captivity it utters this short, impatient yelp, which may generally be extorted from the little animal by placing the hand near the cage. Though gentle and affectionate to its keeper, it dislikes strangers; and if their fingers approach the bars of its house too closely, it barks at the intruders like an angry squirrel, and scratches smartly at their hands with its sharp and powerful claws.

It is a pretty, and rather curious animal, measuring about sixteen inches in total length. Its general shape is round and flattish, and the head is peculiarly flat, giving to the animal a very remarkable aspect. The fur is a grayish red, with a grizzled effect, produced by the alternate chestnut and gray color of each hair. The disposition of the Prairie Dog is pleasant and social, and the little creature is very susceptible of domestication.

In spite of the formidable foes by which it is attacked, and which take up their residence in the very center of its habitation, the Prairie Dog is an exceedingly prolific animal, multiplying rapidly, and extending its excavations to vast distances. Indeed, when once the Prairie Dogs settle themselves in a convenient spot, their increase seems to have no bounds, and the little heaps of earth which stand near the mouth of their burrows extend as far as the eye can reach.

The burrows are of considerable dimensions, and evidently run to no small

depth, as one of them has been known to absorb five barrels of water without being filled. It is not impossible, however, that there might have been a communication with some other burrow, or that the soil might have been loose and porous, and suffered the water to soak through its substance. They are dug in a sloping direction, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon, and after descending for five or six feet, they take a sudden turn, and rise gradually upward. Thousands upon thousands of these burrows are dug in close proximity to each other, and honeycomb the ground to such an extent that it is rendered quite unsafe for horses.

The scene presented by one of these "dog towns" or "villages," as the assemblages of burrows are called, is most curious, and well repays the trouble of approaching without alarming the cautious little animals. Fortunately for the traveler, the Prairie Dog is as inquisitive as it is wary, and the indulgence of its curiosity often costs the little creature its life. Perched on the hillocks which have already been mentioned, the Prairie Dog is able to survey a wide extent of horizon, and as soon as it sees an intruder, it gives a sharp yelp of alarm, and dives into its burrow, its little feet knocking together with a ludicrous flourish as it disappears. In all directions a similar scene is enacted. Warned by the well-known cry, all the Prairie Dogs within reach repeat the call, and leap into their burrows. Their curiosity, however, is irrepressible, and scarcely have their feet vanished from sight, than their heads are seen cautiously protruded from the burrow, and their inquisitive brown eyes sparkle as they examine the cause of the disturbance.

A good marksman will take advantage of this peculiarity, and, by aiming at the eye, will make sure of killing the animal on the spot. It is marvelously tenacious of life, and unless its head be almost knocked to pieces, is sure to escape into its home. A pea-rifle is almost useless in shooting Prairie Dogs, a large bullet being needed to produce an instantaneous death.

The Prairie Dog has not the privilege of possessing a home exclusively devoted to its own use, for the Burrowing Owl, sometimes called the Coquimbo Owl (*Athene cunicularia*), and the terrible rattlesnake, take forcible possession of the burrows, and devour the inmates, thus procuring board and lodging at very easy rates. The rattlesnake at all events does so, the bodies of young Prairie Dogs having been found in its stomach.

On the discovery of owls and rattlesnakes within the burrows of the Prairie Dog, it was generally thought that these incongruous beings, associated together in perfect harmony, forming in fact a "Happy Family" below the surface of the ground. The ruthless scalpel of the naturalist, however, effectually dissipated all such romantic notions, and proved that the snake was by no means a welcome guest, but an intruder on the premises, self-billeted on the inmates, like soldiers on obnoxious householders, procuring lodging without permission, and eating the inhabitants by way of board.

The reason for the presence of the owls is not so evident, though it is not impossible that they may also snap up an occasional Prairie Dog in its earliest infancy, while it is very young, small, and tender. These winged and scaled intruders are not found in all the burrows, though many of the habitations are infested by them.

The stories told by writers passing over the plains, regarding the number and characteristics of these animals sometimes task our credulity. Captain Marcy (afterward Chief of Staff to General McClellan), in his journal of the Red River Expedition, gives them no little attention, and adduces some interesting information as the fruit of his observations. We take the liberty of quoting:

"Our road during the whole day has passed through a continuous dog-town (*Spermophilus Ludovicianus*), and we were often obliged to turn out of our course to avoid the little mounds around their burrows.

"In passing along through these villages the little animals are seen in count-

less numbers sitting upright at the mouths of their domicils, presenting much the appearance of the stumps of small trees; and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy oneself surrounded by the busy hum of a city.

"The immense number of animals in some of these towns, or warrens, may be conjectured from the large space which they sometimes cover. The one at this place is about twenty-five miles in the direction through which we have passed it. Supposing its dimensions in other directions to be the same, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six thousand acres. Estimating the holes to be at the usual distances of about twenty yards apart, and each burrow occupied by a family of four or five dogs, I fancy that the aggregate population would be greater than any other city in the universe.

"This interesting, and gregarious little specimen of the mammalia of our country, which is found assembled in such vast communities, is indigenous to the most of our far western prairies, from Mexico to the northern limits of the United States, and has often been described by travelers who have been upon the plains. But as there are some facts in relation to their habits which I have never seen mentioned in any published account of them, I trust I shall be pardoned if I add a few remarks to what has already been said. In the selection of a site or position for their towns they appear to have a regard to their food, which is a species of short, wiry grass, growing upon the elevated plains, where there is often no water near. I have sometimes seen their towns upon the elevated table-lands of New Mexico, where there was no water upon the surface of the ground for twenty miles, and where it did not seem probable that it could be obtained by excavating to the depth of a hundred feet. This has induced me to believe that they do not require that element without which other animals perish in a short time.

"As there are generally no rains or

dews during the summer months upon the plains where these towns are found, and as the animals never wander far from home, I think I am warranted in coming to the conclusion that they require no water beyond that which the grass affords them. That they hibernate and pass the winter in a lethargic or torpid state is evident, from the fact that they lay up no sustenance for the winter, and that the grass around their holes dries up in the autumn, the earth freezes hard, and renders it utterly impossible for them to procure food in the usual manner.

"When the Prairie Dog first feels the approach of the sleeping season (generally about the last days of October), he closes all the passages to his dormitory to exclude the cold air, and betakes himself to his brumal slumber with the greatest possible care. He remains housed until the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstructions from his door and again appears above ground as frolicsome as ever.

"I have been informed by the Indians that a short time before a cold storm in the autumn, all the Prairie Dogs may be seen industriously occupied with weeds and earth, closing the entrances to their burrows. They are sometimes, however, seen reopening them while the weather is still cold and stormy, but mild and pleasant weather is always certain to follow.

"It appears, therefore, that instinct teaches the little quadrupeds when to expect good or bad weather, and to make their arrangements accordingly. A species of small owl is always found in the dog-towns, sitting at the mouths of the holes when not occupied by the dogs; whether for the purpose of procuring food, or for some other object, I do not know. They do not, however, as some have asserted, burrow with the dogs; and when approached, instead of entering the holes, they invariably fly away. It has also been said that the rattlesnake is a constant companion of the dog; but this is a mistake, for I have sometimes passed for days through the towns without seeing one. They are, however,

often seen in the holes in company with the dogs, and it has been supposed by some that they were welcome guests with the proprietors of the establishments; but we have satisfied ourselves that this is a domestic arrangement entirely at variance with the wishes of the dogs, as the snakes prey upon them, and must be considered as intruders. They are probably attracted to the burrows for the purpose of procuring food, as one snake which we killed was found to have swallowed a full-grown dog."

Mr. Greeley, in his "Overland Journey," bestows some notice upon the animals. After giving a somewhat ludicrous description of the "funny fellow," "frisky himself, and a source of merriment to others," he adds this concerning the question of joint occupancy of his hole by the owl and rattlesnake:

"That the Prairie Dog and the owl, of a small, brown-backed, white-bellied species—do live harmoniously in the same hole, I know, for I have seen it. I presume the owl pays for his lodgings like a gentleman, probably by turning in some provisions toward the supply of the common table. If so, this is the most successful example of industrial and household association yet furnished. That the rattlesnake is ever admitted as a third partner, I indignantly deny. No doubt he has been found in the Prairie Dog's home—it would be just like him to seek so cozy a nest—but he doubtless entered like a true border-ruffian, and contrived to make himself a deal more free than welcome. Politeness, or (if you please) prudence, may have induced the rightful owner to a joint tenancy at will—the will of the tenant, not that of the rightful landlord—but no consent was ever given, unless under constraint of that potent logic which the intruder carries in his head, and warning whereof proceeds from the tip of his tail."

But, this sensible conclusion regarding the rattlesnake he repudiates on a succeeding page, in a manner characteristic of the lively journalist who is ever ready to make a "good point," even against himself. He says:

"Speaking of rattlesnakes—I hasten

to retract the skepticism avowed in a former letter as to the usual and welcome residence of these venomous serpents in the Prairie Dog's burrow. The evidence of the fact is too direct and reliable to be gainsayed. A credible witness testifies that he and others once undertook to drown out a Prairie Dog in his domicile, and, when sufficient water had been rapidly poured in, out came a Prairie Dog, an owl, and a rattlesnake all together. In another case, a tremendous rain raised a creek so that it suddenly overflowed a Prairie Dog town, when the general stampede of Prairie Dogs, owls, and rattlesnakes was a sight to behold. It is idle to attempt holding out against facts; so I have pondered this anomaly until I think I clearly comprehend it. The case is much like that of some newspaper establishments, whose proprietors, it is said, find it convenient to keep on their staff "a broth of a boy" from Tipperary, standing six feet two in his stockings and measuring a yard or more across the shoulders, who stands ready, with an illegant brogue, a twinkle in his eye, and a hickory sapling firmly grasped in his dexter fist, to respond to all choleric, peremptory customers, who call of a morning hot with wrath and bristling with cowhide, to demand a parley with the editor. The *cayota* is a gentleman of an inquiring, investigating turn, who is an adept at excavation, and whose fondness for Prairie Dog is more ardent than flattering. To dig one out and digest him would be an easy task, if he were alone in his den, or with only the owl as his partner; but, when the firm is known or strongly suspected to be Prairie Dog, Rattlesnake & Co., the *cayota's* passion for subterranean researches is materially cooled. The rattlesnake is to the concern what the fighting editor is to the journalistic organizations aforesaid. And thus, while my faith is enlarged, is my reason satisfied."

We are inclined to think Mr. Greeley's first view the correct one. All naturalists now agree in regarding both the owl and rattlesnake enemies of the little burrower, who, taking advantage of their cozy nests, usurp them and feed their

ravenous appetites with an occasional *puppy*, whose size and harmlessness make him an easy prey to owl, crotalus or cayota.



TOBACCO.

ITS WHERE, WHEN, AND HOW.

THE habit—to call it by no harsher name—of using tobacco, is now so universal as to excite amazement that a plant of its nature should have remained among the things unknown until the discovery of the Western World. Like Indian corn and potatoes, now prime necessities of life throughout the civilized world, it lay here to come forth at its season: shall we say for ill? We shall *not*, for much as we detest the habit of smoking, chewing, snuff-taking and "mopping," we are not prepared to assume that a drug of its power and potency is a drug of evil.

The species chiefly cultivated for purposes of commerce is that which is termed *Nicotiana Tabacum*, and of which there are three varieties. This species, when at its full growth, is from six to nine feet high. The largest leaves, which are nearest the foot of the stem,

are about twenty inches long; the smallest, which are nearest the top, about ten.

Climate and soil have a material influence on the qualities of tobacco. The same species, when cultivated in a certain district, is prized for its delicate flavor, and is used for the manufacture of cigars, whose fragrance a *señorita* might enjoy; in another district it acquires *strength*, and when spun into *pig-tail*, or cut into *shag*, forms the solace of those who are rather hard in the mouth, and consequently require a powerful stimulus.

The tobacco-plant is, as stated, a native of America; and there is reason to believe that the inhabitants, both of the great Western continent and the adjacent islands, were accustomed to smoke the leaves for the purpose of producing stupor, long before Columbus discovered a "New World for Spain." Certain writers, violently opposed to the practice of "taking tobacco," have been pleased to ascribe the invention to the devil; and have declaimed in good set terms against the folly of civilized Christians imitating ignorant savages in the practice of inhaling a Stygian fume, to the injury of both body and soul.

Columbus, on his first discovery of the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola, in 1492, observed that the male inhabitants were accustomed to carry a torch with them for the purpose of lighting the leaves of an herb, which he supposed they burnt by way of a perfume. This herb was tobacco; but the earliest voyagers and settlers, so far from adopting the practice of smoking after the manner of the Indians, seem generally to have considered it as a barbarous custom.

Oviedo wrote "of the *tabacos* or smokings of the Indians of the island of Hispaniola," (Hayti,) 1585:

"The Indians inhabiting this island have, among their other evil customs, one which is very pernicious—namely, that of smoking, called by them tobacco, for the purpose of producing insensibility. This they effect by means of the smoke of a certain herb, which, so far as I can learn, is of a poisonous quality, though not poisonous in its appearance.

It is about four or five palms high; the leaves, which are large and broad, are soft and downy; and in color it resembles the plant called *bugloss* by doctors and herbalists. The manner in which they use it is as follows: The caciques and principal men have small hollowed sticks, about a span long, and as thick as the little finger; they are forked in the manner here shown [like the letter Y—ED.], but both the forks and stalk are of the same piece. The forked ends are inserted in the nostrils, and the other end is applied to the burning leaves of the herb, which are rolled up in the manner of pastils. They then inhale the smoke till they fall down in a state of stupor, in which they remain, as if intoxicated, for a considerable time. Such of the Indians as can not procure a forked stick, use a reed or hollow cane for the purpose of inhaling the smoke. Their smoking instrument, whether it be forked or merely a hollow cane, is called *tabaco* by the Indians, who do not give this name to the herb, nor the stupor into which they fall, as some have erroneously supposed.

"The Indians hold this herb in great esteem, and cultivate it in their gardens and fields. They pretend that the use of it is not only wholesome but holy. When a cacique or other great man falls down insensible from smoking it, his wives (of whom there are many) take him up and place him in bed,* if he has previously informed them that such was his pleasure; but if he has not, he continues lying where he fell, until the intoxicating effect of the smoke shall have passed off."

It appears that the native tribes of North America had been accustomed to smoke tobacco, long before their shores were visited by the pale-faced stranger. In several of the tumuli and ancient mounds which have been discovered in Ohio and other States, pipe-heads of copper and talc have been found. Those of copper are not soldered, but are formed by lapping one edge of the plate over

* This bed, as Oviedo informs us in the same chapter, was suspended between two poles, and called by the natives "*hamac*"—hence our modern *hammock*.

the other. A pipe of talc, found six feet below the surface, in digging a trench on the banks of the Sandusky river, displays great taste in its execution; the rim of the bowl is in high relief, and the front represents a female face.

The mounds and tumuli in which several Indian pipes have been found, are undoubtedly of considerable antiquity,* though scarcely of so early a date as has been supposed by some American antiquaries, who are inclined to think that they were the work of a people who were contemporaries of Abraham and Lot, and whose progenitors had found their way into the *far west* shortly after the destruction of the tower of Babel. Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, in an essay in which he attempts to show that the original inhabitants of America were of the same family and lineage with those of Asia, adduces the following two-edged argument in support of his opinion: "The custom of smoking the pipe, on solemn occasions, to the four cardinal points of the compass to the heavens and to the earth, is reported, upon the most credible authority, to distinguish equally the hordes of the Asiatic Tartars and the bands of the American Sioux."† Had Dr. Mitchill been able to show "on the most credible authority" that the Asiatic Tartars had been accustomed to smoke *previous to the discovery of America*, this would have been what our Jonathan would call a *clincher*; but as he has not done so, and as the tobacco-plant is indigenous to America, it follows, *a fortiori*, from the "curious coincidence" which he alleges, that the Asiatic Tartars acquired the custom of smoking from their American *ancestors*, and that the *Old world* was peopled from the *New*!

When the tobacco-plant was first introduced into Europe, it was not so much valued as a pleasing sedative when smoked, as for the supposed medicinal properties of its leaves. The learned quacks of the *Old World*—deeply read in Dioscorides, Galen, Avicenna and Ar-

noldus de Villa Nova, and singularly clear-sighted in judging of "urines"—found in it a remedy for every disease, and ascribed to it more virtues than even the "ignorant savages" of America had supposed it to be endowed with. As its medicinal uses, except in a few cases, are now as generally denied by the "faculty" as they were formerly asserted, it would seem that either the approved medicaments of one age lose their sanatory qualities in another, or that when nature herself effects a cure, doctors, both ancient and modern, are generally accustomed to ascribe the restoration of the patient's health to the nostrums which they have happened to apply. There is a fashion in physic as well as in dress; at one period tobacco is the panacea or universal all-heal; after that comes the Jesuits' bark; then enters Dr. Sangrado, with his lancet and warm water; while at present the blue-pill and black-draught are in the ascendant—to be decried in their turn as injurious, and succeeded by other nostrums equally *infallible*. It is a curious fact that there is scarcely any loathsome preparation, either animal, mineral or vegetable, that has not at one time or other been recommended by *doctors* as a remedy for some disease, and scarcely an article of wholesome food that has not been condemned by others of the faculty as injurious to health.

About the latter end of the sixteenth century, tobacco was in great vogue in London with wits and "gallants," as the dandies of that age were called. To wear a pair of velvet breeches, with panes or slashes of silk, an enormous starched ruff, a gilt-handled sword, and a Spanish dagger; to play at cards or dice in the chambers of the groom-porter, and smoke tobacco in the tilt-yard or at the play-house,* were then the grand characteristics of a man of fashion. Tobaccoists' shops were then common; and as the article, which appears to have been sold at a high price, was indispensable to the gay "man about town," he generally endeavored to keep his credit good with

* Trees of at least three hundred years' growth, as was ascertained by counting the annual rings, have been cut down on some of those ancient mounds.

† *Archæologia Americana*, vol. i., p. 236.

* Hentzner, in his *Travels in England*, 1598, notices the custom of smoking at theaters, and other places of amusement.



"GALLANTS" OF 1580.

his tobacco-merchant. Poets and pamphleteers laughed at the custom, though generally they seem to have had no aversion to an occasional treat to a sober pipe.

Though James I. had a perfect hatred of tobacco and discouraged its use, yet the custom of smoking continued to gain ground in spite of his opposition. The "Counterblast" which he discharged against it appears to have had the effect of keeping alight the pipes of the old courtiers and soldiers of "the QUEEN." James, indeed, seems to have been personally disliked by most of his English subjects, who generally adhered to whatever he condemned, and looked with

suspicion on whatever he recommended. They ridiculed his ungainly figure; and his personal manners excited their disgust. His physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, has left some curious particulars respecting the personal appearance and habits of the British Solomon. He was spindle-shanked, lantern-jawed and goggle-eyed; his tongue was too large for his mouth; he was troubled with an almost constant pituitary defluxion; he never ate bread to his meat; seldom washed his hands; like his mother—oh, ye Graces, the lovely Mary, Queen of Scots!—he was much troubled with a windy colic; and every autumn he was subject to a kind of cholera, in

consequence of his over-gorging himself with fruit.

Though several pamphleteers and poets, following the example of the king, now discharged frequent but ineffectual tirades against tobacco, the lovers of the weed were not thus to be deterred from indulging in a custom they *felt* to be pleasing. They laughed at the arguments, or wit—as the case might be—of their opponents, and smoked on, “fancy free.” Josuah Silvester, one of the principal poets of the time, expressly declared war against Divine Tobacco, discharging against it a “Volley of Holy Shot from Mount Helicon.” The invention of guns and tobacco-pipes he was inclined to ascribe to the devil; and with a bold stretch of poetic fancy, he thought those two plagues were foretold in the Revelations.

From the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, first acted in 1610, we gather some curious particulars respecting the business of a tobaccoist of that period. It occurs in the first act, where Face thus introduces Abel Druggier to Subtle:

“This is my friend Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-less or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadell and grains,
Nor bruises it in gravel, underground:
But keeps it in fine lilly-pots that, opened,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple-block, his silver tong,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.”*

While the use of tobacco was gaining ground in England, it was spreading no less rapidly in almost every other country of the old world. It had been introduced into the East by the Portuguese previous to 1590; for in that year, as we learn from Olearius, Shah Abbas the Great, king of Persia, in an expedition which he was about to undertake against a rival prince, forbade the use of tobacco to his army under the penalty of the offender having his nose slit and his lips cut off. The same writer also informs

us that Abbas was “so rigid or rather cruel in his discipline, that when a certain Persian, ignorant of the edict, came into his camp with some tobacco to sell, he ordered both him and his commodities to be thrown into one funeral pile and burnt.” The offenders, however, were found to be so numerous, that Abbas, from motives of humanity, annulled the law, and granted that in future tobacco might be freely cultivated and sold in any part of his territories. Toward the latter end of the sixteenth century the Chinese obtained the tobacco-plant from the Portuguese; and about the same period its use was generally known among the negroes of the coast of Africa.

Tobacco met with a welcome reception from the Turks, who found in its intoxicating fumes a substitute for opium; and in the early part of the seventeenth century the merchants of Holland used to send large quantities to Constantinople. Though some of the muftis were opposed to the custom of smoking, as being contrary to the precepts of the Koran, yet the great body of the faithful seem to have thought the practice orthodox, and to have enjoyed their pipes without hindrance or molestation till about 1680, when the sultan, Amurath IV, forbade the use of tobacco in his dominions, from an opinion that the custom of smoking rendered men impotent. The prohibition does not appear to have been long in force; the attachment of *millions* to their favorite indulgence prevailed against the will of *one* to suppress it; the custom was too strong for the law; and the “evidence of facts,” as the philosophers say, has proved that the sultan's opinion was unfounded; the population of the Turkish empire has not decreased in consequence of the general use of tobacco among the followers of Mahomet.

In 1684, the czar, Michael Fedorowitz, prohibited the use of tobacco in Russia; not, however, on account of any supposed noxious qualities of the herb, but from the danger which was to be apprehended from the carelessness of those who used it; several destructive fires, which had happened a short time previously in Moscow, which then chiefly

* When Face recommends Abel Druggier as being “no goldsmith,” he means that he was not one who was accustomed to insure himself against the risk of bad debts by charging an exorbitant price for his tobacco to such of his customers as dealt with him on tick.

consisted of wooden houses, were supposed to have been caused by the pipes of certain drowsy Muscovites, who had fallen asleep while smoking. In France, in 1685, an edict was issued by Louis XIII, forbidding all shopkeepers, except apothecaries, to sell tobacco; and even the latter were not to *dispense* it without the order of a physician. This absurd regulation was, however, in a short time repealed; and the loyal subjects of Louis the Just, were again allowed to purchase their tobacco without the necessity of applying to a physician for a *permit* in the form of a prescription. Pope Urban VIII, who occupied the see of Rome from 1623 to 1644, excommunicated all those who took tobacco in churches. The bull containing this denunciation is said to have been issued at the instance of the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral of Seville, who complained to his Holiness of the prevalence of the custom. Their complaints, however, were more especially directed against the habit of taking snuff; for not only were the laity accustomed to solace their noses with the titillating powder—thus causing frequent sternutations in the church—but even priests, when misplastering at the altar, would most irreverently take snuff.

The custom of chewing tobacco does not appear to have been introduced into Europe till about 1680. It then began to grow into favor with soldiers and sailors, but more especially with the latter; who, in their long voyages, fancied that the custom of chewing tobacco was good against the scurvy.

The custom of taking snuff as an "idle luxury" began to gain ground in England in the reign of Charles II, and was probably introduced by some of his followers, who had acquired the habit of thus indulging their noses during their exile; for the custom was prevalent in France and Spain, more especially with the clergy and men of letters, several years before it was adopted in Great Britain.*

* Though the pulverized leaves of tobacco were occasionally recommended by physicians as a sternutatory to "purge the head," yet snuff-

The great plague in London, 1665, tended materially to confirm and extend the custom of smoking among the citizens, in consequence of certain doctors having asserted that the use of tobacco was good against the infection. It was also currently reported that the families of tobaccoists had generally escaped the contagion. Tobacco might now be said to have been made free of the city; at the annual dinners of the different companies it was indispensable; and there is reason to believe that pipes and tobacco were served at Lord Mayors' feasts.* Unfortunately, no artist has transmitted to us a view of the interior of Guildhall, with five hundred citizens "all alive and smoking," on the evening of Lord Mayor's day.

In the reign of Queen Anne, which has been called the Augustan age of English literature, almost every writer of distinction was either a smoker or a snuff-taker. Lord Bolingbroke, Congreve, Addison, Steele, Prior, and Ambrose Phillips, indulged in a pipe; Pope and Swift took snuff. The Dean chiefly manufactured his own snuff by drying the leaves of tobacco and reducing them to a powder; and in order to give color and flavor to his "genuine high-dried," he was accustomed to mix it with a little Spanish brown.

In the earlier part of the reign of George III, the custom of smoking appears to have declined, while that of snuff-taking had become much more general. During the American Revolution, when the regular supplies were cut off, and the most of English tobacco was obtained from prizes, the average consumption in England of duty-paid tobacco was considerably less than it had been during the first seven years of the reign of Queen Anne. The French,

taking, as a habitual indulgence, does not appear to have become prevalent either in France or Spain, previous to 1680. Sir William Vaughan, writing in 1613, calls tobacco pulverized, to be snuffed up into the nostrils as an errhine, "sneezing powder." In the reign of Charles II it was called *snuff* or *snush*.

* "You are sensible that children smoke more now-a-days than even soldiers and carmen did heretofore; and that more of this nasty stuff is spent at a beastly city feast than would have served the whole kingdom formerly."—*The Reasons of Mr. Bays Changing his Religion*.



THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

with whom we were in an alliance, enjoyed, during the war, almost a complete monopoly of the American tobacco-trade. The consumption of tobacco increased in France in proportion as it declined in England; and the subjects of *le Grand Monarque* grew warm in their praises of tobacco and American independence, as they inhaled the fumes of Maryland or real Virginia. An English writer rather humorously gave to tobacco the initiation of the French Revolution! He said:—"It may indeed be affirmed—and proved, according to the principles of Philosophical Necessity—that the French Revolution was the natural and inevitable consequence of the large importation of American tobacco into France between 1777 and 1788."

Among all the nations of Europe the Dutch are undoubtedly the greatest

smokers; and for industry and personal cleanliness they are perhaps second to none. In Holland people of all classes indulge in a pipe, and they frequently begin to smoke before they have well cut their teeth, and continue steadily puffing away, in youth, manhood, and old age, till the *dottle** of life be fairly burnt out. In their habit of smoking the Dutch are extremely persevering; they smoke first thing in the morning to keep wind off their stomachs, and they smoke last at night that they may sleep soundly. In their hours of business they "whistle and ride:" the merchant smokes at his desk with his pipe looped to the button of his coat; the learned

* A *dottle* is the piece of tobacco at the bottom of a pipe which has not been quite smoked out. With smokers of *cutties* and *dhudeens* the dottle, after being knocked out, serves as priming to a new charge.

professor smokes in his lecture-room, and the village dominie in his school; the printer smokes while he composes, the engraver while he etches, and the artist while he paints; the blacksmith smokes while he shoes your horse, and with his pipe in his mouth the hostler rubs him down in the yard.

"We Americans" generally smoke cigars. Tobacco in this form burns very fast away in the open air, more especially when the consumer is rapidly locomotive, whether upon his own legs, the back of a horse, the top of a coach, deck of a steamboat, or in the railway carriage. The habit of chewing tobacco is also extremely prevalent in "The States," nor is it, as in Great Britain and Ireland, almost entirely confined to the poorer classes. Members of the House of Representatives and the Senate, doctors, judges, barristers, etc., chew tobacco almost as generally as the laboring classes in the old country. Even in a court of justice, more especially in the Western States, it is no unusual thing to see judge, jury, and the gentlemen of the bar, all chewing and spitting as liberally as the crew of a homeward-bound Indianan.

It must indeed be confessed that Brother Jonathan loves tobacco "not wisely but too well;" and that the habits which are induced by his manner of using it are far from "elegant." The truth is, he neither smokes nor *chaws* like a gentleman; he lives in a land of liberty, and takes his tobacco when and where he pleases. He spits as freely as he smokes and chaws—upon the carpet or in the fire-place, for he is not particular as to where he squirts his copious saliva, and does not think, that a spitting-box is a necessary article of household furniture. This is the most *disgusting* national habit; for such it has become, and the next *reform* whose Crusade we shall most heartily encourage, will be to *suppress tobacco-spitters*. In this we know we shall have the encouraging smile of every woman in the land, and of every man whose mouth is not tainted with tobacco: would that we could say of every stage and car proprietor in the land!

A MAD NIGHT.

I.

IF I wanted my revenge on Esher, God knows I had it!

When our sweet, proud mother died, she looked at Cyril, and said to me, "You are the stronger—I commit him to your charge." There was but a year between us; and I a girl; yet it appears to me that from that hour I became a mother to him, and loved my brother as tenderly, as yearningly, as ever mother loved a child. His guardian angel, he used to say I was—till Esher crossed his path.

And who would not have loved the boy—who would not have been proud of him. Just on the edge of manhood, yet frank and fearless as a child, with the quick blood answering the word upon his cheek, with the clear, luminous eye, and the haughty, impetuous toss when he swept the hair back from his brow. How one remembers any little trick of habit in those one loved! When I see Cyril now it is always tossing back that falling lock across his pure white forehead—he had a pure white forehead, and he had a pure white soul. He was the soul of honor in those dear days; then, too, he was daring in his deeds, hasty and restless in his motions, always sparkling, and every step he took had a spring to it till he seemed liked soaring flame.

As for Esher, there was no flame in him, unless his slow, serpentine, curving movements were more like fire than snakes—nowhere swift, invariably languid, but the actions of his mind had the celerity of light. In the long outline of grace that waved from his falling shoulder to his slender foot, it seems to me I saw the first enemy of mankind; and in his face—that wondrously beautiful thing, looking at which was like looking on the stars at night, so dusky yet so radiant—there shone the alluring power of the Prince of Darkness. I have never seen such mere beauty in a man; there was a woman's trait about it, an effeminacy in those long, falling shoulders, that smooth, olive cheek, in the delicate expansion of the nostril, the silky

fineness of the raven hair. And perfect beauty, too, I had always believed to be the outward expression of that harmony of nature which we call goodness; the being must be all awry that shot such sly and secret evil out of the melancholy look of those great dark eyes with the long lashes curling backward over them like a girl's. It was a mystery to me that not for many years did one mad night illumine. That, too, which would have injured another's charm, only added force to his: there were heavy purple rims round both the eyes, but they increased the brilliance of their glances and gave an added softness to the creamy pallor of the skin below; and though the eyes would sometimes flash betrayal, the mouth was always bland, its corners cut with such an exquisite and subtle chiseling that a smile of seducing sweetness forever seemed to play and linger there. Perhaps I might have loved Esher once, had I loved Cyril less—might have loved the lovely clay; how could one find dear the seed of crafty corruption that leaved, and flowered, and fruited there! It almost maddens me, myself, to think that once I was so near it.

He had been a friend of Cyril at the university, though finishing his course in the year that Cyril entered. I do not know what broke so through the strict rank and grade of college-life and made the senior condescend to his inferior. Cyril was one of those who worship beauty; like all worshippers, he reveled in his adoration, and proclaimed it. Perhaps the worship was grateful even to Esher; he bent and attached himself to Cyril—a beautiful parasite wreathed round a sturdy sapling—and from that day became his evil genius, his destiny, his fate!

I remember now the class-day when Esher's oration stirred the whole audience to smiles and tears, and every face warmed with the delighted enthusiasms kindled by his fervid fantasies and his delicious tones; they had expected nothing but the commonplaces and rounded periods of the occasion, and this blaze of oratory burst upon them, this strength

of logic and bubble of wit and grace of gesture; and if it all became, to-morrow, but bitter foam in their mouths, to-day it flashed and shone a vivid splendor in the sun. It was his first and last; Esher was too indolent to do the same thing twice, if the first time was an effort. And how his comrades cheered him; how the *voies* rung; how they loved him—the fellow who had fascinated them—and how Cyril gloried in his triumph! And so I gloried too.

Esher took Cyril home with him when he went—a home of ease and luxury; every one there was his slave: his elder brother Lyell, and Lyell's wife, Helen, as much at his command as two of his own fingers, and a young cousin, Elise, who, after fretting against him in a singular antagonism, always lost herself in the mob and ended by obeying Esher. Elise had no fortune, and, being a dependent, was treated by Lyell and Helen with more gentle courtesy than if she had been an heiress of millions. Sometimes, then, they essayed to regard her wishes when those wishes were absolutely daring enough to contravene some pet whim of Esher's. "She gives me more trouble than all my money," said Esher, laughingly, one day, to Cyril; "suppose you marry her." Perhaps Cyril else might never have thought of it.

She was a fair little thing enough, this Elise; a blossomy kind of face, she had, with soft, shining hair blowing round it half in curls; but all her nature should have been read in the weak mouth, with its pretty, petulant pout; and her eyes, the golden hazel eyes, large, wide, wandering things, over which she seemed to have small control, always reminded me of floating yolks of eggs. She had a helpless way, too, with her hands, and often, when she forgot herself, stood looking like a penguin. But then, in other things, she was as graceful as Esher's self; and she hated him; so I ought to love her. If she grew more fretful with every year that passed, it was because he recognized the antagonism between them and found acute pleasure in aggravating it by a thousand ways, as when one probes a sore. "I shall go wild, if I

have to live in the house with Esher, long!" she used to say to me. "I shall lose my mind, I know I shall. He tortments me like a needle; I am half beside myself now! And you know there is a vein of insanity in our family already, do you not? My cousin Lyell's father died deranged; there has always been a maniac in every generation as far as one can recollect. And Esher means to make it me, this time! I know he does!"

"Nonsense, little Elise," I would answer then. "Nobody becomes crazy that is forever fearing it. Besides, you are not the kind. Lyell might—he is so serious and large-minded always—"

"Oh, I hope not! What should we do? How can you suggest such things? When one wants to be quieted, to have one talk in that way—oh, deliver me from my friends—Job's comforters!"

I laughed at her, and twisted the heavy jacinth beads among her falling curls. "Never mind, never mind," I said. "Put your trouble into your prayers. As for your friends, I never said I was one of them. I am Cyril's friend, and if he loves you, there is nothing for it but I must love you, too! I do! I do! There, drop that idea that wears you thin! Why, what a silly child it is—when she visits the Retreat, we all will keep her company!"

She laughed back at me in the glass, getting rosy and pretty again. "You think I haven't mind enough to go crazy," she said, half indignantly.

"You may grow very crabbed, my Elise," I replied, "but as to going crazy, you little linnet, why, a kitten sooner could! There, you look like a flower—a pink and white sweet-pea. Hark! the band is tuning, and the people have begun to come. Shall we go down?"

"Yes. There's Esher's voice. He's wheedling Cyril to some mischief. Did you know that Esher played?"

"Played? On what? Oh, of course; accompaniments. Yes, I have heard him—"

"No, not accompaniments."

"On the violin, then?" I asked, carelessly.

"No; nor yet on the stage. On the green-covered table!"

"Esher—gamble!"

"Esher gambles. Now take care of Cyril!"

We were alone in the world together, Cyril and I. And so when he found these friends, and made this young girl love him, it was only natural that I should be summoned there, too; his pleasure would have been half destroyed without me. I tried to care for Elise, to select her virtues and dwell on them and magnify them; but, when all was said, she was such a weak and peevish little thing, that I wondered at my brother.

Cyril came bounding up the stairs to give his arm to Elise, as we went down that night, full of fun and frolic, and, fired with the gay scene, ready for any roguery. I stood a moment and saw them float down together, her muslins fluttering in the draft, her yellow hair blowing back till it caught against the heavy beads. Esher waited for me at the foot when they had gone by, idly pulling a bouquet apart; he gave it to me as I reached him, and offered me his arm. It was purple monk's-hood clustered round one white fleur-de-lis. "Ah!" I said, "chivalry and sin, galliardise and grave-clothes, poison and perfume! Would you have me be so cruel as to wear aconite into a ball?"

He took them away again leisurely, and dropped them, in his slow fashion, through a window as we passed. "Too quick-witted for me," he said, "and too alliterative. You did not see the little bed of Scotch roses at the base?"

"Oh, yes," I answered him; "smother our sins in roses, and still—"

"They smell to heaven! The world is not good enough for you, I fear. You must get you to a nunnery. But, just one dance before we go!" And, directly, his grasp had stolen round me, and we were sliding down the floor, he holding me with so strong and lithe an arm that we seemed to move like rose-leaves on a wind. He did not like me; already I knew that, or fancied that I knew it. I wondered why he danced with me, and in this way. To please

Cyril, it may have been; at any rate, to please himself; he meant to make me lose my head, I saw, as plainly as Elise thought she saw the same in another manner, with herself. But my head was strong, and though the music whirled us at its will, and the flowers, the faces, and the odors threw their intoxication all about us, I could look coolly up at the starry beauty bending over me and repel the enchantment of the gaze. I would *not* add another victim to his shrine. As for me, I must keep watch for Cyril. But Esher had no mind to release me yet, and so I listened to the music as we fled before it, the wild joy of the flutes, the singing of the strings, and the silvery drum beneath it all beating like a strong and steady heart.

"I shall tire the players out, but I shall not weary you," said Esher, at last. He knew the sweet affinities that music makes, like a spell commanding alien substances to mingle. He knew the electric thrills that spring from touch to touch, the sweet dangers of approach and neighborhood. He knew that the dance is the pantomime of life and love; he meant by playing it to make it real, real to me at least; for if I loved him should I not be plastic in his hand and cease to counteract his charm on Cyril. I was not aware of all this at the time—felt but vaguely with the shadowy impress in which one the whole day remembers a dream of the night before. But I resisted him; thank heaven, if for no more, for that! And Fate and Fortune turned the wheel at last, and my day came, worthless and wretched though that day might be. Perhaps Esher's head was not so strong as mine, after all, that night; for soon I thought that he was paler than when we slipped into the figure; the time of the music was quickening, too, passing from the slow, voluptuous waltz into a gayer turn, a swifter step; then I gave him the measure he had meted; he so fond of the lazy swinging; I, following the music, doubled the movements of our dance, and we sped on till the winding horns, the deep-breathed bassoons, the twittering violins, all blended tone and tune

together, and were lost in the diffuse resonance of clashing cymbals. Then I suffered the flight to slacken, for I was the mistress of the movement, not he the master, and we paused at last and sunk upon a seat. Esher smiled; a ghastly sort of smile.

"You were angry with me," said he, boldly, "because I dizzied you."

"I might have been," I answered, "were you not so giddy now. Shall I go and send you a goblet of iced-water?"

"On your peril," he replied. "I should have been strong enough to put my foot down, that is to stop, if you had not dazed my brain first. Who taught you to waltz? The meteors? When one dies and goes to blazes one will waltz just so, perhaps."

Elise joined us here, and he went away with Cyril. We stood on small ceremony with each other; but, looking down the rooms, presently I saw him at a sideboard, taking a cordial with a toss, brandy or curaçoa, or some spiced fiery stuff. He filled another glass for Cyril, but the boy did not like it, and set it down again; what Esher said then of course we could not hear; yet the color sprung on Cyril's cheek beneath some gay taunt or other. He took the glass once more and drained it with a gulp, and after that the color stayed and did not go again.

It was late in the evening when, to Cyril standing again beside Elise and me, came Esher, as pale, and cool, and handsome as ever. "Come, boy," he said, "the rooms are thinning; and high time. We must have had the equator in here to-night, instead of love's Cæsus—it has been such fiery weather. There's no reason that we should stay to see the last of them—these dear dummies of our game, dancers and dowagers. And then our young ladies are retiring, you see."

"I don't know how he should see what isn't the case!" said Elise.

"Why, I will tell you how," he answered, presenting his arm to conduct her from the room.

She laughed, but took it; and with Cyril's hand in mine we two followed, pausing at the foot of the staircase.

• "Now for a cigar," said Esher. "And then for the sweet refreshment."

"Of sleep?" said Elise. "But what noisy dreams you will have! Too much rattling in them, Esher, for healthy slumber!"

Esher dealt her a look, but bowed, and bade good-night. "Good-night, pretty rose," he said; "you are sweet, for all your thorns." She tossed her head impatiently. "Ah, I like that," added Esher, looking back. "It breaks the monotony of attitude. You are not an Egyptian priestess to drop your arms in that way; it looks, Elise, as if one sometimes wore strait-jackets!"

"He is kin to the foul fiend," said Elise, at the head of the stairs, pausing to glance down at him over the balusters. "Will he make Cyril one with himself?"

It grieved me to see the phenomena of the love that Elise had for Cyril; it was no large-hearted love, but a fractious, plaintive one; she could never for a moment forget herself in him; but perhaps the pulling emotion was as painful and as sweet to her as the great, genuine passion to another; but it never seemed like the sacred compact of soul and soul. As for Cyril, he was unconscious of it, I know, but, he had loved Esher far better than Elise; still did; perhaps he even felt his tie to her the pleasanter that it allowed him to be the more frequently where Esher was; had there been no Esher, for him there would never have been any Elise; he was so young that his affections rather than his passions were in play; Elise was well enough, but on his horizon Esher lay a demigod translated to the skies. Once and twice I tried to admonish him of the man; but he turned upon me in such a sudden and unwonted anger, that I dared not brave him and risk the love I had. I would have guarded him, so that at his dawning manhood he had met only those who should have called his nobler passions into play, and so strengthened him in the beginning for his single-handed contest with the world; but Esher was before me, and all that I could do was just to fold my hands and pray, and wait till he came back to me; he must return one day, I

said; it was only that Esher had bewitched him, and all such glammers pass, we know.

At that period I was not acquainted with the manner in which the finances of the family were disposed. Elise was poor, I knew; and so had Lyell been, I afterward discovered, until he married Helen and her enormous wealth. Their own property had been invested badly by unfaithful trustees; but in his minority Esher's portion had had time to accumulate somewhat. From the day he came of age, it sifted through his fingers like rain. But as for Cyril, the boy was rich, I was his only guardian, and he handled my money as freely as his own; what was mine was his as well. He was a fine prey for Esher, and he used him well and drained him dry.

When I went again to visit Helen, I found Cyril already there; he had been rusticated, and had told me nothing of it.

Esher came condoling with me, assuring me that after all it was a mere misdemeanor, his offense, a trivial thing. "Esher," I cried, "you have done Cyril no good!"

"How should I?" said he, with a surprised glance, and then a falling lip like a grieved child's. To whom did I ever do any good? I was as wild as he at his years—see how steady I am now!" He lifted a glass as he spoke, and his hand trembled, so that the water shook from side to side. There was a mute malice in his eye, but such a merry mischief in his following laugh, that to hear it made love and pity spring up in one's heart together. I began to like Esher in spite of myself, in spite of himself; first or last all yielded to him. But, the more I liked, the more I feared, the more I essayed to drag Cyril from his fatal fascination. It seemed to me then, for the first time, that there was a change in Esher's feelings toward myself. I tried to disbelieve it; it was like a stain for one to be loved by that bad man.

There had grown to be that in my dear boy's face now which it pained me to see. He came and sat beside me, as I lay on the lounge one night, and smoothed my hair. I think he compassionated me

though he had no wish nor power to stop in his career. He was no outcast yet—oh, God forbid!—but full-blooded life and the strong animal spirits drove him to extremes, with Esher's hands upon the reins; and as the revel and carouse abounded in the lawless gayety he loved, he did as those he met there did.

Esher, moving idly along, threw himself on the mat beside Cyril as he sat there on the footstool and smoothed my hair. "I suppose I might not touch a lock myself," he said, gayly; "I wonder how it would seem to smooth a sister's hair."

A look I liked crept over Cyril's face—an angry distrust; if I could but strengthen it! "Try your hand on Helen's," he answered.

"And have Lyell in my own! Lyell in one's hair would be a bad business, let me tell you. Well, you can not mesmerize her; I defy you!—the falcon-gentle.—and if you are coming out with me—"

"Where are you going now?" asked Elise, petulantly.

"To prayer-meeting," answered Esher.

"Don't scoff, Esher; you have need enough of it. You are always going somewhere," she added, to Cyril.

"Well?" asked Cyril, so much after the fashion of Esher's self that I opened my eyes wide. Esher rose, enjoying it, his white teeth glittering softly, his handsome face more darkly bright and beautiful than the faces one sees in dreams. "That will do, Cyril," he said. "Extenuate naught, and set down naught in malice."

"I should like to have you stay with me this evening, Cyril dear," I said, and I looked at him, and then at Esher. It was a troubled smile that flitted over Esher's face. "Our guardian angel warns us," he said, lightly.

"Yes," whimpered Elise, "it is like the picture of Satan and the Seraph contending for the young man's soul."

"Elise!" said Cyril, angrily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Elise, the tears starting to her eyes, "you know Esher isn't like other people! He can do what others may not even think of doing. And then—"

"Elise!" uttered Cyril, again.

"I begin to think you are out of your head already, little one," said Esher, with his easy sneer.

"I dare say! I dare say! Sometimes I think I am. But if ever I go beside myself, it is you, Esher—it is you that has made me so."

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed," quoted Esher, cool as any prompter.

"Elise!" exclaimed Cyril, once again, in the same breath with him.

"Ter tonuit sine nube deus, tria fulgura misit," added Esher, sauntering out of the room, and pausing at the door.

"If he says Elise the fourth time, the earth will open under you, my dear; or else the cloud will come too, and the rain, and we shall have such a storming lovers' quarrel—which all the arrows in Cupid's quiver forbid! And so, Cyril my young hawk, come along."

"Is that you, Elise?" I asked, an hour later, as, still lying there in the dusk, a soft footfall reached my car.

"Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle," said a quiet voice. "Not Elise, but Esher. As Cyril would not come, I am here to take his place."

"Thank you," I answered, coldly.

"I suppose that means I can not take his place. Well, to tell you the truth, I have no desire to do so. The place I want is one peculiarly my own—"

"May we have lights, Mr. Esher?" I asked.

"Certainly we may. Of what kind? Star-lights, side-lights, cross-lights, or candle-lights?"

"Gas, if you please."

"In a moment." He could have lighted it himself, but he rung for a servant. When it was done, and the servant gone, he turned it down to a blue glimmer, and flung himself into the great arm-chair beneath the chandelier. "I wonder," said he, after a little quiet, "have women any clemency? Do they ever forgive, do you think?"

"Not till they forget."

"And when do they forget?"

"How can I say? Perhaps when they drown their injury in something greater—in sorrow or in love."

"A woman loves a man, then, who has injured her?"

"Ah, very often."

"Perhaps you are cynical enough to mean that he injures her in that he dares to love her?"

"I hope I am not profane enough."

He was silent for a minute, sitting with his elbows on the chair, and his forehead resting on the hands thus clasped before it.

"Do you know that I have injured you?" said he, then, suddenly.

"You have injured me, irremediably, Mr. Esher, I sometimes fear," I said.

"But not intentionally—not intentionally!" he replied. "I am going to make you a confession," he said, presently, "about Cyril. It is true I led him on—that is, he saw first through me, it may be, much of that wickedness which men see later through themselves. It never struck me what I did; I never thought of him as younger than myself—he is so much the man, you see. Lately, since I have guessed your trouble, and seen the reckless spirit with which he plunges onward, I have accused myself—I have held him back till he has broken bridle; I tremble, now and then, lest I should make him hate me with the restraints that I impose—"

"And what if you should?"

"Well, nothing to you, it seems," he answered, with a flash; "a great deal to me!"

"Do you really mean to say that you love Cyril, Mr. Esher?"

"I refuse to reply," he said, rising.

"But if you want to know who it is I love—listen—you!"

I was sitting up in a corner of the sofa, but I cowered and hid my face. I felt his approach, and motioned him blindly away.

"And you?" he said; "if Cyril loves me, you must love me too."

"Ah, Esher, what a hypocrite you are! Love you! Does a woman love a snake?"

I was sorry when I had said it. I would sooner have bitten out my tongue. But I recalled the damnation his subtle

wizardry had wrought for Cyril, and the words were wrung from me.

He was close beside me. He bent so that his lips touched my ear. "By heaven!" said he, in a tone at which I shivered, "but I will make you love me!"

"Why, I thought the gas was lighted. Oh, you have turned it down. Didn't I hear voices? Cyril, is that you? Oh, nobody but Esher," and Elise blazed up the gas.

"At your service," said Esher, turning lightly on his heel.

"Where have you left Cyril?" she asked.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

"Heaven forefend! unless the wolves are set to keep the flock."

"Do not be personal, cousin mine. If you, with all your arts, can not keep Cyril, how can I?"

"What a crafty creature you have grown, Esher! You know well enough where Cyril is. You could have brought him home with you."

"If I could have brought him home I should; depend on that," he said, hotly.

"Depend on any thing you say, Esher!"

But Helen and Lyell entered there, and Helen, taking out her work—Elise's bridal veil she was embroidering; for, though the marriage would not take place for more than a year to come, this work had been begun more than a year ago—the general mood softened to suit the placid worker. I was relieved at that; for when Elise turned up the gas, Esher's face had terrified me. It had been of a dark purple, like a bruise, slowly growing livid, till it looked like the face of a dead man. I could not but admire his self-possession, though, all the while; for not till Lyell had his book and Helen her needle, did the old calm, lustrous beauty shine out again like a mask.

Elise went and laid her head on Helen's knee, and let the soft folds of the lace fall about her and shroud her face.

"You are a pretty picture, Elise," said

Esher, looking at her. "If Cyril could but see you now, with your blushes whitening under all that snow."

Elise flung it off angrily. "Let me alone, Esher!" said she. "You are the skeleton at every feast. I do not want Cyril to look at me with such eyes as yours!"

He bit his lip and turned away; but came back, taking up a card from the table, and laying it down again. "Are they such wicked eyes, Elise," he said, "that they can never look on beauty and be blest?"

She was sorry for him then, and incensed with herself. "Oh, I don't know, Esher, what you mean," she cried, the ready tears at hand; "I'm sure you'll drive me wild!"

"Turn on the water-works," said Esher, with his old impertinence. "Tears, wet blankets—there's no such antidote as a good damper, my fair Undine!" He was in his mocking inood then, and teased her after that for full an hour; he wanted me, I thought, to interfere and silence him; but I could not speak, and he would not cease.

It was growing late then. I said good-night to them all, and went up-stairs. I wanted to get away, for I was sad at heart. Elise followed. But before I closed my door I heard the firm few chords that Esher always struck on the piano when he sung, and knew that he was singing to Helen—for she loved melody, and there was a music in his voice sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. I shut my door with displeasure when I heard the song he sung—the sodden, sad lament. It seemed a profanation that Shelley's words should part his lips; but they stole upward with their penetrating pathos, and long after I had laid my head upon the pillow, they seemed to ring about me:

"Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone—alone.

"The swallow summer comes again,
The owl night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

"Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be:
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me!"

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

NO need at Rome to be told that Christmas is at hand; for hark! the streets resound with the buzz and drone of zampogni and pifferi, blown by pious Italians at this season of the year, to celebrate the praise *della Regina Celi*. Look out when you may, you always see a couple of pifferari, in their well-known picturesque costume, standing beneath the shrine of a Madonna, taking no heed of numerous ragazzi, who regard them and their rude instruments at first with stupid wonder, often followed by jeers and derision.

You will meet them in every piazza, via and vicolo in Rome, exploring their intricacies in search of the images of their beloved Madonna, their devotion being apparently real, for I never saw them begging. But you can not look long at them without seeing baiocchi cast into their hats, for they are liked by the adult population, many of whom regard them with reverential feelings, representing, as they are supposed to do, the shepherds to whom the wondrous birth was first revealed in the heavens. Indeed, so beloved is the Virgin, that any show of outward devotion to her is sure to meet with a ready response, and when the pifferari, in the course of the Novena, sing:

Ma guardate la Vergine beata,
Che in ciel e in terra sia nostr' avvocata,
zealous and religious listeners generally reward them with baiocchi.

Yes, Christmas is near, but its advent is not heralded by holly starred with crimson berries, making gay the market-places; nor can you, when contemplating the deep, pure skies filled with

Hues which have words, and speak to us of heaven,

believe that this season of religious rejoicing has commenced. Myriads of roses still make the gardens in and around Rome gay, and large bushes of rosemary are blue with blossoms. But out of the sunshine the streets are cold, and, chilled by the blast, you walk fast, or endeavor rather to do so, for unless your feet be of hoof-like structure, you can not walk fast over the Roman pavement. More than half a century has passed since Forsyth wrote: "The streets of Rome seem only to have been made for the rich. Their small, reticular pavement, galls the pedestrian; they afford no protection against the fury of carriages, and are lighted only by the lamps of a few Madonnas."

Oil lamps now feebly illumine the side streets and alleys, and gas makes the corso and a few leading thoroughfares bright; but the vile lava pavement remains. Sometimes, when limping over it, I thought that the priests, who manage all things here, may regard the said pavement as doing wholesome penitential duty. For if pilgrims put peas in their shoes for penance, they may wound their feet in Rome without being at this trouble. I wonder whether it was out of consideration to the tender feet, and often puffy ankles, of cardinals, that ecclesiastical etiquette forbids that their eminences should walk in the streets of Rome! I am quite sure that they could not do so without speedily suffering. Their eminences may not unfrequently be seen taking their promenades without the walls, or on the Pincio, followed by their lacqueys, bearing wonderful umbrellas; in the streets of Rome, never!

To the Roman Catholic, every day, as you will see by the "Diario Romano," or "L'Année Liturgique," is a festa; but during Christmas week the Roman Catholic church shines resplendent, as is fit and meet, in her celebration of the birth

of our Savior. On Christmas-eve the cannon roared from the Castle of St. Angelo; the chapter of St. John Lateran went in procession to the Sancta Sanctorum, and exposed the figure of our Savior; glorious Santa Maria Maggiore blazed with myriads of wax candles, while a portion of the reputed holy cradle was exhibited to the faithful in juxtaposition with the extremely quaint hat and sword sent annually as a present from the Pope to some sovereign.

As usual, his Holiness was present during vespers in the Sistine. My landlord introduced me to a gentleman of the papal household, who kindly took me into the chapel by a private entrance—a privilege which those who have undergone the fatigue and crush incidental to long waiting at the doors of the Sistine Chapel before they are opened, will duly appreciate. On this occasion, I saw Pius IX for the first time. His benevolent face is well adapted for photography, and is generally well rendered in his photographic portraits. A generation of cardinals has passed away since I had last seen the Sacred College in the Sistine Chapel. Those now assembled within this edifice seemed to me in all respects inferior in dignity to their predecessors. Heavy saturnine-visaged men for the most part, having doubtless *pensieri stretti*, though most certainly not *colli scollati*.

Divested of their gorgeous robes, scarlet caps, glittering rings and lace, which must make many women's breasts flutter with envy and covetous desires, and clothed in plain priestly garments, they would certainly fail to excite admiration. It was a wise act on the part of Pope Innocent IV to so clothe these dignitaries of the church as to inspire the people generally with respect. Prior to 1244, they wore no red hat or any mark of distinction. On Christmas-eve, in that year, the Sacred College first appeared habited as we now see them, and we can not doubt that many cardinals of the Wolsey type have been, in some measure at least, indebted to their magnificent dress for the awe they have inspired.

But, hark! the warbling wethers

within their gilded cage fill the Sistine with melody. Are those indeed the voices of men, which, flute-like, steal upon the ear? You think that one cantatrice from the Apollo must be concealed behind the lattice, so woman-like is that voice, so exquisitely sweet that solo. But no; the singer is a fat man, by no means lovely in appearance, so we are glad that he is concealed, and that we hear without seeing him. Though occasionally extremely beautiful, the singing in the papal chapel is, as a rule, monotonous. Indeed, although the Roman Catholic ritual is admirably adapted for music, Rome is far behind other cities in the excellence of her musical performances in connection with her churches. When the Pope's choir put forth their strength, and sing the grand and impressive music of Palestrina or Allegri, you can not fail to be delighted; but these performances are rare, and the ordinary church music on Sundays is extremely poor, and quite unworthy of the buildings in which it is executed.

On Christmas-eve a grand concert was given at the Palazza Bonaparte, at which several fine compositions by the old masters of sacred music were performed; and, as the singers were all of high merit, the execution of the various pieces was excellent. All the handsome rooms were thrown open. One contained a representation of the Nativity, the bambino being swathed in rich robes, and placed in a manger surrounded by figures intended to represent Joseph, the Virgin, etc. This bambino exhibition is common at this period in Rome, in houses of the upper ranks.

Christmas day! Cannon again boom from St. Angelo; the great bell of St. Peter's rings out, and vast multitudes, obeying the call, radiate from all parts of the city to the vast Basilica. Vast, indeed, for, be the multitude ever so great, there is still always room within that Cathedral. No one, even during the Jubilee years, ever saw St. Peter's absolutely full.

I was indebted to my landlord for a place within the tribune. Habited in his *tenuta di gala*, as his orders prescribed,

and headed by a Suisse, who clove the serried ranks of the English, struggling fiercely to improve their positions, he conducted me to an excellent locality behind the cardinals, and close to the Pope. How the latter entered the Basilica, floating, as it seemed, above the heads of the kneeling multitude, between the gorgeous ostrich wing-like fans, the choir meanwhile chanting the well-known *Tu es Petrus*; how cardinals and prelates, with training robes, passed sweeping up the tribune to do homage to their sovereign high pontiff; how the fine, clear voice of Pio Nono was heard proclaiming the usual *indulgenza* proper for the day; how, when his Holiness, at the high altar, surrounded by glittering ecclesiastics and military pomp and glory, beat his breast thrice and exclaimed, *Domine, non sum dignus*, before he swallowed a portion of the wafer,* and how, above all, when the *ostia* was elevated, and the silent people were on their knees, the never-to-be-forgotten silver trumpets were blown from the far-off gallery, typical to the faithful of the trump of the archangel, are ceremonies which have been too often described to render it necessary to dwell upon them here.

But, grand and imposing as are these solemnities, they are held in little esteem by the people generally, who greatly prefer visiting the curious old church of Ara Coeli during the Christmas week, than their grand cathedral. In that church, which stands, as you will remember, on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus—where Gibbon, as he tells us, while listening to the sandaled monks singing vespers, conceived the idea of writing his immortal history—is a small, insignificant, and badly-executed image of a bambino. This figure, said to have been carved by a Franciscan, and painted by St. Luke, is regarded with peculiar veneration by devout Roman Catholics, and no wonder, if one quarter of the miracles which it is stated to have performed be true. And so during Christ-

* The wafer is divided into three portions: the Pontiff partakes of one, the two remaining portions are given to the officiating cardinal and to the subdiacon.

mas week the bambino, arrayed in costly robes and jewels, is laid in a manger, surrounded by figures representing the Virgin, Joseph and others, and all day long crowds of excited devotees press forward to admire and pray before the sacred image.

But this is not all ; during the week a miniature stage is erected opposite the chapel, from which children, principally of the high or middling class, deliver short discourses laudatory of the infant Jesus. This is really a most entertaining sight. Tricked out in the gaudiest dresses that the vanity of their mammas can afford, the little children, many scarcely able to lisped, are lifted on the stage by monks, and, having learned their lesson by heart, declaim piccolo sermonettes to the satisfaction of their parents, and the infinite delight of the crowds surrounding them. And it is a curious spectacle to see how these children, many mere infants, are imbued with that spirit of acting which may be said to be innate in the life of an Italian. You will see the tiny creatures tossing their arms about, shrugging their shoulders, and stamping their little feet with an *empressment* reminding you of the stage.

A brisk sale of representations of the bambino, and of a small book containing the history of the image, was going on at various stalls outside the church. The pictures are more truthful than the history, for this states that the wood of which the image is composed is olive, whereas it is mahogany. The book further states that Gibbon was moved to write the "Decline" by contemplating the ceremonies in the Ara Coeli, which he regarded as little better than Pagan ; "but," adds the little book, "Signor Gibbon was an *infelice Protestante pieno di mal talento*."

Surprising adventures befell the bambino on its voyage to Rome ; the ship containing it being overtaken by a fearful storm, it became necessary to throw all the cargo, etc., overboard, including the box containing the precious image. This, after having been long buffeted by the waves, was eventually cast ashore at Leghorn, and transported, amid much re-

joicing, to the Church of Santa Maria Ara Coeli, in Rome. The auspicious event occurred in 1250, since which period, according to my authority, the image has continued to be regarded with intense veneration, not only by the citizens of Rome, but also by the spiritual subjects of the Pope ; and as these comprise some one hundred and forty millions, it is evident that the bambino has a large number of adorers. "As little better than Pagan." How far Gibbon was correct in making this assertion, is a question forced on all thinking Protestants who behold the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church in Rome, and particularly those connected with the adoration of saints, relics and images. There is scarcely a day on which the images of one or more saints are not set up, if not for adoration, at least with the effect of moving the people to think more of them than of God. Every church has its festa, a kind of benefit, when the patron saint of the edifice is exhibited in a very conspicuous manner, his or her effigy being sometimes a masterpiece of art, and sometimes a wretched plaster image, gaudily painted, but which, nevertheless, finds adorers, for I have often seen such busts kissed fervently by man and woman.

This multiplication of images is entirely opposed to the pure and simple doctrine of the early Christians. To Gregory II (A. D. 715) attached the renown of justifying their adoration. The images set up by the Greeks and Romans were, he avowed, mere fanciful representations of gods or demons, whereas those in Christian churches are in the similitude of the Virgin, Christ, and the saints. How Gregory hurled his thunder against the bold iconoclast Emperor Leo, and how that pontiff's exertions, aided by the Empress Theodora, prevailed, is well known. Images and their worship became established, and from that period they have held a foremost place in the Roman Catholic church. The fact is the more surprising, because in the year 754, in the reign of Constantine IV (who bore the nickname of Copronymous), a general council consisting of three hundred and

thirty-eight bishops met at Constantinople, at which the worship of images was not only declared abominable, but it was further decreed that all such things should be cast out of the Christian churches.

The "Année Liturgique à Rome" gives a list of six hundred and seventy saints, all of whom are more or less honored in that city! And this number, be it observed, far from exhausts the list, the martyrs being a very "army," as our own prayer-book calls them.

MOONLIGHT.

IT has shone forever,
From immemorial times,
On glimmering lake and river
Of enchanted climes.

Like a poet's reverie,
It broodeth still and bright,
Working changes magical
With its unreal light.

Its lands are not, surely,
The realms we know by day;
All things glittering purely
In its silvery ray—
No more than poet's dreamings
Are like the lives they live;
But, oh! unearthly beauty
Is in the charm they give.

Who that loves a woman,
Would woo her in the light,
When the passion preter-human
Could be breathed at night?
Take *her* where its shining arrows
Strike her heart and eyes,
You will find what helpful virtue
In the moonlight lies

It has shone forever,
Since Adams kissed their Eves,
Glimmering on the river,
Shimmering on the leaves:
Underneath its smiling softness
The trembling ocean paces,
Led, as Una led the lion,
By her gentle graces.

It builds fairy bridges
O'er the cataracts' thunder,
And its silver wedges
Split the chasms asunder;

Lovers, elves and hobgoblins
Are under its control—
It fills the azure arch of heaven
As music fills the soul.

By it the bright stranger
Swore love to Juliet;
By it—unwonted ranger,
Her sandals all dew-wet—
Fair Hermia tracked the woodland
With Helena, love-lorn,
Through that midsummer midnight,
Which brought auspicious morn.

It has shone forever,
Since first the breezes blew,
Glimmering on the river,
Shimmering on the dew;
Lighting magic signal-flames
On tops of lonely towers,
Whereby the witches on the heath
Knew their appointed hours.

From the crystal summit
Of the Alps, where never
Eye of bird looked from it,
Nor chamois made endeavor
To scale its awful grandeur,
It tends its altar-fire,
Glowing like our hopes of heaven,
When we most aspire.

Also in the valleys,
Where the grass is deep,
With the brook it dallies,
Till both slip into sleep.
All night the lucent lilies
Fill up their lustrous bowls [Inga,
With moonlight, as with saintly yearn-
Nuns satisfy their souls.

Its wonder-working essence,
Touched on poets' eyes,
Reveals the shadowy presence
That round about us lies.
The demon lady by the oak,
It showed to Christabel,
And things forbidden are oft discerned
Beneath its summoning spell.

It has shone forever,
Down immemorial years,
On time's lengthening river,
Whose springs are human tears;
It glitters on the glaciers,
It glimmers on the waves,
But most, with white and silent face,
It watches o'er men's graves.

CAMPHOR AND COLOGNE.

I—CAMPHOR.

CAPTAIN Judson Gale went out from Boston with his ship, bound for China, in the spring of the year 1850, and was never heard from more—he, nor his ship, nor a man of the crew. After waiting and hoping for two weary years, Mrs. Gale put on widow's weeds. Her little fund of money being all exhausted, the widow turned her pleasant home into a boarding-house, thus to support her two children—Ellen, now six years old, and John, thirteen. John left his school, and got a place in a doctor's office, where he earned enough money to clothe himself. One year later, I came to Boston, and this became my new home.

Anybody must have known, who had looked into the widow Gale's parlors, that it had been the home of a sea-captain. To me, a lad of seventeen, just from my home on the old farm in Berkshire county, this house was a little wonder-world. Not a room in it but held quaint and curious articles, brought from over-seas; and as for the parlors, they were strewn with them. The marble mantels held marvelous specimens of Chinese carving—miniature junks, wrought in ivory, fragile and beautiful, with every thing complete throughout, even to an image of a Chinese mariner of stolid aspect; balls within balls, to the number of a dozen, over which some unfortunate celestial had pricked and prodded away years of prison life. On the tables were brittle rice-paper pictures from Japan, brilliant in brightest colors; and sandal-wood fans and boxes, and towers of slippery mandarin stone, and beautiful shells without number. Then there were chop-sticks, and peak-toed slippers woven of silk and gold, and ponderous Japanese inkstands of brass, and images of calambuco wood, and boxes of onyx and alabaster and vetivert mats from Hindostan, emitting delicate perfumes—in short no end of bijouterie, on the floors, in corners and all about. Captain Gale had made

many trips to China, and always came home laden with treasures of this sort; but not of this sort only, for Mrs. Gale possessed a gorgeous collection of gems, perfectly pure—emeralds, diamonds, rubies, pearls, etc.—not one of which would she part with; and little Ellen owned a real camel's hair shawl, which she put on one day for my edification, and which dragged far behind her on the carpet, being a world too large for her. The captain looked to her being a lady some day.

My chamber had its own supply of treasures. A row of wonderful shells lay along the Indian rug before the closed fireplace—for it was June—and a pair of bungling Japanese sandals of straw were under the quaint ebony light-stand. On the wall there hung a Japanese dagger and flaming red sash, and a Russian dressing-gown that the captain got one day in St. Petersburg. There were many other trinkets besides; but that which most obtruded itself upon my notice was a beautiful camphor-wood box, grotesquely carved out of the rare evergreen of Formosa, which exhaled a fragrance that filled the whole room with its life. Ah, old box! All the sensuous in my nature felt your fragrant greeting, that warm June afternoon; but I little dreamed how much you were to be to me in the future—how your sweet spirit was to follow me through the world like a living thing!

Boston was new to me, and as my duties in the counting-room where I was assistant book-keeper held me constantly busy during the day, it was natural that I should devote my evenings to investigating the mysteries of that famous town. But after a few weeks, its romantic aspect wearing off, the streets lost their charm to me. Even the glittering theaters no longer fascinated. I began to spend my evenings at home. Not in the parlors, though there was a pleasant circle there, but in my own room, with its ever-present fragrance of camphor, looking out at the window over which the grapevines clambered, or reading or writing. I had a strong leaning to poetry in those days; but my father—a very hard, stern

and practical man—had schooled me thoroughly with the understanding that poets were a beggarly crew, and I never dreamed of writing for money. But there was that in me which sought for expression in musical numbers. My nature was sensuous to a high degree; and in this fact may be found the explanation of the power of perfumes over me. My whole being luxuriated in this camphor-wood odor. To some, I believe, the odor of camphor is not agreeable; to me, it is very delicious. And perfumes are to me what strains of music are to many people; they paint me pictures. A forgotten perfume, which returns to me to-day, revives with all the vivid light of the very life, the scenes with which it was first associated; they become instant, present.

Ellen Gale came into my life along with the aroma of that camphor-wood box; and by-and-by, as she began to creep into my heart with her sweet, winning ways, the odor of camphor enfolded her, and became forever associated with her. I close my eyes now, and breathe the perfumes of camphor, and instantly she stands before me as in those quiet, happy days, when she drew ever nearer and nearer to me, and came at last to be like a sister to me—sitting on my knee by the window in the moonlight, or leaning on the table where I built feeble poesy, watching my scratching pen with silent interest. I see her soft brown eyes, her pure white face, her brilliant lips, her plain, dark, banded hair; I feel the touch of her little hand upon my neck; and the odor of the camphor-wood box enfolding us like a spirit.

The box was Ellen's own. "Papa brought it to me the last time he came home from China," said she. "It was full of French bon-bons that he got in Liverpool. I think the world of it, and no one ever put any thing in it since the bon-bons were gone, for I would not let them; but I wish you would use it to keep your poetry in."

That meant much, as a token of especial regard to me; for the devotion of the child to her father's memory was

something very striking, and very beautiful. She one day showed me the last letter he ever wrote her—dated at Liverpool. It was already wearing away at the edges, for the daughter had carried it always since in her pure white bosom, putting it at night under her pillow.

When I took Ellen Gale for my sister, and called her thereafter "little Nell," I was honest about it; I took Mrs. Gale also for my mother, and John for my brother. Mother, brother or sister of my own blood, I had never known; and this relation was more to me than it would have been to another, perhaps. I loved Mrs. Gale with a strong regard, and John no less. "Doctor Jack," as I playfully called him, would do about any thing for me; he was a good boy. Both he and the mother always called me by my first name—Will; but little Nell, out of her more caressing nature, called me Willie. No one else on this round globe ever called me by that name but little Nell; and no one ever shall; but there is no danger—I was thirty years old last August, and am past the day for being petted, I should think. We used to esteem it a rare bit of humor when I would sit holding little Nell on my knee, and would tell her I was going to marry her one of these days, and call her my fairy wife.

"But you can't marry your own sister, can you, Willie?" she would say.

Though I never wrote tales, I had a natural leaning to fiction, I think, and I used to tell Nellie grand stories of my future life, in which she figured as the heroine; or build beautiful air-castles with brown-stone fronts, and locate them in West Boston, and dwell in them to a happy old age with my fairy wife. I was to be a great poet, of course, with a large fortune made with the assistance of Fame, and Nellie was very proud of her poet husband. How little I saw the work I was doing! How little I realized that so much of these idle dreams could sink down into that guileless heart and abide there forever! This was all poetry to me, but to her it was as real as any thing else in the future. Yes, I can say now, with perfect candor, that I had no

thought of the seed I was sowing; and when she would steal her arms about my neck and put up her vermilion lips to mine with a dewy kiss, and then sink her head on my breast and sigh softly—ah, how blind I was! But she was so little.

Three years passed in this happy life. I thought quite seriously of getting out a volume of poems. The camphor-wood box held three or four score of verdant rhymes that had never seen print; and they never have yet, and never will; for about that time came the change in my life that took me away from the pursuit of the muses and from Boston forever.

"Ladd," said Mr. Wright, the junior partner, to me, one morning in the fall of 1854, "we want a man to take Murray's place. You're posted in grains, I think."

"I was brought up on a farm, sir," I replied.

Murray had been our grain-buyer in the West, and had perished in a steam-boat explosion on the Mississippi a few weeks before. It was an excellent place for a rising young man, and when, after a brief conversation with the partners, it was decided I should take the vacancy, I was in fine spirits. But it grieved me to see how sad the tidings made the good people at the house—especially little Nell. While they were glad for my sake, they were sorry to part with me. The night before I left Boston I took Nellie to the theater, and after we returned we sat long in the parlor alone. Some new thoughts passed through my mind in that hour; and when Nellie put her cheek to mine and clung to me in a long silence, in the dim light of the room, I felt a thrill at my heart that was new to me; for in that hour I had the first real thought that had ever entered my brain of the possibility of Nellie's some day being my wife. She was only ten years old then, and it was extremely absurd; but somehow, I could not speak in the old light way about the future, nor call her, as I had before done, my fairy wife.

Next day I left Boston, with good-by kisses from mother and daughter, and a

hearty embrace from "Doctor Jack," now a fine lad of sixteen.

"If you get fever 'n ague out there, Will," quoth Jack, "come back to Boston an' I'll cure y'up."

But I never have seen Boston since. I wonder if it has changed much in all these years?

I took away with me, at Nellie's earnest wish, the camphor-wood box containing all my literary efforts—excepting only an acrostic on the words "Little Nell," which she retained. For more than two years I kept the box, carrying it with me in all my western wanderings. I was in St. Louis when the news came of the failure of Weston, Wright & Co., and a commission-house in that city offered me a like position at once, which I accepted. I got deep in the busy currents of trade; I began, after a while, to speculate on my own account, and made money rapidly. One day, as I was riding up the Mississippi river, I fell to musing on my literary aspirations in Boston. I got out the camphor-wood box from my trunk and began to overlook the fading MSS. it contained. How its fragrance revived the memory of those quiet days! "Oh, little Nell!" I sighed, and closing my eyes, saw again the happy scenes which now seemed to have existed in a former era of the world's history.

"Hullo, Ladd!" cried some one, slapping me good-naturedly on the back, as I leaned on the taffrail, and knocking the box into the water. "What ye lost?" he added, as I bent over and looked after it.

"A box of papers," said I, musingly.

"Any vally?"

"No," I answered, turning toward him, "they're of no value—no value at all." I was ashamed to tell this realistic money-getter—a brother speculator—that I had been musing over a lot of adolescent poetry. "Well, Hawkins, what are you in mostly now?" I added, in a louder tone.

"Oh, wheat, mostly," said he.

I saw the camphor-wood box floating far astern.

"And so good-by to that," I murmured, under my breath.

"That" meant much.

II—COLOGNE.

IN the summer of 1860, with a party of friends from St. Louis, I went on a trip from Chicago to the Lake Superior country. I was now well known throughout the West as a successful young capitalist—young, for I was still but twenty-six.

The good steamer *Planet* was taking in her last installment of freight, and her brilliantly-lighted cabins were thronged with a gay company of pleasure-seekers, bound for the cool breezes of the upper lakes, away from the burning August heat of cities. The band was playing a spirited waltz, on the deck, in the evening air.

"Oh, dear!" cried a lively young lady near me, teetering sympathetically, "how I do want to dance!"

At the moment she caught my eye, and stopped teetering, to bestow on me a well-bred stare. My appearance did not seem to displease her. She resumed her gay tone, and while talking with the group of companions about her, ever and anon turned on me a coquettish glance. She was one of a small party from New York, who were unacquainted, it seemed, with any one else on the boat.

There was the usual stiffness peculiar to American society, for the first day or two, but gradually we began to feel a homelike feeling with regard to the boat—for the trip to Lake Superior is like an ocean voyage in respect of confining the passengers to a floating prison for days together; and people can hardly sit at the same table, seeing the same faces daily, lounging on the same sofas, playing on the same piano, sleeping in bedrooms off the same big parlor, without striking up an acquaintance somewhere. I had been sitting on deck reading a magazine all the morning of the second day out, and closed it when I had finished it. The young lady to whom I have referred occupied a seat near me at the moment, and exhaled a delicious perfume of Jean Marie Farina of which I was, you may be sure, very conscious. As I arose to go to my state-room, she addressed me in cruel German:

"Wollen Sie lass mir lies ihr buch?" she said.

"With pleasure," I replied, somewhat startled by the extraordinary style of her address. "It is a very dull number, I fear you'll find."

"Are you fond of reading the American magazines?" she asked, in a very lively tone.

"Why, yes," said I, "I like some of our magazines very much."

"You are German, are you not?" was her next question.

"Oh, no," said I.

"French?"

"No—oh, no!"

"You're not Italian?"

"I am an American—a Massachusetts Yankee, by birth."

"Why, how stupid I have been!" she cried, with a merry laugh. "I thought you were a foreigner."

Thus began my acquaintance with the vivacious Isabella Thorne, daughter of a wealthy New York merchant. She was a beautiful creature—a type of the loveliness you may see any pleasant afternoon in Broadway—a full, queenly figure, large gray eyes, light-brown hair, and dressed richly and tastefully; and the delicious odor of Farina cologne that always hung about her was not one of her least attractions, to me. The acquaintance rapidly ripened, as such acquaintances, formed under such circumstances, always do. We danced in the long cabin in the evenings; we promenaded the deck in the star-light, gazing out on the lonely waste of water that seemed so gloomy and made us feel so strongly how much we were alone; we sat on the promenade deck in the cool, sunny afternoons, in the shade of the disused and canvas-covered stern-wheel, where we could talk soft nothings with no one to hear; and I was not long in discovering that I was deeply in love. Of course, Isabella introduced me to her mother, and that lady smiled on our acquaintance benignly, to my great joy. It was a happy time. I look back on it with gentle feelings, for there was not an hour in all those beautiful days that brought one painful thought to my heart. Stop, though; I am forgetting that day when we went to the iron mine on shore at

Marquette—when I fell from a crag on which I had climbed for an especially tempting specimen of the ore, and bruised my forehead, so that when we returned to the boat Isabella bound my head with a handkerchief, which she moistened with camphor. Ah, the old perfume! Little Nell, and the old sea-captain's house, with its wealth of wondrous trinkets! Somehow, the memory of that last hour in the parlor—that night four years ago, troubled my silly head. And the more I tried to banish those thoughts, the more they came; and it seemed to me, then, that if little Nell were here she would not be content with bandaging my head, but would seat herself by me, lying here on a cabin sofa, and hold my hand confidently, and press a loving kiss on my cheek as I slept.

"Little Nell must be quite a young lady now," I thought; "she's just sweet sixteen this month."

Miss Thorne came walking through the cabin, and stopped a moment to flirt her cologne-scented handkerchief playfully in my face, and ask, "Do you feel any better now, Mr. Ladd?"

"Oh, much better," I replied. But what a fib it was, to be sure.

Before we parted at Chicago, on our return, I had given Miss Thorne to understand that I had contemplated winding up my western affairs, preparatory to going to New York to reside. So when we said good-by on the deck of the *Planet* that August morning, she pressed a tiny packet into my hand, and said, in a low tone:

"Dinna forget, Mr. Ladd. I shall never cease looking for you till you come."

"I shall come," I answered; we pressed hands; "and so good-by."

"Good-by, good-by!"

When she was gone, I opened the packet. Inside was a forget-me-not, and the penciled word "Isabel." Where she got the flower I could not imagine. I concluded, finally, that it was "one she had," for it was already withered; and its fragrance was the fragrance of—cologne, nothing else.

The following October found me in

New York; and an early evening after my arrival in the city found me sitting in a parlor of Miss Thorne's residence in Madison avenue. She received me with cordiality and both hands, and I was strongly tempted to imprint a kiss somewhere on her fair face; her manner seemed to invite it; but I refrained, through modesty, which I need not have done, I now know. However, we were not long in coming to that. I was a constant visitor at the house, and speedily stood in the position of a recognized suitor. We went together to the theater and the opera, and, through her, I soon became involved in the whirl of fashion. It was something novel to me. To be sure, I had known society in St. Louis and Chicago; but the social maelstrom of New York made the petty gayeties of western society tame enough in the comparison. I became known as a Wall street operator of large capital, and my social position was from that hour assured.

The winter went by with a whirl, and I knew nothing of care. There were times, I confess, when thoughts of little Nell would intrude, and I would promise myself an early visit to Boston; but I never went. And what was worse, I never wrote. Up to the time of my Lake Superior trip I had kept up an unbroken monthly correspondence with my Boston friends; but when I decided to come east again I felt as if I should now be near them, and should see them soon, and so I never wrote to them again—never to this day. These silly thoughts of self-reproach *would* come, once in a while in quiet moments. And besides these, there once or twice came over me flashes of jealousy regarding my Isabella and her numerous beaux. The formal words of proposal and acceptance had never passed between us, it is true; but I considered myself no less her affianced than if the parents had blessed us in due form, and the marriage settlement had been made. Therefore I did not like the length of Isabella's string of admirers. Especially I did not like Mr. Mortimer Gawley—a "heavy swell," with killing moustaches and sleepy black eyes, who,

I fancied, was quite too much devoted to Miss Thorne. Once, when I saw her talking to him behind her fan in a manner that struck me as being much too confidential, I quietly asked Isabella if she had not in her heart a feeling of preference for Mr. Gawley.

"How can you be so foolish, Will?" she made answer. "Mr. Gawley is an old friend of ours, and I wonder you dislike him so much. By the way, won't you, just to oblige me, try and not treat him quite so cavalierly when you meet him? Do, that's a dear good fellow, for my sake; it exposes me to more mortification than you think; Mr. Gawley asks me the queerest questions about you, and I don't know how to answer him."

Convinced more by her affectionate manner than by her words, I dropped the subject, and felt ashamed; and next time I met Gawley I was so good-natured that he quite opened his eyes with surprise.

That did not last long, however. Soon after, Gawley and I chanced to call on the same evening, and at the same hour. We entered the house together, and together were seated in the parlor. Isabella came in radiant, and exhaling cologne as ever, and advancing extended her left hand to me first, and then her right to Mr. Mortimer Gawley, protesting that it was the most delightful surprise to meet us both together, a circumstance that had never occurred before, she believed, had it?

It would have puzzled the most acute observer, I think, to have decided which of the two gentlemen then in Miss Thorne's presence was the preferred one. She divided her attentions between us with such impartiality that I could not avoid thinking she cut them squarely in two in the middle, as she would an apple, mentally saying, you take half, and you take half. True, she had offered her hand to me first, when she entered the parlor; but it was the left hand; nothing could have been more impartial. I was not in a good humor that evening; I had lost very heavily in Erie that day, and my future was beginning to look a little dubious in Wall

street. To force Miss Thorne to some expression of preference, I arose and walked into the next parlor, to examine a painting with which I was already on perfectly familiar terms. My intention was to keep out of easy talking range, by looking at all the paintings first, and after that, if there was no demonstration, there was the conservatory beyond, and Isabella knew my passion for exotics. I did not think I should disconcert the enemy quite so suddenly, however. Chancing to glance at the pair, as they sat on a *tête-à-tête*, I saw Isabella withdraw her hand quickly from Mr. Gawley's grasp, give him a warning look, and walk over to me. Gawley flushed angrily, but he turned it off with a yawn, and arose to go.

"Haven't time to prolong the call this evening, Miss Thorne," said he; "only dropped in for a word or two. An engagement just below—at Winterson's—sh'll have to say *au revoir*. Evening, Ladd."

"Now, Belle," said I, after he was gone, "I'm jealous of you, without joking. Will it be impertinent in me to ask how that man dared to take your hand in that manner?"

"How uncomfortable you are to-night, Mr. Ladd," said she, her gray eyes emitting a light such as I had not seen in them before; "do you catechise all your lady friends so severely?"

"If you Mr. Ladd me," said I, "I shall certainly Miss Thorne you in return. Belle!" I added, with flushing earnestness, "this is child's-play. I am only candid with you when I say, I do not like your manner with Mr. Gawley. If, in catechising you, as you term it, I assume a right that is not mine, I wish to know it this hour—for I shall not proceed in the direction I have been going, if I have been mistaken all this while."

She looked a little frightened, at this, but I did not think it best to spare her. I proceeded:

"Pardon me if I speak too plainly to render it possible that I should be misunderstood. You must choose, Belle, and choose to-night, between Mr. Mort-

mer Gawley and Mr. William Ladd. We two can not occupy the same plane."

"Will," she said, placing her white hands on my shoulders as she stood, "you grieve me to the heart. How can you doubt as to my choice?"

Looking into her wide, upturned gray eyes, feeling her caressing hands on my shoulders, how could I, indeed?

"Between us," she continued, "there should be perfect confidence. If you make me say mere words to you, Will, you give me pain; you indicate the absence of confidence, and that I can never bear."

"Forgive me, Belle," I murmured, drawing her to my breast, "I am wrong, and you are right."

"Must I speak the words?" she breathed, looking steadily in my eyes, with her face close to mine. My answer was, to close her lips in one clinging kiss, while that sweet perfume floated up like incense from the laces on her throbbing breast. That was our last misunderstanding.

I have mentioned that I had lost largely in Erie that day. I had been speculating heavily in stocks of late. The next day I lost still more heavily, and on the third day I awoke to the consciousness that when I had entered Wall street to wrestle with the skillful operators there, I had ventured into an arena that held too many men who were my superiors in the game. My western grain speculations had never trained me for the combats of this ring. Not to trouble you with details about what now troubles me not in the least, it is enough to say that I was a "ruined man," the victim of "cornering." If you don't know what that is, I hope you never will know by bitter experience.

Of course it was not long ere my financial decease was known. I felt the first sensation peculiar to my fallen state, when Mr. Addison R. Thorne—my idol's father—passed me in Pine street with a cold bow, in striking contrast to his usually cordial salutation. I had read of cuts like this before, but had never quite believed that human nature could be so brutal. Truth to say, however, this was

not the common treatment I received from my former antagonists in the arena; but that is of no consequence at present.

That evening I called to see Isabella.

"Not at home, sir," said the servant-girl, with an imperturbable countenance. I knew she lied—if I may be allowed the expression—and I did not call again.

But I wrote to Isabella. I forget, at this time, precisely what I wrote; but I remember that in the letter I said, in a burst of high magnanimity which cost me a great effort, that I freely released her from the implied engagement if the change in my circumstances had altered the feelings of her heart toward me. But oh, I begged her not to dim my confidence in all humankind by showing me that she, she of all the world, should forsake me in that hour. And so on. I never got any answer to it.

I can speak lightly of these things now; but it is none the less true that then my heart seemed nearly crushed. There is no need to prolong the history of that period in my existence. That was the last of my acquaintance with Miss Isabella Thorne—since married to Mr. Mortimer Gawley, from whom she separated within a year.

If my thoughts now turned to the delicious quiet of the old sea-captain's house in Boston—if I thought with renewed tenderness of innocent little Nell—I was ashamed, in that hour of my adversity, to turn for solace to those whom I had neglected so basely in my prosperity. This was the spring in which Sumter was fired on. I enlisted as a private in the —th regiment, and marched off to the war. Many a cordial hand-shake I had from good fellows I knew, at parting; but I had no occasion to whistle about "the girl I left behind me."

III—JOINED.

I was made a sergeant when the organization of our regiment was perfected. Subsequently, I was constituted a supernumerary lieutenant, but in the second year of my service this position in the army was dispensed with, thus virtually throwing me out. At this time

came the news that my father was dead, and, relenting toward me in his last hours, had made me his sole heir. The property was not large—it only embraced the old homestead, and a broad farm in the loveliest valley of all New England—but I was now conscious that I was no longer a beggar. I did not go home, however. I had enlisted for the war, and I meant to be "in at the death" of the rebellion. I was.

When the battle of Fort Steadman occurred, I had attained the rank of a major. That was the last pitched battle of the war. Grant was watching Richmond with his steady eye; Sherman was marching down to the sea; the assault on Fort Steadman was the last desperate effort of the rebels. Our corps (the Sixth) did its duty in that battle, as always, everywhere. I was shot in a bad place—the right shoulder. The hospitals were overcrowded at that time, and as my hurt was a perilous one, they put me into the first hospital reached—that of Armory Square. I lay unconscious for over twenty-four hours. The twilight of the next evening was creeping through the wards when my senses returned to me, and I gradually became sensible of where I was. Nurses were moving about in their sober garb. There was the subdued hum of low voices, with an occasional groan from some poor fellow in the doctor's hands. Some one was bathing my aching head with camphor, and the perfume did its inevitable work. Again I was in the old sea-captain's house in Boston; again I saw the little room where the grape-vine clambered over the window; again little Nell stood at my side as I built poesy, pressed her soft cheek to mine, looked lovingly with her brown eyes into my blue, put up her vermilion lips with a dewy kiss. Where was she now, that pure-souled little maiden, whom I had neglected so basely, but whom I had never, never forgotten? Involuntarily I murmured, "Oh, little Nell, little Nell, where are you?"

The soft womanly hand I had felt a moment before came fluttering down upon my forehead; it crept along my cheek; it glided to my neck with an eager caress;

and then in the gathering gloom a white, white face bent down to me, and I heard a whisper:

"Willie!"

"No!" I half shouted, husky and eager. "This is a hospital! Nell?" Then I listened, with staring eyes in the dim twilight.

"I am here, Willie," came her answer.

Thrilling with joy I raised my well arm and drew her dear head down; her lips pressed mine with dewy coolness; my trembling touch went groping over her hair, her neck, her waist, her hands.

"Oh, God!" I cried, "if this be not a dream, I bless, I thank thee, Giver of good!"

"It is no dream, Willie," murmured little Nell, and when I felt her tears on my cheek, that was the touch of reality that assured me.

Lights came; and then I discovered that the beautiful creature at my side was no longer the little girl I had used to hold on my knee. In her place, was a sweet, womanly face, an exquisitely rounded form, belonging to a young lady of some twenty years, who sat at my side and held my left hand with quiet confidence. But how came she here? That puzzled me. Her young face with its ripe red lips seemed strangely out of place in this abode of mature and motherly nurses—I was too happy and too feeble to care much, however; so I just lay and looked at her, as one might look at angels right down from heaven.

One of the surgeons approached.

"He has spoken, John," whispered Nellie.

A flash of jealousy ran through me. Who is John? He bent over me and took my hand away from little Nell.

"Well, major," said he, "how do you feel now?"

"Don't you know him, Willie?" asked Nell.

"I know his face, I think," said I, uncertainly. "What! Doctor Jack! My dear boy, get down here and take a one-handed hug! God bless you, Jack, you're a real surgeon, aren't you? And you brought her here?"

"She came to visit me," said Jack.

"Been here a week. She recognized you. I wouldn't have known you from Adam. She's been watching you ever since. She's afraid you'll run away, I think."

"There's danger," I said, smiling peacefully, as I clung to her dear hand.

What a brave little thing she proves herself! How many young women could sit by and see the cruel probes thrust deep into the quivering flesh of the man she loved (and she did love me!) prodding and grinding in search of the ball for two long hours of agony. Her face was as white as my own, but the hand that held mine never twitched nor trembled. And when at last they found the ball, she took possession of it.

A month later, I was well enough to go home on leave of absence. Nellie had remained with me all this time, and when I went back to the old homestead I took its light with me, for Nellie was now my little wife.

"Dear Willie," she murmured, as we sat by the window in our new home on the first night we occupied it—she in her old place, on my knee, "the prayer of years is answered. Since mother's death, one earnest prayer for myself has ascended to the dear Father—that he would give me to you some day, and that I might make your home the happiest spot in the wide world. I am here; the rest is in my hands." Then she added, suiting the action to the word, "And you are in my arms, my brave brown soldier!"

I sat in the open door, one mild October afternoon not long ago, looking out upon the shadows on the distant hills, and listening to the soft murmur of the trees, that breathed a hymn of peace to my heart. The poplars were dropping their leaves downward; the orchard was laden with plenty, and the landscape rich with the glory of the dying year. The sun shone on the gold and flame of the maples; the flowering dogwood had turned its leaves to purple, and its coral berries were gleaming between; the old burning-bush by the gate glowed with fire; the white feath-

ers of the virgin's-bower swayed in the soft wind. There is a winding foot-path that leads over the hill across the fields to the village, and down it was coming a vision of flowing robes and fluttering ribbons, which, translated, was my fairy wife—who bore in her fat little hands a wealth of orange and scarlet, the berries of the climbing bitter-sweet.

"Willie," she cried—for she still persists in calling me by that ridiculously loving name—ridiculous, I mean, for an old and war-scarred veteran of thirty—"what do you think I have seen at neighbor Young's?"

"I can't tell, I'm sure, little wife. An elephant?"

"Your camphor-wood box?"

"No!"

"Just what I knew you would say. But it is true. Mrs. Young says the box was sent to her by her brother in Iowa, six years ago, and that he fished it out of the Mississippi river."

"Strange!" I exclaimed; "I will have that box, little wife, if it costs me a thousand dollars."

Come and pay me a visit some time, and you shall see that box. Its contents are: a ragged, twisted and battered bullet that came from the right shoulder of one Major William Ladd, and a sheet of faded paper, upon which is written an acrostic on the name of L-i-t-t-l-e N-e-l-l.

PHYSIOLOGY OF PERFUMES.

AMONG the many enjoyments provided for us by bountiful nature, there are few more delicate, and, at the same time, more keen, than those derived from the sense of smell. When the olfactory nerves, wherein that sense resides, are struck with odoriferous emanations, the agreeable impression they receive is rapidly and vividly transmitted to the brain, and thus acquires somewhat of a mental character. Who has not felt revived and cheered by the balmy fragrance of the luxuriant garden or the flowery meadow? Who has not

experienced the delightful sensations caused by inhaling a fresh breeze loaded with the spoils of the flowery tribe? that "sweet south," so beautifully described by Shakespeare as

"Breathing o'er a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

An indescribable emotion then invades the whole being; the soul becomes melted in sweet rapture, and silently offers up the homage of its gratitude to the Creator for the blessings showered upon us; while the tongue slowly murmurs with Thomson:

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you and whose pencil paints."

It is when nature awakes from her long slumbers, and shakes off the trammels of hoary winter, at that delightful season which the Italian poet so charmingly hails as the "youth of the year,"

"Primavera, gioventù dell'anno!"

that the richest perfumes fill the atmosphere. The fair and fragile children of spring begin to open one by one their bright corols, and to shed around their aromatic treasures:

"Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet, darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower stain'd with iron-brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round."

But soon—too soon, alas!—those joys are doomed to pass; like the maiden ripening into the matron, the flower becomes a seed, and its fragrance would forever be lost, had it not been treasured up in its prime by some mysterious art which gives it fresh and lasting life.

"The roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone;
And a dew was distilled from the flowers that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone."

Thus the sweet but evanescent aroma, which would otherwise be scattered to the winds of heaven, assumes a durable

and tangible shape, and consoles us for the loss of flowers when nature dons her mourning garb, and the icy blast howls round us.

The origin of perfumery, like that of all ancient arts, is shrouded in obscurity. Some assert that it was first discovered in Mesopotamia, the seat of earthly paradise, where, as Milton says:

"Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

Others that it originated in Arabia, which has long enjoyed, and still retains, the name of the "land of perfumes." Whatever may be the true version, it is evident that when man first discovered

"What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,"

his first idea was to offer up these fragrant treasures as a holocaust to the Deity. The word perfume (*per*, through, *fumum*, smoke), indicates clearly that it was first obtained by burning aromatic gums and woods; and it seems as if a mystic idea was connected with this mode of sacrifice, and as if men fondly believed that their prayers would sooner reach the realms of their gods by being wafted on the blue wreaths which slowly ascended to heaven and disappeared in the atmosphere, while their intoxicating fumes threw them into religious ecstasies. Thus we find perfumes form a part of all primitive forms of worship. The altars of Zoroaster and Confucius, the temples of Memphis and those of Jerusalem, all smoked alike with incense and sweet-scented woods.

Among the Greeks, perfumes were not only considered as an homage due to their deities, but as a sign of their presence. Homer and other poets of that period never mention the apparition of a goddess without speaking of the ambrosial clouds which surround her. Thus is Cupid's fair mother described in the "Iliad," when she visits Achilles:

"Celestial Venus hovered o'er his head,
And roseate unguents heav'nly fragrance shed."

And in one of Euripides' tragedies, Hippolites, dying, exclaims, "Oh, Diana,

sweet goddess, I know that thou art near me, for I have recognized thy balmy odor."

The use of perfumes by the ancients was not long confined to sacred rites. From the earliest times of the Egyptian empire we find that they were adapted to private uses, and gradually became an actual necessity to those who laid any claim to refined tastes and habits. We may say that perfumery was studied and cherished by all the various nations which held in turn the scepter of civilization. It was transmitted by the Egyptians to the Jews, then to the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and at last to the modern European nations, when they emerged from the long chaos of barbarous turmoil, and again welcomed the arts of peace.

All plants and all flowers exhale an odor more or less perceptible—more or less agreeable. Some flowers, like that of the orange-tree and the rose, possess such a powerful aroma that it scents the air for miles around. Those who have the good fortune to travel in the "genial land of Provence," when the flowers are in full bloom,

"And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,"

are saluted with the balmy breezes emanating from the floral plantations of Grasse or Nice long before they reach them. Some flowers have a stronger smell at sunrise, some at mid-day, others at night. This depends in a great measure on the time they are wont to open, which varies so much among the fragrant tribe, that it has allowed a patient botan-

ist to form a floral clock, each hour being indicated by the opening of a particular flower.

All odors are not alike in intensity. Some flowers lose their fragrance as soon as they are culled; others, on the contrary, preserve it even when dried. None, however, can equal in strength and durability the odors derived from the animal kingdom. A single grain of musk will retain its aroma for years, and impart it to every thing with which it comes in contact.

Odors have been classified in various ways by learned men. Linneus, the father of modern botanical science, divided them into seven classes, three of which only were pleasant odors, viz., the aromatic, the fragrant, and the ambrosial; but, however good his general divisions may have been, this classification was far from correct, for he placed carnation with laurel leaves, and saffron with jessamine, than which nothing can be more dissimilar. Fourcroy divided them into five series, and De Haller into three. All these were, however, more theoretical than practical, and none classified odors by their resemblance to each other. Eugene Rimmel, in his recent work on perfumes, has attempted to make a new classification, comprising only pleasant odors, by adopting the principle that, as there are primary colors from which all secondary shades are composed, there are also primary odors with perfect types, and that all other aromas are connected more or less with them.

The types thus adopted he tabulated as follows:

CLASSES.	TYPES.	ODORS BELONGING TO THE SAME CLASS.
Rose	Rose	Geranium, sweetbrier, rhodium, rosewood.
Jasmine	Jasmine	Lily of the valley.
Orange flower	Orange flower	Acacia, syringa, orange leaves.
Tuberose	Tuberose	Lily, jonquil, narcissus, hyacinth.
Violet	Violet	Cassia,orris-root, mignonette.
Balsamic	Vanilla	Balsam of Peru and tolu, benzoin, styrax, Tonquin beans, heliotrope.
Spice	Cinnamon	Cassia, nutmeg, mace, pimento.
Clove	Clove	Carnation, clove, pink.
Camphor	Camphor	Rosemary, patchouly.
Sandal	Sandalwood	Vetivert, cedarwood.
Citrine	Lemon	Bergamot, orange, cedrat, limetta.
Lavender	Lavender	Spike, thyme, serpolet, marjoram.
Mint	Peppermint	Spearmint, balm, rue, sage.
Aniseed	Aniseed	Badiane, caraway, dill, coriander, fennel.
Almond	Bitter Almonds	Laurel, peach kernels, mirbane.
Musk	Musk	Civet, musk-seed, musk-plant.
Amber	Ambergris	Oak-moss.
Fruit	Pear	Apple, pineapple, quince.

"This," he says, "is the smallest number of types to which I could reduce my classification, and even then there are some particular odors, such as that of wintergreen, which it would be difficult to introduce into either class; nor does this list comprise the scents which are produced by blending several classes together."

Jean Jacques Rousseau, Zimmermann, and other authors, say that the sense of smell is the sense of imagination. There is no doubt that, as before observed, pleasant perfumes exercise a cheering influence on the mind, and easily become associated with our remembrances. Sounds and scents share alike the property of refreshing the memory, and recalling vividly before us scenes of our past life—an effect which Thomas Moore beautifully illustrates in his "Lalla Rookh":

"The young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers as by a spell,
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree,
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees, call'd up round her by those magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its sorrows back again."

Tennyson expresses the same feeling in his "Dream of Fair Woman.":

"The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

Criton, Hippocrates, and other ancient doctors, classed perfumes among medicines, and prescribed them for many diseases, especially those of a nervous kind. Pliny also attributes therapeutic properties to various aromatic substances,* and some perfumes are still used in modern medicine.

Discarding, however, all *curative* pretensions for perfumes, we think it right, at the same time, to combat the doctrines of certain medical men who hold that they are injurious to health. It can be proved, on the contrary, that their use in moderation is more beneficial than other-

wise; and in cases of epidemics they have been known to render important service, were it only to the four thieves who, by means of their famous aromatic vinegar,* were enabled to rob half the population of Marseilles at the time of the great plague.

It is true that flowers, if left in a sleeping apartment all night, will sometimes cause headache and sickness, but this proceeds not from the diffusion of their aroma, but from the carbonic acid they evolve during the night. If a perfume extracted from these flowers were left open in the same circumstances, no evil effect would arise from it. All that can be said is that some delicate people may be affected by certain odors; but the same person to whom a musky scent would give a headache might derive much relief from a perfume with a citrine basis.

Imagination has a great deal to do with the supposed noxious effects of perfumes. Dr. Cloquet, who may be deemed an authority on this subject, of which he made a special study, says in his able treatise on olfaction: "We must not forget that there are many effeminate men and women to be found in the world who *imagine* that perfumes are injurious to them, but their example can not be adduced as a proof of the bad effect of odors. Thus Dr. Thomas Capellini relates the story of a lady who *fancied* she could not bear the smell of a rose, and fainted on receiving the visit of a friend who carried one, and yet the flower was only *artificial*."

Were any other argument wanting to vindicate perfumes from the aspersions cast upon them, we would say that we are prompted by a natural instinct to seek and enjoy pleasant odors, and to avoid and reject those unpleasant; and it is unreasonable and unjust to suppose that Providence has endowed us with this discerning power, to mislead us into a pleasure fraught with danger or discomfort.

* Pliny, in his *Natural History*, mentions eighty-four remedies derived from rue, forty-one from mint, twenty-five from pennyroyal, forty-one from the iris, thirty-two from the rose, twenty-one from the lily, seventeen from the violet, etc. (Pliny's Nat. Hist., b. xx and xxi.)

* It is related that during the great plague which visited Marseilles, four robbers, who had become associated, invented an aromatic vinegar by means of which they could rob the dead and the dying, without any fear of infection: This vinegar was long known in France, under the name of "Vinaigre des quatre Voleurs," and gave the first idea of Toilet Vinegar.

LEARNING TO SKATE.

"DO you skate?"

"H-m! not much. Do you?"

"Oh, yes! I'm *passionately* fond of it! I'm so sorry you don't skate!"

"Perhaps I could learn. I could like *any thing* that *you* liked—but, there's our turn—now!" and away the couple went, after a momentary pause, in the German.

The speakers were Miss Oylwell, of Fifth avenue, and Bob Frothingham, a favorite in society, of no particular place. *Scene:* Mrs. Smythe's mansion, on the avenue above mentioned, four o'clock in the afternoon, gaslight, long, crowded room, music, thirty couple swaying and whirling about in the German.

As soon as they came to another pause, Miss Oylwell, flirting her fan, and looking very warm, continued, enthusiastically:

"You *must* learn, Mr. Frothingham. Why, I never dreamed that a man who dances as *you* dance, didn't know how to skate."

"It wasn't so fashionable when I was in my youth," her partner was about to confess, but he checked himself. He passed for a good-looking man of from thirty-three to thirty-five, and if he were any older he succeeded in keeping it a secret. He was quite the best dancer in the room; in fact, he had been chosen by Mrs. Smythe to lead the German, and she had kindly given him the richest girl on the list for his partner. Here was a chance it would be madness to neglect. From two to three hours with the richest girl in the room, young and pretty besides, and the prospect of leading her down to the five-o'clock hot supper!—Mr. Frothingham had considered himself "in clover" until that unlucky reference to skating.

"Have you heard that old Doubleday has left his wife?" he asked, quite forgetting the unsuitable nature of the subject, in his anxiety to change the drift of Miss Oylwell's thoughts.

She opened her blue eyes widely, but answered him quite unembarrassed:

"La, yes, a week ago. I'm going to Central Park to-morrow. Didn't you think, when you came in, that the skat-

ing would be good by that time? It was so splendidly cold."

"It *was* cold," asserted her partner.

"Oh, freezing! The ice will be beautiful to-morrow—I know it will. It's so funny you don't skate! That's the reason I've never met you at *our* Pond, I suppose. I and Carrie have season-tickets to the Pond. But, we're going to the Park to-morrow, for a little *extra* fun. I *do wish* you were going, Mr. Frothingham. *Do go*. You can learn in a little while. You dance *so* beautifully, I'm sure you'll skate to perfection. Do you know, I believe I could skate out this whole German on the ice, without a single false step. Will Herring says I never look so well as when I'm on the ice. You ought to see me in my skating costume."

"I should like to, very much; though I'm sure it would be utterly impossible for you to look better than you do this minute. In my eyes, a woman always looks prettiest in ball costume—and yours, Miss Oylwell, is exquisite."

"Thank you, Mr. Frothingham. I expect it is pretty—it cost enough."

"The cost would be nothing, if there was not a handsome girl to wear it." The gentleman got out this tremendous falsehood with the ease of long practice. It might have been worn by an angel, yet had it not been cut in the latest mode and been of the richest material, it would not have awakened his sense of beauty. Miss Oylwell, for her part, having only sported expensive things for a year or two, also still estimated them very much, as she had *naïvely* confessed, at their cost.

"La, you needn't think to flatter me—I'm used to it, and it don't have the least effect," she cried, merrily. "Will Herring said he should be at the Park at two o'clock to-morrow. I'd like awfully to make him jealous. I do wish you'd call, and go with me, Mr. Frothingham. We'll go in the carriage, and then send it back."

This was an invitation not to be neglected. To be actually asked to the Oylwell House, to be promised a drive in their carriage, and the privilege of

escorting and taking care of Miss Oylwell, at Central Park, where many would see his good-fortune, lifted him up to the seventh heaven of hope. But he kept sinking, as fast as he rose. Who was this "Will" whom she had twice mentioned, and whom she wanted to make jealous?—and, oh, gracious! if she should insist upon his trying to skate!

However, before the German and the supper were over, he was in for it. He had promised Miss Oylwell that he would go with her to the Lake and that he would bring a pair of skates. What was left of that night, after Mrs. Smythe's German was over, was spent by Mr. Frothingham in a state of agitation which precluded any thing like real repose. He had struggled for twenty years to make his fortune by marrying one to his hand, and had never been nearer to it than now. Miss Oylwell evidently favored him. She had blushed at some of his compliments, which was high testimony in favor of the effect they had produced, for she, although but eighteen, was quite inured to flattery. She had actually urged him to escort her to the Park. Ah! if it had only been summer-time, what a happy man he would have been! Then, with soft airs, and soft perfumes, and soft music, he might press her soft hand softly, and be as soft upon her as he chose. 'All things would have smiled upon him. But in winter!—ugh! he shivered under the bed-clothes, as he thought of it. The wind was so rough, and his nose always got purple, and he was afraid that the ice would bring on his rheumatism. He should have to rise by eleven o'clock to make his toilet; and, be he ever so careful about it, he was afraid of the consequences of a bad night's rest, of broad sunlight and glaring snow. He should look at least ten years older than he did the previous evening, where the shaded gas-lights of Mrs. Smythe's rooms told no tales of vinegar-rouge and hair-dye, of incipient wrinkles and artistic enameling.

It would not do to lie awake thinking of it, for the less he slept the older he should look; so he fairly forced himself

into a slumber from which he was awakened about ten A. M., by dreaming that he was dancing the German with Miss Oylwell on a glass floor, made of ice, and that he slipped, fell and broke his false nose, and that Miss Oylwell laughed outrageously.

Now his nose was not false, although some other of his features were, and he sprang up in bed, rubbing it, and glad that it was only a dream. He got up and drew aside the window-curtain. Every thing was glittering and sparkling. It was cold—steady, crackling cold. His wild hope that there might be a thaw congealed at once. Two or three times, while dressing, he felt tempted to break the engagement, and thus lose the chance to make a more important one. But he had not labored twenty years to give up now. "He would go—he would make himself agreeable—if necessary, he would skate.

Bracing himself with three cups of strong coffee and a dozen fried oysters, he sallied out, a well-made-up and elegant looking gentleman, gloved, cloaked and furred in the latest style. His first duty was to buy a pair of skates; a shop stood ready, not far from the restaurant where he had breakfasted. The willing clerk showed him a dozen different styles; avowing his ignorance of such things and that he wanted "the best," he paid, with an inward groan, for the pair of patent self-adjusting, self-regulating, self-balancing, lightning-skates which were selected for him, slung them over his arm with an air of one familiar with the slippery affairs, and picked his way to the house of the rich—the immeasurably, uncountably rich, heiress.

The carriage was already at the door, and in the reception-room, Mr. Frothingham was introduced to Carrie, a younger sister who had not yet "come out," and Mr. Herring, no doubt the "Will" of whom he had heard. They were all ready, and eager to start.

"You've kept us waiting ten minutes," cried Miss Oylwell.

"Really, have I now? That's unpardonable; but that awkward clerk was so long fitting my skates."

"A new pair?" asked Mr. Herring, politely.

"He doesn't skate—but I'm going to learn him how," said Miss Oylwell; "let's be off, or the ice will be too crowded."

They took their seats in the carriage; the horses dashed off, glad to be moving, in such weather; it seemed to Frothingham that they were not over three minutes going the three miles to the Lake. His companions were full of frolic. The girls were bewitching, in their scarlet petticoats and Polish boots, their coquettish skating caps and ermine furs; the cold air only made their cheeks red and their eyes bright, and their white foreheads whiter, while poor Frothingham's eyes were full of water, and his handkerchief in constant use. He did his best, however, to be agreeable, concealing the anguish at his heart, under a demeanor of youthful gayety, all the time conscious that he was watched with jealous eyes by the handsome and healthy young fellow opposite, who, finding that he was not to sit by Miss Oylwell, made himself as comfortable as possible by the side of laughing Miss Carrie.

"Here we are! oh, look, look! what crowds! Won't we have a jolly time?" and Miss Oylwell clapped her hands.

"I wish it were another German, instead of this," sighed her companion, in her ear, pressing her hand, as he assisted her out of the carriage.

"I don't, sir; don't you see, we can dance all the year round; but 'skating comes but once a year!' You'll like it as well as I, when you get used to it."

"Perhaps I will," and he escorted her toward the ladies' dressing-room; but she wasn't a bit cold, and wanted her skates on immediately.

One thing he could do gracefully, and that was to kneel to fasten on her skates; but he had to be instructed in the mysteries of strapping. They were on, all right, and the other couple stood waiting for them.

"Now put on yours, Mr. Frothingham."

"Oh, not just yet. I'll watch you awhile first."

Miss Carrie darted off by herself, with

school-girl freedom, while Mr. Herring and the heiress glided off gracefully, looking so handsome, happy and well-mated, that the forlorn, forsaken one, sitting there by himself, would have ground his false teeth with jealousy, had he not been afraid of injuring the enamel.

Every once in a while they skated up to him, pausing to urge him to try his luck on the ice; and every time the young man appeared more easy, happy and self-assured, and the girl more radiantly beautiful. The exercise sent the warm blood to their lips and cheeks, and merriment bubbled up in their hearts.

"If this goes on much longer, I'm lost," murmured Frothingham, when they sailed away for the fourth time. "Here, boy, put on these doosed things for me."

When they again came gliding into port, conveying Carrie also, he had braced himself to the undertaking.

"I guess I'll try it this time," he murmured, as the heiress, all glowing and sparkling, sped up to him. "Wait a minute, till Mr. Herring gets out of the way,"—for something told him who was his most dangerous rival, and he did not like the cool, laughing light in the young man's eyes.

"Oh, I'll get out of your way. Come, Carrie,"—and away they flew.

"Don't you think you'd better take a chair?—they're so much more comfortable for ladies," asked her partner, trying to prolong the dreadful moment when he was to balance himself on those treacherous instruments of torture strapped firmly upon his slender feet.

"You can, if you prefer one," with a little, sarcastic laugh. "I thought chairs were for invalids and old folks."

Horrible! did she suspect?—he must make an effort. She was growing impatient to be away again—he could see that, plainly.

"What spirits you have, Miss Oylwell! and how charming you look. Perfectly charming, upon my word! Your cheeks are like roses. You don't seem a bit cold," he rattled on, to draw her attention from his efforts to stand on the smooth, glistening surface, which mocked his distress.

"Cold?—I guess not. That last race put me all in a glow. You do first-rate. Indeed, you do. Now, then, strike out."

"What do you mean by strike out?"

"This way,"—and she showed him.

Despair will sometimes do what nothing less could accomplish. In sheer desperation Frothingham "struck out," and to his own agreeable astonishment, he did not bring up on his back.

"You do better than I expected. Isn't it nice? Once you get used to it, and you'll like it better than the German. Now, take my hand, and we'll go slowly along together. That's it. All you want, Mr. Frothingham, is confidence."

"It's the first time I've ever been lacking in that," thought he, his spirits rising with this little success, and his teeth ceasing to chatter.

"Who could help learning with such a teacher," he whispered, as soon as he could command his voice, holding very tightly to the little hand nestled in his. "Ah, Miss Oylwell, if I could only hope—could only dare to aspire to the thought that you might be my teacher through life—to teach me all those sweet—ah-h!" and he clung tighter, and very nearly slipped up, having come into slight contact with a passing demoiselle.

"What on earth is there that you don't know already? I'm sure I shouldn't presume to teach *you*—any thing but skating," replied the heiress, looking at him with the most innocent expression.

"You know what I mean, dear, dearest Miss Oylwell! You can teach me to love—to adore—to kneel at your feet in worship"—and just then, forgetting his new art in his old one, his heels flew from under him, and he came down on his knees in good earnest. Several of the people about them laughed, and as the pretty girl who was helping him up did the same, he was fain to join in, though he felt dreadfully jarred.

"Thank fortune, I didn't fall on the back of my head; my wig might have come off," was his secret rejoicing.

"I didn't expect you to kneel in this crowd," said the heiress, with a soft, saucy, piquant look, which might have been encouraging, or might have been

prompted merely by girlish fun. He chose to consider it encouraging, and the pain went out of his knees, and he began to feel less cold, and to believe that he could learn to skate for the sake of an interest in the oil region, and a place of shelter in the avenue.

"Let us find a quiet place and sit down a little while," he said. "I've something very particular to say, and I'm afraid—"

"Of tripping up? I couldn't possibly sit, now, when I am so warm; I should take cold. Mamma has ordered me not to;" and looking about her—"see! that's Will! Doesn't he skate magnificently? Come, try again."

Her suitor tried again; and ever as he slid slowly along, clinging timidly to the heiress' hand, Will Herring shot past them like an arrow, returned, circled about, cut the most intricate patterns in the ice before their faces, skimmed away like a swallow, back again, around, off, near, far, amid admiring cheers, followed by her eyes, until her companion grew desperate, and resolved to draw her away from that dangerous rivalry, let what would come. With wild ambition to achieve, he struck out bravely, and the heiress glided by his side, her eyes, however, still fixed upon the champion skater's retreating form.

Suddenly there was a cry of warning. Too late. The couple were quite beyond a stake marked "dangerous," the ice was cracking beneath their feet, the water was rising over it a step or two away. Light and skillful as Miss Oylwell was, she could, even then, have turned away, and escaped the consequences of her carelessness, but poor Frothingham could not turn himself a hair's-breadth, and clung tenaciously to her hand, dragging her down with him. There was a shriek—surely, not *her* voice!—a splash, crash, splash, and both were floundering in the water. Men dashed aimlessly about, and women screamed.

"Stop yer yellin'!" roared an ungallant policeman, to the excited crowd, "and keep back," as he run up with a plank; "t'ain't deep enough to drown'd 'em, but it's too cold to feel good."

His advice was obeyed by the most,

but one young man, who had been rods away the previous minute, could not be held back, and sprung into the water as naturally as a Newfoundland.

"Get her on the plank," shouted the policeman, and while he stayed one end of the board on firm ice, the young man assisted the young lady to a foothold; then a dozen hands reached out and pulled her to *aqua firma*, and her rescuer gave his assistance to her companion, still floundering and splashing amid the ruins of the splintered ice.

For a moment all was fuss and confusion; then Will Herring, dripping and steaming, was clasping Miss Oylwell's wet glove and looking very much as if he wanted to kiss her.

"Oh, Will, it was so good of you to get me out."

"But you mustn't stand here, not a moment. Is the carriage waiting? Yes, I see it, just coming up. Will any one lend the young lady a dry shawl or two? We will drive home as fast as the horses will take us. You'll both take your death of cold. Come, Frothingham."

But no Frothingham answered.

"Where is he? Where can he be? Didn't he get out?" anxiously cried Miss Oylwell, while little Carrie cried, and Herring, shivering, looked about for his rival.

There was no Frothingham to be seen; yes—no! no Mr. Frothingham, but another person who certainly looked as if he had been in the water, though how *he*, too, came wet and shivering, no one could say. But two persons went into the water, and *this* was not one of them.

This was quite an elderly man; his head was bald, and looked pitiful, without any hat, that article being still afloat in the air-hole. There was something else beside the hat—it may have been a wig.

Looking twice and thrice, and seeing no one else but this half-drowned individual, light broke gradually upon Will Herring, though it was all dark yet to Miss Oylwell.

"Good heavens! Frothingham, is this you?" he burst forth.

Miss Oylwell looked, and gave a little scream.

"If it's you, pray come along. The lady will freeze to death." The fortune-hunter gave one glance at the heiress' face, and saw that the game was all up for him.

"I can't nor won't go, till I find my teeth," he muttered, speaking as plainly as chattering toothless jaws would allow him. "They cost over a hundred dollars before gold went up, and they'd be twice that now. Won't some fellow dive, and find my teeth? I'll give five dollars to anybody that'll get my teeth."

"That wouldn't pay for gettin' wet," sung out a rough chap.

"Well, ten, then," he moaned, in desperation.

"Offer a reward, and come away. You'll take your death-cold," remonstrated Will. "The ladies can't wait."

"I don't want them to; I'll get a private vehicle, and go to my hotel."

"Good-by, then," cried out Will, and we are afraid there was triumph in his voice.

It was no time to stand upon ceremony, and Miss Oylwell hurried home to dress. The next day she was on the ice again with Will Herring, not a bit daunted by yesterday's misfortune; but alas, Mr. Frothingham was no more seen by her side. Neither was he met again, for some weeks, at German or soirée. Upon sending to inquire after his health, Miss Oylwell learned that he was confined to his room by influenza, and received in return the following characteristic *billet-doux*:

"MISS OYLWELL—As it was entirely owing to your solicitations that I attempted to learn to skate, I must hold you directly responsible for the effects of the accident which followed.

"I send you the bill:

MISS OYLWELL,	To E. Frothingham,	Dn.
To one set of teeth, (which were not recovered),	- - - - -	\$150 00
" one hat, - - - - -	- - - - -	4 00
" one wig, - - - - -	- - - - -	20 00
" damaged clothing, - - - - -	- - - - -	50 00
" doctor's attendance, - - - - -	- - - - -	100 00
Total, - - - - -	- - - - -	\$324 00

"Please remit by bearer."

Miss Oylwell was an honest young woman, and seeing the justice of this demand, she immediately settled the bill.

The rumor of her engagement to Will Herring was quite prevalent before Mr. Frothingham got out again. That gentleman is still unequaled in the German, and it takes a great deal to make him blush. But he has been known to do it—when some unconscious fair one has chanced to ask him, if he is fond of skating?

ON GROWING OLD.

THE life of most of us is a continual looking forward to old age, which yet the major portion of mankind are not destined to reach. We anticipate what to most of us will never arrive, and we are far more active in making provision for a state of existence which we may never experience than we are in preparing ourselves for the dread certainty which awaits us all, and may overtake any of us at any moment. We act thus in obedience to a law of our nature, which, in compelling us to self-preservation, compels us also to adopt a line of conduct in reference to our bodily wants which is analogous to the instincts of certain of the animal tribes, and urges us to accumulate the means of defense against woes, and wants, and deprivations which, like multitudes of them, we may never have to encounter. That others, and not ourselves, should profit most by this law, in no way impeaches the wisdom or the bounty of the great lawgiver. *Seu vos non vobis* seems to be an inexorable canon in the regulation of all human affairs—inexorable, and, at the same time, tenderly considerate and beneficent to the whole human race.

We all look forward to old age, and we expect that it will fall to our lot because it does fall to the lot of many; and, in our imagination, we are apt to paint it in hues brighter or sadder than the truth, according to our varying temperaments, and the conditions and circumstances which we attach to our ideas of comfort and repose; not knowing, or not sufficiently realizing, the fact that it is ourselves of the present who create ourselves of the future, and that, as our

youth and maturity are, so shall our old age be, if we are privileged to grow old. For that old age is a privilege, and was intended to be so, there is no question.

What is it to grow old? For one thing, it is to suffer losses—losses the saddest and heaviest that humanity can suffer. There is the loss of youth and strength, and the physical powers of manhood. It is bad enough to have to surrender these, and to take up with feebleness and decrepitude instead, and from being hale and vigorous to become dependent on the kind offices of others; but it is still worse to have to part with all the romance of one's youth—to be made aware by painful degrees, as the humiliating conviction steals over us, that the fires of the mind are smoldering while the bodily energies are waning—to feel that the exhilarating freshness of life has worn off, and to have to mourn with the poet, who says:

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,

When the full glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay."

Happily, however, this greater loss is not inevitable, and the best and the wisest livers do not suffer it: the mind need never grow old if we would cultivate it as we ought; the heart and the affections may be kept fresh and green, and the tenderest sympathies of a man's nature may be alive and flourishing, though the almond-blossom be white on his head, and decay have made inroads upon his bodily powers. It is our own fault, as it is also our most fearful calamity, if we suffer our *hearts* to grow old; and the secret of keeping them ever young is one and the same with that which keeps the life unsullied and the conscience pure.

Then there is the bitter loss of friends and kindred; he who grows old sees those he loves best drop around him, one by one, beneath "the grassy fringe of the open grave;" and he feels, as they are torn from him, that, because they are no more, he also is no more; that is, he is not the man he was; for, inasmuch as he lived in them, he was a part of them,

and they of him, and, as one follows another into the silent land, he feels himself in a manner disintegrated, his whole being broken up, and that without the power, perhaps also without the will, to reconstruct itself. It may be, too—indeed, it is often recurring—that a man finds the ambition—let me say the noble ambition—of a life brought to a successful consummation just at the crisis when all who would have gloried in his success and shared in his triumph have made their final exit from the stage. We desire prosperity chiefly in order that those who love us and who encouraged us in the strife may witness and participate in our reward; and, lo! when the stake is won there is not a single familiar voice to cry "Well done!"

But the vast mass of the men and women who grow old are *not* prosperous. Of the majority it may be said with truth they never knew what prosperity was; they fail altogether to win in playing the game of life; and to them old age means not merely the decay of the natural powers, but consequent helplessness and privations. How is it with the generality of working men, artisans, laborers, and small tradesmen who have families to rear? During their years of health and strength they are waging that "eternal war" against poverty, striving and struggling to maintain their offspring, and to pay their humble way honestly in the sight of all men. So long as they have health and strength they manage, to use their own expression, to rub on somehow or other, and, taking the rough with the smooth, to do tolerably well; but when health fails, every thing fails—they fall helpless at once, and often the ruin that comes upon them is sudden and complete. This sad phase in the history of the workman is ever recurring. The strong, vigorous man who, up to fifty-five or sixty, has earned his full wages and lived in comparative comfort, is suddenly prostrated by a cold or chill, or by the exhaustion of overtime, and can no longer perform his fair stroke of work; and he is shifted into the background, either discharged as unserviceable, or allowed as a favor to

make himself as useful in the workshop as he can at half a workman's pay.

How often have I seen this melancholy sight—the sight of a veteran worker reduced, after half a century of toil, to live upon half-rations when his need was at the greatest! and how often have I marveled in silent admiration of the patience and magnanimity of the sufferers.

There are thousands of men who laugh at the idea of being old at sixty, and who will declare that the period of the grand climacteric is the very prime of life. I once knew a musical aspirant who at the age of sixty-six began to take elementary lessons in the art of playing the fiddle, who would confess to no stiffness of the finger-joints at that ripe age, and who actually learned to demi-semi-quaver it in tolerable style in the course of twelve months. The other day I met in my walks a reverend gentleman of the muscular school, who, numbering eighty-two years, was mounted on a thorough-bred, and cantering across country in the face of driving gusts of wind and rain, according to his use and wont—he always bracing himself up by a brisk ride on Saturday for the duties of the desk and pulpit on Sunday. A personal friend, a most industrious *littérateur*, when verging on four-score, began a huge literary undertaking, which some men would regard as the work of a life, and, after completing it in his eighty-third year, was ready for another engagement. These are the sort of men who never grow old, who have some inherent quality in the constitution of mind or body, or both, which thrust infirmity aside. Such a man was Teniers, who painted better than ever after he was eighty; and such a man was Titian, who worked almost up to ninety; and there always are and have been such men to be found; but we can not class these men with ordinary mortals, but must regard them as abnormal specimens of the race.

As a rule, men feel, on arriving at sixty-one or sixty-two, that their "way of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," and the images that fill their minds and give them most content are those of rest and retirement, and freedom from

the cares of the world. "At sixty," says one who wrote from experience, "the ties of busy and social life become loosened upon us: we are no longer climbing, competing, or struggling, or we can no longer do either with effect. The stronger and more enterprising are pressing forward themselves, and age finds itself compelled to leave to them what it has become unable any longer to pursue. Hence the constitution of our nature turns and weans the mind from the ambitions and excitements of worldly life, or makes disappointment the result of any pertinacious effort to be the bustling actors and contenders that we may have been before. The very changes in our body prevent and disincline us from being any longer wrestlers or combatants in that arena which we are about to be withdrawn from. Our frame and functions have been expressly constructed so as to produce this effect upon us at this period of our earthly duration. These alterations disable the individual spirit from being or doing any longer what it was and did in its younger capacities. The internal changes increase as we advance to seventy years and beyond; and thereby the mind is brought into a state of vacancy, quiet, and serenity as to all the endangering, agitating, and occupying pursuits, passions, projects, conflicts, and perturbations of the present world, which, by their opposing effects, exclude the due consideration of any other. To all these old age brings its natural anodynes, the sedatives that act most efficaciously on the ethereal nature of its vivacious personality, and which gradually draw the spirit to that pausing tranquillity of thought and feeling, that suspension of all that would impede its better thoughts and further improvement, which peculiarly suits the grander objects that are now awaiting it, and to which nature is pressing it with an accelerated force and irresistible certainty." These are sage and well-considered words, which are worthy to be had in remembrance.

We not unfrequently see persons who, on the approach of age, set up a determined and desperate fight against it,

asserting their maturity—not to say their youth—by every means they can command. I make no distinction between the sexes in this respect, having remarked that the quarrel with old Time is maintained as doggedly by one sex as the other. Both alike struggle against the advance of the destroyer, and are equally unscrupulous in their endeavors to cheat him. They pad themselves; they dye their hair; they buy juvenile-looking wigs, or brutuses, or fronts, or drooping ringlets, or fierce moustaches, or bushy whiskers; they paint, and powder, and lay on cosmetics; nay, some of them will enamel their skin, and even adopt false features: and they thus succeed, or think they succeed, in pushing off some score of years or so from their apparent age. Others, as if in derision of this class, are altogether as careless: they yield without the slightest protest or struggle to on-coming Time, and passively let him "claw them in his clutch, and ship them into his land," without saying "By your leave." They are seen to slouch and stoop under the burden of years the moment they feel it; they parade their gray or grizzled hair; they will not supplement a tooth that falls out, though the dentist lives but over the way: they will do nothing, in short, to cloak or screen the ravages of age, but rather glory in revealing them. A writer of gentle humor who has often amused me and who has said some charming things "concerning" this very subject of growing old, is angry with the class first above described: he would like to see them ruthlessly shorn of their paddings and trimmings and falsifications of all kinds, and would have them tumble to pieces in his presence, and reap the shame which he conceives they deserve. I don't know what to say to this, but I more than suspect that, if the very mishap he would call down upon them were to happen in his presence to any sophisticated septuagenarian, he would be the first to run and pick up the pieces and help to put them together again, and see them all into the nearest cab and on the way home. There are worse mistakes tolerated in society than the silly artifices by which the old

endeavor to perpetuate the form and comeliness of their youth.

As regards the advantage of old age to the individual, more might be said than I have either space or inclination to set down; but it would not be desirable to insist too much upon the personal benefit separately from the general, inasmuch as they can hardly coexist separately. He who is privileged to lead a long and protracted life undoubtedly receives a great blessing; indeed, if he use it aright, the greatest earthly blessing he could receive or desire; for he receives the fulfillment of one of the earliest promises made by God to his human creatures. But, in the grateful reception and right use of the gift, he benefits others as much as himself: if they see him employed in doing good, or suffering the pains and infirmities that accompany declining years with a patient and cheery spirit; if they remark in him a growing and glad expectation of the better country to which he is going, and see that that in which he is lingering wanes in his estimation—the feelings of reverence and veneration will arise toward him in their hearts; and they can not give room to such feelings without being benefited themselves.

And, apart from any benefits of this kind, it is a fact that old age, even when attended with its usual infirmities, may be made, and frequently is made, one of the happiest, if not the happiest, of all the periods of life. We can see that it is usually so with old people who, possessing competence, the fruit of their own industry, a truly religious spirit, and an average degree of health, are able to devote the remainder of their time to the amelioration of the lot of others, to the improvement of their own intellectual faculties, and to the preparation for and anticipation of that future abode of peaceful enjoyment of which their prolonged days upon earth are an earnest and a foretaste. To all the consuming cares and agitating excitements of life they have bidden a lasting

and final adieu: they have no worldly ambitions, no quarrels and resentments, no disturbing elements to ruffle the temper or arouse the passions; the vicissitudes of politics, the changes of society, the course and mutations of public affairs and events, affect them less and less, and the more they become alienated from them the more completely they live in a world of their own, and enjoy the tranquil happiness which is peculiar to their condition. Some persons hardly begin to live at all, in the true sense of the word, until advancing age has shifted them aside and away from the tumultuous highways of the world. A man of seventy-five once said to his friend, "I have lived more, and I seem to have lived longer, during the last twelve years, since I left off business, than during the fifty years that preceded them. I could tell the story of those business years, passed in the shop, warehouse, or counting-house, in a few words, and yet they would comprise the whole history of my youth and manhood; while I could not narrate the story of the years that followed them without occupying whole days in the narration; the former period is a void in my imagination compared with the latter, which is full of interest." Such experience, I will venture to assert, is not at all uncommon; for routine is the sepulcher of the mind and memory.

I have one remark to add in conclusion. Seeing that old age has been granted to the privileged few for definite purposes—the improvement of itself, to wit, and imparting a beneficial influence to others—it is evident that it ought to afford no pretext for lazy self-indulgence and inaction. If it be true, as has been shown, that no community could prosper without the services and influence of the aged, the aged are bound to perform their needed service and exercise their guiding influence so long as they have the capacity for so doing, "or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken."

CURRENT NOTES.

THE announcement in literary circles that General Robert E. Lee's work on the late Rebellion is in press creates considerable interest as to its nature. It is not, we are advised, a history of his campaigns, but a general survey of the causes, purposes, and results of the war, and in particular, a defense of the Confederate authorities against charges of complicity in cruelty to prisoners of war. It is certain that some defense is needed, for, as the case now stands, the late "President" Davis, his advisers and his chiefs in command, rest under a weight of evidence of cruelty to helpless captives which must consign their memories to an infamous fame if it be not relieved by counter testimony. General Lee is reputed to be an honorable, upright man—one who would scorn to commit so inhuman an act as to starve a prisoner; but, the awful array of proof adduced at the trial of Wirz, and from the testimony of the skeletons in our midst who came out of the prison-pens of Andersonville, Saulsbury, etc., leaves not a shadow of doubt that the acts charged were committed by Lee's subordinates. It remains to be seen if General Lee can clear the memories of Winder and Wirz' superiors from the stain which now attaches to them.

The journey of observation and exploration by Prof. Agassiz and his friends, up the valley of the Amazon and across the Andes, is likely to be attended with interesting results. Letters from the party announce such a discovery of new species of fishes, reptiles, birds and insects as must render necessary new editions of all recent works on Natural History. Indeed, the numbers of these new species is so great as to threaten to confound many preconceived and pre-received principles of distribution and classification. The valley of the Amazon, with its primeval forests of exceeding denseness—with a flora and fauna of bewildering richness—under Prof. Agassiz' visitation, gives promise of presenting such rewards of natural science

as will turn the heads of Naturalists and Physicists. While the Professor proposes as the more immediate object of his search an examination of the life in the Amazon waters and in its forests, yet his well-known interest in Physical Nature makes it certain that his observations on the Geology and Geography of the country will prove of exceeding interest and importance. The return of the party and the announcement of the results of the journey will be awaited with the keenest anxiety by all interested in their labors.

A somewhat singular and interesting event in the history of books must be written regarding the volume recently issued by the Appletons from the pen of James Buchanan—being a defense of the last months of his administration as President of the United States. That a work of such importance should fall almost still-born from the press is remarkable. Considering the eminence of the writer, and the importance of his subject-matter, it was to be supposed that his "History" would create something of a *sensation* in the book trade—would have a large sale—would excite the liveliest interest and the keenest criticism in literary and political circles. Not one of these results has followed. Few persons have seen the volume, fewer have read it, and fewer still have deemed it worthy of notice. It may be regarded as great a failure, in a book sense, as the writer's administration was in a political sense; and, like all attempts to reverse an overwhelming public opinion, its very failure in its purposes must add to the dissatisfaction felt toward the special pleader for his errors and his weakness. Few men who have occupied, in this country, an exalted position, have less respect for their virtues, less consideration for their opinions, less interest in their lives, than James Buchanan.

A late number of the *London Art Journal* gives a capital sketch of the life of Lessing, the great Dusseldorf painter, and reproduces, on wood, his two great

works on the life of John Huss, viz.: "Huss Preaching," and "Huss before the Council." It is somewhat remarkable that the third and greatest picture of that series should have been omitted. "The Martyrdom of John Huss," unquestionably, is Lessing's masterpiece. It was brought to this country by the late John G. Boker, and, from 1846 up to the final scattering, in 1863, of his once famous "Dusseldorf Collection," the great painting adorned the walls of the gallery in New York, commanding, we may say, more attention from visitors than any single work ever exhibited in America. In 1859 Boker disposed of his magnificent and costly collection to Mr. Henry W. Derby, but, ere long, the auctioneer's hammer sent these precious works of Lessing, Andreas Achenbach, Hubner, Camphausen, Gude, Sohn, Leu, Steinbrück, Preyer, Hasenclever, Hildebrand, etc., into various hands, and the great collection was no more. Lessing's "Martyrdom of Huss" was reserved by Mr. Derby, carried by him to Europe, exhibited in Berlin, and finally sold for a large sum to the Prussian king, in whose collection it now remains. This item, we trust, will give the *Art Journal* data necessary for the correction of its record of Lessing's works. And, we may add, it could hardly find a more pleasing theme for an interesting paper than a history of Mr. Boker's collection here referred to.

Only two pensioners of the Revolution remain! When William Hutchins, of Penobscot, Maine, and Lemuel Cook, of Clarendon, Orleans county, New York, pass away, the books will be closed forever. One by one the links of the chain that bound us to the "times which tried men's souls" have been severed, until now only two are left. What golden links these should be to those who now enjoy the heritage won by the sacrifices, the endurance, the patriotism, of our fathers! In the midst of our own exciting affairs, we are but too apt to forget what is due to the men of 1776. They were the Apostles of Democracy—the founders of the Republic whose greatness now is a world's wonder. But two of

them are left to us! What shall we do to express our reverence for them ere they, too, depart? A journalist suggests that a proclamation, or military general order, should announce the decease of the last man of the twain. Why wait for that solemn moment to commemorate their virtues, and to express the National obligation to them?

Wonders will not cease. This Western World, called the "New World," is almost daily offering new matter for the astonishment of the world—the "old world." Our people, our institutions, our progress, our resources, our spirit—all are themes of study and remark abroad. And now that men of science begin to tap upon the forehead of the ages, and to discover in the wrinkled front of our hills and the furrows of our valleys, evidences of a pre-Adamite history which prove the new world to be the old, the abstract as well as material interest in our country may be said to be culminating in a grand climax of wonder. The vexed question of man's age no longer depends for its solution upon the delta of the Nile, the temples of Upper Egypt, the records of the Hindoos and Chinese; nor, indeed, upon the remains of the submerged villages in the Switzerland lakes; for in America are evidences of a pre-historic man which must transfer to our soil the chief interest of explorers in the mystery of the human race. Who built the mounds of America? Men with hands, men with tools, men with intelligence, men at war with men, men living in communities; and they lived, in all probability, long before the earliest record of Egyptian existence. Who built the temples of Yucatan? Men who lived in greatness and glory when the temples of Assyria were yet unbuilt. Who worked the mines of Lake Superior, dislocating vast crystals of copper which ages of *débris* have covered only to be reëxhumed by the modern man? Now there comes from the land of Aurifera—the literally *golden* territories of the far West—news of discoveries which open anew the question of man's age and the human race's first habitat. The remains of a

species of quadruped, twice as large as the Asiatic elephant, have been found at Meagher's Bar, in Montana, side by side with a splendidly-preserved human jaw, which must have belonged to a man twice as large as the present race of men. Careful examination of further remains, there exhumed, lead men of science to think that a new field of antiquarian research has been opened, where least expected. As the Rocky Mountain range is now conceded to be the oldest (geologically,) range of hills in existence, why should not its valley recesses and river courses have been peopled at an age when the Egyptian plains were under the sea? It remains for those learned in the lore of the hills to answer.

The appearance of a new magazine in Great Britain has ceased to be "an event" in the British literary world. So numerous are the monthly magazines and quarterlies in the kingdom, that a new-comer scarcely adds weight to their influence, or renewed interest to current literature. For so small a state, the number of English periodicals is amazing. When we announce that there are a dozen monthly magazines to our three or four, we can form some idea of the extent to which British mind and taste are catered for by their better class of periodical publishers. It proves two things: first, that the English people are readers; second, that their culture is admirable. The latest "candidate for public honor" is called "*The Argosy*." It is, like the *Cornhill*, *London Society*, *St. James*, *Temple Bar*, *Frazer's*, *McMillan's*, *Shilling*, *Leisure Hour*, *Chambers'*, *All the Year Round*, *Stapenny*, *English Woman's*, *Colburn's*, *Bentley's*, *Victoria*, etc., devoted to miscellany of the highest order—tales, poems, art, travel, society sketches, etc. Considering the very multiplicity of the monthlies, and the eminence of the publishers (Sampson Low, Son & Company,) much was expected of the *Argosy*. That it is a disappointment, we believe, is conceded. It is neither particularly fresh, vigorous, original nor piquant; it is of that average excellence which appertains to the other magazines, neither better nor worse—

good, but not strikingly so, without any *specialité* or any individuality. If it proves a success, as a publisher's venture, we shall be surprised.

Our Congressional and State laws are strangely one-sided, in some respects; and, what is still more strange is the fact that, though the inequality and injustice done a certain class are confessed, no one seems disposed to correct the wrong. We may refer especially to the want of protection to authors, both English and American. While we protect our artisans and manufacturers by patent laws and tariff, we offer the writer no "protection" whatever. Our authors have a copyright assurance here; but, of what practical value is it if any publisher can appropriate English or German or French works at his pleasure? Our market is so glutted with the works of foreign pens, that native writers are given the "cold shoulder," with a matter-of-fact air which is humiliating. Why should this be? Why should not our writers and thinkers be encouraged to labor as well as our iron-workers? If any just or sensible reason has been given for this non-protection of American authors, we have not read or heard of it. In these days of "reconstruction," a little agitation of the rights and wrongs of American authors would do no harm.

What a deluge of *things*, good, bad and indifferent, have we had for the holidays, under the head of "gift books!" Our publishers seem to have run mad on the mere matter of expense in illustration and binding—the text forming the least item of expense; but the fact that the most expensive works have sold with the best material results (profits,) proves our publishers' shrewdness in providing for their market. Many of the books introduced—and perhaps the best—were "appropriated," from foreign sources. The fingers on one hand would probably indicate the number of original *American* contributors to the series named. Not that our authors and artists are not capable of producing works of the highest degree of excellence; but the temptation to take a good thing which can be had without price is too great, we suppose;

and our authors and artists are made to take the background, from no sin of their own. How easily all this could be rectified if purchasers would give a preference for home productions!

One of our magazines publishes the scraps, memoranda, marginal notes and hints found among the papers of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne. It seems as if, when a man becomes noted, he has no privacy, no thoughts, no habits, which are not to be exposed to the public gaze. The very fact of fame seems to imply a public right to all an author's thoughts, feelings, passions and wishes—to all that he does and says; and when a Boswell is not in attendance upon his steps to jot down his sayings and to note his acts, after death his desks, trunks, private drawers, portfolios, books, letters and accounts are ransacked, and their contents noted. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Hawthorne's friends should have permitted this publication of memoranda, which, had the author been told would have been made public, he must have destroyed—every one of them. Men of note should take warning; should occasionally overhaul their desks and burn every thing which they do not care the public eye shall see. There is, apparently, no other safe course, if an author or a public character *has* in his possession personal matter and data which he would be mortified and annoyed to see made public.

A leading journal says: "Thomas Corwin died on the 18th. He was one of the best and brightest of that wonderful race of big-brained men whom the West is now contributing to the national politics, and who may be fairly said to constitute a new and most potent agent in shaping the National destinies. They are the first real apostles of democracy the world has seen." This is random writing. Thomas Corwin was of a *past* generation in age, thought, feeling,

principles. He was a Henry Clay Whig, a co-worker with John J. Crittenden, Thomas Ewing, John Bell, Edward Everett, etc., unquestionably true to the Union and to the principles of Clay. We knew him, and mourn his loss as that of a good, and, in some sense, a great man; but that he was a type of the intellect which to-day is shaping the destinies of the republic, we do not conceive to be true. The "big-brained men whom the West is now contributing to the National politics" stand upon a platform which Corwin not only never would have constructed, but which he could not cordially sustain. Let us be just to the dead and the living alike in recurring to the acts and attributes of those who are no more.

In our January number we referred (article "Gorilla,") to the fact that Du Chaillu had again gone to the Fernand Vaz country in order to explore the region inhabited by the "King of Beasts." We now have word from the daring man of science and trade. He succeeded in penetrating to a distance of five hundred miles from the coast, when, in an altercation between his servants and the natives, a woman was accidentally shot. This led to an attack upon Du Chaillu's party and property, and a destruction of life, limb and effects followed which wound up the expedition, compelling it to return to the coast. The leader, however, preserved his journal and astronomical observations, from which he will prepare a volume. He is now in England, and soon may be expected to report some of the results of his researches in lectures which he is to deliver before the societies. Great interest attaches to his developments. We prophesy that his old opponents will discover in his "loss of all his natural history collection," a new evidence of the explorer's want of correct determination of the life and habits of the gorilla.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1866.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

THE snow! the snow! the beautiful snow!
How fast the flakes fall!—swiftly they go
Over the mountain, down through the vale,
Driven about by the sportive gale.

The flakes! the flakes! the soft little flakes!
How many tumbles and turns and shakes
They get from the breeze that whistles by,
Ere they settle down in peace to lie!

The drops! the drops! the crystallized drops,
Sifting down through the old maple tops,
Stopping awhile, then softly they fall,
Making their bed by the garden wall.

The fog! the fog! the slow-rising fog,
That cometh from lake and marsh and bog!
How many think, when they see it go,
That it may come back in beautiful snow!

How many think, when they see it rise
From the river's bosom to the fleecy skies,
Forming a halo around the sun,
That its mission there will soon be done?

And then will the sky be clouded o'er,
While that which was but the mist before
Returns, transformed by a heavenly birth,
In beautiful snow to deck the earth.

The snow! the snow!—thank God for the snow!
A robe of white to the fields below,
A shield from frost to the grassy plain,
A blessing to earth, a blessing to man.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. I.—13



THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND.

WINTER IN THE WOOD CREE COUNTRY.

THE "lodge in that vast wilderness," prepared by La Ronde as architect in chief, was a simple log-house, thirteen by fifteen feet, well put together, and "chinked," after the manner of pioneers' huts. The roof was of poles, well thatched over with long marsh grass, held down by a thin layer of earth. In this solid structure were cut the door and window—cart-boards forming the door and parchment the window-frame. To build the chimney required a good deal of skill, as the clay was poor. It was put up, however, but when settled to enjoy themselves, upon their first fire down it tumbled, to the confusion of all. The "Canucks" grew sulky over their failure, and Milton and Cheadle had to turn to and try their skill, which produced a

capital flue of green wood and stones, which bravely stood the winter's rigor. Inside, to render the room higher and warmer, the ground was excavated to a depth of two feet. Then, while Cheadle and Bruneau went off to Carleton for a stock of pemmican, Milton and La Ronde prepared bunks for their beds, which, filled with dry grass and a buffalo-robe to each, made luxurious couches. Tables were made from the cart-boards, and other adjuncts introduced, which rendered "Fort Milton" as snug as the adventurers could desire.

But, winter in that far northern latitude means cold—keen, intense, protracted—it implies suffering to man and beast—danger from a short supply of game and other necessities to

strength and health. For all contingencies the persevering men tried to be prepared, but they had trials upon them, as we shall see, which seriously tasked their powers of endurance and their patience.

Of the Wood Crees, among whom they were to tarry for the season, they said:

"They are of different habits and disposition to their relatives, the Crees of the Plains—a race of solitary trappers and hunters on foot, contrasted with a race of gregarious horsemen. They are very peaceable, and pride themselves upon an honesty unknown among their lawless brethren of the prairies. During the six months we spent among the Crees of the Woods, we had not occasion to complain of a single theft. Three months of this time we lived among them entirely alone, and, although they often importuned us to give them different things to which they took a fancy, they never offered to dispute our right of ownership.

"They are most expert trappers and hunters of moose, and occasionally seek buffalo when they enter the skirts of the woods in severe winters. They are far better clothed and equipped than the Plain Indians, being able to obtain what they may require at the trading-posts in exchange for furs. But they often suffer severely from starvation, as moose are now becoming scarce; while the Plain Crees, following the buffalo, seldom lack food, although they possess little marketable property wherewith to buy clothes and luxuries at the forts. These Indians, and indeed all others we met with, managed their families admirably. An Indian child is seldom heard to cry, and matrimonial squabbles seem unknown. Our friend, Keenamontlayoo, was a most affectionate husband and father, and his wife and children obeyed him at a word, evidently looking up to him as a superior being, to be loved with respect.

"Among the things which struck us when we became more extensively acquainted with the Indians, was the absence of deformity and baldness, or gray hair, among them. The former may no

doubt be accounted for by the influence of 'natural selection,' and perhaps the careful setting of the infants' limbs in the 'moss-bag,' or Indian cradle. This is a board with two side flaps of cloth, which lace together up the center. The child is laid on its back on the board, packed with soft moss, and laced firmly down, with its arms to its side, and only its head at liberty. The cradle is slung on the back of the mother when traveling, or reared against a tree when resting in camp, the child being only occasionally released from its bondage for a few moments. The little prisoners are remarkably good; no squalling disturbs an Indian camp, and strict obedience is obtained without recourse to corporeal punishment.

"On one occasion Kekekooarsis arrived in a state of great excitement from domestic troubles. He had sold one of his daughters in marriage—after the Indian fashion—for a horse, but his ungrateful son-in-law, after carrying off his bride, returned in the night and stole back the horse given in payment. Kekekooarsis, indignant at such behavior, retaliated by secretly fetching his daughter home, and was now in considerable fear of the disappointed bridegroom, who he anticipated might do him bodily injury, and begged us to give him shelter for the night, lest he should be waylaid on his return home in the dark. This we of course granted, but his apprehensions appeared to have been groundless, for the husband bore his loss with perfect indifference, and made no attempt to regain his wife."

The season of food-seeking commenced at once. La Ronde constituting himself hunter in chief, laid the snares for small game, and scoured the country around for "sign" of buffalo—almost the sole support of the tribes in those regions during the long weary months from September to May. A few moose are to be had, but only the best of hunters can take these noble animals; to the great mass of Indians moose-meat is a great rarity. The buffalo frequent the plains or open patches in the forest where they are pursued. To the plains, eighty miles

from their snug retreat, La Ronde and Cheadle resolved to proceed, and preparations were made accordingly. They were accompanied by an Indian boy—the son of the hunter, Keenamon-tlayoo—who brought a very diminutive horse, a two-year-old colt, the size of a Shetland pony, to carry his share of the spoils. Misquapamayoo, or “The thing one catches a glimpse of,” was an exceedingly active, clever youth of fourteen, with very large black eyes, and an open, merry face, very willing and obliging, and performing all his duties with the dignity and importance of a man. He became afterward a devoted follower of the adventurers, and did good service on many occasions, often amusing them by his insatiable curiosity and intense enjoyment of any thing which seemed to him strange or ridiculous, falling into fits of laughter on the slightest provocation.

Once rid of a part of his household, the young lord resolved upon a housecleaning, which resulted in an exciting episode. “Being somewhat dissatisfied,” says their chronicler, “with Bruneau’s performance of his duties as housemaid and laundress, Milton took the opportunity afforded by the visit of an Indian and his squaw, to engage the latter for a general washing and housecleaning. Although it was night when they arrived, the woman set to work immediately, diligently melting snow at a roaring fire for hours, and when, about midnight, she had obtained a sufficient supply of water, proceeded to scrub blankets and clothes. Milton expostulated, and suggested she should retire to rest, but in vain. The splashing and scrubbing went on without cessation, and sleep was impossible. At length Milton, driven to desperation, jumped out of bed, threw away all the water, and put out the fire. The squaw thereupon retired to rest in much astonishment, and for a time all was still. Presently, however, when she imagined Milton had fallen asleep, she quietly got up and recommenced her labors. The unhappy retainer of her services was fairly beaten, and compelled to resign himself to his fate; venting many

maledictions on the untimely industry of his servant.”

The hunting-party, after three days’ tramp, reached the plains, and from the brow of a hill La Ronde detected five buffalo grazing, about a mile away. They at once camped, and prepared for the hunt. Whereupon an adventure followed, worthy to be retold. The day was unusually warm, and in a weak moment La Ronde and Cheadle both divested themselves of leather shirt and capote before starting. After a great deal of dodging and crawling on hands and knees through the snow, they gained a point where, peering through a little patch of scrub, they saw the five bulls within twenty yards of them. La Ronde, in his excitement, hurriedly whispered instructions to Cheadle in a most unintelligible jargon of mingled French, English and Cree. The latter, equally excited, and bewildered by directions he could not understand, hesitated to fire. La Ronde, in despair, stealthily raised his gun, when Cheadle, unwilling to be forestalled, raised his also, and in so doing incautiously protruded his head out of cover.

In an instant the whole band started off full speed, saluted, as they went, by an ineffectual volley at their sterns. Many were the mutual recriminations, and fiercely did La Ronde “sacré.” The buffalo were gone, no more to be seen, and small was the pemmican remaining in the camp. Far away in the distance the frightened bulls began to slacken their pace, and at last commenced slowly walking and feeding along. The only chance remaining was to try and come up with them again, and the disappointed hunters set off in pursuit at a run, carefully screening themselves from observation. After about two hours’ hard work, they succeeded in getting before them, and lying concealed in their path, killed two as they passed slowly by.

It was now nearly dark, and the party were three or four miles from camp. It was impossible to fetch the horses and sleighs, and carry the meat back that night, and if the carcasses were left the wolves would pick the bones clean

by morning. There was, therefore, no choice but to camp on the spot for the night. But little shelter could be found, and the only wood was a few dry poplar saplings.

The two dead buffalo lay some two hundred yards apart, and placing a gun and powder-horn against one to scare away the wolves, they lighted a small fire near the other, and proceeded to take off his hide, and cook steaks for supper. By this time night had quite closed in, and a strong north wind blew icily cold, piercing the single flannel shirts of the unfortunate hunters like gauze. Bitterly did they now repent having left shirts and capotes behind; for the prospect of spending the long winter night with the thermometer below zero, and without shelter, was unpleasant enough.

All the wood that could be found—a very scanty supply—was collected to replenish the tiny fire, the snow scraped away, and willows cut and strewn for a couch. The raw buffalo-hide was divided into two, and Cheadle made himself very small to creep under one-half, while La Ronde and Misquapamayo huddled together under the other. The reeking hide was delightfully warm, and the weary travelers were soon sound asleep. But their comfort was, alas! of short duration. Before long, the sleepers awoke half frozen and benumbed in every limb. The scanty coverlet, so soft and warm at first, had quickly frozen hard as stone, and formed an arch over the recumbent bodies, through which the keen winter wind rushed like the draught under the arch of a bridge.

Sleep was out of the question, and, kicking aside their deceitful protection, the shivering trio stamped restlessly to and fro, cherishing with sparing hand the miserable fire, or cooking strips of meat to while away the dreary hours, watching anxiously the voyager's clock, "Great Orion," which "sloped," as it seemed, very, very "slowly to the west." He did get through his journey at last, however; and when the wolves proclaimed the dawn with the usual chorus of howls, La Ronde and the boy started back to fetch the sleighs, while Cheadle

went in pursuit of a buffalo which had been severely wounded the night before.

After hunting several days with tolerable success, the sleighs were loaded with meat, and the party turned their faces homeward. But their adventures were not yet over. Several bands of buffalo were descried close at hand, and it was resolved to have one more day's hunting before returning to La Belle Prairie. The character of the country, which was undulating, with scattered patches of small timber, was very favorable for stalking, and a small band was successfully approached within some forty yards. They were lying asleep in a little hollow, and Cheadle agreed to wait, ensconced behind a hillock, while the other two crept round to approach them on the opposite side.

Long he waited, peering over the brow of the hill through the long grass, and anxiously watching in vain for some sign that the others had reached their post. Presently one of the bulls got up and stretched himself, but did not appear disturbed. Cheadle, unwilling to spoil the chance of the others, still forbore to shoot, and as he lay and waited, began to dream; thoughts of home, and old familiar scenes and faces, took possession of his brain:

"Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;"

and La Ronde, buffalo and all, were completely forgotten. Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a great shouting of "Tir done! tir, Docteur! tir-r, sacré! tonnerre! tir-r-r!" and there were the buffalo rushing by as hard as they could tear, with La Ronde and Misquapamayo running after them, blazing away as rapidly as they could load. They fired at random and without effect, but Cheadle, more deliberate, wounded one badly in the body, which pulled up for a moment, and then followed behind the rest.

La Ronde, utterly disgusted, refused to follow them, and vowed that never again would he lead the absent-minded Cheadle up to buffalo. He declared that he had waited a full half-hour, expecting him to shoot, and then being



THE BUFFALO-QUARRY.

impatient, he whistled softly; one of the bulls arose, presenting his broadside, and he thought that surely that fine chance would be taken. Again he waited a long time, and then waved his cap as a signal to fire, but in vain. At last, in a fit of despair and rage, he jumped up and shouted as before related.

After a short rest, and having somewhat recovered their equanimity, they again set out, and soon observed a herd of twelve feeding, still undisturbed. As they had already nearly enough meat, it was agreed to give the boy a chance, and he accordingly crept up to them alone, while the rest lay in wait for a chance as they passed. But the young one missed his mark, and the herd went off in the wrong direction, out of reach of the two in ambush.

Ill luck ruled the day, but La Ronde said, "Try it again;" and as the last herd had not fairly seen their enemies, they pulled up about a mile distant, and began to feed slowly along. After alternately racing at full speed, when out of

view, and crawling stealthily over exposed places for miles, continually finding the animals had moved off by the time the place where they were last seen was reached, the hunters succeeded in ensconcing themselves behind a hillock on the other side of which the buffalo were feeding, and moving on round the base toward them.

It was now La Ronde's turn to have the first shot, and as soon as the fore-quarters of the leader of the band moved slowly into view, some twenty yards off, he fired. As the animal did not drop instantly, Cheadle, who was determined not to return empty-handed after all, and had covered him carefully, dropped him with a second shot behind the shoulder. La Ronde was highly indignant at his conduct, and declared it was unsportsmanlike, but was much chagrined to find, on cutting up the animal, that his own shot had merely passed through the shoulder-blade without breaking it, and the animal would doubtless have escaped but for the second bullet, which passed

through the heart. This beast proved a splendid young bull, of three years old, with a magnificent skin, and a mane with hair half a yard in length. Before the animal was cut up, and the meat packed on the horses, which they had this time brought with them, night had already come on.

The chase had led them six or seven miles from camp, and the young moon had nearly gone down. La Ronde, however, pressed confidently forward, although it seemed impossible to find the way in the dark through a country of uniform character. After traveling several hours, he stopped all at once, and began striking sparks with flint and steel, to enable him to see the old track near the camp. It could not be found, however, although La Ronde very positively asserted that it must be close at hand, and the camp itself within a few hundred yards of the place where they stood. La Ronde had steered his course entirely by the stars, and judged by the direction, and time, and rate of traveling, that they must be close to their destination. All were impressed with the idea that the camp lay to the right, and a divergence was made for a few hundred yards in that direction; but no landmarks could be made out, and it was resolved to camp for the night in a copse of small poplars. A pack of wolves kept up a continual howling, snapping and growling at a little distance to the left, and Cheadle was very anxious to move there, thinking it probable that they were quarreling over the meat that had been left packed on the sledges in the camp. But La Ronde dissuaded him, saying he was sure the camp lay to the right, and the wolves would not dare to enter so soon a place strewn with blankets and other property of men.

The night was bright and very cold, and the fire miserably small, the only dry wood to be found being a few dead saplings of aspen, the size of pea-rods. Blankets and buffalo-ropes had been left in the old camp, and the hunters were little better off than they had been a few nights before. The covering this time was a large waterproof sheet, which had

been brought to roll up meat in, and was, if possible, less efficient than the raw hide had been. The moisture of the breath condensed and froze in cakes inside the sheet, and all advantage from sleeping with head under the covering was thus lost. As in the previous adventure, sleep was not to be obtained, and the similar weary watch for daylight, stamping about, mending the tiny fire, observing the progress of Orion, listening to the snapping and growling of the wolves, seemed interminable.

Since, however, it was nearly midnight when the search for the camp was given up, the season of misery lasted, in reality, little more than half as long as before, although, for its duration, the hardship was quite as severe.

At daybreak La Ronde reconnoitered and discovered that the camp was within three or four hundred yards to the left; and, when approached, showed ominous marks of disorder. The wolves had been dividing the spoils, as Cheadle shrewdly suspected. The whole of Misquapamayoo's little store, consisting of choice morsels, which he had prepared and packed with nicest care, was gone, and nearly the whole of the sleigh-load besides. The new supply, however, nearly made up for the loss; and the horses were therefore at once harnessed to the sleighs, and all speed made for Fort Milton once more.

The journey home was slow and tedious. Although there had been no regular thaw, the warm sun had melted the snow on the hill-sides and southern slopes, and the labor of dragging the loaded sleighs over the bare ground was so harassing to the horses, that but short stages could be made, and those at a slow pace. At one point the way lay across a large lake. The snow on this had almost entirely disappeared, and the horses fell so continually over the bare ice, that the attempt to take them across was obliged to be abandoned. Misquapamayoo's Lilliputian steed in particular, whose feet were small, as those of a deer, was utterly unable to stand on the slippery surface, and for a long time it seemed as if the only chance of getting off again would be to drag him to *terra*

Arma by the tail. The horses had now to be taken out of the sleighs, which were drawn by hand across the lake, and a road cut through the woods which skirted the banks, whereby the horses were led round to the further side. This operation occupied a whole morning, and it was not until the evening of the fifth day of traveling that the party reached La Belle Prairie, after an absence of twelve days.

This adventure gave "the fort" a good supply of meat for the time being, and the chase gave place to the traps, by which to secure some of those precious furs that civilized life prizes so highly—skins of the silver and cross foxes, of the fisher, marten, otter, mink and lynx, to say nothing of those of lesser value belonging to wolverine, beaver, ermine, etc.

The beaver was formerly found in great numbers, and its peltry highly prized; but from the assiduity with which it was hunted, it has now become comparatively scarce; and from the substitution of silk for beaver-skin in the manufacture of hats, the latter has become almost worthless. Of all furs, with the single exception of the sea-otter, which is found only on the Pacific coast, the silver fox commands the highest price. The fur of the silver fox is of a beautiful gray; the white hairs, which predominate, being tipped with black, and mixed with others of pure black. A well-matched pair of silver fox skins are worth from \$350 to \$500. The cross foxes, so called from the dark stripe down the back, with a cross over the shoulders like that of a donkey, vary in every degree between the silver and the common red fox; and the value of their skins varies in the same ratio. After the best cross foxes come the fisher, the marten, and the mink. These three are all animals of the pole-cat tribe, and both in size and value may be classed in the order in which they have been mentioned. The skin of a fisher fetches from four to seven dollars; a marten, three to six dollars; and a mink, from two to four dollars. The otter, which is less common than the two last named, commands a price of twenty-five cents

an inch, measured from the head to the tip of the tail. The ermine is exceedingly common in the forests of the North-west, and is a nuisance to the trapper, destroying the baits set for the marten and fisher. It is generally considered of too little value to be the object of the trapper's pursuit. The black bear is also occasionally discovered in his winter's hole, and his skin is worth about ten dollars. The lynx is by no means uncommon, and generally taken by snares of hide. When caught, he remains passive and helpless, and is easily knocked on the head by the hunter. The other denizens of those forests are the moose, and smaller game, such as the common wood partridge, or willow grouse, the pine partridge, the rabbit, and the squirrel.

By far the most numerous of the more valuable fur animals in this region are the marten and the mink, and to the capture of the former of these two—the sable of our furriers—the exertions of the trapper are principally directed. At the beginning of November, when the animals have got their winter coats, and fur is "in season," the trapper prepares his pack, which he makes in the following manner: folding his blanket double, he places in it a lump of pemmican, sufficient for five or six days' consumption, a tin kettle and cup, and, if he is rich, some steel-traps, and a little tea and salt. The blanket is then tied at the four corners, and slung on the back by a band across the chest. A gun and ammunition, ax, knife, and fire-bag, complete his equipment. Tying on a pair of snow-shoes, he starts alone into the gloomy woods—trudging silently forward—for the hunter or trapper can never lighten the solitude of his journey by whistling or a song. His keen eye scans every mark upon the snow for the tracks he seeks. When he observes the footprints of marten or fisher, he unslings his pack, and sets to work to construct a "dead-fall," or wooden trap, after the following manner. Having cut down a number of saplings, these are divided into stakes of about a yard in length, which are driven into the ground so as



THE MARTEN-TRAP.

to form a palisade, in the shape of half an oval, cut transversely. Across the entrance to this little inclosure, which is of a length to admit about two-thirds of the animal's body, and too narrow to admit of its fairly entering in and turning round, a short log is laid. A tree of considerable size is next felled, denuded of its branches, and so laid that it rests upon the log at the entrance in a parallel direction. The bait, which is generally a bit of tough dried-meat, or a piece of a partridge or squirrel, is placed on the point of a short stick. This is projected horizontally into the inclosure, and on the external end of it rests another short stick, placed perpendicularly, which supports the large tree laid across the entrance. The top of the trap is then covered with bark and branches, so that the only means of access to the bait is by the opening between the propped-up tree and the log beneath. When the bait is seized, the tree falls down upon the animal and crushes him to death. An expert trapper will make forty or fifty traps in a single day.

The steel-traps resemble our ordinary rat-traps, but have no teeth, and the springs are double. In the large traps for beavers, foxes, and wolves, these have

to be made so powerful that it requires all the force of a strong man to set them. They are placed in the snow, and carefully covered over; fragments of meat are scattered about, and the places smoothed down, so as to leave no trace. To the trap is attached a chain, with a ring at the free extremity, through which a stout stake is passed, and left otherwise unattached. When an animal is caught—generally by the leg, as he digs in the snow for the hidden morsels—he carries off the trap for a short distance, but is soon brought up by the stake getting entangled across the trees and fallen timber, and is rarely able to travel any great distance before being discovered by the trapper.

The wild life of the hunters had a fascination even for the "live Lord" and his companion learned in physic. They learned the hunters' and trappers' craft and cunning perfectly, and followed it with zeal, bearing packs, dragging sleds, skinning animals, cooking their flesh, bivouacking in the woods—all with real woodmen's zest. This life in the forest they thus describe: "The grand beauty of the forest, whose pines, some two hundred feet in height, are decked and wreathed with snow, and where no sound

is heard, except the occasional chirrup of a squirrel, or the explosions of trees cracking with intense frost, excites admiration and stimulates curiosity. The intense stillness and solitude, the traveling day after day through endless woods without meeting a sign of man, and rarely seeing a living creature, strikes very strangely on the mind at first. The half-breed trapper delights in wandering alone in the forest; but Cheadle, who tried the experiment for two days, found the silence and loneliness so oppressive as to be quite unbearable.

"The interest in the pursuit was constantly kept up by the observation of tracks, the interpretation of their varied stories, and the account of the different habits of the animals as related by our companion. There is also no small amount of excitement in visiting the traps previously made, to see whether they contain the looked-for prize, or

whether all the fruits of hard labor have been destroyed by the vicious wolverine.

"At night, lying on a soft elastic couch of pine boughs, at his feet a roaring fire of great trees heaped high, from which rises an enormous column of smoke and steam from the melted snow, the trapper, rolled up in his blanket, sleeps in peace. Sometimes, however, when the cold is very intense, or the wind blows strongly, a single blanket is but poor protection. The huge fire is inadequate to prevent the freezing of one extremity, while it scorches the other, and sleep is impossible, or, if obtained, quickly broken by an aching cold in every limb as the fire burns low. On these winter nights the Northern Lights were often very beautiful."

Becoming thus skilled, the two Englishmen consented to part with La Ronde and Bruneau, who, with true North-west



THE NIGHT CAMP.

hardihood, proposed to return to the Red River settlement, to see their friends, obtain the mails, procure some needed supplies, and then rejoin their employers again, ere the snow passed off in the spring. So off the two started, just after Christmas, taking with them two dog-sleighs, and the best train of dogs which Carlton could produce. And thus the Britons were left alone, with their Indian boy, to whom they had become much attached. What with trapping and hunting, and receiving Indian visitors, with a call or two from the irrepressible Tremiss, the first weeks of January did not pass heavily. Then, as provisions were running low, they determined upon a second expedition to the plains for buffalo. Accompanied by several Indians, they went, and, after days of most painful experience from the intense cold, in which Lord Milton was a considerable sufferer, they returned to La Belle Prairie with as much meat as their dogs could drag. This supply, however, the Indians and their squaws soon exhausted, and starvation so stared the men in the face that Cheadle had to set out to Carlton for supplies, leaving Milton alone in the hut. Taking with him the father of the Indian boy, a great hunter, the Doctor made the journey, and sent back supplies of pemmican to Milton, while he remained to await the coming in of the winter express from Fort Garry. The hunter, after a "good drunk," returned, and the hut again was full of good cheer.

"After his return, Keenamontiyoo went out into the woods to hunt moose. For several days he had no success, and came back to perform a solemn invocation to the "Manitou" to bless his next attempt. Drums were brought out, and rattles made of bladders with pebbles in them, "medicine" belts of wolf-skin donned, and other "medicine," or magic articles, such as ermine skins, and muskrat skins covered with beads. The hunter and his father-in-law drummed and rattled, and sung songs, finishing, after some hours, by a long speech which they repeated together, in which they promised to give some of the best meat

to the Manitou if he granted success, and to compose a new song in his praise.

"Before daylight Keenamontiyoo started, and at night returned in high glee, for his prayer had proved very efficacious, and he had killed two moose. The moose is a sacred animal, and certain portions of the meat—such as the breast, liver, kidneys and tongue—must be eaten at once, and the whole consumed at a single meal. Women are not allowed to taste the tongue, and all scraps are burned—never given to the dogs. The hunter had brought the best part home with him, and Milton had the pleasure of joining in a great feast. Tit-bits were cut off and cast into the fire, as the promised offering to the Manitou, the men chanting and beating drums and rattles the while. Then all feasted to repletion, and Milton was kept from sleep by the persistency with which Keenamontiyoo sung the new song he pretended to have composed for the occasion, which he continued to sing over and over again without cessation till nearly daylight. As he had been out hunting all day, and busily engaged ever since his return, it is shrewdly suspected he attempted to impose upon his Manitou, by making shift with an old hymn, for he certainly could not have had much opportunity for composing the new one he had promised."

Cheadle, returning from Carlton, was sadly frost-bitten, and for many days was quite an invalid; but, recovering, a third journey to the plains for much-needed buffalo-meat, was undertaken, along with several Indians, with a good dog-train, to bring in the meat. These Indians were at once a great pest and a great comfort—getting drunk at every opportunity, eating like saw-mills, but very useful, ever willing to undertake a journey, while their squaws were handy in various ways. On the third expedition the Doctor went, and had passable luck,—finding numerous animals and many starving Indians with whom he had some funny adventures. Milton was left at home to keep house. On the Doctor's return, his dog-train progressed with extreme difficulty. In going down hills, it was necessary for the driver to lie face



THE UPSET AND TUMBLE-OVER.

downward on the sleigh, with legs projecting behind, and act as a drag by digging his toes into the snow as hard as he could, thus also guiding it in the descent. At one very steep place, a descent of several hundred yards into a lake below, Cheadle's train got over the brow before he could get up to act as drag. Away went the sleigh, overriding the dogs, the whole rolling over and over in a long succession of somersaults, until they reached the bottom, where the dogs lay helpless, entangled in the harness and held down by the heavy sleigh, which seemed as if it must have broken every bone in their bodies, as it thumped upon them in their headlong fall. They were none the worse, however, although it took a very long time to disentangle

them, and put them all right on the track again. The day's journey was attended by a constant succession of difficulties and disasters; the snow was deep, the loads heavy, the dogs weak and obstinate, cunningly taking advantage of every opportunity to shirk, refusing to pull when it was most required, and showing wonderful speed and alacrity, rushing off with the heavy sleigh when the distracted driver came near to punish. "Of all things in the world," says the chronicle, "calculated to ruffle the most even temper, driving a worthless train of Indian dogs stands unequalled. It may be doubted whether the most rigidly pious evangelical would be able to preserve his equanimity, or keep his lips free from language unbecoming his profession,

under circumstances trying almost beyond human endurance; and indeed it is said that one of the missionaries on the Saskatchewan, a most worthy and pious man, when traveling with some of his flock in the winter, astonished and horrified his companions by suddenly giving vent, in his distraction, to most dreadful anathemas against his dogs. They were lying coolly down in the most aggravating manner, with their heads turned round narrowly watching him, but without making the smallest effort to help themselves and him out of the difficulty into which they had fallen."

That will do for a dog story. But, for all that, what would the people of that region do without the "provocation?"

How slowly the weeks passed, when the time came to expect the return of La Ronde and Bruneau! At last they came—with news from the civilized world—news from home! It was a joyous time. The journey of these two men back from Fort Garry was terrible in its suffering, from the intense cold. On

their way they passed a dog-train standing, frozen hard and stiff in their harness attached to the deserted sleigh.

As the spring thaws approached, the men looked forward to a few weeks' sport, hunting moose. The surface of the snow, thawed by the sun during the day, is frozen into a firm crust by the night-frosts of the early spring. This is strong enough to bear a man on snow-shoes, or a dog of no great size, but breaks through beneath the small feet and gigantic weight of the moose. When pursued by a dog, the animal tries to escape; but sinking through up to the hocks at every stride, and wounded about the legs by the sharp ice, he soon turns to bay, and is easily shot by the hunter when he comes up. This is almost the only way, except by watching their bathing-places in the rivers and lakes in summer, that this wary animal can be killed by any but the most skillful hunters. Few half-breeds, and not every Indian, is expert enough to track and kill a moose under ordinary circum-



THE MOOSE AT BAY.

stances, and it is a saying among them that a man may follow moose all his life, and never even catch sight of one. Frequenting the thickest forests, where he can only be seen when close at hand, his sense of hearing is so acute that the snapping of the smallest twig or the crackling of a dry leaf is sufficient to give him warning. A windy day offers the best chance of approaching him, when the noises of the woods drown the sound of the hunter's stealthy footsteps. The moose adopts a cunning stratagem to guard against surprise. When about to rest, he walks in a circle and lies down within it, close to the commencement of the curve. Thus the hunter following the track unconsciously passes close beside him as he lies concealed, and while his pursuer follows the trail ahead, he dashes away on one side unseen."

But the sudden thaw of that year saved the moose and spoiled the expected sport; so there was nothing to do but to prepare for prosecuting their journey of exploration for a North-west Passage by way of the North Saskatchewan.

April 8d they left this snug winter house, never to see it again. Engaging at Fort Carlton a guide for their attempt to penetrate the great wilderness to the west—La Ronde returning to Red River, with Treemiss and Rover—the adventurers pushed on to Fort Edmonton by way of Fort Pitt. At Edmonton some time was spent in preparation, for to pass the country, in the direction proposed, was a dangerous and, at best, a very problematical undertaking. But that was the very reason for a trial, and so it was made. Procuring a new guide in an Assiniboine Indian—who, with his wife and boy thereafter shared their singular and perilous journey—they pushed on for the Rocky Mountains, whose eastern base they reached in safety late in June. On the 12th of July the summit of the mountains was reached after almost inconceivable hardships. Then the descent of the Pacific slope was commenced, and with it the hardest and most perilous part of their journey, al-

though the sea-coast was but three hundred miles away. Down mountain torrents they tried to float on rafts, tried old trails, tried new trails, lost horses and packs, got short of provisions in dense forests bare of animal life, saw their clothes going to tatters on their bodies, beheld their horses daily growing weaker under their want of food and rest; and yet one hundred and thirty miles of dense forest had to be passed before Kamloops, in British Columbia, was to be reached. With but a hatchet to cut their way they started—the brave Indian woman proving the most enduring of all that troop. She was ever on the advance, picking they way out of jungles, cutting away the tangle-bush, or removing the fallen trees. But, by August 7th they still were one hundred miles from the nearest settlement. Provisions grew so short that short rations were doled out: then a horse was killed, his meat dried to be used for soup. But even this soon failed, and starvation seemed imminent. The Assiniboine started off on a scout, one day, to see if some Indian camp were not to be found. He returned at night, bearing a marten, and reported a dead man near. The dead man was visited, and found to be an Indian, sitting upright, with hands clasped over the knees—the head of the body entirely gone, and the skeleton that of one who had perished by starvation.

Day by day they toiled on, until even the Indian guide gave out, and refused to go further. But the sturdy Britons urged him on; and not in vain, for on the 22d of August the caw of a crow indicated an open country. Pressing on they came to a plain, covered with grass; whereat the wretched, emaciated horses fed with voracious appetite, and all were in good spirits again. A day or two more brought signs of life—then Indians, who offered them potatoes, which the hungry men ate raw, in their eagerness for food.

But it was yet four days' hard travel to civilized life, and after partaking of Indian hospitality of potatoes and boiled berries, the party pushed on toward Kamloops, which was reached after dark, on

August 28th. "At last," wrote the explorers, "after it was quite dark, we caught sight of a house, galloped up to it, jumped off, left our horses to their own devices, and entered a sort of yard, where were several half-breeds and Indians just rising from their seats round a cloth spread on the ground, with the remains of supper. An old Indian came, introduced himself, in a mixed jargon of French, English and Chinook, as Captain St. Paul, and inquired who we were. We told him we had come across the mountains, and were starving, begging him to give us some food as quickly as possible. He said we should have abundance immediately; but that we must pay "un piastre chaque." We recklessly assured him that if it cost one hundred dollars each we must have it; and before long we were devouring a greasy mess of bacon and cabbage and some delicious cakes, and drinking copiously the long-desired tea.

"The number of cakes we ate astonished even the Indians, whose views on this subject are broad enough. Presently Mr. Martin and several others arrived from the fort, to be present at a half-breeds' ball which was to take place at St. Paul's that evening. Mr. Martin received us with great kindness, and invited us to take up our quarters with him the next day. We were surprised to meet with such unquestioning hospitality, for in truth we were as miserable and unprepossessing a company as ever presented itself for approval: our clothes in tatters, the legs of Milton's trowsers torn off above the knees, and Cheadle's in ribbons; our feet covered only by the shreds of moccasins; our faces gaunt, haggard, and unshaven; our hair long, unkempt, and matted; and we had no means of proving our identity, where our appearance was so little calculated to inspire confidence or liking. But our story was believed at once, and our troubles were over at last—at last!"

The "North-west Passage by Land" was accomplished, but even the most enthusiastic of Britons will not be likely to "invest" in it.

Kamloops is on Thompson's River, not at head of navigation, for there is very little navigation on such a stream. It once was on the verge of civilization; but, the discovery of the Frazer River diggings suddenly transported "civilization" up that stream, and now Kamloops is on one of the regular routes thither from the coast below.

To give their Indian guides an opportunity of seeing what her majesty's servants could do, the young lord and the great-hearted Doctor resolved to take the Assiniboine, his wife and his boy down to Victoria; which they did, and greatly enjoyed their savage surprise at the novelty and glory of human industry. It was a novel treat to give a savage, but one which all enjoyed too much to regret it.

Having thus "done the agreeable" to the faithful Indians, the two Britons proceeded to do the useful by giving the guide all their horses and equipping him for the return journey—which, inasmuch as it was made by the Southern passes, we may presume was accomplished in safety.

Cheadle and Milton, after recruiting the inner, and rehabilitating the outer man, proceeded on a tour of observation up to the Frazer River diggings, in the Cariboo country—a region so far north that we can only wonder that gold should be found there. The idea that that country ever was hot enough to cook the earth's juices is a queer one; but we must have nothing to say since that mastodon, who could eat only the most nutritious of grasses, was discovered on the northern coast of the Czar's dominions. We can believe any thing after that.

They "went" and inspected Frazer River's treasury, and report it rich enough to enrich every son of St. George, and every daughter of the Dragon; *but*, the question is, first to get there, and, second, after you get there, to find the gold and escape starvation. How to do these things they don't relate in their public record. If they have a *patent* way it is not yet divulged.



ELEANOR.

THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER VII.

ELEANOR.

ONE week, another—a third—a fourth, passed by. Our village was as if it had never been shaken by a fierce agitation. Already the tragedy was as if it had not been, except to the household whose fairest flower it had blighted. People no longer looked over their shoulders as they

walked; the story now only served to enliven the history of the little place, when it was told to a stranger.

Every thing that human energy could accomplish had been done to track the murder to its origin; yet not one step had been gained since we sat, that Wednesday afternoon, in the parlor, holding a council over the handkerchief. Young and healthful as I was, I felt my spirits

breaking down under my constant, unavailing exertions. The time for my examination came, which could not be unsuccessful, I had so long been thoroughly prepared, but I had lost my keen interest in this era of my life, while my ambition grew torpid. To excel in my profession had become, for the time, quite the secondary object of my life; my brain grew feverish with the harassment of restless projects—the recoil of thwarted ideas. There was not one in the family group (always excepting that unseen and cloistered sufferer) who betrayed the wear-and-tear of our trouble so much as I. James remarked once that I was improved by losing some of my boyish ruddiness—I was “toning down,” he said. On another occasion, with that Mephistophiles smile of his, he observed that it must be that I was after the handsome rewards—the sum total would make a comfortable setting-out for a person just starting in the world.

I do not think he wished to quarrel with me; he was always doubly pleasant, after any such waspish sting; he was naturally satirical, and he could not always curb his inclination to be so at my expense.

In the mean time an impression grew upon me that he was watching me—with what intent I had not yet decided.

In all this time I had not seen Eleanor. She had recovered from her illness, so as to be about her room, but had not yet joined the family at meals. I went frequently to the house; it had been a second home to me ever since I left the haunts of my boyhood and the old red-brick mansion, with the Grecian portico, whose massive pillars were almost reflected in the waters of Seneca lake, so close to the shore did it stand—and where my mother still resided, amidst the friends who had known her in the days of her happiness—that is, of my father's life.

With the same freedom as of old, I went and came to and from Mr. Argyll's. I was not apprehensive of intruding upon Eleanor, because she never left her apartments; while Mary, gay young creature, troubled and grieved as she was, could not

stay always in the shadow. At her age, the budding blooms of womanhood require sunshine. She was lonely, and when she left her sister to the solitude which Eleanor preferred, “she wanted company,” she said. “James was gloomy, and would not try to amuse her—not that she wanted to be amused, but every thing was so sad, and she felt so timid, it was a relief to have any one to talk to, or even to look at.” I felt very sorry for her. It became a part of my duty to bring her books, and sometimes to read them aloud, through the lengthening evenings; at others to while away the time with a game of chess. The piano was abandoned out of respect for the mourner in the chamber above. Caroli would rise to Mary's lips, as they rise from the lark at sunrise, but she always broke them off, drowning them in sighs. Her elastic spirit constantly asserted itself, while the tender sympathy of a most warm, affectionate nature as constantly depressed it. She could not speak of Eleanor without tears; and for this my heart blessed her. She did not know of the choking in my own throat which often prevented me from speaking, when I ought, perhaps, to be uttering words of help or comfort.

James was always hovering about like a restless spirit. It had been one of his indolent habits to spend a great deal of time with the young ladies; and now he was forever in the house; but so uneasy, so irritable—as Mary said—he was not an agreeable companion. He would pick up a book in the library; in five minutes he would throw it down, and walk twice or thrice up and down the hall, out upon the piazza, back into the parlor and stand looking out of the windows—then to the library and take up another book. He had the air of one always listening—always waiting. He had, too, a kind of haunted look, if my reader can imagine what that is. I guessed that he was listening and waiting for Eleanor—whom, like myself, he had not seen since the Sunday so immemorial; but that other look I did not seek to explain.

There had been a light fall of snow.

It seemed as if winter had come in November. But in a few hours this aspect vanished; the snow melted like a dream; the zenith was a deep, molten blue, transfused with the pale sunshine which is only seen in Indian-summer; a tender mist circled the horizon with a zone of purple. I could not stay in the office that afternoon, so infinitely sad, so infinitely lovely. I put aside the law-papers which I had been arranging for a case in which I was first to appear before a jury and make my maiden argument. The air, soft as that of summer and scented with the indescribable perfume of perishing leaves, came to me through the open window, with a message calling me abroad; I took up my hat, stepped out upon the pavement, and wandering along the avenue in the direction of the house, went in upon the lawn. I had thought to go out into the open country for a long walk; but my heart drew me and held me here. The language of all beauty, and of infinity itself, is love. The divine melancholy of music, the deep tranquillity of summer noons, the softened splendor of autumn days, haunting one with ineffable joy and sadness—what is the name of all this varying demonstration of beauty, but love?

I walked beneath the trees slowly, my feet nestling amid the thickly-strewn leaves and pressing a faint aroma from the moist earth. To and fro for a long time I rambled, thinking no tangible thoughts, but my soul silently filling, all the time, like a fountain fed by secret springs. To the back of the lawn, extending around and behind the flower-garden, was a little ascent, covered by a grove of elms and maples, in the midst of which was a summer-house which had been a favorite resort of Eleanor. Hither I finally bent my steps, and seating myself, looked musingly upon the lovely prospect around and beneath me. The rustic temple opened toward the river, which was visible from here, rolling in its blue splendor across the exquisite landscape. There is a fascination in water which will keep the eyes fixed upon it through hours of reverie; I sat there,

mindful of the near mountains, the purple mist, the white ships, the busy village, but gazing only at the blue ripples forever slipping away from the point of my observation. My spirit exhaled like the mist and ascended in aspiration. My grief aspired, and arose in passionate prayers to the white throne of the eternal justice—it arose in tears, etherealized and drawn up by the rays from the one great source and sun—the Spirit of love. I prayed and wept for *her*. No thought of myself mingled with these emotions.

Suddenly a slight chill fell upon me. I started to perceive that the sun had set. A band of orange belted the west. As the sun dropped behind the hills the moon came up in the east. It seemed as if her silver light frosted what it touched; the air grew sharp, a thin, white cloud spread itself over the river. I had sat there long enough, and I was forcing myself to a consciousness of the fact, when I saw one coming through the flower-garden and approaching the summer-house.

The blood paused in my veins when I saw that it was Eleanor. The sunset yet lingered, and the cold moonlight shone full on her face. I remembered how I had seen her, that last time but one, glowing and flushing in triumphant beauty, attired with the utmost skilled coquetry of a young, beloved woman, who is glad of her charms because another prizes them.

Now she came along the lonesome path, between the withered flower-beds, clothed in deepest black, walking with a feeble step, one small white hand holding the sable shawl across her chest, a long crape veil thrown over her head, from which her face looked out, white and still.

A pang like that of death transfixed me, as I gazed at her. Not one rose left in the garden of her young life! The ruin through which she walked was not so complete—but this garden would resurrect itself in the month of another spring—while for her there was no spring on this side of the grave. Not one tint on the snowy cheek! the dimples and smiles fled—the lips pressed together—the brow like marble. If marble could waste away,

she was like a glorious statue grown thin and wan. The frosty air, the pure moonlight, were not more cold and white.

Slowly she threaded her way, with bent gaze, through the garden, out upon the hill-side, and up to the little rustic temple in which she had spent so many happy hours with him. When she had reached the grassy platform in front of it, she raised her eyes and swept a glance around upon the familiar scene. There were no tears in her blue eyes, and her lips did not quiver. It was not until she had encircled the horizon with that quiet, beamless look, that she perceived me. I rose to my feet, my expression only doing reverence to her sorrow, for I had no words.

She held out her hand, and as I took it, she said with gentleness—as if her sweetness must excuse the absence of her former smiles:

"Are you well, Richard? You look thin. Be careful of yourself—is it not too chilly for you to be sitting here at this hour?"

I pressed her hand, and turned away, vainly endeavoring to command my voice. I had changed! but it was like Eleanor to put herself aside and remember others.

"Nay, do not go," she said, as she saw that I was leaving her out of fear of intruding upon her visit, "I shall remain here but a few moments, and I will lean upon your arm back to the house. I am not strong, and the walk up the hill has tired me. I wanted to see you, Richard. I thought some of coming down-stairs a little while this evening. I want to thank you."

The words were just whispered, and she turned immediately and looked away at the river. I understood her well. She wanted to thank me for the spirit which had prompted me in my earnest, though unsuccessful efforts. And coming down to the family-group a little while in the evening, that was for Mary's sake, and her poor father's. Her own light had expired, but she did not wish to darken the hearth-stone any more than was unavoidable. She sunk down upon the seat I had vacated, remaining motionless, look-

ing upon the river and the sky. After a time, with a long, tremulous sigh, she arose to go. A gleam from the west fell upon a single violet which, protected from the frost, by the projecting roof, smiled up at us, near the door of the summer-house. With a wild kind of passion breaking through her quiet, Eleanor stooped, gathered it, pressed it to her lips, and burst into tears—it was her favorite flower—Henry's favorite.

It was agony to see her cry, yet, better, perhaps, than such marble repose. She was too weak to bear this sudden shock alone; she leaned upon my shoulder, every sob which shook her frame echoed by me. Yes! I am not ashamed to confess it! When manhood is fresh and unsullied, its tears are not wrung out in those single drops of mortal anguish which the rock gives forth when time and the foot of the world has hardened it. I could still remember when I had kissed my mother, and wept my boyish troubles well upon her breast. I should have been harder than the nether millstone, had I not wept with Eleanor then.

I mastered myself in order to assist her to regain composure, for I was alarmed lest the violence of her emotion should break down the remnant of her frail strength. She, too, struggled against the storm, soon growing outwardly calm, and with the violet pressed to her bosom with one hand, with the other she clung to my arm, and we returned to the house, where they were already looking for Eleanor.

Under the full light of the hall-lamp we encountered James. It was his first meeting with his cousin, as well as mine. He gave her a quick, penetrating look, held out his hand, his lips moved as if striving to form a greeting. It was evident that the change was greater than he expected; he dropped his hand, before her fingers had touched it, and rushing past us through the open door, he closed it behind him, remaining out until long after tea.

When he came in, Eleanor had retired to her chamber, and Mary brought him

the cup of tea which she had kept hot for him.

"You are a good girl, Mary," he said, drinking it hastily, as if to get rid of it. "I hope nobody will ever make you look like *that*! I thought broken hearts were easily mended—that girls usually had theirs broken three or four times, and patched them up again—but I have ehanged my mind."

That gloomy look, which Mary declared she dreaded, clouded his face again. His countenance was most variable; nothing could exceed it in glitter and brilliant color when he was in his pleasing mood, but when sullen or sad, it was sallow and lusterless. Thus it looked that evening. But I must close this chapter now and here—it is consecrated to that meeting with the object of my sorrow and adoration, and I will not prolong it with the details of other events.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAUNTED GRAVE.

WHEN I returned to my boarding-house that same evening, I found a telegram awaiting me from Mr. Burton, asking me to come down to the city in the morning. I went down by the earliest train, soon after, ringing the bell at the door of his private residence in Twenty-third street; a servant ushered me into the library, where I found the master of the house so absorbed in thought, as he sat before the grate with his eyes bent upon the glowing coals, that he did not observe my entrance until I spoke his name. Springing to his feet, he shook me heartily by the hand; we had already become warm personal friends.

"You are early," he said, "but so much the better. We will have the more time for business."

"Have you heard any thing?" was my first question.

"Well, no. Don't hope that I have called you here to satisfy you with any positive discoveries. The work goes on slowly. I was never so baffled but once

before; and then, as now, there was a woman in the case. A cunning woman will elude the very Prince of Lies, himself, to say nothing of honest men like us. She has been after the child."

"She has?"

"Yes. And has taken it away with her. And I know no more of her whereabouts than I did before. There! You must certainly feel like trusting your case to some sharper person to work up;"—he looked mortified as he said it.

Before I go further I must explain to my reader just how far the investigation into the acts and hiding-place of Leesy Sullivan had proceeded. Of course we had called upon her aunt in Blankville, and approached the question of the child with all due caution. She had answered us frankly enough, at first—that Leesy had a cousin, who lived in New York, whom she was much attached to, and who was dead, poor thing! But the moment we intruded the infant into the conversation, she flew into a rage, asked if "we'd come there to insult a respectable widdy, as waan't responsible for what others did?" and would not be coaxed or threatened into any further speech on the subject, fairly driving us out of the room and (I regret to add) down the stairs with the broomstick. As we could not summon into court and compel her to answer at that time, we were compelled to "let her alone." One thing, however, became apparent at the interview—that there was shame or blame, or at least a family quarrel, connected with the child.

After that, in New York, Mr. Burton ascertained that there had been a cousin, who had died, but whether she had been married and left a babe, or not, was still a matter of some doubt.

He had spent over a week in searching for Leesy Sullivan, in the vicinity of Blankville, at every intermediate station between that and New York, and throughout the city itself, assisted by scores of detectives, who all of them had her photograph, taken from a likeness which Mr. Burton had found in her deserted room at her boarding-place. This picture must

have been taken more than a year previous, as it looked younger and happier; the face was soft and round, the eyes melting with warmth and light, and the rich, dark hair dressed with evident care. Still, Leesy bore resemblance enough to her former self, to make her photograph an efficient aid. Yet not one trace of her had been chanced upon since I, myself, had seen her fly away, at the mention of the word which I had purposely uttered, and disappear over the wooded hill. We had nearly made up our minds that she had committed suicide; we had searched the shore for miles in the vicinity of Moreland villa, and had fired guns over the water; but if she had hidden herself in those cold depths, she had done it most effectually.

The gardener's wife, at the villa, had kept vigilant watch, as I had requested, but she had never any thing to report—the sewing-girl came no more to haunt the piazza or the summer house. Finally Mr. Burton had given over active measures, relying simply upon the presence of the child in New York, to bring back the protectress into his nets, if indeed she was still upon the earth. He said rightly, that if she were concealed and had any knowledge of the efforts made to discover her, the surest means of hastening her reappearance would be to apparently relinquish all pursuit. He had a person hired to watch the premises of the nurse constantly; a person who took a room next to hers in the tenement-house where she resided, apparently employed in knitting childrens' fancy woolen garments, but really for the purpose of giving immediate notification should the guardian of the infant appear upon the scene. In the mean time he was kept informed of the sentiments of the nurse, who had avowed her intention of throwing the baby upon the authorities, if its board was not paid at the end of the month. "Hard enough," she avowed it was, "to get the praties for the mouths of her own chilther; and the little girl was growing large, now. The milk wouldn't do at all, at all, but she must have her praties and her bit bread wid the rest."

In answer to these complaints, the wool-knitter had professed such an interest in the innocent little thing, that, sooner than allow it to go to the alms-house, or the orphan asylum, or any other such place, she would take it to her own room, and share her portion with it, when the nurse's month was up, until it was certain that the aunt was not coming to see after it, she said.

With this understanding between them, the two women got along finely together; little Nora, just toddling about, was a pretty child, and her aunt had not spared stitches in making up her clothes, which were of good material, and ornamented with lavish tucks and embroidery. She was often, for half a day at a time, in the room with the new tenant, when her nurse was out upon errands, or at work; and the former sometimes took her out in her arms for a breath of air upon the better streets. Mr. Burton had seen little Nora several times; he thought she resembled Miss Sullivan, though not strikingly. She had the same eyes, dark and bright.

Two days before Mr. Burton telegraphed for me to come down to New York, Mrs. Barber, the knitting detective, was playing with the child in her own room. It was growing toward night, and the nurse was out getting her Saturday afternoon supplies at Washington Market; she did not expect her back for at least an hour. Little Nora was in fine spirits, being delighted with a blue and white hood which her friend had manufactured for her curly head. As they frolicked together, the door opened, a young woman came in, caught the child to her breast, kissed it, and cried. "An-nee—an-nee," lisped the baby—and Mrs. Barber, slipping out, with the excuse that she would go for the nurse, who was in at a neighbor's, jumped into a car and rode up to Twenty-third street. In half an hour Mr. Burton was at the tenement-house; the nurse had not yet returned from market, and the bird had flown, carrying the baby with her. He was sufficiently annoyed at this *dénouement*. In the arrangements

made, the fact of the nurse being away had not been contemplated; there was no one to keep on the track of the fugitive while the officer was notified. One of the children said that the lady had left some money for mother; there was, lying on the table, a sum which more than covered the arrears due, and a note of thanks. But the baby, with its little cloak and its new blue hood, had vanished. Word was dispatched to the various offices, and the night spent in looking for the two; but there is no place like a great city for eluding pursuit; and up to the hour of my arrival at Mr. Burton's he had learned nothing.

All this had fretted the detective; I could see it, although he did not say as much. He who had brought hundreds of accomplished rogues to justice did not like to be foiled by a woman. Talking on the subject with me, as we sat before the fire in his library, with closed doors, he said:

"The most terrible antagonist he had yet encountered had been a woman—that her will was a match for his own, yet he had broken with ease the spirits of the boldest men. However, Miss Sullivan is not a woman of that stamp. If she has committed a crime, she has done it in a burst of passion, and remorse will kill her, though the vengeance of the law should never overtake her. But she is subtle and elusive. It is not reason that makes her cunning, but feeling. With man it would be reason; and as I could follow the course of his argument, whichever path it took, I should soon overtake it. But a woman, working from a passion, either of hate or love, will sometimes come to such novel conclusions as to defy the sharpest guesses of the intellect. I should like, above all things, a quiet conversation with that girl. And I will have it, some day."

The determination with which he avowed himself showed that he had no idea of giving up the case. A few other of his observations I will repeat:

He said that the blow which killed Henry Moreland was given by a profes-

sional murderer, a man, without conscience or remorse, probably a hireling. A woman may have tempted, persuaded or paid him to do the deed; if so, the guilt rested upon her in its awful weight; but no woman's hand, quivering with passion, had driven that steady and relentless blow. It was not given by the hand of jealousy—it was too coldly calculated, too firmly executed—no passion, no thrill of feeling about it.

"Then you think," said I, "that Leesy Sullivan robbed the family whose happiness she was about to destroy, to pay some villain to commit the murder?"

"It looks like it," he answered, his eye dropping evasively.

I felt that I was not fully in the detective's confidence; there was something working powerfully in his mind, to which he gave me no clue; but I had so much faith in him that I was not offended by his reticence. Anxious I was, eager, curious—if it suits my call such a devouring fire of longing as I felt, curiosity. He must have known that I perceived his reservations; if so, he had his own way of conducting matters, from which he could not diverge, for my passing benefit. Twelve o'clock came, as we sat talking, before the fire, which gave a genial air to the room, though almost unnecessary, the "squaw winter" of the previous morning being followed by another balmy and sunlit day. Mr. Burton rung for lunch to be brought in where we were; and while we sipped the strong coffee, and helped ourselves to the contents of the tray, the servant being dismissed, my host made a proposition which had evidently been on his mind all the morning.

I was already so familiar with his personal surroundings as to know that he was a widower, with two children; the eldest, a boy of fifteen, away at school; the second, a girl of eleven, of delicate health, and educated at home, so far as she studied at all, by a day-governess. I had never seen this daughter—Lenore, he called her—but I could guess, without particular shrewdness, that his heart was wrapped up in her. He could not

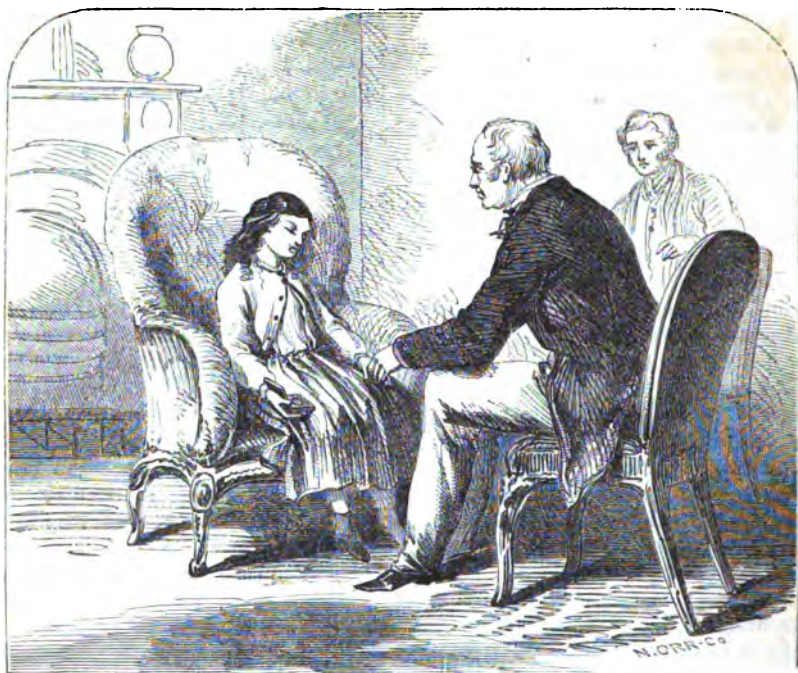
mention her name without a glow coming into his face; her frail health appeared to be the anxiety of his life. I could hear her, now, taking a singing-lesson in a distant apartment, and as her pure voice rose clear and high, mounting and mounting with airy-steps the difficult scale, I listened delightedly, making a picture in my mind of the graceful little creature such a voice should belong to.

Her father was listening, too, with a smile in his eye, half forgetful of his coffee. Presently he said, in a low voice, speaking at first with some reluctance:

"I sent for you to-day, more particularly to make you the confidential witness of an experiment than any thing else. You hear my Lenore singing now—has she not a sweet voice? I have told you how delicate her health is. I discovered, by chance, some two or three years since, that she had peculiar attributes. She is an excellent clairvoyant. When I first discovered it, I made use of her rare faculty to assist me in my more important labors; but I soon discovered that it told fearfully upon her health. It seemed to drain the slender stream of vitality nearly dry. Our physician told me that I must desist, entirely, all experiments of the kind with her. He was peremptory about it, but he had need only to caution me. I would sooner drop a year out of my shortening future than to take one grain from that increasing strength which I watch from day to day with deep solicitude. She is my only girl, Mr. Redfield, and the image of her departed mother. You must not wonder if I am foolish about my Lenore. For eighteen months I have not exercised my power over her to place her in the trance state, or whatever it is, in which, with the clue in her hand, she will unwind the path to more perplexed labyrinths than those of the fair one's bower. And I tell you, solemnly, that if, by so doing, she could point out to me pots of gold, or the secrets of diamond mines, I would not risk her slightest welfare, by again exhausting her recruiting energies. Nevertheless, so deeply am I interested in the tragedy to which you have called my

attention—so certain am I that I am on the eve of the solution of the mystery—and such an act of justice and righteousness do I deem it that it should be exposed in its naked truth before those who have suffered from the crime—that I have resolved to place Lenore once more in the clairvoyant state, for the purpose of ascertaining the hiding-place of Leesy Sullivan, and I have sent for you to witness the result."

This announcement took away the remnant of my appetite. Mr. Burton rung to have the tray removed, and to bid the servant tell Miss Lenore, as soon as she had lunched, to come to the library. We had but a few minutes to wait. Presently we heard a light step; her father cried "Come in!" in answer to her knock, and a lovely child entered, greeting me with a mingled air of grace and timidity—a vision of sweetness and beauty more perfect than I could have anticipated. Her golden hair waved about her slender throat, in glistening tendrils. Seldom do we see such hair, except upon the heads of infants—soft, lustrous, fine, floating at will, and curled at the end in little shining rings. Her eyes were a celestial blue—celestial, not only because of the pure heavenliness of their color, but because you could not look into them without thinking of angels. Her complexion was the most exquisite possible, fair, with a flush as of sunset-light on the cheeks—too transparent for perfect health, showing the wandering of the delicate veins in the temples. Her blue dress, with its fluttering sash, and the little jacket of white cashmere which shielded her neck and arms, were all dainty, and in keeping with the wearer. She did not have the serene air of a seraph, though she looked like one; nor the listless manner of an invalid. She gave her father a most winning, childish smile, looking full of joy to think he was at home, and had sent for her. She was so every way charming that I held out my arms to kiss her, and she, with the instinct of children, who perceive who their real lovers are, gave me a willing yet shy embrace. Mr. Burton looked pleased as



MR. BURTON MESMERIZING LENORE.

he saw how satisfactory was the impression made by his Lenore.

Placing her in a chair before him, he put a photograph of Miss Sullivan in her hand.

"Father wants to put his little girl to sleep again," he said, gently.

An expression of unwillingness just crossed her face; but she smiled, instantly, looking up at him with the faith of affection which would have placed her life in his keeping, and said, "Yes, papa," in assent.

He made a few passes over her; when I saw their effect, I did not wonder that he shrunk from the experiment—my surprise was rather that he could be induced to make it, under any circumstances. The lovely face became distorted as with pain; the little hands twitched—so did the lips and eyelids. I turned away, not having fortitude to witness any thing so jarring to my sensibilities. When I looked again, her countenance had recovered its tranquillity; the eyes were fast closed, but she appeared to ponder upon the picture which she held.

"Do you see the person now?"

"Yes, papa."

"In what kind of a place is she?"

"She is in a small room; it has two windows. There is no carpet on the floor. There is a bed and a table, a stove and some chairs. It is in the upper story of a large brick house, I do not know in what place."

"What is she doing?"

"She is sitting near the back window; it looks out on the roofs of other houses; she is holding a pretty little child on her lap."

"She must be in the city," remarked Mr. Burton, aside; "the large house and the congregated roofs would imply it. Can you not tell me the name of the street?"

"No, I can not see it. I was never in this place before. I can see water, as I look out of the window. It appears like the bay; and I see plenty of ships, but there is some green land across the water, besides distant houses."

"It must be somewhere in the suburbs, or in Brooklyn. Are there no signs on

the shops, which you can read, as you look out?"

"No, papa."

"Well, go down the stairs, and out upon the street, and tell me the number of the house."

"It is No. —," she said, after a few moments' silence.

"Go along until you come to a corner, and read me the name of the street."

"Court street," she answered, presently.

"It is in Brooklyn," exclaimed the detective, triumphantly. "There is nothing now to prevent us going straight to the spot. Lenore, go back now, to the house; tell us on which floor is this room, and how situated."

Again there was silence while she retraced her steps.

"It is on the fourth floor, the first door to the left, as you reach the landing."

Lenore began to look weary and exhausted; the sweat broke out on her brow, and she panted as if fatigued with climbing flights of stairs. Her father, with a regretful air, wiped her forehead, kissing it tenderly as he did so. A few more of those cabalistic touches, followed by the same painful contortions of those beautiful features, and Lenore was herself again. But she was pale and languid; she drooped against her father's breast, as he held her in his arms, the color faded from her cheeks, too listless to smile in answer to his caresses. Placing her on the sofa, he took from a nook in his secretary a bottle of old port, poured out a tiny glass full, and gave to her. The wine revived her almost instantly; the smiles and bloom came back, though she still seemed exceedingly weary.

"She will be like a person exhausted by a long journey, or great labor, for several days," said Mr. Burton, as I watched the child. "It cost me a pang to make such a demand upon her; I hope it will be the last time—at least until she is older and stronger than now."

"I should think the application of electricity would restore some of the vitality which has been taken from her," I suggested.

"I shall try it this evening," was his reply; "in the mean time, if we intend to benefit by the sacrifice of my little Lenore, let us lose no time. Something may occur to send the fugitive flying again. And now, my dear little girl, you must lie down a while this afternoon, and be careful of yourself. You shall dine with us to-night, if you are not too tired, and we shall bring you some flowers—a bouquet from old John's conservatory, sure."

Committing his darling to the house-keeper's charge, with many instructions and warnings, and a lingering look which betrayed his anxiety, Mr. Burton was soon ready, and we departed, taking a stage for Fulton Ferry a little after one o'clock.

About an hour and a quarter brought us to the brick house on Court street, far out toward the suburbs, which had the number indicated upon it. No one questioned our coming, it being a tenement-house, and we ascended a long succession of stairs, until we came to the fourth floor, and stood before the door on the left-hand side. I trembled a little with excitement. My companion, laying his hand firmly on the knob, was arrested by finding the door locked. At this he knocked; but there was no answer to his summons. Amid the assortment of keys which he carried with him, he found one to fit the lock; in a moment the door stood open, and we entered to meet—blank solitude!

The room had evidently been deserted but a short time, and by some one expecting to return. There was a fire covered down in the stove, and three or four potatoes in the little oven, to be baked for the humble supper. There was no trunk, no chest, no clothing in the room, only the scant furniture which Lenore had described, a few dishes in the cupboard, and some cooking utensils, which had been rented, probably, with the room. On the table were two things confirmatory of the occupants—a bowl, containing the remains of a child's dinner of bread-and-milk, and a piece of embroidery—a half-finished collar.

At Mr. Burton's request I went down

to the shop on the first floor, and inquired in what direction the young woman with the little child had gone, and how long she had been out.

"She went, maybe, half an hour ago; she took the little girl out for a walk, I think. She told me she'd be back before supper, when she stopped to pay for a bit of coal, and to have it carried up."

I returned with this information.

"I'm sorry, now, that we inquired," said the detective; "that fellow will be sure to see her first, and tell her that she has had callers; that will frighten her at once. I must go below, and keep my watch from there."

"If you do not care for a second person to watch with you, I believe I will go on to Greenwood. We are so near it, now, and I would like to visit poor Henry's grave."

"I do not need you at all now; only, do not be absent too long. When I meet this Leesy Sullivan, whom I have not yet seen, you remember, I want a long talk with her. The last object I have is to frighten her; I shall seek to soothe her, instead. If I can once meet her face to face, and voice to voice, I believe I can tame the antelope or the lioness, whichever she turns out to be. I do not think I shall have to coerce her—not even if she is guilty. If she is guilty she will give herself up. I may even take her home to dinner with us," he added, with a smile. "Don't shudder, Mr. Redfield—we often dine in company with murderers—sometimes when we have only our friends and neighbors with us. I assure you I have often had that honor!"

His grim humor was melancholy to me—but who could wonder that a man of Mr. Burton's peculiar experience should be touched with cynicism? Besides, I felt that there was more in the inner meaning of his words than appeared upon their outer surface. I left him, sitting in a sheltered corner of the shop below, in a position where he could command the street and the entrance-hall without being himself observed, and making himself friendly with the busy little man behind

the counter, of whom he had already purchased a pint of chestnuts. It was as well that I should be out of the way. Miss Sullivan knew me, and might take the alarm at some distant glimpse of me, while Mr. Burton's person must be unknown to her, unless she had been the better detective of the two, and marked him when he was ignorant of her vicinity.

Stepping into a passing car, in a few minutes I had gone from the city of the living to the city of the dead. Beautiful, silent city! There the costly and gleaming portals raised at the entrance of those mansions, tell us the name and age of the inhabitants, but the inhabitants themselves we never behold. Knock as loud and long as we may at those marble doors, cry, entreat, implore, they hold themselves invisible. Nevermore are they "at home" to us. We, who once were never kept waiting, must go from the threshold now, without a word of welcome. City of the dead—to which that city of the living must soon remove, who is there can walk thy silent streets without a prescience of the time when he, too, will take up his abode in thee forever? Strange city of solitude! where thousands whose homes are ranged side by side, know not one the other, and give no greeting to the pale new-comers.

With meditations like these, only far too solemn for words, I wandered through the lovely place, where still, summer seemed to linger, as if loth to quit the graves she beautified. With Eleanor and Henry in my heart, I turned in the direction of the family burial-plot, wishing that Eleanor were with me on that glorious day that she might first behold his grave under such gentle auspices of light, foliage and flowers—for I knew that she contemplated a pilgrimage to this spot, as soon as her strength would warrant the attempt.

I approached the spot by a winding path; the soft plash of a fountain sounded through a little thicket of evergreens, and I saw the gleam of the wide basin into which it fell; a solitary bird poured

forth a mournful flood of lamentation from some high branch not far away. It required but little aid of fancy to hear in that "melodious madness" the cry of some broken heart, haunting, in the form of this bird, the place of the loved one's sleep.

There were other wanderers than myself in the cemetery; a funeral train was coming through the gate as I passed in, and I met another within a few steps; but in the secluded path where I now walked I was alone. With the slow step of one who meditates sad things, I approached Henry's grave. Gliding away by another devious path, I saw a female figure—

"It is some other mourner whom I have disturbed from her vigil by some of these tombs," I thought—"or, perchance, one who was passing further on before reaching the goal of her grief,"—and with this I dismissed her from my mind, having had, at the best, only an indistinct glimpse of a woman, and the momentary flutter of her garments as she passed beyond a group of tall shrubs and was lost to view.

The next moment I knelt by the sod

which covered that young and noble form. Do not think me extravagant in my emotions. I was not so—only overpowered, always, by intense sympathy with the sufferers by that calamity. I had so mused upon Eleanor's sorrow, that I had, as it were, made it mine. I bowed my head, breathing a prayer for her; then, leaning against the trunk of a tree whose leaves no longer afforded shade to the carefully-cultivated family inclosure, my eyes fell upon the grave. There were beautiful flowers fading upon it, which some friendly hand had laid there within a day or two. Ten or fifteen minutes I may have passed in reverie; then, as I arose to depart, I took up a fading bud or two and a sprig of myrtle, placing them in my vest-pocket, to give Eleanor upon my return. As I stooped to gather them, I perceived the imprint of a child's foot, here and there, all about the grave—a tiny imprint, in the fresh mold, as of some toddling babe whose little feet had hardly learned to steady themselves.

There were one or two marks of a woman's slender shoe; but it was the infant feet which impressed me. It flashed upon me what female figure it was which I had seen flitting away as I approached; now that I recalled it, I even recognized the tall, slender form, with the slight stoop of the shoulders, of which I had obtained but a half-glance. I hastily pursued the path she had taken; but my haste was behind hers by at least a quarter of an hour.

I realized that I would only lose time by looking for her in those winding avenues, every one of which might be taking me from instead of toward the fugitives; so I turned back to the gate and questioned the keeper, if he had seen a tall young woman with a little child pass out within the last half-hour. He had seen several children and women go out in that time; and as I could not tell how this particular one was dressed, I could not arouse his recollection to any certainty on the point.

"She was probably carrying the child," I said; "she had a consumptive look, and was sad-looking, though her face was doubtless hidden in her veil."



MORELAND'S GRAVE.

"It's quite likely," he responded; "mostly the women that do come here look sad, and many of them keep their veils down. However, it's my impression there hasn't no child of that age been past here, lately. I noticed one going in about two o'clock, and if it's *that* one, she hasn't come out yet."

So while Mr. Burton sat in the shop in Court street keeping watch, I sat at the gates of Greenwood; but no Leesy Sullivan came forth; and when the gates were closed for the night, I was obliged to go away disappointed.

The girl began to grow some elusive phantom in my mind. I could almost doubt that there was any such creature, with black, wild eyes, and hectic cheeks, whom I was pursuing; whom I chanced upon in strange places, at unexpected times, but could never find when I sought her—who seemed to blend herself in this unwarrantable way with the tragedy which wrung some other hearts. What had she to do with Henry's grave? A feeling of dislike, of mortal aversion, grew upon me—I could not pity her any more—this dark spirit who, having perchance wrought this irremediable woe, could not now sink into the depths where she belonged, but must haunt and hover on the edges of my trouble, fretting me to follow her, only to mock and elude.

Before leaving the cemetery I offered two policemen a hundred dollars if they should succeed in detaining the woman and child whose description I gave them, until word could be sent to the office of the detective police; and I left them, with another on guard at the gates, perambulating the grounds, peering into vaults and ghostly places in search of her. When I got out at the house on Court street I found my friend quite tired of eating chestnuts and talking to the little man behind the counter.

"Well," said he, "the potatoes will be roasted to death before their owner returns. We have been led another wild-goose chase."

"I have seen her," I answered.

"What?"

"And lost her. I believe she is a little snaky, she has such a slippery way with her."

"Tut! tut! so has a frightened deer! But how did it happen?"

I told him, and he was quite downcast at the unlucky fortune which had sent me to the cemetery at that particular time. It was evident that she had seen me, and was afraid to return to this new retreat, for fear she was again tracked.

"However," said he, "I'm confident we'll have her now before long. I *must* go home to-night to see to my Lenore; I promised her, and she will make herself sick sitting up."

"Go! and let me remain here. I will stay until it is perfectly apparent that she does not expect to return."

"It will spoil the dinner. But now that we have sacrificed so much, a few hours more of inconvenience—"

"Will be willingly endured. I will get some bread and cheese and a glass of beer of your friend, the penny-grocer, and remain at my post."

"You need not stay later than twelve; which will bring you home about two, at the slow rate of midnight travel. I shall sit up for you. *Au revoir.*"

I changed my mind about supping at the grocer's as the twilight deepened into night. The dim light of the hall and stair-cases, part of them in total darkness, enabled me to steal up to the deserted room, unperceived by any of the other inmates of the great building. Here I put fresh coal on the fire, and by the faint glow which soon came from the open front of the stove, I found a chair, and placing it so that it would be in the shadow upon the opening of the door, I seated myself to await the return of the occupants. The odor of roasting potatoes, given forth at the increased heat, admonished me that I had partaken of but a light lunch since an early and hasty breakfast; drawing forth one from the oven, I made a frugal meal upon it, and then ordered my soul to patience. I sat long in the twilight of the room; I could hear the bells of the city chiming the passing

hours; the grocer and variety storekeeper closing the shutters of their shops; the shuffling feet of men coming home, to such homes as they had in the dreary building, until nearly all the noises of the street and house died away.

Gazing into the fire, I wondered where that strange woman was keeping that little child through those unwholesome hours. Did she carry it in her arms while she hovered, like a ghost, amid the awful quiet of drooping willows and gleaming tomb-stones? Did she rock it to sleep on her breast, in the fearful shadow of some vault, with a row of coffins for company? Or was she again fleeing over deserted fields, crouching in lonely places, fatigued, distressed, panting under the weight of the innocent babe who slumbered on a guilty bosom, but driven still, on, on, by the lash of a dreadful secret? I made wild pictures in the sinking embers, as I mused; were I an artist I would reproduce them in all their lurid light and somber shadow; but I am not. The close air of the place, increased in drowsiness by the gas from the open doors of the stove, the deep silence, and my own fatigue, after the varying journeys and excitements of the day, at last overcame me; I remember hearing the town clock strike eleven, and after that I must have slumbered.

As I slept, I continued my waking dreams; I thought myself still gazing in the smoldering fire; that the sewing-girl came in without noise, sat down before it, and silently wept over the child who lay in her arms; that Lenore came out of the golden embers, with wings tipped with ineffable brightness, looking like an angel, and seemed to comfort the mourner, and finally took her by the hand, and passing me, so that I felt the motion of the air swept by her wings and garments, led her out through the door, which closed with a slight noise.

At the noise made by the closing door, I awoke. As I gathered my confused senses about me, I was not long in coming to the conclusion that I had indeed heard a sound and felt the air from an open door—some one had been in the room.

I looked at my watch by a match which I struck, for the fire had now entirely expired. It was one o'clock. Vexed beyond words that I had slumbered, I rushed out into the empty passages, where, standing silent, I listened for any footstep. There was not the echo of a sound abroad. The halls were wrapped in darkness. Quietly and swiftly I felt my way down to the street; not a soul to be seen in any direction. Yet I felt positive that Leesy Sullivan, creeping from her shelter, had returned to her room at that midnight hour, had found me there, *sleeping*, and had fled.

Soon a car, which now ran only at intervals of half an hour, came along, and I gave up my watch for the night, mortified at the result.

It was three o'clock when I reached Mr. Burton's door. He opened it before I could ring the bell.

"No success? I was afraid of it. You see I have kept up for you, and now, since the night is so far spent, if you are not too worn-out, I wish you would come with me to a house not very far from here. I want to show you how some of the fast young men of New York spend the hours in which they ought to be in bed."

"I am wide awake, and full of curiosity; but how did you find your little daughter?"

"Drooping a little, but persisting that she was not ill nor tired, and delighted with the flowers."

"Then you did not forget the bouquet?"

"No, I never like to disappoint Lenore."

Locking the door behind us, we descended again to the deserted street.

ASSASSINS AND THEIR WORK.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

IT was the afternoon of the 9th of August, 1793. In a cellar in the old Rue des Cordeliers, in Paris (the street now known as the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine), standing by a barrel covered with manuscripts, a newspaper editor was writing. He was a man of a most repulsive aspect. Diminutive in stature,

gaunt and bony in frame, with a mottled and unhealthy skin, which seemed, by its hue, to typify the bloodthirsty nature of the soul that dwelt within that ugly body. His eyes, black and bloodshot, glowed fitfully beneath a brow on which the stamp of a feverish ambition was set as with a brand of fire. His mouth, with thin and livid lips, wore a habitual sneer, and seemed to indicate a being devoid of every tender emotion. The general aspect of his countenance was such as would have impressed the beholder with a sense of great strength, of indomitable will, unflinching purpose, and intellectual force of the most remarkable type. It was the face of a man who had cultivated his intellect, and crushed his heart to death; at the same time his frame indicated the ruin of his physical system, through the same harsh process.

This man wore a dirty cloth bound round his head, partially covering his black and uncombed hair from sight. His clothing was slovenly to the last degree, and dirt was the prevailing feature of his dress. He wore heavy shoes, with nails in the soles, after the manner of the peasantry of France, and instead of the buckles worn at that time by the class of men with whom he associated, his shoes were tied with bits of string. His pantaloons were of coarse and common stuff, and thick with grease and dirt, as was the workman's blouse that hung from his thin shoulders. His shirt was thrown open at the neck; he wore neither collar nor cravat. In every way, his costume was in the most striking contrast to the studied elegance of that period. His hands were thick, short, and always dirty; his nails untrimmed, but gnawed off by their owner's teeth, with the action of a beast.

The cellar was feebly lighted by one small aperture only. It was under the old convent of the Cordeliers, and was inaccessible to all save those who were in the secret of this man's hiding-place. He listened to the rumbling of wheels in the street without, pausing in his work from time to time, and laying down his pen. As the rumbling would die away

in the distance, he would shake his head despairingly, and resume his writing. Again he would leave his place by the barrel, and rush, rather than walk, about his dark cage, with the action of a maniac, muttering between his set teeth, and gesticulating fiercely with his naked arms, from which the sleeves were up-rolled. As night came on his agitation seemed to increase. His hand so trembled in attempting to light the miserable candle that it was with difficulty he accomplished his object.

Presently there came three distinct raps on the door of the cellar. The haggard face looked up, and appeared to listen doubtfully. Then the voice of a woman was heard, saying, "Open, monsieur—it is I." He unbarred the door then, and admitted a young girl, with a basket on her arm. She brought him his supper—some rice, dried fruits, and a bottle of coffee—his unvarying diet. He eagerly asked this girl the news. She replied that Paris still remained quiet. A gesture of despair was the man's response to this intelligence. "Our cause is lost," said he; "we have nothing to do but to leave this doomed city. Since the people are determined to be slaves, slaves let them be!"

He paced the cellar again, stamping the ground in anger, his face distorted with the violence of his emotions; and thus continued to walk, with furious imprecations, or to seat himself at his barrel and dash off in a frenzy the thoughts which surged in his heaving breast. As the hour of midnight came, the solitary boom of a single cannon rung over Paris, and penetrated the journalist's cellar. He rose to his feet with a cry of joy, and clasped his hands on his quick-beating heart. Then bells began to ring. The tocsin sounded. The reverberations of a thousand brazen tongues resounded over the city. All night long the tumult continued; all night long the excited journalist paced the gloomy limits of his cellar, or seated at his barrel penned the fiery words which the following day should scatter all over Paris, through the columns of his paper, *The Friend of the People*.

The historical reader needs not to be informed that this physically repulsive but intellectually powerful man, was Jean Paul Marat, the Diogenes of the French Revolution—a man utterly unselfish, utterly brutal—a man whose honesty in his convictions was, beyond doubt, as perfect as his modes of serving those convictions were monstrous.

Marat was not a Frenchman. He was born at Bondry, in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and came to Paris when a young man. Here he studied medicine, and published various scientific works. He was practicing his profession (in the somewhat inferior capacity of a veterinary surgeon, it is said), at the beginning of those disturbing movements which inaugurated the French Revolution. His first appearance as one of the revolutionist haranguers, was received with ridicule and contempt. When he attempted to speak in the streets, the crowd, instead of listening to the voice of the hideous little horse-doctor, would elbow and jostle him, laughing coarsely at his frantic gestures, and treading with their hob-nailed shoes upon his toes. But he was not to be discouraged; and as the tide of events and opinions were setting strongly in the direction that he favored, he speedily became a recognized leader, and the editor of that sheet which wielded such a potent influence throughout so many bloody years, *The Friend of the People* (*L'Ami du Peuple*). So bold and startling were the utterances of this journal—so bloodthirsty its demands—so bitter its venom against royalty and aristocracy—that the government soon became seriously alarmed, and Marat was in danger of losing his liberty if not his life. The police of Paris endeavored to secure him, but through the aid of some of his fellow-revolutionists, he escaped the vigilance of the authorities, and found a refuge in various low and obscure quarters, from which he continued to put forth his incendiary sheet. Numerous efforts were made to suppress it, and to bring Marat to punishment; but they were in vain. The revolutionists were already in too great numbers, and though Marat was hunted like a wild

beast from retreat to retreat, from kennel to kennel, from cellar to cellar, he succeeded in avoiding his pursuers, and in uninterruptedly publishing his paper. The cellar under the old convent of the Cordeliers finally became his secure refuge, and here he remained closely shut up, or going abroad only at night, carefully disguised, and watched over by his friends, until the moment at which we have introduced him to our readers.

While Marat waits in his cellar, and listens eagerly to the details of the events of that terrible 10th of August, as they are brought to him hour by hour, by his trusty messenger, the girl we have already seen—let us go out into the streets of Paris, and see for ourselves what is transpiring. And as we view these scenes, and reflect upon the fact that they were brought about, more than by any other one thing, by the tireless energy of this man, Marat, we may conceive the exultation that filled his brutal breast as he recognized his triumphant work. Although he was not, as yet, the recognized leader of the revolutionists, he was the "power behind the throne," and wielded a mightier influence than Danton himself, through that engine of power for good or guile, the Press. The day came when his star was higher, his place in the breasts of the people more firm, his share in their enthusiastic devotion greater, than that of any other member of the terrible Committee of Five—Robespierre, Danton, Saint Just, Camille Desmoulins.

A word is here necessary, in regard to the political aspect of the moment. The revolutionists were at this time best known by the title of Jacobins—a name derived from their place of meeting, in the church of a suppressed Jacobin monastery. The Jacobins were divided into two factions—the Girondists and the Cordeliers. The Girondists, while seeking the establishment of a republic, were still the friends of the king and his family. The Cordeliers on the contrary entertained the most bitter hatred for the king, and sought his destruction. Of course Marat was of this latter party, as were Robespierre, Danton, etc. The

Cordeliers, through Marat's influence upon the people in his paper, and other influences, had obtained the ascendancy, and drawn after them the mob. They now clamored for the overthrow of the throne. The insurrection of the 10th of August was the result, and had been carefully planned by Marat and his companions. The Palace of the Tuileries, where the king resided, was to be marched on, and Louis and his family seized. Information of the plot had been conveyed to the king, and such provisions made for defense as could be made. The palace was surrounded by soldiers, to receive the battle of the people. Here the king awaited the coming of the morning, even as Marat was awaiting it in his gloomy cellar—but with what different emotions! The palace was but the prison of Louis now; it was incapable of resisting a siege: it had no ramparts; nor could Louis escape from it. With his family, he awaited the result of the rising of the infuriate populace.

The rising sun showed the surging sea of humanity that swelled and roared about the palace. It had been clamoring all night long—while above its tumult sounded the tocsin (the royal alarm-bell) hour on hour. Throughout the streets of Paris, the people were moving. They had no employment on this day, but the overthrow of royalty. The battalions of the faubourg, armed with sabers and bayonets, presented an appearance of a somewhat martial character. Those who followed were more terrible in aspect. Their faces glowed with fury. They marched in the wildest apparent disorder, with shouts and brandishing of arms at the houses of suspected aristocrats. Their arms were of every description of tool and utensil known to laboring men—pikes and cutlasses, hammers and axes, the carpenter's saw, the shoemaker's knife, the pavior's lever, crowbars, clubs, and every conceivable weapon capable of inflicting a wound. Men, women and children, dirty and ragged, mingled indiscriminately in the surging mass, and united with frantic voices in chanting the *Ca Ira*, "the *Marseillaise* of assassins."

Women of ill-fame, the scourings of the vilest quarters, marched in soiled silken dresses, with brazen foreheads and libidinous tongues, by the side of beggarly hags, leading little ones at their side, with emaciated cheeks and hollow eyes—a confused and squalid mass. Pouring in from every quarter of the city—surging like the waves of a living ocean toward the palace where their king and queen awaited their onset. This was the hydra-headed fiend that Marat had evoked. It marched toward the palace of the Tuileries.

The first demand of the people for admission to the palace was answered by the open departure of the king and family to the assembly, leaving the palace still surrounded by the Swiss guard, the national guard, and the royalist gentlemen. These gentlemen viewed the king's departure with consternation; this was the reward of their fealty! Some of them snapped their swords in two, and tore the crosses of honor from their breasts, in their shame and indignation. While the king was gone, the populace and the guard about the palace came in collision; and the horrors of the 10th of August set in. From that hour forward, the most dreadful tumult reigned. Blood flowed in torrents. The guard were overpowered and killed after a varying struggle, and then the living sea poured into the palace and spread its roaring waves through every apartment. The rabble, pitiless, bloodthirsty, revengeful, assassinated all they met—servants, pages, priests, librarians, no matter what their office in the palace. They tore up the floors, broke the furniture and works of art, tossed beautiful things out of the windows, mutilating and destroying in rage and hate. They sought only blood—and held up their hands to show their emptiness, while they showed them also red with gore. Some, who undertook to steal, were hung on the spot. For three hours, the bloody hunt continued, till every human being was destroyed. In vain the affrighted royalists sought to hide in cellars and subterranean passages—upon the roofs of houses or under

heaps of forage in the stables—they were sought out with cries of derision, and their blood spirted upon the floors and walls, till every angle of the scene dripped blood like tears. When all was over, and the streets resounded with the cries of victory, Marat came forth from his cellar. He was hailed with shouts of acclamation, a saber was put in his hand, a crown of laurels on his head, and, elevated upon the shoulders of half a dozen men, he was borne through the streets to the royal printing-house, where he seized upon the presses as his own especial spoil.

It does not fall within the scope of this paper, to follow the fortunes of the royal family. We only aim to give such passages in the history of that dreadful time, as will enable the reader to perceive the guiltiness of Marat, the future victim of assassination. More than any one other man was he responsible for the horrors of the 10th of August; more than any one other man, also, for the frightful massacres of September following. The idea was his, although the acceptance and responsibility belonged to others. It was an idea as sublime as it was horrible, by which he aimed to sweep out of life at one monstrous blow all those people, of royalist inclinations, whom he deemed dangerous to the prosperity of the future republic—to purge Paris, as the center of France, of all its anti-democratic elements, so that he might reconstruct society on the plan that his insane and furious brain had conceived to be necessary.

Many deem the September massacres to have been an unpremeditated outburst of the popular frenzy. Few things can be more certain in history, than that this idea is a fallacy. The evidences of studious preparation for this horrible event, are clear and overwhelming. We need not discuss them. He who studies carefully the history of this period will discover them for himself.

The preparations being completed days beforehand; the very grave of the victims being marked and paid for; (the grave being a circular spot, some six feet in diameter, in the parish of St.

Jacques du Haut Pas, beneath which was an opening leading into those subterranean abysses which had formerly served as catacombs for Paris,) the drama was opened. The city was surrounded completely by a guard which prevented the escape of any inhabitant, and then the houses were searched, one by one, and all persons suspected of royalism were torn from their homes, and conveyed to prison. The unfortunate wretches, perceiving their approaching doom, had hid themselves in cellars, crept into chimneys, under planks in floors, behind pictures of tapestry where holes had been dug in the wall; they had even lain down in beds in hospitals, by the side of the sick and dying, and feigned to be sufferers there; but no stratagems availed—the plans were too carefully laid. Five thousand persons were shut up in one night, in the various prisons of Paris, and in various convents and old buildings put on this occasion to the use of prisons. Those who were found, on the following day, to have been erroneously confounded with the aristocrats, were set free. The prisons were still full of victims; and now that they were here shut up, unarmed, defenseless, the hired assassins of Marat and Danton proceeded to kill them as butchers slaughter animals.

We can take but a general view of the dreadful work of this day and the days following. A semblance of judicial procedure was at some prisons endeavored to be given to the work of massacre, by the provision of a board of judges, to decide upon the guilt of the prisoners. These men were athletic villains of gloomy aspect, wearing woolen caps, blouses, hobnailed shoes and butchers' aprons; some with their shirt-sleeves rolled up, their bare arms tattooed with ink. Seated about a table, whereon were glasses, bottles, pipes, pistols and sabers, they mocked the idea of justice by their very aspect. None of the prisoners came before them. The assassins, bare-armed, fierce and bloody, pursued their work with the gusto of fiends. The corpses were thrown into tumbrils and carted away. The bodies accumulated so rapidly that they were piled in heaps

at the sides of the courts. An old man, pierced by five pikes, stripped and left for dead, arose in his nakedness and ran about bleeding till he fell writhing in agony. The people, drinking gunpowder mixed in brandy, practiced the most horrible tortures. Thrusting a pike through a man's body, they compelled him to walk on his knees amid their laughter. A beautiful girl, La Belle Bouquetière, was stripped naked and tied to a post with her legs thrust apart; bundles of straw were burned between her feet, her breasts were cut off with swords, red-hot pikes were thrust into her flesh, and her shrieks were drowned by the laughter of her executioners—fifty women, at whose head was Théroigne de Méricourt, a prostitute, long one of the idols of the revolution. The lovely and innocent widow Madame de Lamballe, a friend and companion of the queen, was hewn to death with sabers and pikes, her head cut off, her form stripped and insulted. At night, the murderers, pausing from their "labors," sat down carelessly upon the dead bodies to eat the food brought them by wives or sisters, while torches threw their glare about. They smoked their pipes afterward, their feet sunk in pools of blood. "See the heart of an aristocrat!" one cried, as he cut open a corpse, and tearing out the heart, squeezed some of its blood into a glass, and drank it. Troops of children, become familiarized with death, played with the decapitated heads, the severed trunks, and danced in the red pools of gore. The tumbrils, rolling onward with their heaps of dead, leaving a track of blood behind, displayed women and children seated on the corpses, laughing, bandying coarse jests, and hold-up pieces of human flesh, dripping blood. Three days and three nights the horrible dream continued, and only ended when every prison was empty. Not one was left. How many were destroyed in all, God alone knows. Men say from two or three thousand to ten thousand. We close the scene.

The Republic of France was now ushered into being, with Marat as one of its principal leaders. He continued

to publish his paper, and to clamor for blood. The September massacres seemed neither to have satiated his thirst, nor to have accomplished any thing toward insuring the safety of the new government from its foes. The two factions of the Jacobins now struggled for the supremacy, but the Girondists were able to accomplish little. They endeavored to procure the expulsion of Marat from the Assembly, but in vain; and a long and fierce contest for the mastery ended in the overthrow of the Girondists, who were forced to fly from Paris, to avoid the fate which Marat contrived to provide for all who arrayed themselves against him. He had become the idol of the multitude. His degraded aspect and coarse dress, by which he placed himself on a level with the masses; his feeble health, contracted, as the people thought, by his confinement in the cellar where he worked; the poverty of his mode of living, and his fierce daring, that feared no foe; all these conspired to throw about him that mysterious halo which the lower classes revered. When he arose to speak in the Assembly, none dared to raise their voices till he retired—not even Danton, or Robespierre. A storm of hisses assailed whoever ventured to assail Marat. He was the autocrat of the hour. The wave of his hand brought any head to the guillotine. Louis XIV was one of his earliest victims; and the indignation of the Girondists was speedily followed by their fall. This party took up its headquarters in the old city of Caen, the capital of Normandy, and organized an insurrection against the government of which Marat was now the virtual head.

In this old city of Caen, on one of its most populous streets, there stood an ancient building, gray with years, in front of which was a courtyard, where a moss-covered stone fountain plashed its cool waters in the sunlight. On a pleasant day, in the summer of 1793, the passer by this old mansion might have seen, seated by the brink of the mossy fountain, a young and remarkably beautiful woman, reading. She was of somewhat large but exquisitely proportioned figure,

with wide breast, long, muscular arms, and tapering fingers. Her hair was of a brown so deep that it seemed black, and it curled in luxuriant masses about a face whose expression gave to the careful observer the evidences of a man's strong will. Her eyes were blue, but in thoughtful or excited moments they seemed almost black, like her hair. Her eyelashes were long; her nose slightly curving in profile; her mouth gentle, with red and sensuous lips; her chin projecting, divided by a deep dimple, and indicating a strength of passion beyond the common order. Her dress was always simple, but in the fashion of women of rank at that period. This was Charlotte Corday, of Armont—of noble blood, but born in a humble Normandy cottage—the granddaughter of Corneille, the French poet—the Nemesis of Marat.

Charlotte revered the principles of the Girondists, and burned to avenge them, and to aid their cause. We need look no further than this for her motive in sacrificing her life by ridding France of Marat. Like all who seek to serve the cause they love by wielding the assassin's knife, she reasoned falsely, in supposing that the deed of murder would accomplish good; but that this was her sole motive, is plain enough. The story about a lover who owed his death to Marat, and whom she sought to avenge, is not well founded. She was a woman with no such attachment, and it is worthy of mention that Charlotte Corday bore a certain resemblance to Marat himself, in this—she had cultivated her mind at the expense of her heart. She was not the type of woman that true men most admire. We grant her personal beauty; but history points us to many women, of the greatest loveliness of form and feature, who dyed their hands in blood. Her virtue also must be granted; her nobility of sentiment; her marvelous heroism; all these awaken our admiration, while they excite our grief that they should have been thus worse than wasted. We can not even look upon her as typifying liberty or justice in any true sense; she was but a factionist and a fanatic. Wilkes Booth

was no less personally beautiful as a man, than Charlotte Corday was as a woman. Like her he believed he served his faction, and rid his country of a tyrant; like her he imbrued his hands in blood in vain. Here the comparison must end. Charlotte was brave, in the truest sense, and laid no plans for saving her own life; Booth was a coward, displaying all a common murderer's solicitude for his own escape. Charlotte had no confidante—alone she formed her terrible resolution—alone she executed it—no human being dreamed that she contemplated the deed. Booth, it is most probable, was but the tool of others—confidantes and accomplices we know he had. Charlotte killed a moral monster, who had earned his title to a thousand deaths; Booth killed a pure and good man, whose whole life was one of the most remarkable and signal benevolence and gentleness. Charlotte was virtue's self—her maidenhood as pure as a vestal's; Booth a roué and vagabond. Charlotte died a death so sublime that we can not, even at this distance, repress our admiration and our wonder; Booth died the death of a dog—the death of a rat, shot down in a barn where he sought to hide. The justice of these comparisons, the reader, who is familiar with Booth's case, may perceive for himself in the course of this article; but, in spite of them all, Charlotte Corday can only meet with the execration of that posterity before which she set an example so dangerous and so baleful.

The Girondists, gathered together in Caen, held meetings and issued addresses, in their efforts to recruit soldiers to march into Paris and arrest the progress of the Jacobins toward the reign of terror, now fast approaching. Charlotte Corday frequently attended these meetings, in company with her friends. We Americans, who have the remembrance of thousands of such enthusiastic gatherings to quicken our appreciation, may easily comprehend with what effect the fire of the hour fell upon the powder of this young woman's heart, long preparing for this time to come. When she witnessed the departure of the Girondist volunteers

from Caen, on their way to victory or death in behalf of their imperiled country, she felt that the time was come for her to do her work—to go to Paris, to seek out the monster Marat, and striking her dagger in his breast, strike the Jacobins with terror at the same blow, and thus save the lives of the Girondist soldiers by anticipating their work. It is worthy of mention here, that at this time the belief was general that Marat had written lists of proscription and decided on the death of two thousand five hundred suspected men in Lyons, three thousand in Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand in Paris and eight hundred thousand in Brittany and Calvados. "With my one life," she thought, "I can save all these lives."

On the 7th July, Charlotte set out for Argentan, where her father and sister lived, and whom she went to bid farewell. She told them she was going to England, to escape the horrors of the time, and sought her father's blessing, which he gave. On the 8th she returned to Caen, and bade adieu to the aunt with whom she had her home, telling her the same story she had told her father. On the 9th she set out for Paris in the diligence. On leaving her home she met in the street a little boy who had been a favorite with her. She gave him a small present, and said to him, "Be a good boy, Robert; and kiss me good-by; you will never see me again." In the diligence on the road to Paris, she charmed her fellow-travelers by the cheerfulness and gayety of her conversation. They were Jacobins, fleeing to Paris for safety, and were loud in their praises of their idol, Marat. But Charlotte was unmoved. On the second day of the ride, one of the travelers, a young man, was so captivated by the graces of her manner that he offered her his hand in marriage. She promised the young man that he should know what her answer was, soon after their arrival in Paris.

On Thursday, July 11th, at noon, she reached Paris, and going to a hotel there, retired to bed at five o'clock and slept till the next morning. The day of the 12th was spent by Charlotte in endeavoring

to ascertain the necessary particulars about Marat. It was her intention to have assaulted him in the Convention, in the presence of his fellow Jacobins; believing that she would be at that moment assailed and torn in pieces, leaving no trace by which she could be identified, and her relatives thrown into distress through her act; but she found that Marat no longer appeared at the Convention, and she must seek him elsewhere.

It is a curious illustration of the power of fanaticism to know, as we do reliably, that the necessity for practicing dissimulation in order to accomplish her end, shocked the virtue of this young woman more than the deed itself. Here was a girl whose whole purpose was *murder*, yet who blushed with shame at the necessity of abusing her victim's confidence with a *lie*! She had felt similar compunctions of conscience when she deceived her father as to her destination, yet in that case humanity threw its veil over the falsehood, and it lost its base quality in its kindness of intention.

In the Rue des Cordeliers, near the head of the street, stood the miserable building in which Marat resided. He occupied only one floor of this building, reachable by one flight of stairs, and embracing an antechamber, a writing-room, a bath-room, a bedroom, and a dining-room. The furniture was of the most beggarly description, and the limited apartments were used also as a place for folding and addressing his pamphlets and newspapers, which lay about on chairs and tables, damp from the press. Women and boys were constantly busy in these apartments, folding and mailing the printed matter, and the place was one of no little confusion, from the constant running in and out of these persons. A woman named Catharine Evrard, who lived with Marat as his mistress, conducted the management of his household affairs. Marat, at this time nearly consumed by a leprous disease of the blood, spent all his time alternately in his bed and in his bath, and continued to write incessantly, notwithstanding his inability to stand erect. From this

squalid abode he ruled the destinies of a great people, and sent forth the mandates that brought many a manly and many a lovely head to the guillotine.

On the morning of the 12th Marat received and read a note from Charlotte Corday. "I am just from Caen, and presume that your love of country will cause you to take pleasure in hearing of the events transpiring in that section. I shall present myself at about one o'clock at your residence; have the goodness to admit me, that I may hold a moment's conversation with you. I will put you in a position to be of great service to France." It appears that this note was unheeded, and the writer was refused admission to the house when she came at the appointed time. A second note, more pressing, was brought to Marat. "I wrote you this morning, Marat," it said: "had you my letter? I can not believe it, since I am refused admittance to you. I hope that to-morrow you will grant me this interview which I ask. I repeat, I am just from Caen, and have secrets for your ear, which are important to the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me some claim upon your patriotism." The same day, soon after seven P. M. (for it seems Charlotte was too impatient to wait till the morrow,) Marat was in his bath when there came a knock at the outer door. The bathroom was dimly lighted. Across the bath, before Marat's naked breast, there lay a board strewn with manuscripts. Marat was writing. He dipped his pen into a heavy leaden inkstand which stood upon a block of wood by the side of the bath. The letter he was engaged upon was a demand for the proscription of the last Bourbons tolerated in France. A dirty, ink-stained cloth lay over the bath in such a manner as to hide all of his person except his head, the upper part of his breast, and his naked right arm. The inevitable dirty cloth was wrapped about his matted hair, and his great mouth, delirious eyes, high cheekbones and withered person rendered him by no means an attractive spectacle.

He heard, from his place, the conversation between the women at the door. His mistress seemed disposed to prevent the entrance of the stranger, when Marat, in a loud and imperative voice shouted, "Admit the woman!" His order was obeyed, but with much grumbling and ill-will, born either of jealousy or distrust.

A moment after, Marat, looking up, beheld a beautiful girl enter his bathroom. She was dressed in a white robe, with a silk scarf over her shoulders, crossed on her breast, and fastened behind. A jaunty Normandy cap, with its long lace, sat upon her head, and her hair fell in unrestricted luxuriance down her back. About her brow was a wide green ribbon, fastening her cap in its place. Her face wore the ruddy hue of health—her gaze was serene and undisturbed—her voice, when she spoke, was calm and musical. With downcast eyes and pendent arms she stood close to the side of the bath. Marat inquired concerning the state of Normandy, and asked the names of the deputies in refuge at Caen. One by one she named their names; one by one he wrote them down; and then folding the paper, said, in bitter tones, "Very good! Before a week is gone, every man of them shall die by the guillotine!"

The sound of this dreadful word seemed to be the signal for which Charlotte Corday's soul waited. She produced from her bosom a poniard knife with an ebony haft, and struck it into the monster's heart, quite to the hilt. Then she drew forth the weapon, dripping with blood, and dropped it upon the floor.

Marat uttered a single cry for help, and was dead. The door had been left ajar, and Marat's mistress, a maid servant and a man named Laurent Basse rushed in. Charlotte stood behind a curtain where she had retired, calm and motionless, with the outline of her figure fully exposed. They knocked her down with a chair and trampled her under their feet in their rage. A crowd of people rushed in from the street—among them some soldiers and national guards.

Charlotte arose to her feet, and was seized by the soldiers, who twisted her arms behind her, and held her till cords were brought to bind her with. Such was the fury of the crowd that it was with difficulty the soldiers with their bayonets prevented her being torn in pieces on the spot. "Poor people," said Charlotte, "you wish my death; you owe me an altar, for freeing you from a monster." She afterward asked to be thrown to the infuriate mob, who would assuredly have rent her to fragments in their rage. It was only by the greatest care, and surrounding the carriage with a strong guard of soldiery, that they succeeded in conveying Charlotte to the Abbaye prison, which was near by.

Charlotte's trial and condemnation to death followed speedily. Efforts were made to induce her to disclose her accomplices, but it was evident to the commonest comprehension that her answers, in which she denied that any being other than herself knew of her purpose, were entirely sincere. It was something to the credit of these bloody times, that Charlotte was put to no such torture as that which the Netherlands inflicted on the fanatic who assassinated the good William of Orange; but there were more reasons than one for this forbearance—the chief of them being, in our opinion, that those who conducted her examination felt no real grief for the death of Marat, whom they had no doubt more feared than loved. It was only the cajoled and deluded masses who wept over his death.

The day of the execution came. Charlotte's beautiful long hair was cut off in prison, and she was arrayed in the red *chemise des condamnés*, reaching from her neck to her feet. With her hands firmly bound behind her, she mounted the fatal cart that was to bear her to the guillotine. At that moment a violent thunder-storm broke over the city, and as she was driven bareheaded through the streets the rain wet her to the skin, and her red *chemise*, clinging to her form, displayed its virgin symmetry to the rude gaze of the rabble, which blocked the streets as the fatal cart passed on,

and hooted fiercely at her. Among the loudest and foulest of her imprecators were hordes of furious women, who seemed to seek in vain for words vile enough and bitter enough to express their hate. But Charlotte looked upon the crowd with serene and pitying eyes.

Up to the moment when she stood in the presence of the dreadful guillotine, Charlotte Corday had not once shown in her face any emotion of fear or horror. But as she looked upon the glittering blade beneath which she was now to place her neck, the beautiful young assassin turned pale. It was but momentary, however. She ascended the scaffold with a light and unhesitating step, though her long *chemise* and pinioned arms somewhat inconvenienced her. She placed herself under the heavy blade; it glided down its noiseless grooves, and the fair young head rolled upon the scaffold. A brutal assistant, one Legros by name, took the blood-dripping head in his hand, and slapped its cheek with his coarse palm.

Thus ended the assassin. While we admire her heroism, while our hearts bleed for her youth and beauty, we can have no words but those of condemnation the most unqualified, for her deed. It was not only criminal, unwomanly, it was useless, and worse than useless. It sealed the fate of all the Girondists; from that day they were doomed to extirpation. Beyond question the purest party known to the French revolution, it lacked the intellect and force that made the Jacobins so powerful. It had no Marat, no Robespierre, even no Camille Desmoulins. Its brightest lights were two women—Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday.

The people made an idol of the memory of Marat. Flowers strewed his way to the tomb, and virgins chanted requiems about his funeral car. His portrait was set up as an object of adoration in one of the principal churches, over the altar. This last feature, however, has less significance in view of the fact, which the reader should not be allowed to forget, that the churches were no longer places for the worship of the Most High.

The corrupt basis of the French Revolution, which abolished the religion of Christianity, and scoffed at morality, and made death nothing but an eternal sleep—this, perhaps more than any other one fact, made this struggle for independence futile, and marked its progress with blood and horror. Liberty, when it puts its foot upon the neck of prostrate religion, invites pandemonium.

A MAD NIGHT.

II.

I FELT thenceforth that that house was no longer any abode for me. Yet could I go and leave Cyril to the enemy? I waited then from day to day, trying to wean him from his pleasures. We planned a little journey, he and I and Elise together; but when Esher added himself to the programme, I abandoned it—for of what use was it to flit when the ghost was flitting too?

There was a melancholy now on Esher, that wrapped him like a mantle half the time; it made a cloud in the house. Apt to be so blithe, one felt his silence like a wail. I had never supposed that a man, such as Esher was, could love deeply; I had never calculated upon the strength with which people of his passions throw themselves into every thing that once they touch. He was beside me now from morn till night; if by chance I grew gay, then he grew sadder yet; when I was silent, he abruptly sparkled with fitful wit; there was no medium in his words; he was hilarious with excitement, or depressed in a despondency that it pierced one to the heart to have occasioned. So greatly did this new complication grieve me, that lest I yielded and suffered love to creep in upon me unawares, I had to keep remembrance of his wrong-doing perpetually alive. But there was no need of effort on my part for that, with Cyril daily before me—his face alternately flushed and haggard, his eyelids swollen, his glances faltering, his bearing becoming every day a sadder sight to see. And Esher did it all, I said,

Esher did it all. I was wrong in that, it may be—if Esher had not done it, another would.

Another?—there could not be two Eshers in the world! A character so full of contradictions, of subtleties and sins and graces, of tremendous powers—for it was never weakness that let Esher down into evil, it was power that gave him impetus toward it: such a character could never be repeated. I often wondered if his physical nature had force enough to sustain his soul, that strange soul, so wicked in some lights, and yet with streaks of a less dismal hue in others, like that of some dark and fallen archangel. I suppose that character had its work and purpose in the world, but except to ruin Cyril, and to break the heart for me, I never knew what it could be. Perhaps it was not meant for me to know. I read the wrong side of the pattern now; some day I shall look upon the right.

We were at the theater one night; in the stage-box. The play did not interest me, I had drawn back, and Elise and Helen were in front, when Esher entered. Lyell had just gone out. Esher stood partly behind my seat, his attention apparently given to the stage.

"What is Elise doing?" said he, at last, bending over me. "Crying? Yet she sees a greater tragedy go on every day under her eyes, and never wastes a sigh upon it."

I did not answer him; for just then some one was stepping down an aisle into the parquet—a fevered face, an uncertain eye, the hair lying in a wet curl upon the forehead, a swagger in the air: no need to say that it was Cyril.

Esher saw my fastened look. "No eyes for any one but Cyril! No thoughts! No heart!" he almost hissed in my ear. "Why, what a narrow place that heart must be, that has no room in it for any but a drunken boy!"

He was not himself, I knew. Strong wine could fire him as well as another. And love and anger mastered him, and rage maddened him. But I had hot blood too. I could not stand up and bid him go and be obeyed; the scenes—

in that place must be kept upon the stage. But my eyes looked the hate I had, and I said: "Never speak to me again, Esher. For, so help me heaven, I will never answer you another word!"

He unbent himself and rose then, and stood again looking fixedly upon the stage, a bright scarlet spot on either cheek. "Trash!" said he, at last, with a yawn. "How can you women be so enthralled with Faunceforth's pirouettes? It makes no odds to him whether he stands upon his head or his heels, his brain is so evenly distributed. And how that little Therasine sobs along—her tears make her way so slippery. That must be a great safety-valve. I have never shed a tear. Who is that, Elise, in the first orchestra-seat? And going out again. He doesn't know that we are here, you see. A good eye for a play, Cyril has. And this one isn't worth a fillip!"

"Where is he going, Esher?" asked Elise, suddenly bending over and beating her glass impatiently upon the cushioned front of the box.

"Don't, my dear," said Esher, as if he liked to exasperate her, "it looks like practicing for padded walls," and he took the glass. "Do you want to know where he is going?"

"Yes!" said Elise.

I did not hear what it was that Esher said then; but afterward Elise told me: "Come with me, when the play is done, and you shall see."

The carriage waited for us.

"Elise and I will walk," said Esher.

"Then take this cloak, Elly dear," said Helen, wrapping a waterproof about her.

Esher drew the hood over her pretty face.

"Now you'll do," he exclaimed; and over his shoulders at me he threw such a vindictive, threatening look, that it haunts me to this hour—it was like a bodily stab, that it makes the muscles quiver to remember.

They went down some by-streets, Elise said; and through so many turns that for the life of her she could never take them twice; it made her head swim to

think of them. They entered then a dwelling, by a latch-key that Esher had, and went up a staircase, Elise already frightened and ashamed. "Take me back, Esher!" she whispered, clinging to him, "I will not dog Cyril so! Take me back!"

"Too late, my love," said Esher, and drew her on. "How do you know that you are dogging Cyril? What makes you so sure of that? It may not be his trail at all, you know. These may be the walls of your prison-house, in which I may be going to leave you—your long-looked-for retreat. Eh?"

"Esher," said Elise, "am I crazy?"

He laughed, and led her on helplessly.

It was a private house apparently—luxuriously furnished, softly lighted; there was a supper laid, with wines, she saw as they passed a door. A servant met them, and looked at Esher's companion questioningly.

"I answer for what I do, Hans," said Esher, loftily, and passed him and seated the shivering Elise in a little anteroom, through the crack of whose door, left ajar behind him as he went off, she could look into the next apartment—although the beating of her pulses so disordered her that she saw at first but dimly.

It was so early yet, that play had not begun. There were but few at the tables. Two or three people were standing looking on at one where something deep was being done. Elise could see the glitter of gold, the quivering of piles of notes, but she did not hear a word—nothing but the heavy breathing of one of the players. Ah, it was a cruel moment with him! Heaven and hell were in either balance! Esher went and stood behind his chair and watched the work. The game approached its end. The player was half rising from his seat, bending over the table in a fierce and eager way, his face as white as wax, his hand clutching the cards with an iron grip that bent them—but Esher's hand trembled on the back of the chair, so that one could see it. A little movement among the bystanders—the player's hand flat and empty on the table—the game lost.

Cyril gazed into his opponent's face; and just then his glance cut in twain a look of intelligence flashing from the opponent's eye to Esher's. He looked back at Esher. "Is it much, Cyril?" asked Esher, with the mock on his eye and on his lip.

He did not answer. There were no words to answer. It was all, and more than all, for honor was thrown after. He had staked the whole remnant of his fortune, and more than the half of mine—for I had trusted him to make an investment for me, and the funds were in his hands. He knew, it is likely, in that instant, enlightened by that intercepted glance, that Esher needed no reply, and that the winner sitting there before him, was but the miserable tool of the man he had called his friend, sharing with him the gains he threw in his way—that Esher, not the tool, had ruined him.

"This way, Cyril," said Esher. And while those about him spoke of his pluck and spirit—he, after his old habit, followed Esher, and the door of the little anteroom was closed behind them, and they confronted Elise.

"Oh, Cyril!" she began. "I hope you'll forgive me—I never meant—I didn't know—I'm so sorry—oh, Cyril!"

Cyril was quiet enough. If amazed, his steeled composure did not forsake him. "You must go home, Elise," he said. "At once. This is not the place for you." And then he looked at Esher. More than beggary, more than crime, more than betrayal to his betrothed wife, more than all these, was the treachery of Esher. He appeared, Elise said afterward one day, as if the ground had opened at his feet and the fires of the bottomless pit shone on his face—the fires of Esher's eyes. "You have got my heart's blood, Esher!" said he then, "what more is it you want?"

And Esher laughed, and the vein on his forehead swelled in a black ridge till the whole face was purple; he cared little what became of Cyril—but he knew that he was revenged on me!

Cyril took Elise home. But he did not enter, save just inside the door.

"Give this to my sister," he said, and kissed her. Then he went away.

I think she half hated me a while for that—that kiss. I never blamed her there; perhaps in her place I had done the same. But to the woman that had played the spy upon him, he may have felt he owed no further duty. I did not mean to be unmerciful—yet many and many a time I made her give the kiss to me. I loved him best, I loved him first, I had most right to it!

Let me hurry with the rest.

There was a man-of-war in the harbor. He shipped on board of her that night, Cyril did, and was away on a foreign cruise. A long, long voyage indeed—a long, long way!

Ill could his restless spirit brook control.

There had been an outbreak among the sailors. The ringleaders were in irons. Under the tyrants that ruled that little spot upon the waste of waters, the spirit of insubordination and mutiny was rife in the ship.

One day an officer, a man that once had sat of nights opposite him at the gaming-table, gave him some order—with an insult added like a sting.

The old fire was up. And Cyril struck him in the face.

They tried the boy. With what they call a trial. They tried the boy and sentenced him—ah, God! sentenced him to be hung at the yard-arm.

But the day they brought him up to take his last leave of the sun and the sea and the bold blue sky, with the terrible tackle hanging there above him—his arms alone being fettered—he broke from them, ran, faced them one instant, leaped—and the waters closed over the bright head that never rose to light again.

I was at my own home when word of that reached these shores. The days darkened round me so that I saw nothing—thought of nothing—and only moaned for my boy.

By and by the memory of others crept in like phantoms upon twilight—I wondered if Elise were heart-broken, if Esher were satisfied. Elise had been ill, I

heard; they even feared lest her mind should be shattered. As for Esher—some one seemed to have told me, though I could not remember who—that he had gone away, that he was traveling in Europe. While I was ill and weak, I sent my curses traveling after him; but I repented of all that, and only tried to banish his remembrance and keep it, where I hoped he might ever stay, at the uttermost parts of the earth.

Three years had passed since that fatal ship sailed out of port. I had resumed my old existence—my old habits, my old haunts, my old studies, my old friends—but with that gap that there was in it, with the life gone out of it, it seemed to me that I went about like the ghost of myself.

One day Lyell came down to visit me. They were moped and sad, he said, at home; they saw but little company, and Helen was not well. It was plain that I too needed change, he hinted; solitude and sorrow were too much for me; one became morbid with far tenderer guardians than those twin shadows. They had just finished their new house—a palace—the old one was too full of griefs to live in. There was nothing in it to remind me of the past, save and except themselves. And he begged me to come and stay with them—and for a night, I agreed that I would go.

I reached there in the afternoon. They showed me over the house, when the first greetings had been said—such a sumptuous, splendid place, it was a sight worth seeing. It bewildered me so, the labyrinth of lofty rooms and corridors, that I paid little heed to it in detail, except to see that it was full of winding passages, of broken flights of stairs, of halls and galleries and archways, a complicated intricacy of suits and anterooms and entries, through which it would take me a month to learn the way. One room—up the second stairway, I believed—struck my casual fancy, in passing, more than the others had done; a large apartment wainscoted in native wood, and with a single window reaching its whole height and letting down into the floor. There were various dainty nicknackeries

and prints and mirrors that made the place inviting; soft-tinted garniture gave it a peculiar beauty; and perhaps the window had a balcony, for a vine was clustered all about it on the outer side, even at that lofty height the leaves showing large against the panes. They had intended giving me a room with themselves on the first floor, but on my praising this, which I did carelessly, as one admires when called upon to do so, without attending to effects, they christened it for me and sent my few equipments there. I noticed that on the cunningly-wrought and colored bronzes of the burners, a purple wasp seemed to have alit, a golden cockchafer, a splendid fly whose wings were neither green nor azure, but silver sifted over both, as if they all had fluttered round the flame. I remembered seeing, too, a brace of little ornaments with which I had been familiar in Esher's day, one cruel thing, an iguana on which, alive, the molten metal had been poured to take every crease and wrinkle, for paper-weight, and for match-box a dark and hooded monk who still carried the fire in his heart it seemed, as they used to say. I noticed such trifles as these, but as to how I got into the room or how I got out of it, I never gave the matter a thought.

We sat, talking quietly as we might, that evening. They scarcely spoke of Esher, divining how I felt, perchance—but I saw they loved him yet, wherever his wanderings went, loved him through tie of blood and through the memory of his old charm of face and manner, reconciling his conflicting blemishes and beauties in the solvent medium of that affection which he had always created in their hearts with his winning wickedness. They promised me Elise upon the morrow—she was not well, they said, and my coming would excite her; she kept her room, and the only occupation that she had was embroidering one flower a day upon the veil that Helen had begun for her bridal—she meant to wear it for a shroud. Poor child—as the fire dropped apart into ruddy embers, a song she used to sing kept running through my mind, a song that Esher had composed

for her and into which he had taught her how to throw whatever force her little being held. "Hang on that note till you see stars, Elise!" I had heard him say, and he had sung it for her, and Cyril had applauded. Esher might be, this very hour for all I knew, listening to dulcet strains of foreign melodists, but less pleasant must all their music be than the remembrance of that little voice so delicate and fine—like the spent wave singing down the shingle of some shore—in which Elise had hummed the burden after him, so long ago. The *Æolian* harp that he had left behind him, fitted into some distant window now, sent out its chorus of shivering sweetness on the evening air, thrilling delicious threnodies of silvery sound with the caprice of its swelling and sinking tones; it seemed to me as I sat there fashioning the face of Elise in the coals, that I heard the very words of that old song of Esher's trembling along the strings:

Wild walls the wind, and dark the night and dreary;

No star in heaven, no light upon the earth—
The stifled flame, of flickering grown weary,
Dead in its ash has fallen on the hearth.

Oh, cease, sad heart, your beating,
Cease your eager flight,
To no glad purpose fleeing,
To no delight!

The swollen blast comes keening up the valley,
Shuddering and sighing past my shaken door—
No summer breeze of gentle tose and dally—

A vast black breath blown from the unknown shore.

Oh, cease, sad heart, your beating,
Cease your eager flight,
Oh, driven leaf, unweeting
Of bloom or blight!

Ah, if far out upon the screaming billow,
Some mast I loved were feathered by the sea!
Or if on some wet grave, I made my pillow,
That held the thing that once was dear to me!

Oh, cease, sad heart, your beating,
Cease your eager flight,
No prayer of heaven entreating
From any light!

For desolate, for desolate and lonely,
Aimless, and blind, without a wish I grope,
My mood a murky and stagnant shadow only—

'Tis not despair, for it was never hope.

Oh, cease, sad heart, your beating,
Cease your eager flight,
So sharp the storm is sleeting!
So wild the night!

At last, then, we went to bed; I weary and worn and scarcely looking at the steps I took. "Take care of your dreams," said Lyell, encouragingly to me, on parting, "for the first night you sleep in a new house they are sure to come true, you know!" I remember when the door closed, feeling a trifle of alarm, to think that I had not paid more heed to my path hither, and that if a fire should rage in the 'night, I should not know in what way to find my escape; but I knew I should be taken care of, and, so tired was I, that I laid my head upon the pillow, indifferent in fatigue to any fate, and almost instantly oblivious.

I must have been in the first deep sleep that knows neither dream nor sensation, when I woke, wide awake on the instant, wide awake, and conscious, and quivering with a keen and indefinable terror, so that my flesh shook upon my bones.

For a few seconds I could not say where I was. A loud clock was striking; I counted twelve. Then I remembered myself. But the situation of the room in the house, the relative place of door or window or bed, strive as I might, I could in no manner recall.

It was a black night. Not a glimmer lit the room. I could not see my hand before my face. The linen sheets themselves were only shadows. A dungeon never was darker or more appalling. And then that sound—

I quaked as I lay there and listened. That there was some one, some thing, in the place, I knew in the mere act of awakening. That it was a maniac, I was just as sure. How I knew it, I could never say; some unknown sense had been touched in my very sleep itself, had recognized the fact, and felt it; I was in a strange house, in a distant room, alone, at midnight, with a maniac. And it was in the dark; and I did not know my way out.

All these things crowded through my thoughts—not in a whirl—but with time for every idea to stand out distinctly and drag the next one after it. And still I lay there shivering, and heard this thing.

It was moving softly through the room, close by the wall. I could perceive the sound of the hand while it brushed along the wainscot—the soft rustle of the fingers sliding over the wood as they felt their way—a stealthy, creeping footfall; there was no hurry, no swiftness, the thing was intent upon what it was about. Now and then it ceased and seemed to hearken; and I strained my ears, hearkening too, till my brain was like to burst, and heard the low, quick pant, half caught back every time, that was more like a wild beast's breath than that of any human creature.

I endeavored to compose myself. It was a dream, I said, an idle fancy—there was nothing in the room—how could there be a maniac even in the house—there was some little mouse or other between the walls—my fatigue had excited me. Let me go to sleep. If I only knew where the bell was, I could waken a chambermaid and have a light—if I only knew where the door was—if I could but reach a match; in what direction from my pillow had the mantle been?—the creature was at it now! feeling and fumbling along the marble with a subdued sound like the whipping of a moth's wings on some chamber-ceiling, knocking one little ornament against another—lifting the cover of the match-safe. It had got a match. I heard it scratch it suddenly on the wall, and then a fresh one, and a third; possibly they were damp, for they did not kindle, but left only three long faintly-blue phosphorescent streaks; and that was all I saw—the three streaks with the gleam running along them, glimmering and fading and dying out.

What made it all more fearful to me then, was the circumstance that but one of my senses alone was called into play. I neither felt, nor saw. I only heard. And stretching the single faculty to its last point of tension, all manner of strange and subtle sounds filled my ears and deceived me.

But there was no deception in the chief sound of all—the circuit that creature was making of my room—the soft susurrus of the fingers skimming over

the wall again, hitting a little picture till it swung, pushing a vase from its bracket so that it splintered on the floor—the sly step—the cautious, cunning progress—clambering up into a chair and tumbling almost noiselessly off of it, tripping over a footstool, striking against the corner of an ottoman, climbing on a table, crawling across it, getting awkwardly down, stumbling upon a rug, creeping on the floor as if it were an object that seldom walked erect. And all the time, the thing was mumbling and muttering to itself, snarling and snapping, whispering in a kind of whistling way that curdled the veins and set the teeth on edge, keeping up a ghastly chatter, unintelligible but horrible to hear, a low, ceaseless, senseless talk that soon seemed to be made of nothing but broken curses.

It had reached the window at last. Something detained it there—the novelty—or desire of escape—or longing for fresh air. It was going the round of the room. Early or late it would reach me, myself. A cold sweat had broken out all over me—I did not dare to breathe, but only listened, my heart beating in my throat. If the window would but give way and let the nightmare out! I could hear the long nails scratch along the polish of the panes as they groped there in a way to make the blood run cold. The low rattle of the tones had hushed while the hands were trying to let the heavy sash down into the floor; but failing in that, again the cursing came, and with it now a little muffled grinding noise, a noise like the gnashing of teeth.

Some other whim seized it then, for it passed on, and, by and by, came to the water-pipes. These again delayed it—letting on the water, and shutting it off; wrenching away the tiny chain with a howl, as if it afforded some unpleasant suggestion, and tossing it down upon the carpet, bubbling and gurgling and splashing there, leaving the stream running; returning to it, and, suddenly afraid of detection, shutting it back, and listening with the wild, sharp pant again.

And, all the while, I was lying there,

sunk in chill, stifled with horror, and powerless, as if I had been paralyzed. Of what use would it have been for me to move, had I been able? I thought of a score of tales of the formidable strength of the insane; weakened so by fright a crazy child could have conquered me, and whether this were man, woman, or child, how could I discover? Should I creep out, and go searching round the room for the door, those acute, diseased senses would detect me in a flash. Even could I flee from the room, how could I escape its pursuit in the labyrinth of all these halls, to which I had no clue? What if I should blunder upon it, face to face, in the dark? Oh, heaven, save me! the creature might fall upon me, and rend me limb from limb! I could fancy it slaving me. I grew cold and stiff as I lay, and only the great plunging of my heart kept me alive.

It was at a mirror now, feeling the frame—running its touch across the glass; perhaps it remembered having liked to look in such a thing once. It was still for a time, and I imagined it bending forward, and essaying to pierce those dark depths with its bloodshot gaze. What fair young face, beaming with hope and beauty, it sought there, nothing said; but, had the unanswering mirror given back the vision there before it, the thing might have gone yet more mad—raging and raving mad.

An aimless way of wandering on, it appeared to have—clutching at a thing, dropping it, retracing its steps, turning—the mouthing and murmuring seldom pausing, but now and then disturbed by an outbreak of curses, half-guessed, and all uttered under the breath. There was about it a terrible absorption in its business, that business varying with every throb along the arteries, as the engine of the heart sent the hot, fierce blood rushing up to drown the brain and the last vagary there. The sounds were drawing nearer. All agonized, I waited their approach, unable then to do so much as lift my hand.

It came at last, as I knew it had been coming, and reached the bed. It felt along the foot of it; crept on the floor

beside it; lifted one hand, that traveled fingering up the coverlet. I felt the dreadful touch falter slowly over me. I neither stirred, nor breathed, it seemed; my eyes closed of themselves; I lay like a log of ice. It gained my face at last—the long, lean hand. I must have been so cold, so still, that it did not know me for a human being; it passed on smoothly along the pillow, but came back, and pawed and patted over my features with its cruel rasp, and then went pawing down the quilt again. It left the bedside then, but seemed to be uncertain about something—jabbering on in its querulous undertones, where lingered echoes now frightfully familiar, for twice, quickly turning, it came back, and pawed and fumbled over the inert and almost lifeless form upon the bed; and only when for minutes, weary as years, it had stood with the hard hand pressed down upon my eyes, did it pass on.

I must have fainted then. I hardly know. But I remember nothing that took place after that for a while. When I again became sensible, there was dead stillness in the room—not a sound.

Not a sound?—I hearkened. Why, yes—a breath. A quick, short breath, like the fluttering and crackling of a flame. The clothes were drawn tightly over my feet by some weight. The thing was sitting on my bed, its knees and chin drawn up together, as I guessed—sitting on the foot of my bed, and waiting, as I was, for the morning! And when the day began to dawn, and it saw me stretched there, and knew me, what would become of me? I should have screamed with the bare wildness of my terror, but I had no voice—my very breath smothered me. As the incubus sat there, I feared then lest my heart, striking against my side with such swift shocks, should shake the bed; lest my chattering teeth should attract its ear; lest my breathing should betray me. I longed, with unutterable longing—with desperation—to remember where the door might be. My eyes reached with aching eagerness through the darkness, to discover some outline of the creature keeping this horrid watch upon me. I

began to conjecture about it; to shape a face and features for it; to wonder why it went mad. Furious fancies swept through me, in a headlong chase; absurd contrasts floated over me; I caught myself back from bursting into a vacant laugh, that perhaps the maniac would have echoed, peal resounding after peal. Was it a maniac, or was it an idiot, gibbering away there to itself?—what a shapeless, gelatinous kind of consciousness must belong to it—what was to be the end of it?—could it know pain or pleasure after this life, or would it spread out, a mere suffused blot of spirit?—what was the use of such things in the world, more than of snakes or spiders? I asked myself—and gradually, as if I had forgotten it, when its finger-touch came creeping over me again, I said to myself, there was a spider crawling on the bed—there was a snake coiled up at my feet. I had heard no bell since the one that tolled midnight: suddenly the clock struck three. I had lain there three mortal hours in that death-agony, unconscious of time, feeling nothing, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but the drivel of that thing. It fell upon me, like a bitter blow, that I too was an idiot—fast, fast, fast becoming one—becoming just like that terrible thing upon my bed. Oh, better to be murdered by the talons and the teeth! One shriek—a cry torn from me—one shriek I gave, and bounded from the bed. As I did so, throwing myself wildly forward, I struck against the door with a great gasp of joy, tore it open, and, in one spring, as it seemed, had reached the foot of the second flight of stairs—bounding, and fallen, and prone! I heard Lyell's door open, as he and Helen rushed out. "Great heavens!" they cried, together, "he has broken loose!" Then the thing was after me—chimpanzee, or demon—the hall-lamps blazed up in its face—the frightful, ghastly, purple face, deformed and stripped of beauty—the wild, dark face of Esher!

I knew no more. Keepers had him. Doctors had me. Laudanum gave me sleep, for two days and nights, that knew no dreams. Elise woke from her sorrow

to nurse me. Helen and Lyell tended me like sister and brother—their hearts full of awe and trembling thankfulness; for they remembered that had the madman—whom, for the sake of his old self, they could never confide to strangers, but must needs keep in the same house with themselves—remembered that, had he known me in that dark and wretched night, he would have torn me into atoms!

For many months my nerves were bare and tingling—alive to any touch, with a thrill of pain. But, at last, they regained their strength, and hid themselves in health. I was young, and robust, and elastic—I recovered. But see, in telling you this story, how the words have shaken out of my lips!

THREE DAYS AMONG THE OIL WELLS.

I AM one of a numerous class of unfortunate persons in this and other countries, who suffer from an infectious disease known as impecuniosity. Even back to the remotest periods of my recollection—and I am twenty-three years old—my means have always been extremely limited. But years ago I read in the works of some great man, who ought to have known, that this world owes us all a living. I have always consoled myself with this reflection, though it has been ever apparent that the world, collectively is as tardy at paying its debts as the world individually. For a long time it was a favorite dream of mine that some fond old uncle would discover in me his long-lost nephew, die of apoplexy, caused by exuberance of joy at seeing me, and finally leave me heir to his vast estates. My dream once came very near realization, for the only uncle I ever had, and whom I had never known in his poverty, amassed a large fortune in oil. I determined immediately to visit him, and discover myself, when to my consternation I found on inquiry that he had seventeen children, all living and healthy. I was forced to the conclusion that all my chateaux were in Spain.

This little episode had the effect of guiding my attention into another direction. Why should not I amass a large fortune as well as my uncle? I resolved to try. So I packed up my effects without much difficulty and started out on my pilgrimage. It will not be surprising to any one who has visited the Oil Regions that I did not remain there but three days, and it will appear by no means incredible, when I affirm that instead of amassing a large fortune, I came home "dead broke." All that remains now of my ambition is the reminiscence; but I wish to impart to the world my observations, theoretical, practical, statistical and colloquial, made while there. It may save some poor dreamer, suffering from the disease I do, an unnecessary experience.

The first evidences I had of approaching the greasy country were at Meadville, which, like other and larger cities, is discovered first by the smell, peculiarly oily. Petrolia is a primitive land and railroads do not generally abound. They are established to such an extent, however, as to take you too far into the country to retreat. Freight trains with oily freight helped to fill the immense depot at Meadville, and empty barrels seemed to savour of oil in anticipation. A long train of passenger cars, which was destined to take me to Franklin, was already filled with human beings eager to be greased. Every seat was occupied with some transitory oil-seeker, who thought of oil, talked of oil or dreamed of oil. There was property in fee; there were leases and sub-leases; companies, capitals, working-interests; wells from a barrel and a half a day, to so many gallons a second; light oil and heavy oil; oil of all kinds and consistences, graduated from twenty-eight to forty-two degrees—all (oil) discussed in quick, animated, excitable conversation. One observation I made here was that while there were a great many who talked loudly and emphatically of stock companies and leases, I heard no one speak of broad acres and flowing wells. On this railroad, it was gratifying, at least, that we could not rush and whiz and

tear through the woods and over bridges and under tunnels, like Phaëton's chariot, and with the noise and jar of Jove's thunderbolt. But we were compelled to take it more slowly and twist and turn in the winding valley of French Creek almost as frequently as on a zig-zag descent of the Alps. At Franklin the railroad refused to carry us any further, and I took to horse.

Three days in the saddle; high boots and gum coats; rain and mud; poor meals and worse cigars; cots in garrets, cots in cellars, cots in barns for beds; novelties which become monotonous, they are so frequent; fatigue without rest—are the incidents of a visit to Petrolia, in which there is scarcely time to take a superficial view, grease your clothes, catch a cold, and leave with the bare satisfaction of having been and seen, but conquered nothing. Yet it is dangerous to stay longer. Not physically, for good health is generally prevalent, but dangerous to the pocket, to man's idea of order, to a civilized way of thinking and a conventional way of eating. It is politic to devote only such time as is necessary to take in the curiosities of Petrolia's institutions, without giving Petrolia's institutions time to take you in. It is a mistaken idea, to persuade yourself that it is necessary to remain longer in order to investigate the philosophy of oil production. There is no philosophy in it as yet. Geologists tell us that carbonic gas once prevailed in such quantities, as to render Earth uninhabitable by anybody or thing of animal life, but that by some mysterious disposition, the poisonous gas was absorbed in the bowels of the earth, and, while purifying atmospheric air for animal existence, it contributed to the formation of coal and oil, which have added so much to the convenience and comfort of man. This is all very well, *et a mon égard*, acceptable as a theory. But it affords no assistance in "striking" oil, is no preventive against "dry holes" or wet feet, and, in fact, has nothing to do with the casual or curious visitor to the oil regions.

The stranger comes here as a tourist in foreign countries, and much as the

Parisian consents to plod through the wilds of Switzerland, or John Bull, of roast-beef antecedents, endures the macaroni and pastry of an Italian dinner. Neither the one or the other sacrifices more for information or pastime than the temporary sojourner in Oildom, where he finds luxury without comfort and expense without convenience. Like all countries, which are visited for their natural curiosities, the tour must be made on foot or on horseback. In fact, the visitor is prevented from skipping places and scenery in comparatively luxurious carriages, as the novel reader skips chapters, because the roads are impassable except for pedestrians and cavaliers. For these, however, there is a regular circuit, which must have been explored originally by the county judge or an itinerant minister, and incloses all the interesting localities.

Commencing, perhaps, as I did, with Oil City, and approaching it along the Alleghany river, it first strikes the view at a bend of that beautiful stream, and presents a decidedly pleasant appearance. Its little cottages, planted here and there on Cottage Hill, and the sunbeams playing chess with houses on hill-tops, Genoa, with its bay, its many-colored palaces, and picturesque irregularities, suggests itself.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Proximity is disappointment and desolation, and the prominent feature is mud. It is a curiosity. There never was such mud in all this world. It absorbs the entire attention of the traveler. It almost absorbs the traveler, horse, boots and all. If the rebels had been blessed with such roads as the streets of Oil City—two in number—Grant would have been forced to seek another firmament for the setting of his star. The main street was formerly a creek or run, emptying into the Alleghany, which would have been very refreshing, had it remained so. But immigration had its evils, and brought in and plowed up clay to mix with it. It makes cold, clammy, clay mud, kept up to the consistency of thickened milk by the mountain streams which pour down into it. It

is impossible to avoid it—it is foolish to attempt it. It must be admitted that this mud was at first discouraging, but it was wonderful how soon I became accustomed to it. Once thoroughly saturated with it, I splashed along heedlessly and recklessly, and at last was rather proud of it.

"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Mud is fortunately the only lasting impression which Oil City stamps upon the memory and leaves upon the clothes, when, quitting its wharves and dépôts of tanks and barrels, its hotels, and stables, and mud, we cross Oil Creek, to follow its course, "over the hills and away," toward Rouseville.

Now the oil wells begin to show themselves in earnest, each with a little shanty and a huge derrick, towering up grandly toward the hills around; built in the most unheard-of places; in little ravines, with scarce room enough for a donkey to walk; at the foot of hills; over the creek; on islands; in the very road. Derricks here, derricks there, derricks everywhere, looming up in uncouth, unfinished heaps, huddled and scattered, like the *débris* of some demolished Chinese city. Then the derricks line the creek, peep around the corners of ravines, while the more daring pierce the tops of hills; old ones, put together with trees rough-hewed, new ones, built from neatly-sawed timber, artistically dovetailed, till approaching Rouseville it has the appearance of a town of churches with unfinished steeples, as the derricks stand between the houses, and in prospective seem to form a part of them.

The question naturally suggests itself: "Can all these wells produce oil?"—a question more easily than satisfactorily answered. They do not. Derricks do not always assist in the production of oil, particularly if there happens to be no oil under the particular spot over which the derrick is erected. It is a fact, that only a very few among the immense number of wells sunk are productive. It has been estimated, how accurately I do not know, that only about one well in twenty yields, and this is an observation which applies about equally

to all parts of the country. These failures are only natural, even in the best oil districts, and where it is confidently believed that petroleum exists in great quantities. They are the necessary results of the ignorance of the geological formation, location, and existence of oil, which precludes all rule and system; and secondly, of the way in which wells are bored, excavating an aperture of only three to six inches diameter, in a perpendicular line, with a view to obtaining the golden fluid in great quantities. Consequently, many wells may be, and have been, sunk, and proven certain failures, in the immediate vicinity of the most productive wells. It is staking about \$7,000 on a perpendicular hole, with as little chance of winning as if the same amount were flung upon No. 33 of a *roulette* table. The property that to-day is entirely worthless, may to-morrow be the most valuable in the country. It is already certain that petroleum exists in vast quantities, in veins, strata, lakes, or what-not, all over this country; that at some future day its existence will be scientifically prognosticated; and that mechanical genius will invent some sure, steady, safe way of procuring it. It will become a regular, reliable mining business, and a staple of America more lucrative than were the gold mines of California, or the cotton-fields of the South. Landed proprietors have no reason to become discouraged by disappointments. If they have the means and patience to wait, they always reap rich harvests, even in proportion to the moneyed seed they put into the ground.

It is only after passing Rousseville that large, steady, reliable wells are found. These are situated on Lower Cherry Run, and though none of them are of such capacity as to cause any very great sensation, many are pumping and flowing from thirty to one hundred and fifty barrels per diem. But approaching Upper Cherry Run, we come upon a region which seems to be as barren of oil as it is of every thing else, till the derricks, gradually thinning out, look like sentinel monuments erected to dead hopes. At Plumer, which is at the head of the Run,

there is an extensive refinery, called the Humboldt works, erected by the Ludovici brothers, a couple of German-Italians from New York. German-Italians are odd fish, and sometimes take odd baits. The refinery is situated at least three miles from a good producing district, and nine miles from the most productive; and a mile, in the transportation of this country, to be appreciated, must be reckoned as a hundred.

Leaving Plumer and Cherry Run, I imagined that I had suddenly issued out of the oil regions, from the entire disappearance of wells, shanties and people; and I traveled over comparatively good roads for three miles further, when one of the most charming views of nature presented itself. An expanse of the placid waters of the Alleghany, seen at the height of one hundred and fifty feet, lying in quiet repose between me and the opposite hills, that looked like gigantic bushes of oak and cherry, was a scene for an artist, and, with silent and respectful admiration, I followed a winding foot-path to the foot of the mountain, and the mouth of Pithole creek. Here I came upon the site of a new town, with the euphonious and appropriate name of Oleopolis, where town lots had been disposed of a day or two previously. It would seem enigmatical that a town should be established successfully so far away from yielding oil districts. But Oleopolis is on the Alleghany river, and destined to become an important *dépôt* of transportation. It owes its importance to a simple scheme of transporting oil from Pithole by means of a pipe. The idea originated with Colonel Thomas C. Bates, of Rochester, N. Y., and was suggested, as he told me, by the falling waters of the creek, which runs from Pithole City into the river. "Give it a chance," said he, "and the oil will transport itself." The pipe is six inches in diameter, laid in a tunnel, excavated at an inclined plane, and the tunnel again filled up. It can be adjusted to the tanks of the wells at Pithole, and will carry five thousand barrels of oil a day into the tanks at Oleopolis, to be transported on the Alleghany to Pittsburgh. When

it is considered that the cost of transportation by wagon from Pithole to Titusville is three dollars per barrel—that a wagon can make only one trip a day, and carry not more than five barrels each trip, the feasibility of the undertaking will be appreciated, and its success hardly doubted.

From Oleopolis (the name is so soft and mellow as almost to melt in the mouth), I took the line of the pipe on the road, made by the laborers, to PITHOLE CRRY, the eighth wonder of the world—the hyperbole of Petrolia's curiosities—the last discovery of Aladdin's lamp. A magic city of seven thousand souls, with more than corresponding noise and bustle, enterprise and excitement, with hotels and stables and stores, and telegraphs and expresses, with newspapers and theaters and churches, with banks and land offices—with every necessary to city life except women and railroads, Pithole City is the growth of *ninety days*, a flowing well of houses and people. My veracity has more than once been questioned when relating to Europeans, on their continent, the wonders connected with the growth of some of our American cities, such as Chicago, and now Americans may feel tempted to doubt the above statement in regard to Pithole. But it is a palpable, tangible, unmistakable *fact*. There is a city where ninety days ago was a wilderness. Consider the flow of petroleum as the motive power of the lever which raises towns. Niagara and Mammoth Cave must divide their honors with petroleum, and Chicago its wonderful peculiarities with Pithole. The houses, without being shanties, are built of frame, without foundations. The owners have no time to paint or desire to preserve. They pay higher prices for leases of grounds, and higher rents for improvements, than in New York city. But the leases are for three years, at the end of which time they can give away the improvements, for Pithole will have run its race. It may never become a Pompeii or Herculaneum, buried in the body of the earth, but it will expire when oil ceases to flow in its midst, which, arguing *a priori*, will be within three years.

The first care of the stranger in Pithole will be to find some place to sleep, and if he has a horse, to see that he is fed. It is only justice to the horse to stand by him until he has finished his meals, for his modicum of oats may be pilfered away, and justice to himself to go to bed as soon as he finds a place, for it is the only sure way of keeping it. *Voici* the accommodations of a first class hotel—one of about two hundred cots, ranged along so regularly and closely as almost to make one common bed—put up in an unfinished garret, and the *tout ensemble* resembling a general ward in a general hospital. The manager endeavors to make up in affability what the house lacks in accommodations, and smiling a "good-night," he explains that he has just commenced—will do better at some future time; that though there *are* a good many in the room, he knows them all to be gentlemen, and finally, that he has the satisfactory consolation of knowing that he can do better by you than any one else.

"By the way, those pillows were made of cork as an experiment, but I am sorry to say they are a failure."

I might possibly never have found out that the pillows were made of cork, but it required only one sleepless night to discover that they were a failure.

The next step, of course, is to visit the flowing wells. It is with some difficulty that you will be able to find the well itself, the derrick being completely surrounded by tanks, each of the capacity of twelve hundred barrels, and the oil flowing from one into the other, as they respectively become filled. Advancing with eager curiosity toward the great sight, you are somewhat startled by the abrupt question, "Any matches about you?" and without stopping to see whence comes the voice, you shake your head demurely and vacantly, whether you have any matches or not. You are then allowed to climb the greasy ladder which overlooks the tank into which the oil first flows. Hardly grasping the novelty of the position, though holding tightly to the ladder, and almost stifled with the carbureted gas to which

you are unaccustomed, you look for the source a long time in vain, but finally succeed in finding it, a spontaneous spouting forth of a greenish fluid from a pipe, about the size of the wrist, which makes some men rich and some men crazy. Splashing against the sides of the tank, and throwing the liquid over every thing in the neighborhood, it pours forth a stream of pure oil from seven hundred to fifteen hundred barrels a day, regularly breathing in its flow, and with the noise of a ten-horse-power engine; or perhaps gushing forth more impetuously in a scattering stream, it makes the noise of a steamboat, quick, heaving and puffing. Of these wells you will find ten or a dozen with an aggregate production of about five thousand barrels daily.

Such is the nature of Pithole—mother earth disgorging from the effects of an emetic, taken thousands of years ago. All around is bustle and excitement; jostled here and there, as you pick your way through the mud-holes and over creeks, your elbow nudged on this side and your coat torn on the other, by petroleum harpies, young and old, all of whom have something to communicate which will certainly result to your advantage. It is remarkable that all these individuals have so much valuable property, and that every one of them has something better for you than the one who went before. These men all have a something, which they technically call an "interest," to dispose of, and they are as numerous and importunate as London cabmen or the *lazzaroni* of an Italian seaboar town. Teams are continually coming and going, the horses pulling for their dear lives through the worst roads in the world.

With the envious wish that I might be the owner of a flowing well for about a week, but with the sad consciousness that such was not the case, with light pockets and a heavy heart, I left Pithole for the more agreeable atmosphere of Titusville, where houses with little yards, gardens under cultivation, and small farms in the suburbs, were things decidedly pleasant to look upon. I saw only one well besides water wells, and that

was a barren one, just at the back-door of a dwelling. I thought then that the people of the town were to be congratulated on its failure. But the water wells themselves are sunk after the fashion of oil wells. Long spikes are driven fifteen or twenty feet in the ground, and after coming to a "show" of water, they are withdrawn to give place to a hand-pump, which most always produces plentifully.

Titusville is a good resting-place, and it is curious to sit in the hotel and listen to the buzz of oil gossip around you. Wells are invariably spoken of in the feminine gender, and a cynic would say not inappropriately, if we judge from their inconstancy and fickleness. How characteristic, for instance, is the following: "She acts beautifully for a day or two, and then will turn around, without any apparent cause, and be sulky for a week," speaking of an oil well.

Suddenly the conversation will change from oil to religion, perhaps connectedly, since this oil has been yclept the "devil's kindling." One man, in his belief as to his future existence, was of the opinion that as long as he did as he would be done by, and did not steal from his neighbor's well, his chances for heaven were as good as anybody's, which was certainly orthodox as far as he went.

"Why is it that you people of the West are blessed with all the great mineral productions, while we of New England have nothing but rocks?" asked a Yankee of a Pennsylvanian.

"We lead a steady, industrious life," returned the Pennsylvanian, "mind our own business, vote the strongest democratic ticket, and God has rewarded us accordingly."

A good story was told of a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, by a gentleman who had been procuring an oil charter, which eventually cost him thirty thousand dollars. Applying to Colonel — for his influence, the colonel said to him:

"My dear sir, personally I like you very much, and I know you are contributing to the good of the State in developing the oil territory. The people of the State send me here to look out

for their interests, and I, for one, intend to do it. But the people of the State only pay me four dollars per day. I keep my horses and carriage, and it costs me twenty-five dollars per day to live. Now, sir, you shall have your charter, for it is to the interest of my constituency, *but you must pay for it!*"

Of course the country is filled with strangers from all parts of the continent, and they are found in the woods and stuck in the mud, as often as in the railway trains and in hotels. They are formed out of all sorts and classes of men. The superintendents and owners of lands are generally pleasant and affable gentlemen, intent upon the development of oil territory as a legitimate business, with a view as well to the good of the country as to their own financial success. The workmen, engineers and mechanics are men of industry and good habits, who have immigrated to promote their own interests by their own energies, and many of them sacrifice the comforts of a quiet home to live in shanties, with the unselfish desire of saving money for the use and enjoyment of families left behind. But another class is composed of a horde of disreputable speculators, whom even the night Board, of New York, would never have condescended to recognize, and who stop short of nothing by which they can make money, always taking advantage of inexperience and nervous excitement to cheat and swindle. Like gamblers, they have their stool-pigeons, who hang about them and do their work for board and whisky. But the most novel and sometimes very funny experiences are with the aborigines, or, as they are called, the "Buckwheats." They derive their appellation from the fact that, as the oldest inhabitants, who lived out among the barren hills of the country, they raised buckwheat as the only production of the ground, which they would take to the towns to pay their tavern bills, exchange for articles of clothing, etc. They are as original as their name would suggest, and sometimes afford a great deal of amusement, as well as being a source of annoyance. At Meadville, there was one day a horse-

race, one of the evidences of civilization introduced by the innovators, all of which are as novel to the Buckwheats, as the Buckwheatian institutions are to the new-comers. Pools were being disposed of, bringing about sixteen dollars for first choices, and from three to five for the second.

"Now, gentlemen, what is the bid for first horse? Twelve—fourteen—fifteen—and sold for fifteen. Make your bids for second horse," cried the auctioneer.

"W-a-a-l," drawled out a Buckwheat, "I never was no great hand to speculate, but I rather guess I can afford four dollars for a horse, anyhow."

"Four dollars it is, on second horse—pass up the four dollars, sir."

"But when can I git the horse?"

"Come, sir, we have no time to waste. Pass up the four dollars. Make your bids, gentlemen."

"Yes, but I want the horse. I have paid my four dollars, and I want my horse."

"Put him out! Put him out!" from all sides.

The Buckwheat, thinking he had bought a horse, instead of an uncertain chance in a horse-race, was not to be pacified, and when the money was returned to him, insisted that he had been swindled out of a horse.

A Buckwheat presented himself at the railway station, and said to the ticket agent:

"I'm here on the grand jury. I understand as how you would take me to Franklin for thirty-five cents, and bring me back for the same. Now, if you want to take me there and back for fifty cents, I'll ride with you."

The agent endeavored to explain to him that he had certain rates, which he was obliged to follow, and could not deduct any thing.

"W-a-a-l, I never rode on a railroad, and never see one till this mornin', an' I thought I would like to try it. I'm kinder feared of the darned thing, anyhow, but I'll go, ef you'll take me for fifty cents."

The agent declined, and the juror returned to his duties.

The law and courts are in keeping with the peculiarities of the country. The bailiffs are always superannuated town officials, from eighty to a hundred years old, who hobble about with the aid of a staff, and call the witnesses by proxy. The jurors are Buckwheats, but the disputants are almost invariably oil men. Judges seem to have their own way, generally, and in the impanneling of a jury, rushed them into the stand, and refused the counsel the privilege of challenging, his rights and protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. The laws insist upon an observance of the Sabbath, and wells which pump night and day are stopped on Sunday. It is about the only objection to a flowing well—it will flow on Sunday, too. Licenses can only be procured on the 1st of January, by law of the borough, and billiard-rooms, saloons, hotels, etc., the establishment of which was rendered necessary by the influx of the people, have been closed by the authorities, and the owners subjected to the penalty of fine. In Titusville there is one building in which they have a theater during the week, and a church on Sunday. Nowhere do extremes meet as in Oildom.

Having enjoyed a respite, the ride from Titusville is interesting and romantic along Pennyhof run, twining through ravines under the shade of large trees, mountains on both sides, covered with hemlock, and large, separated sandstone, so indicative of oil, scattering the pathway till you come to Oil Creek, a stream about the color of the "yellow Tiber," along the banks of which are strewn the ruins of an empire, reared by King Petroleum, but now, after four years' prosperity, fallen into decay. Here you pass Petroleum Center, another new town, and a little further on, the famous Coquette Well, and the Olive Branch, which is said to have tapped it. The Coquette is now a forlorn widow, with but one Olive Branch. This is the last place of interest, till you again come to the beautiful waters and region of the Alleghany, in which are seen all the colors of the rainbow, as the sun shines upon the oil floating upon the surface.

Sound thinkers, who are little affected by popular excitement, are inclined to look upon the territory between Oil City and Franklin as the undeveloped land of prospect. As the existence of two or three large wells does not predicate the existence of oil around them, so an absence of wells does not necessarily preclude its existence, but is often indicative, rather, of a new fertility, for which is destined a golden growth. In this region, too, owing to the facilities for transportation, the lubricating quality of the oil, and the consequently enhanced value of it, the result, if at all successful, will be much more remunerative. A new town is also here springing into existence, named for one of Pennsylvania's noblest and most lamented sons—RENO. It has already the prospect of becoming the metropolis of Petrolia. The location is charming. But what is better, the energy of the proprietors is indefatigable. They have already a bank, express and telegraph office, and a newspaper which prints twenty-five thousand copies weekly. A railroad is building, direct from Reno to Pithole City, under the supervision of General Burnside, as President. The Reno Oil Company, at the head of which stand the Hon. Messrs. Grow and Culver, the Amber Oil Company, of Chicago, and other organizations proprietary, owning the neighboring farms, are making extensive and well-defined preparation for milking for the surface oil, which, procured even in the small quantities of five barrels to the well, realizes enormously.

The discovery of petroleum is more ancient than is generally supposed, for it is related that Washington, in his expedition to French Creek, or Venango River, as it was then called, noticed the inhabitants skimming oil from the surface of the waters, which they used for burning and medicinal purposes. It was only in the year 1860, however, that large flowing wells were discovered, and even then, the value of the oil was so little known that these wells were frequently plugged up, or abandoned to gush forth into the creek, and waste away. But discoveries and inventions

kept their place in the race of progress ; new uses were found for the oil, and the lands which were so prolific became valuable. Now it was that men, mostly prompted by the spirit of enterprise and business adventure—some, perhaps, with a wise forethought of what was to come—immigrated from all parts of the country to secure the territory. In many instances the lands were purchased for a mere song, and the original and hard-working owners gladly parted with what they considered fit only for the tax-gatherer. But in isolated cases, the gray old farmer clung to his fee with all the tenacity that is felt for a homestead, and finally realized himself the fabulous sums it was destined to command. They are yet to be found, once in a while ; and, sprung from poverty to enormous wealth, they little know what use to make of their money ; but, hardened by their backwoods life of frugality, they hoard it up with miserly meanness and Pecksniffian sharpness, for reckless heirs to squander.

Such are some of my observations, serious and facetious, consequent upon a three day's sojourn among the oil wells of Pennsylvania. If they can afford either information or pastime for the reader affected with "oil on the brain," my three days will have been well spent ; and if I succeed in outliving my uncle's seventeen children, the sympathetic reader will have the consolation of knowing that I am an oil prince.

THE BAROMETER AND THE WEATHER.

THE barometer, though well known as regards its general appearance and uses, is not so commonly understood in reference to its principle and construction. It will be the object of this article to explain the principle of its action, and also to point out with such precision as observation and experience justify, the exact phenomena which its changes indicate. The barometer, or rather its principle, was first discovered by Galileo. It is recorded that while residing at Flor-

ence, he was applied to on the occasion of the Grand Duke having sunk a deep well, and finding that the water would not rise to the top when a pump was set to work, he sent for the philosopher to explain the mystery. Galileo observed that the column of water rose in the pump to about thirty-two feet, and that all attempts to raise it higher by means of the sucker were useless. He therefore concluded that the sucker was not the cause of the water's rising to a given height, as was the opinion at that time ; but that the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the water in the well caused that water to rise into the tube of the pump, and so fill the space which had been emptied of air by the action of the sucker. The phenomenon was afterward discussed between Galileo and his pupil, Torricelli, and the latter first demonstrated the principle, in which consists the whole value of the barometer as a philosophical instrument. He found that the atmospheric pressure on the surface of the water would support a column of water, in an exhausted tube closed at the top, to the height of about thirty-two feet ; but being sensible that such a column would, from its height, be very ill-suited for conducting his experiments, he chose mercury, a fluid fourteen times heavier than water, and consequently better adapted for the experiment. In the year 1643 he accordingly took a glass tube, about forty inches in height, and a quarter of an inch in the bore. Having sealed one end, he filled the tube with mercury ; then placing his finger at the open end in order to secure the mercury, and inverting the tube, he plunged the extremity, thus secured by his finger, into a cistern containing mercury, and having a certain quantity of water upon its surface. Having passed the open end of the tube through the water and below the surface of the *mercury*, he withdrew his finger. Upon this, the mercury in the tube instantly fell to about thirty inches above the surface of the mercury in the cistern. On his raising the open end of the tube until it became level with the bottom of the *water*, the mercury instantaneously sunk entirely out of

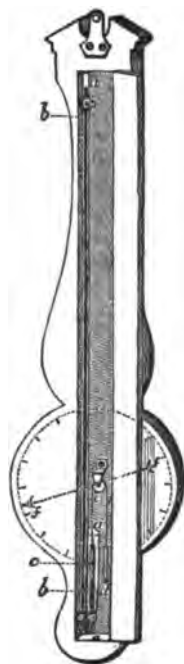
the tube; while the water with the same rapidity sprung up to the *top* and occupied the *whole* of the cavity. It would, of course, by the laws of specific gravity, have risen to the height of about thirty-two feet, had the tube been sufficiently long. Torricelli then clearly saw that the columns, both of mercury and of water, were supported from the same cause, namely, the atmospheric pressure. He next altered the shape of the glass tube by bending up the lower and open end.

After the publication of Torricelli's experiments in 1645, the field was opened to all philosophers for the practice of every experiment to which the barometer is applicable. Torricelli did not live long to enjoy the fame of his discovery, but died at an early age. To enter into an account of the numerous experiments of distinguished men with the Torricellian tube, would be to extend the limits of this paper beyond the objects proposed. It may be sufficient for us to know that the principle remains precisely the same. By the barometer we are enabled to determine the pressure of the atmosphere, which is known to be about fifteen pounds on a square inch. This fact is proved when the air is exhausted, by means of an air-pump, from any glass receiver or air-tight box.

The principle of the Torricellian tube having been thus explained, and its power shown of registering the incumbent weight of the atmosphere, it now remains to describe the barometer as it is made for domestic purposes, and as we find it hanging up in most houses, as a standard of reference for changes which are likely to take place in the weather. The first we have to make ourselves acquainted with, is called the Wheel Barometer, in which the peculiar arrangement of the Torricellian tube is the invention of the eminent philosopher, Robert Hooke.

a a a, the Torricellian tube; *b b*, the mercury; *c*, a light weight of iron or glass, resting on the top of the mercury; *d*, a lighter weight; *e e*, silk thread which passes over a roller, having a delicate axis; on this axis is fixed the hand *f*. Whenever a decrease of atmospheric pressure takes place, and the vapors, no long-

er suspended, may be expected to descend in rain, the weight *c* rises, and the smaller weight, *d*, pulls round the hand from "Fair" toward "Change." While the height of the column in the short leg has risen, that in the long leg, (which in the plain barometer without the wheel is the only one visible,) will proportionately have sunk; and we accordingly say, on looking at the indicating column, that the mercury has *fallen*. Fair weather is, of course, prognosticated by the contrary process; the mercury sinking in the short leg of the tube, and rising in the long one presented to the eye.



Although we have here described the Wheel Barometer, we have only done so because it is the more common form of the barometer. It is the best-looking instrument, and is therefore preferred as an article of furniture. But, like some other things, it is not really the best, though the best looking. The common straight-up barometer is much the best for practical uses, and for minute and important observations it is the only barometer which is of any use at all. The

principle is precisely the same in both instruments, only in the "straight-up" the observer looks direct at the quicksilver, and can mark at once its action, and does not contemplate it through the somewhat uncertain medium of the index. In the "straight-up" the tendency of the mercury to rise or fall may be ascertained, before there is scarcely any actual movement. If its tendency be to rise, the surface of the mercury will have swelled upward in the center; if to fall, it will be depressed. In either case, there will be no actual movement of the mercury at the edge against the tube, the change in the atmospheric pressure not yet being sufficient to overcome the inertia of the quicksilver against the glass.

It is a somewhat curious fact, that the atmosphere is lightest when charged with vapor; then it is that the mercury falls, because the air is not so heavy as in its dry state, and consequently it cannot support the column of mercury at so great a height in the tube. And the contrary effect is produced during fair weather. Atmospheric air is specifically heavier than vapor: that is, a given quantity of dry atmospheric air will weigh heavier than the same quantity of unconfined vapor.

The following are the most important rules to be observed in studying the movements of the barometer:

1. The barometer is highest of all during a long frost, and it generally rises with a north-east wind, and the reason assigned is, that a long frost greatly condenses the air, and the more condensed the air is, the greater is its pressure on the mercury of the barometer. The north-east wind has the same effect, being both cold and dry, and therefore condensed and heavy.

The second special rule is, that the barometer is lowest of all during a thaw, following a long frost, because the air then becomes saturated with vapor, which makes the air lighter. The barometer is also very low during a south-west wind, because those winds are heavily laden with vapor.

The third rule to be observed is, that

while the barometer stands below thirty, the air is sure to be dry or very cold, or both, and no rain may be expected. Very dry air absorbs the moisture, and will not part with it in the form of rain, and very cold air is so much condensed that it has already parted with much of its moisture.

The fourth rule is, that while the barometer stands very low indeed, there will never be much rain—although a fine day will seldom occur. At such times, short, heavy showers, with squalls of wind, may be expected. When the barometer is very low, the air must be very warm, or very moist, or both; but the air will not part with its moisture, but absorb more, until a cold air is introduced. This will condense the vapor—that is, there will be rain, but the barometer will not remain at its extreme depression.

Rule Fifth.—In summer (after long-continued fine weather), the barometer will gradually fall for two or three days before the rain comes. If the fall of the mercury be very sudden, a thunder-storm may be expected.

Rule Sixth.—If the barometer is low during very fine weather, the face of the sky will soon be overcast.

Rule Seventh.—Dark, dense clouds will pass over without rain when the barometer is high; but if low, it will often rain without any appearance of clouds.

Rule Eighth.—If, in frosty weather, it begins to snow, the barometer generally rises to thirty, where it remains so long as the snow continues to fall. If after this the weather clears up, very severe cold may be expected.

THE FALL OF THE BAROMETER.

The following observations are also of importance:

In very hot weather the fall of the mercury denotes thunder. Otherwise, a sudden fall denotes high wind.

In frosty weather the fall of the barometer denotes thaw.

If wet weather happens soon after the fall of the barometer, expect little of it.

In wet weather, if the barometer falls, expect much wet.

In fair weather, if the barometer falls much, and remains low, expect much wet in a few days, and probably wind.

The barometer sinks lowest of all for wind and rain together; next to that for wind (except it be an east or north-west wind).

THE RISE OF THE BAROMETER.

In winter, the rise of the barometer denotes frost.

In frosty weather, the rise of the barometer indicates snow.

If fair weather happens soon after the rise of the barometer, expect but little of it.

In wet weather, if the barometer rises high, and remains so, expect continued fine weather in a day or two.

In wet weather, if the mercury rises suddenly very high, fine weather will not last long.

If the motion of the mercury be unsettled, expect unsettled weather.

The barometer rises highest with north and east winds; for all other winds it sinks.

A good barometer is a very interesting as well as a very useful article, and a good ornament to a room, hall, or staircase. But let us advise our readers to purchase one of the "straight-ups," the cost of which varies from six to fifty dollars—a really good barometer can not be purchased under about fifteen dollars. If they already possess a wheel barometer, they would not do amiss to get it changed for the other kind. In many cases, this could be done at little or no expense, as the wheel barometer is the more expensive instrument.

In many cottages may be seen a primitive kind of barometer, called the "John and Joan." The contrivance is exceedingly simple, consisting of a piece of catgut, fastened to the top of John's house, or castle, in the inside, and its lower end attached to the middle of a strip of wood, seven or eight inches in length, which thus hangs suspended. The catgut is acted upon by the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere; when the air is dry, it contracts, and in do-

ing so turns round a little way, and the strip of wood is moved forward at the end of which "Joan" is placed. When the air is charged with moisture, an opposite effect is produced; the gut becomes expanded, turns in an opposite direction, and "Jack" makes his appearance. Even these rude contrivances are not without their uses, and we have known cottagers who set a high value upon them.

The celebrated Dr. Jenner, in reply to a lady, who asked him if he thought it would rain, summed up in rhyme the following

SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh
For see! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow sings;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whistled jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep were seen, at early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Though June, the air is cold and chill;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping, crawling o'er the green.
The frog has lost its yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dressed.
The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite:
Or seem, precipitate, to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain—I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

UNCLE RODERICK'S SERMON.

"I DON'T know any story to tell—fact," said my great uncle, looking at us in an embarrassed sort of way, that only set us on with redoubled determination.

Father had gone away from home, and Uncle Roderick had come down to pay us a visit and talk over business, and it happened that my sister and I were the only ones to welcome and entertain him. July had shown him her drawings, water-colors, and other things, good as the best—so said the judges—and I had stuffed him with stories of trade, and had read him all the items of interest I could find in the evening paper, and we were getting a little dull, and wondering what to do next, when my sister said:

"Tell us a story, uncle—please do."

I took up her request, and together we made such a hue and cry that he might as well have said any thing else as that he didn't know how to accommodate us, for that made no difference. Whether he had a story to tell or not wasn't the point. What we wanted was *the story*.

"You're a couple of queer short-fish, anyhow," said he, looking square at us, first one, and then the other, as if he'd never met the species before, and felt as puzzled, and not half as pleased, as Mr. Agassiz down on the banks of the Amazon, up to his knees in mud, surveying his barrel of pickled specimens, and "calculating," like any live Yankee, concerning them. "I don't know as I should have been in half such a hurry to get down here," he continued, "if I had known what was wanting. I was mad enough when the wheel came off of the omnibus, and I had to get out and walk; but I shouldn't have cared, nor made such haste, if I had thought that a story had got to come off at the end of it."

"You're a perfect godsend, any way," said I; "Jule and I are tired enough of each other. Now, drive ahead!"

If this was a Sunday-school story, I should suppress the seeming disrespect of that injunction; but, my great uncle

wasn't a day older than myself, arithmetic to the contrary. What is addition, and what is subtraction? It will take more than figures to show.

"Perhaps uncle is tired," suggested July, in an undertone.

"She don't mean that, uncle," said I. "She's the greatest humbug that ever lived—sees you're giving in, and that's all the mercy she has on you. Tell us something about your place."

"St. Peter's!" said uncle Roderick, as if he were getting further and further into the fog. "You know all about St. Peter's; you've been there."

"He means about old times," said July. She was a rare helper, my Jule! She knew exactly where to put the word in that was like a clincher, to an argument or petition. But the wonder about her was, and is to this day, that she always did, and does it, as it were without knowing it. Innocent, with a wisdom for which she isn't responsible, because it was born in her, as wisdom is, I guess. Folks don't get that by study, according to my observation.

When she said "about old times," uncle looked at her, and his honest old blue eyes had a smile in them—his embarrassment was gone. He was clear as crystal, and his out-look was through crystal. I don't mean spec's! He stood on his own ground, and began to look quite cheerful. But for all that, or perhaps because of it, he leaned back in his chair, and folded his arms, and didn't say another word for two minutes.

Things were now in the right shape. July always knew how to crown a consummation; she got up and brought a box of clay pipes which father always kept in one corner of the closet, and produced when old fishermen or shoremen came to visit him—and he had many such visitors, for we were in the fish line, and had, as it were, ourselves come out of the sea.

Uncle declined the pipe; he did it with an air of self-denial.

"Do!" urged July. "Hez doesn't smoke, and we have been wishing some one would come and drown out this smell of paint before they get back, and

put a faint tinge of brown on the walls, they look so awful white. We'd thank you, I'm sure Hez and I would, if you would just smoke every minute while you stay."

That was a confession, and grounded in truth; for it was a fact that ever since the completion of our innovations, we had both of us felt no small amount of misgiving. Father and mother might be brought, in time, to acknowledge the improvement we had made in the old place since they went away; but we were both of us in doubt about the result of the first impression. They might feel, if they did not say, that with whitewash and paint their undutiful children had expunged all the pleasant lights and shadows of the past.

When the girl urged him in this way, uncle took one of the pipes, filled it, lighted and smoked it full five minutes without intermission. By that time the old familiar "smudge" was abroad in the room, and our misgivings were dissipated.

Then uncle said:

"Did you ever hear about St. Peters, what happened there once?"

"No," said I, grandly ignoring all the small modifications of fact. "What happened there, sir?"

"Do you mean about the fire?" asked Jule, more circumspect as to speech.

"Yes—about the fire."

"We have heard something," said she.

"About as much as we have about any thing by telegraph," said I. "We knew there was a fire—but you saw it."

"Yes, I did; I saw it," said uncle, slowly. And having forgotten that he had a story to tell, he now began to tell it.

"Yes, I saw that fire. I was about your age, Hez, let me see—you must be about—"

I was seventeen and six, and told him so.

"I wasn't eighteen quite," he went on.

"It was in the fall—October the 20th. Did you ever hear your father speak of Joshua Wilkinson? Yes—I thought likely. I was out fishing that day, in

the morning; but in the afternoon I was down to St. Paul's—that was five miles below, and I remember I was thinking on my way up, the old man would have to give in; St. Peter's was going to be a dwarf, and St. Paul's a giant, and nobody could hinder; and I was going on speculating about that—I remember it very clear, though it was nigh sixty years ago—when, as I turned Fair P'int, I see a sight that seemed to take the strength out of me. A great cloud was rising up from the village, and here and there a bright red flame flashing out. I'd never seen such a sight afore, and for a minit couldn't believe my eyes; it was as hard to get at as when we lose one out of the family to think *that* one is gone. We ain't apt to think somehow that one who belongs *to us* can go."

Uncle was silent for a few minutes after he said this, and July and I sat there as if we hadn't a word to say; but, after a little my sister came out, like herself, with, "Oh yes, uncle, we know how that is, all of us."

She said that because she knew that uncle was thinking about his boy, his only one, who had lost his life at sea, a good many years before; that grief he never could forget; it had saddened his eyes and his heart forever. But, as for herself, out of her own experiences she had no such knowledge. She had never lost any thing she loved except a little schoolmate long ago; but, for uncle's sake, she went back on a flash to her childhood, and dug up the recollection of that time of sorrow, and of awe; or else, it is true that sympathy is a great revelator, and the reverent eyes of a tender heart, looking down into the deeps of grief, and of misery, see the permanent bed fit for telegraphic wire, and forthwith achieve the work which so long baffled science.

"This fire," continued uncle, "burnt up St. Peter's; there wasn't any thing left of it except a few fish-sheds, and the old burying-ground—memories you know. It was only what had been, for St. Peter's."

"Yes," said July, softly, and she moved her chair near to uncle's, and I expected

every moment to see her hand sliding into the old man's. There was a soft place in his heart—and where was the hard place in my Jule's?

"I drew my boat up along shore," continued he, "and ran up the hill, and there they all were—such a company! looking at the fire. Water plenty—a whole sea of it right there, but not enough to put that fire out! The wind was blowing right smart from the north-east, and the fire ran down the line, one house after another, one after another, till you couldn't 'a told your own doorstep from another man's. Do you know what I thought of while I stood there with the rest, looking on? I haven't been able to forgit it since. I thought, if every man's work has got to be tried by fire, as Scriptur' says, it's no wonder that after the last great conflagration there'll be a new heaven and a new earth, for what that a man *does* can stand agen it? When I looked around me, I tell you it was a gloomy sight I saw. But there was two that stood as if they was parts of the old sea-wall, and they was Joshua Wilkinson and my mother."

"She was our great grandmother, Hex," said Jule. "Was she so strong?" she asked, looking up at Uncle Roderick. "But I know she was a grand woman; father always calls her that."

"She was more than a match for anybody I ever saw, except Joshua Wilkinson," said he. "There never was another like *him*. She was standing by an old table, and there was some chairs and an old chest, she seemed to be keeping guard over, which she had saved with her own hands from the fire, and I suppose you won't like to believe it, but that was about all the furniture we had in our house, Miss Jule; and she had saved the two fish-barrels besides, which we had packed the day before. But ours wasn't the only things the fire didn't eat up because she saved 'em. She had been working—oh, you young folks, you don't know any thing about sech work as folks of her kind did in those days—working like any fireman untill the fire got ahead of her, and then there

wasn't any thing to do but stand by and see the houses and sheds eat up by that awful gormandizer. I went round to where she stood. 'Oh, you're home,' she said."

"'Yes, I'm *back*,' I answered."

"'What brought you?' for she wasn't expecting me that night."

"'You wanted me, I reckon,' said I. It was on my tongue's end to say I had come to take her *home with me* down to St. Paul's, but then the thought that it would be a hard thing for her to hear any time, and that she'd take it just then for an insult, kept me from saying it. But, it was what I was thinking, what a fortunate thing it was that I *had* come, so I could carry her down with the way opened so clear before us; for if anything was plain to see, it was that we should *do* at last what I had been laying out to do for years: move out of St. Peter's into St. Paul's. In fact, I hadn't kept that wish of mine a secret. And that my mother remembered in her calamity what I had so often said, was very evident, for she set on me a look that took the measure of me to the last hair of an inch. She was making up her mind while she did it whether she would hate and despise the boy from that time on as long as she lived. I couldn't stand such an eye as that on me, and I turned around to see what the others were doing, when old Joshua saw me, and came striding along. There was I between those two fires!

"'Roderick,' said he, 'this is a poor haul for an old boat, and an old net besides.'

"'That's so, father Wilkinson; but we'll weather this sea and come to land, I reckon,' said I, thinking I must be cheerful for the old folks' sake, and finding it not a hard matter, either, for I had been making a calculation, and, leaving out of 'count the trouble and the sorrow, I hadn't a doubt that we should make money by what had happened. But, don't you expect that you'll ever blind an eagle by any of your rushlights, or pass off a base metal for good coin on a man who knows the feel of gold. I spoke honest. I'd 'a sworn it, if they'd

pinned me down with an accusation; but it was only because I was for the moment under the influence of the old folks—down deeper was the feeling that a chain had broke. I don't say at this time o' day I couldn't help that."

"But of course you couldn't, Uncle Roderick," said I. "Where's the pith of a fellow that's willing to live on a rock, or a sand-bar? I'm glad you wanted to get out. July and I can understand you *there*." I laughed when I said that, but my comrade looked grave, and I seemed to see in an instant the turn that this story would take pretty soon.

"Exactly," said uncle; "that's what I thought. And there was others thought like me. My pardner did."

"Oh, you were in business," said July, "and had a pardner?"

"I sha'n't have that short of five years," said I.

"Four and a half," said Jule, the ready reckoner. She had reason to know, for we had gone over that ground often enough.

"Your father don't seem to think it will be that long. He thinks *he* has a pardner already," said uncle. "Jerry Pell was my pardner. He came round to where I was standing: 'Rod,' he called out, 'we've got our walking ticket. Door's open; all we've got to do is go out. I'll be down at St. Paul's to-morrow—no, I won't, I'll go to-night, and hire a shed; and I guess things have taken the right swing for you and me, after all, if the old folks will be easy, and not make a fuss.'"

"How could they help making a fuss?" said Jule. "Father says he shouldn't know himself if he went into business out of this slip. He could afford it; we might just as well move, but do you think, uncle, we ought to say much about it when he and mother look as if they'd die of homesickness whenever we bring the subject up?"

For the last five minutes I had known that she would ask this question before uncle finished his story, her face had been growing so grave, and the kind of inter-

est she was taking in his yarn was becoming so evident. She had said *We*, but she meant *Me*; though she herself had proposed the transformation of our little back parlor as soon as father and mother were out of town. She had done it, I then suspected and now felt persuaded, in the spirit of compromise. Not that she would ever feel *quite* content and happy on that corner of the slip where we were living. How could she? She was a beautiful girl, and loved every beautiful thing that grew out of the earth or blossomed from the sea. A flower was a sacred sort of wonder to her, always. We had only brick walls, pavements, and merchandise around us; not a nook or corner for vine, bush, or spire of grass, on our premises. Nature was thoroughly ousted from our neighborhood, except human nature; and how much beauty there was in that down there, I'll leave you to find out, if you're curious. We could see the river from our upper windows, but also, between it and ourselves, many an unsightly thing. The wharves where we were children teemed with wonders, to our eyes. It was happiness then to watch the lading and unlading of great ships, and to see the barrels and boxes of foreign fruits opened in the markets, and the fragrant treasures heaped up in carts, and carried about the city. But as we grew older these sights became less wonderful, and were not satisfying.

In a street near by us was an old church, surrounded by a grave-yard; there was our "garden of delight." Excuse this long parenthesis. The shadows on the old stone wall fell as they do in Bierstadt's picture, which critics call a tricky piece of work, I believe, but it is always beautiful in my eyes: thank heaven, they are not the eyes of a *critic*! We used to plant morning-glory seeds, and mignonette among the graves—that was true, earnest work, too—and fancy that, up in heaven, might be beautiful spirits smiling on our pains, and not despising us on account of what we did. It was a great event when one white rose-bush, tall as a young sapling, and as straight, was in blossom there. But,

as any one may know, when we were children no longer, we began to think that another kind of garden, a garden not so haunted by ghosts as this, would be pleasanter, perhaps.

July and I had stood together in the desire and intention to move out of our slip. What we wanted we meant to have; and that was, a *home*, where we could breathe the sweet fresh air, and see the sky, and lose sight and sound of business a few minutes every day. All our friends and neighbors had moved away from our vicinity, one after another, and a visit we had made in the country in the summer had so bewitched us that we returned home to renew the charge with more vigor than ever—for a time. All at once, July grew silent on the subject—so silent that it was a great wonder to me when she joined in my entreaties that father and mother should accept the invitation of an old friend in the country to show their beloved faces to him once more before he died. When they had gone, she surprised me again and still more, by proposing the painting, papering and whitewashing, as I now saw that it was done, as I said before, in a mere compromising spirit.

"When Jerry said that to me," continued uncle, "nobody heard the last part of his speech but me, for I had stepped one side, from Joshua and my mother, afraid of what might come of it, if he kept on in that loud way. I looked around, and I declare there wasn't but them two I mentioned that looked as if they had any heart left in 'em. Joshua looked ten years younger than he did in the morning. He had grown old lately, and, let alone by misfortune, would have sunk into his grave, nobody can tell how soon. But now he looked as if he had been made up again all over. My mother was of the same stuff. When she saw Jerry and me having so much to say to each other, she came right round between us, and said she: 'Well, boys, what's to be done?'

"'Nothing here—that's plain,' said Jerry. And he told me afterwards he felt exactly as if closing in for a fight

with a fellow ten times as strong as he was. She looked up at us both for a minute, then she said:

"'What'st ye mean by that?'

"'We're cleared out here,' said Jerry, 'and that's notice to quit, I take it.'

"'What'st ye mean by *that*?' she said again, in a different voice though. I could feel the storm that was coming.

"'Why we ain't born fools, Rod and I ain't,' he answered. 'We'll go into business, now, where we can make a live of it.'

"'Rod and *you*,' she said, looking at him from head to foot; 'well, go!'

"She turned about as she spoke, and went off and stood by the stuff she had saved from the fire.

"'You've spoke too quick,' said I to Jerry. He was angry at that; not so much at that either, as at the feeling he had, and wanted to get rid of, that the old woman was too much for him.

"'If you don't know enough to strike when the iron's hot, you won't do for a blacksmith,' said he to me. 'But, you ain't blind, any of you. It's getting on towards night. Why don't you stand up like a man, and say you're *going*?'"

"'Leave *her* here?' That was a clincher. He flinched a little, but then he said: 'Yes! if it comes to that. For one night. It's your time, now, Rod, and it won't be again. You think 'twould be cruel, but I say 'twould be kind.'

"I believed he was right, Hez, while he was saying it, but when I turned round and looked at the old man and the old woman, I couldn't fight 'em. I couldn't go off, either, and leave her thinking over night that I had forsook her. I believe she would 'a cast me off, to her dying day, if she had lived through that night."

"If you could 'a left her you wouldn't have been Uncle Rod," said July, the flatterer; and there she sat with her hand in the old man's, just what I knew would happen when I began to see the drift of the story.

"So then I went and stood by her," said uncle, "and old Joshua he looked at me, and says he, 'Rod, we'll make a

better town out of St. Peter's than we built before. We've got all our old experience at the back of us; we're all the richer for *that*.' Everybody heard it, and what could I do?"

"You could do what you did, uncle, and you couldn't do any thing else," said his alder and abettor, the traitor.

"What *did* you do, anyhow?" I asked.

"I made a speech," said he; "the first and the last I ever made. Feared to reek my reputation ever sence."

"Make it over again," we exclaimed, together.

"Not I. Where would be the pith? as you say. But I made a clean breast of it, I'll tell you *that*. I asked why we should stay at St. Peter's and starve through the winter, when we could go to St. Paul's and be comfortable? But I didn't dare to leave the question as I'd put it. I had to tack on an end to it. So I said, that was what a good many of us was thinking, but there was more than one answer to be given to the question; and I asked the folks to say right out what they was thinking. And out of all that I heard speak around me, there wasn't but two for staying, and those were the old ones. But there were some who said nothing.

"It's better to go and eat up other folks' bread, than stay and 'arn your own,' said old Wilkinson. 'The men who settled here with me didn't agree to that kind of doctrine, for they were *men*. They planted this here place with the expectation it would grow and flourish. Why hasn't it? Ain't there fish enough in yon sea for two such places as St. Peter's and St. Paul's? Yes, and for fifty like 'em. Haven't we got the stuff here ekel to any you'll find within ten miles, eh? And it's our own stuff—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. You young men say every thing is wiped out, and you've got to begin ag'in. I say, *that's so*! You ain't satisfied with what your old fathers have done afore you. Well, I ain't either, for that! St. Peter's ain't been the place I expected of it; so we'll begin ag'in, and do our work over. Good thing it's

wiped out, if it ain't fit to stand and hold its own. The ground is our'n, and there's timber and drift enough right round to build our houses over ag'in, and if you young fellows don't have a dozen ships trading for'ard and back afore you're a dozen years older, more's the shame to you. There! you've got it in your hands—talk about staying and starving! If you starve here, you'll deserve to!"

"It was pretty harsh talk, and didn't take with the fellows—most of 'em. Jerry was a leader at that moment, and he felt it. A good many of the boys looked at him when I stood still and said nothing. The old man knew what was in the wind. He turned to him, as well as the rest: 'Come along, Jerry,' said he, mighty friendly; 'speak out your mind.'

"I can't speak for any but myself," said Jerry. 'I should 'a gone away from this if it hadn't been for the fire—just the same. I was only waiting for Rod.' Then they all looked at me, and I felt as if I had St. Peter's in my hand."

"And you did," said July; "father has often told us that."

"Well, it's a big handful now, any way," said uncle, and the smoke of his pipe rose up in solid columns.

"You said you'd stay, of course?"

"I didn't—I couldn't. But I said we could live in the fish-sheds awhile—till we got ready to begin ag'in, and that's what we did. But, I tell you, we saw hard times through November, with winter close to the front. It was as though every man of us stared famine in the face! But the old folks never flinched; they forgot that they had earned an old age of plenty and rest, by steady hard work all their lives, and it wasn't a great while afore the young ones was ashamed to complain; and at last the thing that was needed came; and, young feller, I don't know as it ever failed a man who was trying to do his duty. It was along in December, late as that, when there came such a shoal of mackerel round our P'int as put money in every man's pocket in St. Peter's. Only twice in my life have I seen any thing like that. It's

rare to get a big December haul. We had a merry Christmas, Hez—up to our eyes in fish-brine all winter—like to be drowned in it! And the best of it was, we had all the young fellows back with us in the spring, and old Joshua and your grandmother lived to see the village growing up and flourishing again; but they died before we got the church built. He laid the foundation-stone, though, and it was just on the site of his old house.”

“He did?” said I, thinking.

But July had more to say.

“That’s what we’ll do, Hez, if we ever move away from the slip. Father shall give the lots for a church. We won’t let anybody else live in the old place, if we ever do move away. That’s what always troubled me, when I saw what happened after the others moved out.”

“But we’re never going, you know,” said I.

“Not unless they are willing and more than willing,” she answered. “Uncle Roderick, you’ve preached a sermon here without knowing it.”

Uncle Roderick did what I had never seen him do before. He forgot that he was a rough old seafaring man, and not an elegant gentleman; he leaned over toward July and looked at her a moment, and then kissed her so deliberately that neither of us could doubt he meant to do it. He was not offended after all because of this fact—that when the omnibus broke down he had made haste on foot to find the little back parlor of his nephew in Winslow’s slip.

We never moved away from the old place while father and mother lived. When at last we did go into the country—**THE COUNTRY!** Thy fair fields and gardens, Lord of all the vineyards! gatherer of all the precious vintage grapes!—a mission church was built where the old house stood. The House of Love changed hands. All my July’s doing, or my story would have ended a paragraph short of this. She called the church **ST. PETER’S**.

When I look at her—beauty, and pride, and joy of my mortal life!—I am

selfish enough to say to myself: “She will outlive me. I shall not have the anguish of her loss to endure—she kept the commandment—and her “days shall be long in the land.”

FINGER RINGS.

THE finger-ring is not alone a woman’s possession, as any casual observer must confess. The great glaring settings of red and green and white—the resplendent clusters of “diamonds,” which form a striking feature of many men’s hands, render it certain that woman has no exclusive right in the finger-ring, as she has in the necklace, the wristlet, the brooch, etc. And why should she, when from time immemorial kings and their male subjects have sported the bauble? The art lavished on the construction of the ornament, by the artisans of to-day, scarcely equals that practiced by the jewelers of two hundred years ago. The designs and mountings of rings in Queen Elizabeth’s time have not been excelled in later days, owing, doubtless, to the limited scope for invention offered by the circular form and necessarily light body of the metal.

But few collections of rings exist in this country. We are too busy forging fortunes, or in wooing the queen of progress, to devote time and attention to gathering up such relics. In Europe, however, much interest centers in such collections. We saw, in a late visit to Paris, several very fine cabinets of designs, many of them of high interest, having belonged to, and been worn by, those whose names are historic—kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, artists, authors, priests, and others of notable fame. The Hôtel de Cluny alone contains relics enough of this sort, from the time of Charlemagne to the Empire, to amaze the beholder. Millions upon millions of money lie shut up in cases containing the veritable crowns, necklaces, swords, rings, etc., with all their precious jewels intact, of *hundreds* of the crowned and great in French history. Let no visitor to Paris forget the Hôtel de Cluny!

A superb cabinet, known as the Londesboro' collection, is the best in Great Britain. It contains numerous rings of early English and some few of Roman times, but is not rich in historic associations. Many "precious monuments," however, of English monarchs and "greatnesses" are preserved in the British Museum, in the rings they wore, around which center a painful interest. Private hands, however, possess most of the finger treasures of England's great dead. In France such relics pass, by a kind of gravitation made up of pride and oppression, into the keeping of government; hence, the "Seventeen palaces of Art," which are every Frenchman's justly honorable boast. In England it is the contrary. Noble houses preserve their own treasures, and, to this day, some of the choicest of old mementoes are possessed by humble persons—descendents of those to whom the treasure originally belonged. The English character itself must be changed ere Great Britain will possess a counterpart to the Hôtel de Cluny.

Signet rings were, at an early day, adopted as the evidence both of nobility and authority. Then they soon gained a commercial value, and every leading tradesman had "his mark" upon his hand, that it might be used when required as his *signature*. Two, preserved in the Londesboro' collection, afford a correct idea of these really serviceable rings. No. 1 is a private signet on its face, with



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

the owner's initials upon its side. It is of green and red enamel, exquisitely chased. No. 2 is a real commercial signet. These marks varied with every owner, and were as peculiar to himself as is the modern autograph; they were a combination of initials or letter-like devices, frequently surmounted by a cross, or a conventional sign, believed to represent the sails of a ship, in allusion to their trading-vessels. These marks were

placed upon the bales of merchandise, and were constantly used where the coat-armor or badge of a nobleman or gentleman entitled to bear arms would be placed.

Of the renowned queens, Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, interesting mementoes are preserved in the shape

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.



of rings. Fig. 3 represents the gold signet-ring of Mary, now preserved in the British Museum. Upon the face is engraved the royal arms and supporters of the Kingdom of Scotland, with the motto *IN DEFENS*, and her initials, M. R. But the most curious portion of the ring is the inner side of the seal, as shown in the cut, where a crowned monogram is engraved, which might have been an unsolved enigma, but for the existence in the State Paper Office of a letter written by Mary to Queen Elizabeth, in which she has drawn this identical monogram after signing her name. Sir Henry Ellis, who first traced out this curious history, wrote: "It is clearly formed of the letters M and A (for Mary and Albany), and gives countenance to the opinion that the written monogram was intended for Elizabeth and Burleigh to study; the subsequent creation of the title of Duke of Albany in Lord Darnley ultimately opening their eyes to the enigma." Elizabeth's intense dislike to the Darnley marriage is well known, as she endeavored to force Mary into a match with one of her own favorites, the Earl of Leicester.

The Waterton collection boasts a gem of no inferior interest in connection with this unhappy marriage. It is the ring of Henry, Lord Darnley, husband to

Mary Queen of Scots. On the bezel it bears the two initials M. H., united by a lover's knot, and within the hoop the name engraved of HENRI L. DARNLEY, and the year of the marriage, 1565. The cut, fig. 4, shows the face of the ring, with the initials; below it is engraved a *fac simile* of the interior of the ring as a plane surface.

Queen Elizabeth's history, and that of her unfortunate favorite, the Earl of Essex, has a tragic story connected with a ring. The narrative is popularly known, and may be briefly told. It is said that the queen, at a time when she was most passionately attached to the earl, gave him a ring, with the assurance that she would pardon any fault of which he might be accused when he should return that pledge. Long after this, when he was condemned for treason, she expected to receive this token, and was prepared to grant the promised pardon. It came not. The queen was confirmed in the belief that he had ceased to care for her, and pride and jealousy consigned him to the death of a traitor. But the earl had, in the last extremity of despair, intrusted the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, wife to the Lord High Admiral, an enemy of the unfortunate Essex, who forbade his wife to take any proceedings in the matter, but to conceal the trust entirely, and secrete the ring. When the countess lay upon her death-bed, she sent for her royal mistress, for the first time told her guilt, "and humbly implored mercy from God and forgiveness from her earthly sovereign, who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in bed, sent her, accompanied with most fearful curses, to a higher tribunal." Such is the awful account of the scene by Francis Osborne. Dr. Birch says that the words used by Elizabeth were, "God may forgive you, but I never can." It was the death-blow to the proud old queen, whose regret for the death of Essex could not be quenched by her pride and belief in his ingratitude. A confirmed melancholy settled upon her; she died lonely and broken-hearted. Thus was the murder of Fotheringay avenged.

This ring is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, and three views of it are here engraved. It is of gold, of extremely delicate workmanship throughout. A cameo head of the queen is cut on hard onyx and set as its central jewel; the execution of this head is of the highest order, and may possibly have been the work of Valerio Vincentino, an

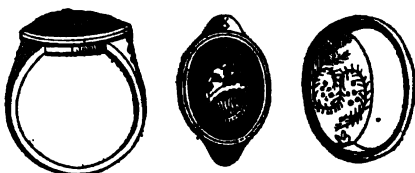


FIG. 5.

Italian artist who visited England and cut similar works for Elizabeth and Burleigh. It is one of the most minute but the most powerful of likenesses. The hoop of the ring is enriched with engraving, and the under-surface decorated with floriated ornament, relieved by blue enamel. It has descended from Lady Frances Devereux, Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother and daughter, to the present possessor. Although the entire story has met with disbelievers, the most skeptical must allow that whether this be the ring or not, it is valuable as a work of art of the Elizabethan era.

A ring possessing even greater claim to notice, but depending for its appropriation on its own internal evidence, purports to be the seal-ring of William Shakspeare, and was found March 16, 1810, by a laborer's wife, in the mill

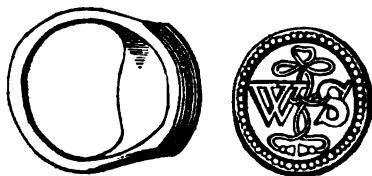


FIG. 6.

close adjoining Stratford-on-Avon churchyard. It passed into the possession of R. B. Wheeler, Esq., the historian of the town; and his sister, at his death, presented it to the museum of Shaksperian relics formed in the birthplace

of the poet. It is of gold, weighing 12 dwts; having the initials W. S. braced together by a tasseled cord; the only other ornament upon the ring being a band of pellets and lines on the outer edge of the bezel.

Rings were at this time an almost necessary part of the fit-out of a gentleman; they indicated rank and character by their style or their devices. Hence the wills and inventories of the era abound with notices of rings, many persons wearing them in profusion, as may be seen in the portraits painted at this time. The Germans particularly delighted in them, and wore them upon many fingers, and upon different joints of the fingers, the forefinger especially—a whimsical custom still kept by their descendants. The ladies even wreathed them in the bands of their head-dresses. Rabelais, in his renowned romance, speaks of the rings Gargantua wore because his father desired him to "renew that ancient mark of nobility." On the forefinger of his left hand he had a gold ring, set with a large carbuncle; and on the middle finger one of mixed metal, then usually made by alchemists. On the middle finger of the right hand he had "a ring made spire-wise, wherein was set a perfect bawle ruby, a pointed diamond, and a Physon emerald of inestimable value."

Italy then furnished the most splendid and tasteful jewelry—the workmen of Venice exceeding all others. The Londesboro' collection supplies us with a graceful example, Fig. 7. The claws support the setting of a sharply-pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

coveted for writing on glass. It was with a similar ring Raleigh wrote the words on the window pane—"Fain

would I rise, but that I fear to fall"—to which Queen Elizabeth added—"If thy heart fail thee, do not rise at all;" an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

In Burgon's life of Sir Thomas Gresham is engraved the wedding-ring of that eminent merchant-prince. "It opens horizontally, thus forming two rings, which are nevertheless linked together, and respectively inscribed on the inner side with a Scripture posy. *Quod Deus conjunxit* is engraved on one half, and *Homo non separet* on the other." [See Fig. 8.]

Such rings were known as gimmel or gimmel rings, the word being derived from the Italian *gemelli*, twins. The two making one, and though separate, undivisible, peculiarly fitted them for wedding-rings. Their structure will be best understood from the very fine specimen in the Londesboro' collection, Fig. 9. The

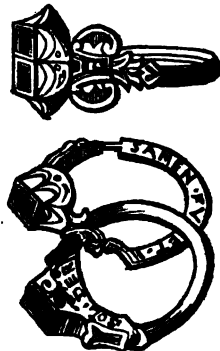


FIG. 9.

ring, as closed and worn on the finger, is shown in the uppermost figure. It is set with sapphire and amethyst, the elaborate and beautiful design enriched by colored enamels. The lower figure shows the ring parted, displaying the inscription on the flat side of each section, which is also enriched by engraving and *niello*.

Dryden, in his play of "Don Sebastian," describes such a ring:

"A curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceived;
Yet they were both each other's counterpart.
(Her part had *Juan* inscribed, and his had *Zaida*;
You know those names, were theirs), and in the
midst

A heart divided in two halves was placed.
Now if the rivets of those rings inclosed
Fit not each other, I have forged this life :
But if they join, we must forever part."

A complete illustration of this passage of the poet is afforded by our next example from the same collection, Fig. 10.

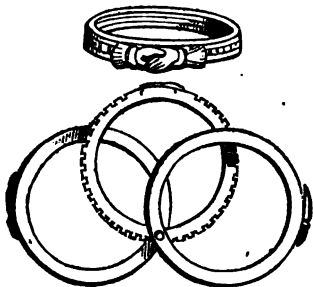


FIG. 10.

It also illustrates Dr. Nares' remark that "gimmel rings, though originally double, were by a further refinement made triple, or even more complicated; yet the name remained unchanged. So Herrick :

"Thou sent'st to me a true love-knot; but I
Return a ring of jimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tie."

This ring is shown as it appears when closed. It parts into three hoops, secured on a small pivot, as seen above; the toothed edge of the central hoop forming an ornamental center to the hoop of the ring, and having two hearts in the middle; a hand is affixed to the side of the upper and lower hoop—the fingers slightly raised, so that when the hoops are brought together, they link in each other, and close over the hearts, securing all firmly.

A mechanical ring of still greater mystic significance is shown, fig. 11, and

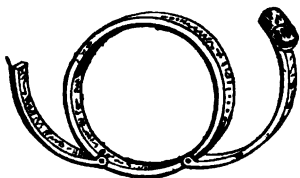


FIG. 11.

is one of the most curious of the Londes-boro' series. The outside of the hoop is

perfectly plain, and is set with a ruby and amethyst. Upon pressing these stones, a spring opens, and discovers the surface covered with magical signs and names of spirits; among them Asmodiel, Nachiel, and Zamiel occur, a similar series occupying the interior of the hoop. Such a ring might be worn without suspicion of its true import, looking simplicity itself, but fraught with impious meaning. It was probably constructed for some German mystic philosopher, at a time when students, like Faust, devoted themselves and their fortune to occult sciences, believing in the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and the power given to man to control the unseen world of spirits.

The "plain gold ring" of matrimony was, at that time, (A. D. 1600,) generally inscribed with a "posy" of one or two lines of rhyme. Two specimens are here engraved. Fig. 12 is formed like the



FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.

badge of the Order of the Garter, with the buckle in front, and the motto of the Order outside the hoop; inside are the words: "I'll win and wear you." The ordinary form of ring is shown in Fig. 18, and is inscribed, "Let Likinge laste." They were invariably inscribed *inside* the hoop. Thus Lyly, in his "Euphues," 1597, addressing the ladies, hopes they will favor his work, "writing their judgments as you do the posies in your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seen of him that holdeth you by the hand, and yet known by you that wear them on your hands." Such jingling rhymes were in great request, and exerted the ingenuity of poetasters and small wits. They are generally in double, seldom in triple lines of rhyme. The six following *posies* are selected as good examples of the average inspirations of ring-poets :

"Selthe God hath wrought this choice in thee,
So frame thyselfe to comfowrth mee."

"United hearts death only parts."

"Let us share in joy and care."

"A faithful wife preserveth life."

"God decreed, so we agreed."

"Love and live happily."

The custom of thus inscribing rings continued until the middle of the last century. There is a story told of Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1753, that he inscribed his *fourth* wife's ring with these words:

"If I survive, I'll make them five."

The most famed rings whose bodies were used as receptacles for relics or poisons must be mentioned. One of these belonged to Cæsar Borgia, the son of Pope Alexander VI, both adepts in poisoning. A grasp from the hand wearing this ring insured a very slow, but certain, death; it contained a virulent poison, which found vent through a small spike, pressed out by a spring when the hand was grasped, and which was so slight in its operation as to be scarcely felt, and not usually noticed by the person wounded during the excitement of the hearty friendship so well simulated. When conspiracies against the life of William of Orange were rife under the influence of the court of Spain [*circa* 1582], the unworthy son of Count Egmont "had himself undertaken to destroy the prince at his own table by means of poison which he kept concealed in a ring. Saint Aldegonde (his friend and counselor) was to have been taken off in the same way, and a hollow ring filled with poison was said to have been found in Egmont's lodgings."*

The exquisitely elaborated designs adopted during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the Venetian rings, and the beauty of settings used, have never been surpassed. Take, for instance, the following: have Tiffany, or Ball, Black & Co., any thing more beautiful in all their elegant cases? Fig. 14 is set with three stones in raised bezels; to their bases are affixed, by a swivel, gold pendent ornaments, each set with a garnet; as the hands move these pendants fall about the finger, the stones glittering in the movement. This fashion was evi-

dently borrowed from the East, where people delight in pendent ornaments, and even affix them to articles of utility. Fig. 15 is a ring of silver, of East Indian workmanship, discovered in the ruins of one of their most ancient temples; to its center are affixed bunches of pear-shaped hollow drops of silver, which jingle with a soft low note as the hand moves.

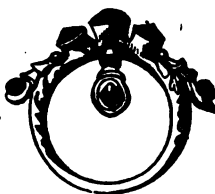


FIG. 14.



FIG. 15.

The eastern tale of "The Fish and the Ring," invented thousands of years since, has survived to our own day, and is still related and believed. In the church at Stepney, England, is a tomb to the memory of Lady Rebecca Berry, who died 1696, in whose coat-of-arms a fish and an annulet appear. She has hence been supposed the heroine of a once popular ballad, the scene of which is laid in Yorkshire, entitled "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," which narrates how one of knightly rank, in passing a village, heard the cry of a woman in travail, and was told by a witch that he was predoomed to marry that girl on her arrival at womanhood. The knight, in deep disgust, draws a ring from his finger, and casting it into a rapid river, vows he will never do so unless she can produce that ring. After many years a fish is brought to the farmer's daughter to dress for dinner, and she finds the ring in its stomach, enabling her to win a titled husband, who no longer fights against his fate.

Memorial rings were sometimes made to contain a portrait—the stone not unfrequently concealing the likeness. Fig. 16 is still extant. It was, apparently, made for some devoted follower of the fortunes of Charles I, when such devotion was equivalent, if discovered, to a death-warrant. A table-cut diamond is set within an oval rim, acting as a lid to a small case, opening by means of a spring, and

* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." See also Boodle's Monthly for February: Art. "William of Orange."

revealing a portrait of Charles, executed in enamel. The face of the ring, its back, and side portions of the shank, are decorated with engraved scroll-work, filled



FIG. 16.



FIG. 17.

in with black enamel. "Relics" of this kind, are consecrated by much higher associations than what the mere crust of time bestows upon them; and even were they not sufficiently old to excite the notice of the antiquary, they are well deserving of attention from their exhibiting "memorials of feelings which must ever command respect and admiration." Horace Walpole had among his very miscellaneous gatherings at Strawberry Hill, "one of the only seven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature behind a death's head; between the letters C. R. the motto, 'Prepared be to follow me.'"

A much more lugubrious memorial is furnished in Fig. 17. Two figures of skeletons surround the finger and support a small sarcophagus. The ring is of gold enameled, the skeletons being made still more hideous by a covering of white enamel. The lid of the sarcophagus is also enameled, with a Maltese cross in red, on a black ground studded with gilt hearts. This lid is made to slide off, and display a very minute skeleton lying within.

These doleful decorations first came into favor and fashion at the obsequious court of France when Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry II. At that time she was a widow, and in mourning; so black and white became fashionable colors; jewels were formed like funeral memorials; golden ornaments shaped like coffins, holding enameled skeletons, hung from the neck; watches made to fit in little silver skulls were attached to the waists of the demizens of a

court that had alternately indulged in profanity or piety, but who mourned show.*

These death's head rings were very commonly worn by the middle classes in the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries; particularly by such as affected a respectable gravity. Luther used to wear a gold ring, with a small death's head in enamel, and these words: "Mori sæpe cogita" (think oft of death); round the setting was engraved, "O mors, ero mors tua" (Death, I will be thy death). This ring is preserved at Dresden. Shakspeare, in his *Love's Labor Lost* (Act V, scene 2), makes his jesting courtier, Biron, compare the countenance of Holofernes to "a death's face in a ring." A similar ring, it is known, was worn by one of Shakspeare's fellow-townsmen.

Recurring to the eastern nations, in whose eyes jewelry always has found great favor, we find that the Indians prefer rings with large floriated faces, spreading over three fingers like a shield. When made for the wealthy in massive gold, the flower leaves are of cut jewels, but the humbler classes, who equally love display, are content with them in cast silver.

A triplicate of Moorish rings will enable us to understand their peculiarities.

FIG. 18.

FIG. 19.



FIG. 20.

Fig. 18 has a large circular face, composed of a cluster of small bosses, set with five circular turquoise, and four rubies; the

* Before we condemn the old courtiers of France, we must remember that it is but a few years ago since it was the fashion for young men in this country to wear scarf-pins and shirt studs like skulls, and rings with skulls and crossbones! This ghastly decoration was adopted from caprice alone; it had not even the excuse of conforming to any taste or necessity.

center being a turquoise, with a ruby and turquoise alternating round it. The ring is of silver. It is in the Londesboro' collection, as is Fig. 19, another silver ring set with an octangular bloodstone, with a circular turquoise on each side. Fig. 20 is a signet ring, bearing the name of its original owner engraved on a cornelian. This also is of silver.

The modern Egyptians indulge greatly in finger-rings. The wife of the poorest peasant will cover her hands with them, though they be only set in pewter, decorated with gems of colored glass, and not worth a penny each. For ladies of the higher class very pretty rings are designed. One of them is here engraved (Fig. 22), from an original purchased by



FIG. 21.

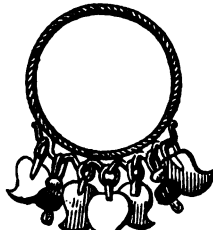


FIG. 22.

the author in Cairo. It is a simple hoop of twisted gold, to which is appended a series of pendent ornaments, consisting of small beads of coral, and thin plates of gold cut to represent the leaves of a plant. As the hand moves, these ornaments play about the finger, and a very brilliant effect might be produced if diamonds were used in the pendants. Fig. 21 is the ring commonly worn by the middle class Egyptian men. They are usually of silver, set with mineral stones, and are valued as the manufacture of the silversmiths of Mecca, that sacred city being supposed to exert a holy influence on all the works it originates.

There is also a curious ring, with a double "keeper," worn by Egyptian men, as shown in Fig. 23. It is composed entirely of common cast silver, set with mineral stone. The lowermost keeper of twisted wire is first put on the finger, then follows the ring, the second keeper is then brought down upon it; the two

being held by a brace which passes at the back of the ring, and gives security to the whole.



FIG. 23.

At the commencement of the present century, "harlequin-rings" were fashionable. They were so called because set round with variously-colored stones, in some way resembling the motley costume of the hero of pantomime. To these succeeded "Regard-rings," the stones selected so that the initial of the name of each spelt altogether the word *regard*, thus:

- RE—Ruby.
- EE—Emerald.
- GI—Garnet.
- AA—Amethyst.
- EE—Ruby.
- DD—Diamond.

These pleasing and agreeable *gages d'amitie* originated with the French jewelers, and were soon made to spell proper names. Where precious stones could not be obtained with the necessary initial, mineral stones, such as *lapis-lazuli* and *verdes antique*, were pressed into the service. These rings are now occasionally made. The Princess Alexandra of Wales is said to possess one having the familiar name of the Prince, "Bertie," spelt thus upon it.

We presume that our "shoddy" folks whose persons blaze with diamonds and coruscate with precious metals, will not be long in adopting this new idea: the only difficulty will be to find the stones whose first letters combined will spell Polly Ann Stubbs, Phœbiana Pixey, Betsey Mahaly Jinks, etc. But, as Yankee ingenuity is equal to squeezing lemonade out of a turnip, "shoddy" need not despair: "precious stones" can be *invented* for their use.

TOM BLAKE.

WHEN summer-clouds sail o'er the prairie,

Like shadows that dance in their wake,
Though I try to be wise and be wary,
My thoughts are pursuing Tom Blake.

They tell me, "he's worth not a penny,"
That "to love him is quite a mistake;"
I know, as to wealth, if I'd any,
I'd freely divide with Tom Blake.

But wealth can be gathered forever,
It lies on the land and the lake;
But, if they compel us to sever,
There's never another Tom Blake.

I care not though others may scorn him,
I'd frown on them all for his sake,
For the Graces combine to adorn him—
Love lives in the glance of Tom Blake.

The passion now heaving my bosom
Is wild as the winds on the lake,
And still they cry, "Fanny, refuse him,"
When who *could* I love but Tom Blake?

Alas! for the fate of poor woman!
Alas! for the steps she may take!
My heart, with a love that is human,
Devotedly clings to Tom Blake.

Sometimes we wed to our sorrow,
And sometimes we wed thro' mistake;
But, if he should kill me to-morrow,
To-day I would marry Tom Blake!

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

HIS father was Welsh and his mother Provençal, each with a strong natural passion and national accent, so that the wonder is he did not turn out even worse—this Jules; for the slow-brewing purpose of the north and the quick, explicit impulse of the south mix in breed, like beer and Burgundy in the brain, with bad result. He was shoved out into life, like a poor little scape-goat of a pawn, by players who soon abandoned the game, and he grew up, no one knew why or how; having no inheritance but his humanity, and no protection but the blind instinct which seethes among the child-spawn of cities and makes men

and women at last of horrid larvæ. At twenty-one he sailed from Bremen for America, a gay, ready, ardent fellow, his wits sharp and morals dull in proportion, his emotional nature so criss-crossed by the strife he had had for a crust to live by, that nothing had yet cut through the coating and traced an impression on it, and his whole character shifting and unsettled as mercury waiting for the amalgam of events to fix it which way might be.

At sea, Jules met his destiny, in the form of a woman—a little fair-faced German, called Bertha Ruhl; a girl who was coy in lifting her eyes and giving her word, and who needed patient wooing put into plain words. She was every way Jules' opposite; the salient points of one character filled the lack of the other, where their combined decisions met.

Jules' love was a strange experience. It contained all those elements for which he had found no other expression; the reverence of religion, the trust of child-love, the ardor and ecstasy of a man. The crowded ship was like a heaven to him; the tedious passage only too short, for its end was to bring separation; for Bertha was prudent as well as fond, and Jules was forced to agree that they should not marry until he had made a home. The plan he formed was to settle upon and clear western land. He had some money, shrewd, supple perceptions, a wiry, well-knit frame, and the inspiration of his eager love, to begin with. Enough. It is hard to think that a man with that much to start upon should have come, justly, to serve a ten years' term in State Prison; should be slinking along in the shadow of the bare branches, peering about him with feverish eyes, like a man used to being watched; starting as the snow crunched under his unsteady feet, and once in a while, stopping to wipe the sweat from his face, although it was a bitter cold night, and, above all, bearing about him the disgracing look of a man who dare not raise his head among other men—the brand which the convict, who feels his crime, can not get rid of—as Jules was.

It was New Year's Eve. He had been out of prison a month, waiting in a hopeless, dreary way for a chance to earn some other clothes than those he brought out with him ; to give his hair and beard time to grow ; to wear off, as it were, some of those motley stains of confinement before he was seen by—by any one who knew him.

He was near his home all the while, near his wife—for he had home and wife, both ; or rather—he clasped his hands hopelessly to his head as the thought came—he *had had* them. He crawled along the edge of the oak coppice, stopping, shaking, so that he held by the low branches beside him, staring, in a kind of frenzy at a wreath of smoke that rose from a house in a clearing before him. Ten years ! The thought of them aged him more than the years themselves had done. The chance of what they might have forfeited clogged his soul !

When Jules had come off shipboard, he had followed his plan of going to the far west, had chosen his land, put up a log house with the first fruits of his ax, and begun the work which was to win Bertha. A period of sober digging and delving followed. The slow winters slipped away, and each spring there were the more cleared acres for the summer sun to ripen the grain in. The implacable seasons did their work, and Jules his. At the end of the fifth harvest, the farm was half paid for, and Bertha and he were married. Jules had expended the energy of two common men ; he had striven early and late, had been even niggardly in his personal economies, ascetic in his self-denials ; and, notwithstanding that he was naturally pleasure-loving and extravagant, he had done it all easily, as he had afterward done worse—for Bertha's sake.

Bertha had hardly been behind her lover in thrift, during their probation. Indeed, thrift was her principle as it was Jules' impulse. Besides the wealth of her womanly management, she brought with her furniture, which was to quite transform their rude home, and establish for them a pioneer aristocracy, in appearance. She had her six silver teaspoons,

a substantial carpet for the best room, patch-work quilts and linen sheets, with muslin curtains deftly flowered, in old country style, by her own fingers. She was a comely little body ; round, white-skinned, active, even-tempered ; strong and masterly with her work, punctual—so that the neighbors said that Bertha's dinner-bell was good as a sun-dial ; and Jules, watching wonderingly her handiness and economy, began to think he should have been worth as much again as at present, had he been married five years earlier.

His poor, tossed life lulled itself with happiness. Comfort was an apocalypse to him, and Bertha a perpetual study of beauty and delight. He no more believed that there was another woman like her in the world, another man as blessed as himself, than he believed that one day his own deed would put an impassable barrier between him and her. He forgot the miserable sufferings of his childhood and the almost superhuman toil of his youth, and felt that his fate had been an exceptional felicity.

The short winter days which followed their marriage, slipped away like sand through the fingers, and it was early in April, when that delicious earthy smell fills the air, and the ground seems to throb with a warm instinct of production, and the twilights are long, purple and fragrant. The Griffins, who seemed, somehow, predestinedly forehanded, had a new milch cow in advance of their neighbors, and Bertha had gone, after supper, to carry a pail of milk to a farmer's wife, whose children were sick. Jules—always uneasy if she was out of his sight, made a pretense of looking through the wood for a stray heifer, and coming out to the road presently, sat balancing himself on the fence, and waiting for her return. He saw her coming soon. There was a young moon hanging faint and silvery in the sky, whose slant rays struck the little tin-pail which she carried ; and he waited, his heart bounding with happy thoughts, for her approach. He was about to spring down to meet her when he saw that there was a man close behind her, and, with a

gnawing twinge of jealousy, that it was Abel Garth. Garth was a neighbor, and a richer farmer than Jules, having had more capital to work with, and more practical knowledge. He was a young man, also; Jules and he had been fast friends formerly, consulting one another continually. But since Jules' marriage, visitors had seemed half like intruders, and he had not been over-cordial to Abel; particularly as the young man had been pretty free in admiring his wife, and expressing his envy of his friend's good luck in getting such a one—compliments Jules' hot blood did not relish; and it gave him, as I said, a cold, numb feeling to see him in Bertha's company. A moment, though, showed him that she was unconscious of Garth's presence. She stepped lithely and quickly along, a fragment of song rippling across her warm, fresh lips. She wore no bonnet, and the air had grown suddenly chilly. Just at that moment she unpinning the little shawl she wore, and moved to throw it over her head. As she lifted her arms, Abel sprang a step forward, caught her about the waist and kissed her mouth. Frightened and bewildered, Bertha extricated herself from his clasp, and confronting him, cried out, as she recognized him:

"How dare you, Abel Garth?"

His face was still close to hers.

"Bertha," he began.

But Bertha—her nerves, which had quivered a moment, strung again—gave him a quick blow with her firm little knuckles, and, waiting for nothing further, bounded away, and ran till she reached home.

Jules, unnoticed, never stirred. The bad, forgotten passion of his boyhood's bad, forgotten life swelled within him. He was dizzy and faint with agitation. He was so wildly, madly jealous because another man had dared to touch the lips of his wife, that the man's life seemed a trifling expiation for the deed; and yet, though he murdered Abel in his heart, he was incapable to stir his hands; his frenzy seemed to consume his strength. He clenched the rail of the fence convulsively; his teeth chattered, and every

limb shook, till Abel Garth, after an instant, turned back the way he had come, and was soon out of sight. Then Jules' unaccomplished vengeance curdled in his heart, with a sediment of venomous exasperation. He went slowly home, and even Bertha's face looked changed to him. He was bitterly reticent, and gave no sign of what he had seen as he brooded upon it. While she, after a little struggle, yielded to a woman's common horror of disturbance, and, treating the matter in her clear, sensible way, as to be redeemed through her own dignity, was silent about Abel's act.

Jules could not doubt his wife. He realized her too truly, and the better and longer he trusted her balanced judgment and steady, upright heart, the more he hated the man who had dared to wrong them.

The plowing and planting went on; the summer ripened and waned, but Jules was not himself. He breathed tainted air, ate poisoned food; his happiness was dashed, and he sullenly waited for the compensation of revenge to bring back his lost peace.

The harvest was very bountiful. The barns were filled to overflowing, and just before the time for the threshing to begin, he went out, one midnight, trod, with his wretched purpose, over the road where Abel had met Bertha, relived what he had suffered in that April dusk, and nerved with its remembrance, fired Garth's granaries. The lofty mows hissed and crackled; a great, hollow, roaring flame swept up to the midnight sky, and the year's wealth was blotted out.

It was a pitiful, silly revenge. A man of common judgment would have counted consequences—the arrest, trial, sentence, and its execution—all of which came, of course. Jules' counting was done afterward, through the interminable years of imprisonment, drudgery, death-in-life, which followed, and not all finished that winter night, when he stole within sight of the home he had forfeited, and shrunk back into the icy woods.

And yet, the prison had not degraded Jules Griffin's soul; its discipline had

tempered his impatience, its solitude had chastened him; it had shaken his self-reliance, and taught him—God. He came out—perhaps it would be presumptuous to say a better man—but more available for a worthy life than he had entered. But his self-trust was shaken to the center. He needed now to be trusted and encouraged by others. But who is there to encourage a man who has herded with the refuse of the earth for ten long years, even though his struggling soul has risen above his captivity?

"Come in."

Bertha Griffin raised her pleasant voice in answer to a tap at her door, and a slight flush crossed her face as she did so. She sat alone in her tidy kitchen, by the firelight—a fair, comely woman, with a youthful freshness about her face and form, although she was no longer young.

The room seemed to be saying that it was New Year's Eve, for Bertha had the Fatherland love for the season; it was her unadmitted sentiment—her one holiday, and her kitchen walls were hung with evergreens, making deep bays of shadow, against which the glow of the firelight broke in ruddy outlines. The speckless pine table was covered with frosty cakes, and flaky pies, made ready for to-morrow, and a little tripod on the hearth held a bright saucepan, in which a tumbler or more of spiced, home-made wine simmered temptingly.

Bertha's needles clicked in the silence, as she knitted away—Bertha was always busy—and her face expressed the complacent thoughts which filled her mind. It was New Year's Eve; she had the events of the ending year on trial, and was summing a satisfied retrospect of crops and clearings, increase, profits, and improvements.

It was ten years since the shock and horror of Jules' fate had overtaken her, and during those years she had managed the farm alone. Few women would have had the heart to have undertaken such a work, under such conditions. They would rather have stolen away from a neighborhood where such a dis-

grace had fallen upon them, and where every child could say, "She's the wife of a State-prison bird." Such women might have justified their husband's crime—for even a crime in love's cause is often dear to woman—as Bertha never thought of justifying Jules; but they would not have had the courage to confront the repeated story for ten years. Bertha, however, would have found no consolation in flight. She regarded Jules' deed with astonishment, and with unmodified censure. She had intense respect for property, and no appreciation of recklessness in revenge. She was clear-headed and impartial; no sentimentality tempted her to think hard of the jury who condemned her husband, or to view his punishment as unjust. It was hard for her; but she had married "for better, for worse," regarding the worse as possible as the better, and when it came, she simply submitted. She had led a busy, wholesome life, these ten years, with little time for repinings, for fashioning excuses, for upbraiding, or lamenting. Her course was mere acquiescence, and the liberty to make the best of a bad matter. She was not a totally selfish woman, but she was cool, equable, just—not organized to suffer keenly, with no absolute needs, unless for simple, material comforts; one whom little else than a lack of thrift, and want of success, would have rendered utterly miserable. A clean hearth, a cup of fragrant tea, a sense that the day's duties were being done, with whatever of poetry there might be in her nature cropping out in bits of bright effect, which made her home tasty, her dress becoming and neat—these bounded her horizon.

The latch was lifted when Bertha said "Come in," and a man entered the room.

"Good-evening," he said, cheerfully.

"Ah, Abel!" and her eyes drooped an instant as she greeted her visitor, "so you didn't go over to the christening party?"

"No," he answered, rather shortly, and bringing a chair he placed it beside hers, before the fire.

She rose then, lit a candle and set it on the shelf. As she sat down she drew

her own chair a little further from her guest's, very gently, quite unintentionally, one might have supposed.

"I thought you might be lonely—New Year's Eve, so," he said next.

She smiled.

"I've not often time to be lonely, you know, Abel," and then, as though the words might seem churlish, she added, quickly: "You were very good, though, to come in—to give up the dance, too."

Abel Garth's eyes fell, and he answered in a half-embarrassed way:

"'Twas nothing to give up, as I know," adding, abruptly, "and for that matter, there isn't a place on earth as pleasant to me as your kitchen—when you're in it," with an attempted laugh at his last words.

"It is a very nice kitchen," she replied, gravely, casting her eyes on the fire.

There was a little pause, and Abel Garth's glance stole back to his companion; taking in the trim form, the small head, coiled with its compact light-brown braids, the plump, busy hands, the string of gold beads around the full, fair throat:

"You make as though you didn't understand me," he said, at length, speaking huskily, "but you know well enough what I mean, Bertha Griffin."

"I know that you have been a kind, good neighbor to me, Abel, through ten lonesome years," she answered, composedly, with even less sentiment in her tone than there was in her words. "And that you've been very careful what you have said and did, or I never could have forgotten," and she looked very plainly at him, "that your friendship was rather unnatural."

The man's color changed. He stretched his broad right hand abruptly out on his knee, and said, unsteadily:

"I would give that right hand, Bertha Griffin, to be able to take back that night's act; yet God knows there was little enough harm in my heart when I did it—and Jules might have known,"—his voice broke down and his features worked nervously—"When I think of it all," he burst out again, "I feel as contemptible as a snake."

She listened without any embarrassment; though, strange to say, through ten years of association this topic had never been talked of by them before.

"It is no good thinking, now, how it might have been helped," was her answer, in a conclusive tone.

"No—and yet I've always felt if it hadn't been for me, nothing of the sort would ever have happened. And it seems as though I owed you, somehow, some kind of offset for what you have been through; some—"

"Your own loss was heavy," interrupted Bertha, practical and conscientious to the last, recurring to the struggles which it had cost Abel to keep his farm after the loss of his harvest.

"But you know you have always held me aloof," he continued, in a half-aggrieved way, attending to his own train of thought, more than to her words; "you've given me few chances for doing you favors, or—"

"You have been very kind," she interrupted again, as though she would be glad to change the subject.

"You are very cold and independent, Bertha," he went on; "sometimes I've thought you didn't even want my friendship,"—he hesitated a moment, looking sideways at her face, and added, awkwardly, "this is the first time in all the ten years that I have even sat down in a room alone with you."

"Yes," she answered, quietly.

As if her monosyllable was encouraging, he asked:

"Bertha, why have you always kept me off so?"

"Because I wouldn't let folks gossip about me," she said, promptly. "I didn't mean that either your coming too often, or not coming at all, should give them a chance to say that Jules had any reason for hating or hurting you."

He was sharp enough to like her answer.

"And yet, Bertha, you've been free all along to do as you liked about such things. You know you're nowadays bound—"

She gave him a swift look.

"I mean to Jules," he said, determined to explain himself.

"No. I am not legally bound to him, I know," she answered, in a thoughtful, undisturbed tone.

Abel half started with surprise at her composure. It rendered him bolder, however, and he said, though cautiously, watching her face for the effect of his words:

"He must have taken it for granted that you look at it that way, Bertha,"—using the vague terms in which men try to say what they half tremble at saying.

"Why?" her clear voice shook a little.

"It is a month now since his time expired."

"Yes."

"And he has not come to you."

She winced, but it was imperceptible.

"Something has delayed him. He would come of course to his farm."

"You do not suppose he would claim it?" asked Abel Garth, with some scorn, "unless he felt he had a claim to you?"

"Why not? The farm is not mine?"

"It is a poor compensation for the lot you have had."

"It belongs to Jules, nevertheless."

Abel Garth rose and stood before the woman he was talking to. His patient face worked with excitement, and his manhood rung out in his voice:

"That may be," said he, "but you, Bertha, you do not belong to him, and I ask you, here, to belong to me. I have waited and waited to say this, for even if you would have listened before, t'would have seemed unfair to Jules to have asked you to give him up when he couldn't get to you to speak for himself; and I knew you wouldn't do an unfair thing if I would; so I've waited and waited, even though he couldn't have complained if I hadn't. But I've given him his chance to come back and claim you, and he hasn't come. If he had come, at once, Bertha, maybe you'd have felt that though the law didn't give you to him, you couldn't refuse him. But now—what can you think now? Can you think he cares, Bertha?"

"I can not think. This is strange talk," she said, in a vague, apathetic way, which frightened Abel, being so unlike her.

"Have I hurt your feelings, Bertha?" he asked.

She caught her breath.

"But he will come," she said, with assurance.

"And if he does? Do you love him? Do you care for me?" gasped Abel Garth, the agony of his suppressed passion wreaking itself at last in hoarse, staggering words.

Bertha's slight agitation subsided. She listened to the man who had so suddenly become her lover, coolly—weighing his words. She knew, as she said, that she was not legally bound to Jules, and still it had never before occurred to her that she could marry another. When the idea presented itself—through Garth's proposal—it excited only a disposition to judge which was the more proper—the more practicable course. It did not intensify the impression she had long held that Abel Garth was agreeable to her as a friend. After a moment or two of thought, she said, rather equivocally:

"You've been a kind neighbor, Abel; but if I'd thought that your kindness came from any such cause—as this—" and she hesitated.

Garth was watching her face. He had not studied it so long for nothing, and he divined that her sense of honor was opposing him rather than any other motive. He had been silent for ten years, and he was not going to lose his one chance of winning the woman he loved beyond the whole world, for the sake of a few words, though they might be mean words:

"A kind neighbor, you say, Bertha—well, perhaps I have. I know your ways and your wants, you see; when folks have worked side by side, as it were, for ten years, they get to understanding one another. Isn't that so?"

"It may be."

Beyond all things, Garth was patient, yet her indifference nettled him a little.

"Do you think, Bertha Griffin, that any one on earth understands you and would try to suit you as I would? Do you think *he* would, after—after where he's been, and the sort he's been among? Would the ways he's been used to, suit you, do you think?"

It was coarse pleading, but Bertha looked at its logic and not at its texture, and admitted to herself that the argument held. Jules, whom she had loved, would come back to her hardened and brutalized. His companions, his habits, the scenes through which he had passed, were keenly repulsive to her love of quiet order and decent comfort. On the contrary, Abel, as he said, was accustomed to consider her ways, and to humor them. He enjoyed submitting to her mild sway. And—

"You know what my home is, Bertha. You know it's an easy place you'd have to fill. I haven't lived alone till my beard is grizzly for nothing. There's money in the bank, besides the farm and the stock, all free from debt; and all I ask of you is to enjoy it."

"Yes—I know you're well off, Abel." She sighed faintly. "You'd better have asked some of the young girls about, what you've asked me—they—"

"Never," he said, vehemently, "never another woman but you!"

Bertha sighed again. She had had a lonesome life, that was true; very few enjoyments; very little to satisfy her woman's craving for tenderness and affection. Something in Abel's words stirred her instinctive longing for these, with passionate vitality. Until this she had not stopped knitting; now the work fell listlessly in her lap, and she leaned gently back in her chair, and thought; while Abel, still standing before her, searched her face, and felt his heart leap at its unconscious relaxation.

Jules, after all, was half unreal to Bertha; the few months which followed their marriage, a little, dim episode in her crowded life. For ten years she had thought of him with a blush—with a repetition of the condemnation which his crime had first awakened: she had spoken of him, when at all, with reluctance; her recollection of him had become subordinate to other things; while Abel Garth was a near friend, a helpmate when she needed him, a counselor, a protector if she chose. A little leap of ambition, too, warmed her breast as she thought of his prospering farm, of the

indulgences which his wife might command. Involuntarily she raised her eyes, and met those of her suitor, who was not slow to make out their half-concession. He bent eagerly forward and gathered her idle hands into his.

A strange pang shot through the woman's heart at the man's warm touch. The languid sense which had stirred within her revolted against its appeal. She shook his hands off, and started up, pale and agitated with the tide of recollections pouring suddenly in upon her—recollections which lay deeper than her common daily life-wants. Why had he touched her hands so? No one had a right to do that but Jules! And yet—she had just denied that Jules had any right! She had lied. God forgive her, she felt now that she had lied!

"I have done very wrong, Abel," she faltered. "I don't know what tempted me to listen to your words."

Garth had shrunk back. Something in Bertha's face forbade him to urge his suit further. Her change was one of those revulsions which the commonest insight perceives.

"You mean that I am to give you up for good and all?" he asked.

"Give me up?" she cried out; "why Abel Garth?"—she buried her face in her hands, sinking with shame; remembering her husband, her love; his kiss, his wooing! In the light of her own womanly purity she seemed very vile to have listened to another man's proposals.

"I am as much his," she said, solemnly, "as ever I was through that happy, happy winter. Heaven help me! I have done worse than ever Jules did."

She sobbed aloud. Abel Garth, too, buried his face in his hands, and shook with a strong man's agony. A dim sense of self-reproach smote him, and he had no answer to make.

"It's good-by, then, Bertha, for good and all," he said, at last, stretching out his hand. "I shall sell my farm and go on to California. Perhaps it's better as it is; and yet"—he struggled with himself, coveting some little tatter of hope—"if he should never come—if he should be dead?"

She lifted her head, and raised her eyes, brimming with a new expression :

"He will come back, Abel. He is not dead ; and though he were, I should never love nor marry another man."

The oak logs on Bertha Griffin's hearth burnt slowly away. The broad sheets of flame, whose glare had lapped the shadows of the pine wreaths on the wall, shrunk into dark, spiral flames, and flickered out in blue, fitful leaps ; the logs crumbled into a solid cone of glow, and withered under a gray, ashy blight. The kitchen grew cold. The clock on the shelf struck twelve. The year was dead—the candle burnt out. Bertha roused from her long abstraction and shivered. She had repeated the experience of her whole past life within the last two hours ; she had discerned a new dispensation, and seen that profit and thrift were less and lower than love and charity.

She got up and walked mechanically to the window. The young moon had long since set, and the sharp, scintillant eyes of the stars shone through the frosty New Year's air. Looking without—not yet fully roused—on a sudden her heart bounded with a wild start, and her limbs shook beneath her. Under the window, stiff and lifeless on the snow, lay a man's form—without asking, her heart felt, *whose* !

It was hardly an instant before she was beside him—chafing his cold hands, kissing his icy lips, winning back his consciousness with tender words. . . .

An hour later, Jules Griffin came fully back to life and recollection, before a bright, fresh fire, on the couch heaped with soft pillows before it, his wife's arms around him, her cheek pressed to his.

"Oh, Bertha, can you take me back so ?" he asked, wistfully.

"Jules," she faltered, choking with tears, "you will hate me when I tell you—"

"I know, Bertha—"

"No, no ; you can not—"

"Yes—outside there, I heard and saw—"

"Oh, Jules !—"

"Bertha, my own wife, there is no future failure when love survives to forgive."

The yellow New Year dawn stole, by and by, through.

"OUR MESS."

FEW old campaigners, I think, will gainsay the excellence of that unique little French contrivance naturalized in our Quartermaster's Department as the "shelter tent," for all the purposes of an army engaged in active, continuous warfare. One thing, however, some of us certainly have to lay to its charge, and that is, that with its adoption into our service "our mess" virtually became a thing of the past. If anywhere it still existed during the latter two years and more of the war, it was only among certain of the officers, or else at posts toward the rear, where the tame and little honored requirements of garrison routine were better served by continuing the use of the "Sibley" or the "bell tent." But, in almost every town and hamlet of the North, at least, you may readily find some veteran of the earlier years of the war, who still remembers "our mess," and with an ever new delight loves to dwell upon its thousand reminiscences.

And, by the way, the old soldier who does not kindle and sparkle out into genuine, though it may be repressed, enthusiasm, when you talk with him of his army experiences—his privations and sufferings, his marches, battles, and triumphs—is not a true man. He has in his being few of the fibers such as God uses to make souls out of. Depend upon it, such a man is not to be trusted ; he is "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." Happily, one very rarely meets with so unnatural a phenomenon. Almost without exception, every man and stripling who has worn the army blue is proud of his military career. When you touch upon it, he shows a spontaneity of heartiness that is really invigorating. Unconsciously, one's faith in human nature is built up and strengthened thereby, and sincerity

seems a virtue more easily believed in. Every one has remarked in some notable specimens of the stupid and inert volunteer, that when they come home from the war, rich in a new and wide range of experience, they hardly ever seem to be without a proud realization, to some extent, of what that work is which they have helped to accomplish. Though illy-defined, perhaps, there is in their minds some positive conception of the truths that the grandest events whereof the world has been the witness since that one unapproachably awful hour on Calvary, have fallen to the lot of our land in this our own day, and that therein they have been veritable and not unimportant actors.

For the old soldier, "our mess" is the focus toward which converge a host of varied memories. Quaint, and wonderful in diversity are the associations recalled by that name, yet tenderly regarded, every one. It is the same, indeed, with all army experience, as you, reader, will bear me witness, if any such experience is your rich possession. Through every part of it there is a strange bringing together and constant interplay of the extremes of human emotion. Upon the same page of memory's record you find the pathetic and the ludicrous, the mirthful and the sad, the alternations of desperation and triumph. The roar of battle drowns the echoes of the convivial song, and the exultant shout of victory is answered by the wailing refrain of the dirge of death. It was the severest privation which called forth the best *bon mot*. As appetite sharpened where rations gave out, wit grew keen as well. The hardest march was enlivened with the lightest song and the careless jest. It was in the hottest of the fight, when a hundred fearful deaths were hurtling on every side of you, that something occurred—a commander's *faux pas*, a comrade's blunder, the dry witticism or the audacious defiance of danger by either, or even a predicament of your own—which struck you even then as irresistibly comical, and at which to this day you laugh aloud as often as its recollection is brought up.

But the reminiscences of "our mess"

are those which touch you most deeply. You remember when your comrade burnt the beans, or upset the kettle, fragrant and steaming with your choicest made soup; and the righteous indignation also which the whole mess visited upon the head of the unlucky offender. You think of it now with a softened, regretful feeling, and charge yourself as with a guilt you fain would expiate, if it were only possible. It was but a month or two later that the poor fellow was struck down at your very side, bespattering your uniform with his warm life-blood as he fell. Words begotten of hot impulse—bitter, passionate words, perhaps—echo back from the past with sad, reproachful clearness. You sigh when you think of the time when he on whom they fell was reported missing—wounded and a prisoner, and your mess learned to count him as no longer one of them. Then you comfort yourself with the thought that he was a true soul, and understood you, after all. That was a merry evening for your mess when the teamster or the sutler brought one of your number his long-looked-for box from home crammed with toothsome delicacies, and an abundant supply of warm, substantial winter-clothing, wrought with loving care and most excellently well by the dear ones around the old fireside. Tucked away among the folds of one of those garments appeared a dainty little oval picture-case. How jealously the boy prized that likeness! Only the next week came the battle. In the dim, spectral moonlight, after the fight was over, you made search for one of your mess—so you explained it to the staff-officer who had demanded to know the nature of your business so near the picket-line—who had been missing since your brigade made that grand charge in the morning; that first terrible charge which failed, because impossibilities *must* fail. At last you found him. Dead! He was lying with his face upturned toward the cold heaven, and the night-dew was settling upon it. Pale, very pale, yet very natural; you had seen him asleep looking just so, a hundred times. He had died calmly—so calmly that you

thought scarcely a muscle could have moved after he fell. This was that part of the field where the enemy had given way last of all. Over and around his stiffening corpse their gray hordes had swarmed until after sundown. The new boots, one of his usefulest gifts from home, were stripped from his naked feet. Every pocket had been rifled, and there, almost touching his white cheek, lay that miniature, crushed and broken into shapeless fragments by the butt of a rebel musket. You remember it all as though it were but yesterday. Time has tempered your grief, of course, but the anguish of that moment and your fierce craving for vengeance you never can forget. There is bitterness in your heart still, when you think of it. You can not repress it, and would not if you could.

I believe the fellowship begotten of army association scarcely has its counterpart in any other of the relations of life. It is stronger than a three-fold cord that can not be broken. Your comrade in battle, your habitual file-leader, your next-hand man in the ranks, and most of all, your messmate and blanket-fellow, is your friend for life. The feelings you cherish for him somehow differ from those you have toward any one else. Partnership in danger, privation and toil, communion in sorrows, sufferings and triumphs, have inseparably knit together your two souls. Diversely as your paths may now be leading, you both love to go back to the time when they were one, and your lives had all things in common. In this bond of sympathy there is a strength and continuity that the common friendships of civil life know nothing of. We see this manifested daily in a score of different ways. Scarcely any other bond but this could possibly make you put up with the assurance of that wreck of humanity who accosts you as an "old —th Regiment boy," and familiarly asks for your own and family's health, day after day, as often as you chance to encounter him. There is always real heart in the simplest act of recognition when two old and proven comrades meet upon the street. Marriage itself—a very maelstrom for tearing to pieces all masculine affinities,

VOL. I.—18.

and swallowing up their poor wrecks—is seldom, I ween, too severe a test for their friendship. Their friendship partakes of a character differing in some important respects from any ordinary ones. It is largely made up of elements which no change in the relations of either's life can seriously affect. In their case there is no displacement of one sympathy to give room for another. What they before shared in common—the old fellowship, the old memories, the mutual interest, and the unfeigned good-wishes of each for the other's welfare—all these, at least, remain to them still. Thus, marriage builds up no wall of partition between them, and, however it may change the man toward the world at large, as to the friend who was of "our mess," he continues the same.

God be praised for the return of peace to our troubled land! Months ago the surviving members of our mess separated, and returned each to his own home. Their vocations are no more the same, but each in his own way pursues the calling of his choice. They already are scattered, far apart—all the way from Texas to the Canadas. But kinship of sympathy always will exist between those whose uncertain, humble fortunes so long were bound together by the same strong ties. Near to every one of us, nearest of all, are those between whom and us interposes but a barrier invisible—they who fell at Stone River, and Chickamauga, and he who afterward died in hospital. In the Farther Land whither they have preceded, may there be a happy reunion ere long of all who once made up "our mess."

WHO STOLE THE SPOONS?

AN incident occurred, a short time ago—a *very* short time ago; indeed, it might have been on the first day of this present year; and since it ought to point a moral, we record it that it may.

Mrs. Brummell and her daughter Fanny were receiving New Year's calls. The latter looked very pretty in a dress of white alpaca, trimmed with the new

shade of emerald green, with necklace and bracelets to match, and, for contrast, an apple-pink on her cheeks that was perfectly charming. Her fair hair and delicate complexion made this style of dress becoming, even by daylight, which is saying much for Fanny's youth and beauty.

Mrs. Brummell admired her daughter more than she cared to show; and seeing how pleased and happy the child was, she took a fresh interest in the day which, secretly, she had dreaded, as more wearisome and annoying than profitable. She herself was a fine-looking matron, handsomely dressed, and graceful; but, as usual with our American mothers, the daughter's interest and enjoyment were first to be considered. Consequently, it may be guessed that the preponderance of callers lay with the very young men, who paid their respects to her only that they might thus obtain the privilege of visiting Miss Fanny.

The rings at the door-bell were quite incessant, in spite of the wretched mud which made walking, on that day, a feat requiring both strength and courage. It matters not whether the modest brown-stone front residence of our family stood upon Brooklyn Heights, or somewhere within a mile of Murray Hill; it was handsome, though not luxurious, and a tidy maid, instead of a liveried footman, opened the door. They had their fair share of 'carriage-friends,' and a still greater number, whom they esteemed quite as highly, who made their laughing apologies for the state of their pedal extremities.

It was drawing toward the close of the short afternoon. During a blank in the swiftly-turning wheel of time, when there were no names to announce, and the two could sit a moment to rest their feet (and faces, too), Fanny remarked, with a little sigh:

"I wonder why Charlie has not been here to-day, mother?"

"He will come, of course. He is quite likely to make all his other calls first, so as to stay a little while when he reaches here. You need not expect him until evening."

At that moment, to prove the falsity of her prediction, the bell again sounded, and Charlie's gay voice was heard in the hall, along with a number of others. Mother and daughter arose to their places, wondering at the commotion in the hall, and why their visitors did not enter. A softer flush sprung to Fanny's cheek, and a brighter light to her eye. Charlie, though no word of love had yet been spoken between them, had given ample proof that he would soon become a declared suitor—her first—and he was all that her parents desired for her, in the way of character and standing, and all that she required for herself in the way of youth and romance. It was for *him* that she wore the lustrous white alpaca, and the transparent, glimmering ornaments of green. She had thought of *him* when she wound the green velvet fillet about her hair, and placed the white chrysanthemums above her fair forehead. Was he, indeed, *all*?—or was his chance the best, simply because it was the first and only?

That question was about to be tried, and, alas! the answer, given on the second day of the New Year, might be different from that given on the first. Fanny was about to have her constancy tested.

Another little burst of talk and laughter in the hall, and then the door was thrown open, and Charlie entered, with four or five of their mutual acquaintances, and a stranger. This stranger, a Mr. Clay, he took the responsibility of presenting to the ladies, explaining, in a brief *aside* to Mrs. Brummell, that he was a gentleman from the South, who boarded at the same house with himself; that he was of the Clay family, an accomplished man, a Unionist, all right in every respect; that he, Charlie, pitied his loneliness, being a comparative stranger to the city, and that he had taken the liberty of carrying him around on this day of friendship and good-cheer, to show him how far the beauty of New York women surpassed that of any other set of women in the world—and as Charlie ended thus, he cast an expressive glance at Fanny.

Fanny was, indeed, looking her best, blushing and smiling at some remark of the stranger's, whom Mrs. Brummell was willing to accept as a gentleman, he being elegantly dressed, and having what some people are fond of calling 'a distinguished air.'

"But I must not forget another caller whom I have to introduce to you," Charlie cried, as Mrs. Brummell began to make the customary offer of refreshments. "Come in, little one; don't be afraid. I'll take care of you," and, stepping back to the door, he drew in a reluctant visitor, and a novel one. A poor little shivering girl, not more than seven years of age, wet, ragged and muddy, with a hungry yet frightened face, pitiful to behold.

Mrs. Brummell's first thought was that Charlie had taken too much wine, and a shadow of anger replaced her smile, as he dragged the untidy little creature into the midst of her handsome saloon. But as she caught his eye, grave and honest, she saw something better there than the gleam of the wine, and her heart instantly responded in sympathy, when he said, half laughing, but wholly in earnest:

"We found this little visitor at the door before us. She was tugging away at the bell, but Ellen (having looked through the window) was deaf, and you must not blame her, if the call is unwelcome. The little thing looked so cold and hungry, I couldn't stand it—so I brought her in."

"You did quite right. But"—to the child—"why didn't you go to the basement door? They would have taken care of you in the kitchen."

"I did, mim," said the little thing, beginning to cry, "and to, oh, so many other arys to-day; but nobody wud let me in, nor give me a bite. The cooks is all resavin' company, they say, and can't be boddered wid the likes o' me. I wouldn't 'a come to the other door, but I was so tired, and father an' mother are dead drunk the day," and she whimpered softly, with an effort to repress herself which promised, momentarily, to end in a storm of grief.

"What are your father and mother drunk for?" asked one of the company, to divert her thoughts from the sense of intrusion which evidently possessed them.

"Oh, I don't know; they're Fenians."

There was a general laugh at this.

"If you had told that to the cook she would have taken you in and treated you," said the lady of the house. "She has a fine table set out down-stairs, and plenty of hot-stuff for her friends. They've been drinking, all day, to the health of all Fenians. But that isn't what makes your parents drink."

"They always did, mim; but mother's got worse lately, and she says we're all going to sit on the throne of Queen Victory, and then she sends me for more whisky—and I ain't eat a bite since yesterday, and she bate me, too, this mornin', and bid me be off and git me livin' where I could,"—and this time, the child—(what blame of hers that she was born to such parentage?) burst into loud sobs.

Tears filled Fanny's beautiful eyes, but she dared not approach too near the little intruder on account of the whiteness of her alpaca; so she contented herself by wiping the tears from her own cheeks with her lace handkerchief, while Charlie placed the waif on a footstool near the register, and filled a plate, under Mrs. Brummell's direction, from the elegant table in the back parlor, and set it on her lap. The company were now gathered about the table, laughing, chatting, and partaking of its various delicacies. While Charlie, who had already been overpersuaded into eating more than he desired, during previous calls, was gallantly and assiduously attending upon the beggar-child, Mr. Clay, of the South, was making himself agreeable to Miss Fanny. While eating a spoonful of chicken-salad and tasting a bit of Russian Charlotte, he had contrived to pay her three separate compliments which would have been gross flattery had Charlie attempted them, but which, under his delicate manipulation, were relieved of too-evident design. Fanny was but seventeen, and they had their effect. Unconsciously, she was comparing the

slender figure and stikem mustache of the stranger, with Charlie's broad shoulders and beardless face! In the mean time, that generous, kind-hearted youth was amusing himself with seeing the Irish child dispose of the enchanted feast which he poured into her plate, her grief having given place to joy, and the tears having stopped midway on her cheeks, where they were drying in a little muddy circle.

"Shall we take her out with us?" he asked, when the call, prolonged by this circumstance to five times its usual length, was drawing to a close.

"You need not," was Mrs. Brummell's reply. "I will call Ellen to take her to the kitchen, with orders that she be dried, warmed, and sheltered, until her parents have had time to recover from their present state. In the mean time, if she stays here to-night, I will make inquiries about her, and perhaps get the authorities to look after her."

"Thank you. I shall take it as a personal favor. Really she is a very pretty child, and modest—if she only had a chance," and Charlie threw her a dollar, as he passed by.

Some of the other gentlemen also dropped pieces of postal currency into her lap, while her eyes, wide open and full of wonder, seemed to ask if the days of enchantment had come. By means of his kindness, Charlie lost the opportunity to ask Fanny, in a whisper, if he might return at nine that evening, as he had something to say—lost the opportunity, for that young lady was so engrossed by the handsome stranger he himself had introduced, that he could only catch her glance as he made his parting bow.

Naturally vexed at this, he was provoked for having asked the Southerner to go the rounds with him. He had made a fool of himself, in good earnest! His quick eye had not failed to detect the mutual admiration of the two; and now that he, with his own lips, had assured the mother that Mr. Clay was 'all right,' what was to prevent the latter from following up the acquaintance, and winning Fanny from him, before his very eyes? That very night he had meant to declare

himself. Now he wished he had spoken a week sooner, and that she were already promised to him. He grew more and more sad and angry, as he continued on his route; yet the stranger had done nothing which would excuse rudeness to him. As Charlie grew silent and morose, and the ladies rallied him on his unusual mood, Mr. Clay grew brilliant, making himself acceptable everywhere. By and by, the thing grew so intolerable that Charlie, making the excuse that he was tired out, gave up the few calls yet remaining, and returned, in a miserable frame of mind, to his boarding-house.

"I have to thank you for a most pleasant and profitable day," said Mr. Clay, as they parted in the hall, to go to their respective rooms. "The ladies of New York are as beautiful as they are hospitable. That Miss Brummell was the loveliest creature I've met this long time. Are her people in good circumstances?"

His companion made no reply, except a bow, as he hurried into his own apartment. That evening he went to bed at nine, instead of following out his original purpose to seek Fanny, when visitors had all left, to begin this New Year with offering her his heart and hand. In this he was too impulsive. He should not have been discouraged because the young lady admired another, but have pressed his suit only the more resolutely.

And to this opinion did the young man come before the close of another day. He had too much courage to be long despondent; on the next evening he called at Mrs. Brummell's, finding both ladies at home. But Fanny's manner had changed: and she asked him, before he had been seated ten minutes, "how was Mr. Clay?" and "why didn't he bring him with him?"

"It's the last thing I should wish to do," answered Charlie, who was not only jealous of the Southerner, but who had also begun to reflect that perhaps he had been careless in introducing a person of whom, really, he knew nothing, but that he seemed to have money, was pleasant and gentlemanly, and represented himself to be of good family.

"It was only a New Year's call to

which I would dare ask him to join me," he continued. "I should not feel at liberty to bring him here as a friend. And, indeed, I do not know enough about him."

"Oh, he *must* be a gentleman to 'the manor born!'" cried Fanny. "I admired him so very much!"

Her suitor was not wise enough to perceive that the witch was teasing him to prove her power; that, if she had really felt so much admiration for the stranger, she would have been loth to confess it.

He gave her a glance of reproach that ought to have wrung her hard little heart, and then turned to the mother:

"What has become of my Irish *protégé*, Mrs. Brummell?"

"Ah, Charlie, that has proved another of the deceptions which are so discouraging to the benevolent. That child, I'm quite sure, was a most practiced, artful little thief!"

"You surprise me. I hope you have not lost any thing by her, madam, for if so, I can not easily forgive myself."

"I will tell you my reasons for thinking so. Before we retired last night, I removed the silver from the table in the back-parlor, not thinking it safe to leave it there. Upon counting it, I missed three forks and two dessert spoons."

"Did the child approach the table?"

"That's it! That's what proves her an adept! I sent her down-stairs within five minutes after you left; and I can not remember that she was, at any time, within ten feet of the table. Yet she *must* have been. My servants I have had a long time and believe to be perfectly honest. None of them were in the room, except Ellen, and, of course, it was not her. The lost silver belonged to a new set which was given me on Christmas, and I placed it on the table with my own hands. *Of course* that child took it. There could be no other supposition—unless," she added, laughing, "you wish to suspect some of your own friends."

"I thought you were going to keep the child over night?"

"So I intended. But she knew better

than to stay. She crept out, about dusk, without any one's permission."

"Have you not some clue to her home? Did she say where her parents lived?"

"She told me, but as I was to speak with her again, I did not remember the address, intending to write it down when she repeated it. But if I had it, it would be of no use. She would have given a false one."

"Well," said Charlie, after a moment's reflection, "since I have been the sinner in introducing a thief to your house, let me make what restitution I can. Please say nothing about the loss of the silver until I see you to-morrow evening."

Shortly after, he departed. An idea burned in his brain which would not allow him to rest. The remainder of the evening, and the greater part of the next day, he spent, curiously enough, in going over the exact round of calls he had made on New Year's.

When it again came night he called, as he had promised, upon the Brummells.

"I have something queer to tell you," he began, when the ladies had welcomed him. "I don't think that child stole the silver. I learn, by an extensive course of inquiry put on foot to day, that every friend upon whom I called day before yesterday, lost one or more small pieces of silver, such as could be secreted in a man's coat-pockets. As I am quite certain that I was not the thief, I must suspect some of my companions. In fact, I suspect Mr. Clay!" (a little shriek from Miss Fanny)—"I not only suspect, but two hours ago I took a couple of officers to his room. We were too late to arrest him, or to save your forks and spoons. He had flown, and the treasure with him—but we found the crucible in which he had melted it up. I can not express to you, Mrs. Brummell, how intensely I am mortified to think I should have taken such an adventurer among my friends. If they will pardon me this offense, I can heartily promise never to be guilty of the like again."

Mrs. Brummell easily forgave him, notwithstanding the damage to her new set, seeing how really distressed he was.

Fanny did more than forgive him—she encouraged him (to make him forget that she had admired the thief), and before he left her that night, they were in the seventh heaven of a just-made engagement. Mrs. Brummell has set inquiries afoot after the little beggar-girl, whom cook confesses to have driven off, not wanting her in the way, and she resaving calls. If the child is found, no doubt Miss Fanny will make quite a pet of her—perhaps put her in course of education for a future lady's-maid.

But, to the moral—since one was promised. It is for young men exclusively. Be careful what liberties you take with the hospitalities of your lady friends on New Year's. Else, through much abuse, the time-honored and really delightful custom of keeping "open-house" on that day will be one of the things which were and are not.

THE ROYAL PRIZE.

HOPE wafts my bark, and round my way

Her pleasant sunshine lies;
For I sail with a royal argosy
To win a royal prize.

A maiden sits in her loneliness
On the shore of a distant stream,
And over the waters at her feet
The lilies float, and dream.

She reaches down, and draws them in,
With a hand that hath no stain;
And that lily of all the lilies, her hand,
Is the prize I go to gain.

Her hair in a yellow flood falls down
From her forehead low and white;
I would bathe in its billowy gold, and dream,
In its sea of soft delight.

Her cheek is as fair as a tender flower,
When its blushing leaves depart—
Oh, my rose of the world, my regal rose,
I must wear you on my heart!

I must kiss your lips, so sweetly closed
O'er their pearly treasures fair;
Or strike on their coral reef, and sink
In the waves of my dark despair.

POPULAR PEOPLE.

"THE success of certain works may be traced to sympathy between the author's mediocrity of ideas and the mediocrity of ideas of the public!" observes a shrewd writer—evidently not a popular one, or he would entertain higher respect for the tribunal of public taste. It is certain, however, that, whether as regards books or men, there exists an excellence too excellent for general favor.

To make a hit, to captivate the public eye, ear, or understanding, without a certain degree of merit, is impossible; but it is not merit of the highest order that makes the hardest hit. Merit of the highest order must ever be "*caviare* to the general." The *chef-d'œuvre* of art and literature are often condemned to years of obscurity, while some vulgar ballad, seized upon by the barrel-organs, persecutes us in every street. Some coarse actor having convulsed the public with laughter by his buffooneries, the new farce becomes the darling of the public, and some familiar incident, daubed by the illustrative brush of a jocosse artist, is lithographed into fame, and hung in all the inn parlors of the country.

So it is with human beings. Certain people, as well as certain pieces, obtain possession of the stage. Favored guests, as well as favored pictures, are to be found in every parlor. Talkers, as well as tunes, haunt one, like a hand-organ, in all directions; people whom everybody likes—whom everybody invites—and concerning whom everybody, when asked the motive of their liking, is sure to answer, "I like them because everybody likes them—I like them because they are so *popular*."

The newspapers confer this arbitrary epithet upon their favorites, as a species of diploma: "Mr. A., the popular poet;" "Mr. B., the popular preacher;" "Mr. C., the popular member;" "Mr. D., the popular actor," and so on through the alphabet. The greatest poets, preachers, and senators have, however, been the *least* "popular."

Society is apt to confer the honors of

popularity upon the upper ten and lower ten hundred, with partiality equally indiscriminating. Society dotes upon people who are neither so wise, so clever, so good, nor so great as to afford too high a standard of wisdom or virtue, and consequently a reproach to its own deficiencies. "Too good by half," "too clever by half," is a frequent phrase among those who are sneakily conscious of being silly or worthless. They admit, with a plausible air, that Mr. A.'s poetry, Mr. B.'s prose, or Mr. C.'s speeches, may be very fine, for any thing they know; but *they* do not pretend to understand them. With the same fatal smile of virtuous stupidity, they declare that, "A. is a superior man, certainly, but nobody can bear him; B. an accomplished woman, but singularly unpopular; while all the world acknowledges the merits of the charming Mr. C. and Mrs. D.—Mr. C. being so great an enlivenment to a dinner-party, and Mrs. D. a host in herself at Christmas in a country-house." Mr. C. and Mrs. D. are, of course, marked out for Popular People.

The fact is, that popularity resembles certain echoes, which, once invoked, repeat themselves *ad infinitum*. If any one can be found to utter the phrase or praise loud enough in the first instance, it proceeds in the sequel to repeat itself.

We are wrong, perhaps, to say "any one," for the privilege of bestowing popularity belongs specifically to certain persons. Let the dullest book ever written be praised in a certain review—it will sell; let the dullest dog that ever proseed be proclaimed an able man by a certain coterie, he will become a popular talker. We have more than one charming lady who has only to pronounce a man a *bel esprit* to stamp his popularity at all the dinners of the season; we have more than one *valseur*, who has only to dance twice with the same *débutante* to render her the most popular partner in the ball-rooms of Upper Tendom.

In such trivial distinctions, indeed, it is not surprising that the world should be credulous; but, in matters that concern its welfare—its existence here and hereafter—its mortal body, its immortal

soul! To let the pretty prattlers, or elephantine prozers of society, create the popular physician, the popular preacher!

The nambypamby of the popular poet may be laid on the shelf; but through the blunders of the popular physician ~~we~~ may come to be laid out, or laid in the grave; while the errors of the popular preacher may induce a still more alarming consummation. Through the combined agency of both we may, as Don Juan says—but what Don Juan says is not always fit to be repeated.

"Do send for Dr. Creaksley, my dear," cries one of the most accredited popularity-mongers of society. "Creaksley is the *only* man going—Creaksley is the person who performed that miracle for Dashem's child, by saving its life after it had been immersed five minutes in a caldron of boiling water. He had it kept in a bath of iced camphorated oil a day and night. Ah! Creaksley is a *wonderful* man. He has three pairs of carriage horses always on the trot! During the season, there are always carriages waiting for Creaksley at Humbug corner, to convey him to the fashionable villas. One can't get him without three days' notice. Since the days of Dr. Rush, never was physician so popular!"

And why? What is the origin of this wondrous popularity, which keeps coach-horses on the trot, and matrons on the gabble? Is it skill, learning, knowledge, tact, experience? By no means! Creaksley is a man of trivial mind and equable temperament; patient with his patients, hospitable with his acquaintances; who, if he let people die, never kills them by the rashness of his experiments; and when he allows them to live, does not render life a bore. Creaksley talks agreeably, because wise enough to talk of any thing but physic, which he would probably throw to the dogs, if he thought the dogs foolish enough to take it. Far easier to administer it at a V a dose to such ninnies as are able to promote his apotheosis as a *popular physician*.

Then we have Immaculate Jones, Esq. With what party does one ever dine without meeting with Immaculate?

He is as inevitable as the tongue and chickens, or turbot and lobster-sauce. He and his white cravat are essential portions of every well-mounted dinner-table. People expect him with as much certainty as sherry or champagne.

Sometimes, on arriving late for a dinner-party, you look round the circle assembled in the drawing-room, miss him, and congratulate yourself that for once you have escaped. Don't flatter yourself! Five minutes before the announcement of dinner, you will find that he has glided in, and is whispering behind the chair of your hostess. Immaculate knows the habits of every dining-house in town, and calculates to a turn the arrival of the guests, and roasting of the venison. He is not only there, but there to a minute.

Strangers are naturally anxious to ascertain the peculiar merits of this integral fraction of the eating world. At table, they lend an attentive ear to his conversation; in the drawing-room, they fix an observant eye on his deportment. "Where be his quips, his quirks, his flashes of merriment?"—or, if not his wit, where is his wisdom—where his information?

Worthy public! Jones is a moral nonentity; a man who knows nothing, save where he is to dine to-morrow, and next day, and every day of the week. He has a good countenance, wears a good coat, bears a good name, makes a good bow, is civil and conciliating, of a medium tint, that harmonizes everywhere—one, in short, who, without one faculty or quality of real distinction, retains a high place in the category of Popular People.

Mr. Meggot is a gentleman equally important in the estimation of the coteries—not as a diner-out, for his name is less grandiloquent in the announcement of the butler, or lists of the morning papers; but for the *sociétés*, or squeeze, Billy Meggot is a something in his way. He sat through two sessions in Congress, where he said nothing; and was Secretary of Legation at some foreign court, where he *did* nothing. But he is a man ever to be seen at the elbow of minis-

ters, or button-held by some editor of a leading journal. The cabinet sets a high value on him. The theologians look up to him with respect. Billy Meggot's name is cited as an indorsement to an opinion like August Belmont's to a loan, and when Billy Meggot is cited as not having been much shocked at an occurrence, the world decides that it can not be *very* dreadful.

This, at least, must be a superior man. This authority, to which sages and statesmen bow, must be a true oracle. An oracle? Meggot is a man who, in the whole course of his existence, never uttered an opinion. Meggot is an echo—an embodied affirmative—the best listener in the world. He is one of those who submit to be told the things he knows, by people who know nothing about the matter. He is ready to swallow the most monstrous assertions. He seems convinced by the most preposterous arguments. His air of candor is worth a million; and when we reflect upon the craving appetite of human vanity, it is not wonderful that such a man should command the affections of society, and stand preëminent in the ranks of Popular People.

Sporus enjoys a less gratuitous species of popularity. Sporus is a popular author. His works flash upon one like Lucifer matches, and go off like detonating guns. No sooner in print, than out of print. The reviews revere him, the daily papers delight in him, the magazines make much of him. Nothing like Sporus. Such style, such delicacy, such freedom from affectation. The *petite matresse* buys him, and binds him in morocco; the school-mistress buys him, and binds him in calf; the bookseller buys him, and binds him in a penalty to complete a fresh work at a month's warning. Great guns are discharged from the battery of the press on the production of every new book, as on the birth of the sons of the Sultan. He is written up, till one fears that the sky must be raised a story, to make way for his renown. The most crabbed of critics grows mild in treating of him; and the reading world, like *Monseigneur*

Latharge, is poisoned in doses of sugar and water.

And, who and what is this successor of Scott and Byron? This Macaulay, this Bancroft, this Bryant? Alas! Sporus is but a shadow of his namesake of the days of Pope:

"A mere white curd of ass's milk!"

or rather, the moldy sponge of a leaden inkstand.

But, Sporus excites no jealousies—Sporus eclipses no humiliated rival. Sporus is one of whom literary men say with a smile among themselves, "Poor Sporus! he is a 'painstaking writer,' and an 'excellent fellow.' He belongs to the Mutual Admiration Society!"

Puffed, therefore, and praised on all sides, his writings first attract notice, and finally command attention. The public is convinced that *all* the weekly and monthly critics can not be in the wrong. The public asks for his picture—the public demand his bust! Is not *this* placing poor, harmless Sporus in the catalogue of Popular People?

Concerning the popularity of the numskulls who give feasts that wise men may eat them, no one need express surprise. The popularity of proprietors of hospitable country-houses is equally comprehensible; so is the popularity of bank and railway directors.

To 'go the whole hog,' has become the favorite pastime of statesmen; and "Long live all those who've any thing to give."

is the cry of many besides the luckless poet in whose mouth it was wickedly placed by the witty James and Horace. But this accounts, in a very limited degree, for the immunities and homage accorded to Popular People.

TO-DAY.

AS IT IS IN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.

THERE are those who think women are all like Sary Camp, in one respect, in being 'contrairy-like,' but there certainly is *one* article of their creed on which they all are agreed:—the African

beauty, who polishes herself off with mut-ton-fat, is quite as positive in her belief as the Fifth-Avenue lady who has just donned, for the first time, her diamond necklaces, 'that one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.'

"Out of the fashion!" just hear that little shriek of horror which the very mention of it has excited! Pray, pray, ladies, fair and dear, do not annihilate us before we have time to explain that we don't advocate any such heresy. We don't ask you to be out, even so much as to the tip of your balmoral toe, of 'the fashion.' Why should we? We are but a 'Magazine of To-Day,' and, of course, in no way responsible for the bills you make, the manner in which you get your money or spend it; we shan't have the neuralgia because you go to the opera in a dress that reveals your arm-pits; nor fainting-fits, consumption and puny babies, because you boast that you have succeeded in reducing your waist to fifteen inches in circumference. These things have no unpleasant consequences for us; so you must admit our impartiality.

No doubt it is as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion. If it were not, why would all these tireless efforts be made? What Fashion requires, 'fashionable women' will perform. No offering to the Goddess of *show* is too precious. The modest will contribute their modesty—the healthy, their health. Like the Pope, Fashion is both priest and king; and the *really* 'fashionable' seldom even make a feint of disobeying.

The mania of personal adornment which is now raging in our midst threatens to restore many *habits* of body, which, for generations, have been regarded as among the monstrosities of a ruder age. In the matter of hair-dressing and head embellishments, we have seen [see January number of this magazine] how perfectly our belles are imitating the barbarous customs of Egyptians, Japanese, and the natives of certain sections of Africa; and the prospect is that the height of ugliness will be reached, in the due course of development, when our women will resemble the hideous beauties of London and Paris, of a hundred

years ago. So we may calmly await the next new 'kink,' certain to witness what is more *outré* than a five-pound 'waterfall,' a full-fledged peacock on the hat, or a 'coil' of false hair at the back of the head resembling an exaggerated doughnut.

Oh, those coils! Does any lover suppose that, were he permitted to dally with his love's hair, when she shall have become his bride, that there will be a pleasure in letting down those 'glittering and perfumed locks?' If of a sentimental turn, he might gratify his longing by gazing at the *bos* in which they are carefully deposited for the night!

Some people wonder where all the false hair comes from. Do the heads of the pauper dead contribute their share? Rather would we believe that every sturdy and long-tressed German peasant-woman had been robbed of her beautiful and *genuine* braids. Report has it that such robberies are now common. These women can not walk along the road, or kneel in the church in devotion, but some expert thief is behind them with a sharp pair of scissors! "Out, and run!" Such is the motto of this new class of rogues.

The prospects now are that our female *beau monde* not only will wear increased quantities of false hair, but that it will be *died*—a double deception, which, whether pleasing or not to the other sex, will nevertheless be *the* style a few months hence. When one once begins, there is no use stopping at trifles; and if our fair fashionables wish to emulate the yellow-haired Venus, they have but to dye their hair red, and then broll their heads on the house-tops at midday, or grill them before a hot fire over the coals in the kitchen, until the color is 'set,' and they will accomplish their desire. They can then—all the black, brown and gray ones—sport 'golden locks,' and sail under false colors, literally.

Speaking of sailing under false colors reminds us to note the present rage for meretricious display. Glass baubles set in pinchbeck are really very pretty and would excite the warm envy of every belle of the Sioux who should chance to behold them. Extensive (not expensive)

necklaces, bracelets, ear-pendants, amulets, charms, tiaras, coronas, combs, of the purest glass or crystal, set in the best oridium, glitter through every well-appointed toilette. Butterflies and humming-birds that ought to have been to bed long before, flutter over graceful heads, attracted, perhaps, by the rich odors of night-blooming flowers. Birds of Paradise deign to perch upon jaunty little hats. Tiaras sparkle upon the brows of our republican princesses. Gold coins dangle across their foreheads. While the many wealthy who are able to do so, sport real gems and eighteen-carat gold, with a profusion never before seen in this country, the still more numerous class whose means can not compass these, indulge in their shining counter-parts. The manufacturers of cheap jewelry do a thriving business. Even Bridget is firmly resolved not to be 'out of the fashion,' if she has to go without stockings to her feet (or feet to her stockings), while oridium is cheap and false hair to be had for five dollars an ounce. Sometimes it is hard to tell which is Bridget and which is mistress, not all our ladies having been to the 'manner born' of their present greatness, and the former having an unpleasant trick of following close on the heels of the latter, in the grand march of fashion—even to the privilege of wearing a train, and tralling it in the dust, for the honor and pleasure of having it trodden upon.

There is nothing to which Bridget more aspires than to have her best dress ripped off the waist by the foot of some passing gentleman; for in this republican country she can give him a dignified frown, and receive his humble apology. Think of that, ye daughters of Erin who have not yet come over! Two years in the model Republic, and your green flannel petticoat, bright as the sods of the Emerald Isle, may be exchanged for a glorious alpaca, that glistens like silk, with a trail to it which the finest gentleman can not help treading upon! Surely, the 'airs' of this country can not but agree with you. Your Empress bonnet and your Derby hat are so like your mistress, that if you will but make your rail

thick enough, you may, possibly, be mistaken for her. Only you have a way when you are in a crowded car, stage or ferry, of sticking your elbows into people, which rather tells against you. But your rock-crystal ear-rings, your oridium bracelets, greasy waterfall and crimped bandeaux, really are *comme il faut*. The Grecian curls around the forehead, escaping from a classical fillet of gold or velvet, we surmise, would be still more becoming to you. And, next New Year's, if you only arrive in time, you shall have the hair-dresser early in the morning, and receive calls in all the state of the dining-room, with plenty of beaux to sit on the sofa, and sip your master's cognac and bourbon.

Well, certainly, Bridget has a right to follow the fashions as closely as she can; she wouldn't be a woman if she did not; and if she never has a dollar laid up against a day of sickness, nor a second pair of stockings to her feet, she is not more to blame than those ladies after whom she strives to pattern. When madame's lady-friends call, such scraps of their conversation as the maid overhears at the lunch-table, or in the back-parlor, are always about the latest styles, their own new clothes, and those of their acquaintances. Bridget knows, too, that madame half starves herself, children and servants, when there is no company, that she may appropriate a portion of the housekeeping fund to the purchase of a velvet cloak or a new style of ear-rings. She strongly suspects that madame worries and teazes the master for more money than he can well spare, not because she is in *need* of any thing, but because her opposite neighbor gets a new dress oftener than she. If this said master should some day fall under the ban of his fellows for having 'speculated' in a style not agreeing with the letter of the law—if his name should be found attached to some little paper where it did not belong, or he should take the liberty of using another man's without his consent, Bridget might not be enough of a philosopher to detect and denounce the really most guilty party. But the wife! ay, the wife, or the daughter, who hounded on the poor,

anxious, fettered man of business with the constant cry that if he had any ambition, he would wish them to do as their neighbors do—*these* are the guilty ones, who are but justly punished when their share of the disgrace is brought home to them.

Persons who have visited the opera and other fashionable places of amusement, must have noticed a great change in women's dress since the war. The amount of elegant and costly dressing is *astounding*. Immense fortunes are now made in a year, which once would have been the rich reward of a lifetime. Fancy prices are asked and received, and fancy profits made, in almost every line of business. Money is plentiful, and the ornamental sex do their share of spending it. It is to be expected that diamonds will be purchased and worn; and that the rarest, costliest silks and laces will be found fault with because they are not *more* rare and costly. It is only thus that newly-won riches can be sufficiently advertised; though we also give women full credit for that love of the beautiful in dress, for that natural passion for display, which robs this advertisement of half its vulgarity. It can not be vulgar for lovely white necks to cover the sparkle of jewels, for fair foreheads to wreath themselves with pearls, nor for sweet, rounded, elegant figures to drape themselves in silken textures, softened by clouds of exquisite lace. Women have a right to be pretty and pleasing; to take a due measure of time and means to render themselves so. But there *should* be a point where discretion becomes the better part of valor.

For instance: years ago, when physiology was comparatively little understood, and when girls knew nothing of the laws of health, *tight-lacing* became a fashion, which carried thousands of women to their graves, undermined the health of thousands more, caused the birth of innumerable sickly children, and degenerated the whole average of health in this and other countries. Finally, the outcry of doctors, the introduction of physiology into schools, and the *importation* of a more natural standard of

female beauty, did away with the evil almost entirely. For the last two years, the fashion of tight-sacques upon the street has given a new impulse to female vanity, and the *fashion of tight-lacing is fast becoming an evil as fearful as it was of old*, and with no excuse of ignorance. A gentleman recently heard a lady of his acquaintance boast that, by a persevering system of compression, she had now succeeded in reducing her waist to fifteen inches!

When women *will* make such fools of themselves, legislation ought to interfere, and a law be enacted forbidding any young woman to marry whose waist should be less than twenty-two inches around!

We do not dare to be explicit, but we would here delicately hint at the *disproportion* existing between these fairy-like belts and the immense structures of whalebone and horse-hair rising just above them. But the beauty of a fashionable woman is well known to outrage all the laws of nature or art; she is a law unto herself—or, rather, she is physiologically lawless—and does just as she pleases, whether or not it pleases the doctors or divines.

Again, *décolletés* dresses for places of public amusement are gaining (or rather losing) ground, at a frightful rate. We are constrained to believe that modesty, like other feelings, is a creature of *circumstances*; and that the child who is reared with bare shoulders and arms may be as truly modest as one whose aprons are always up to its throat. We know that the dames of Revolutionary fame were as modest, virtuous, noble and dignified as ever delighted the world; yet *they* appeared in dresses that would almost shock an opera-belle of to-day. *Custom* made such attire seem proper to them. Yet we can not forget that these very styles were copied from the most corrupt court that the sun ever shone upon. And we can not but *wish* that our republican beauties possessed an instinct so true, a taste so severe, as would cause them to reject the extremes of Parisian fashion, the bold effects gained by too daring innovations.

We have said that since the beginning of the war, extravagant dressing has greatly increased amid our countrymen. And so it has, in the same rapid ratio that fortunes have been made. Yet we think that the heaven has been working ever since the Empress Eugenie ascended the French throne. Her personal love of dress was like a stone thrown in the sea, whose circlets have spread over two hemispheres. She dressed, and expected her ladies to dress, until now, so great has become the prevailing extravagance in France, that even Frenchmen are alarmed. "In the French senate, the late M. Dupin made a short but spirited speech on the unbridled luxury of women. He complains that respectable and high-bred ladies copy the fashions set by females who are neither high-bred nor respectable; that, every winter, every season, dressmakers' bills amount to totals which the handsomest fortunes can not meet. The desire to make a brilliant figure causes finery to be bought on credit, without the knowledge of the husband; bills, letters of credit, are signed; and for those bills indorsers have to be found, who take advantage of their position." Such is the state of French society, which sumptuary reformers are endeavoring to correct. According to M. Dupin, the best thing that could happen would be for influential matrons (without ceasing to present themselves in decent or even rich attire, when the occasion, or their rank and fortune, require it) to form themselves into a Ladies' Dress-Reform Society. Example, he holds, "is the only means of saving husbands and families from shame and ruin."

We are afraid senators will talk a long time before they produce much impression upon womanly willfulness. We had some dress reforms here, at the beginning of the war, and we all know how their efforts ended. For every resolve *not* to indulge herself in buying costly foreign importations, which our women have made, they have rewarded their virtuous intentions by buying *twice* as much as if they had not known they should not. Such is the strength of

woman's resolution where finery is concerned!

And, since all women's husbands do not own oil wells, which pump up diamonds to shine in the glow of their own petroleum—since all who aspire to be fashionable can not hope to be billionaires, we may look, before many years, to the importation of a feature of Paris fashion not yet known to us.

In the mean time, enjoy yourselves. It is unwise to borrow trouble. There will come, before long, a change in the present system of doing business, when it will no longer be easy for every fourth man to make his hundred thousand a year—a time, when many diamond necklaces will go to the brokers, and some wives' husbands to prison, and others to

retailing lamp-oil and ole clo'es; but, in the mean time, enjoy yourselves. You have read that marvelous melody, in Mother Goose, of the old woman who found the sixpence. Bridget won't stop being like 'missus'; 'missus' is after Union Square; Union Square is after Madison Square; Madison Square is after the Boulevards:—but, when the 'cat begins to kill the rat,' what a wide-spread destruction will be sure to ensue! The big houses, in falling over, will crush the little ones; and when madame's diamonds go to auction, Bridget will have to go back to calico and seven dollars a month.

When that time *does* come, will the true hearts and homes of America be any the less happy? We opine not.

CURRENT NOTES.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S "Life of Abraham Lincoln" is yet in embryo, we learn. There is no further call at this time for biographies of the Great Emancipator: we have had only too many of them—or, rather, of attempts at biography. Lacking a just comprehension of the *purpose* of biography, and a just conception of their subject, the writers of books already issued relating to Mr. Lincoln's life and labors, have failed to produce biographies, in the higher and more exact sense of that word. In all, we have searched in vain for that keen discrimination of character, that apprehension of motive, that power to detect and trace causes in effects which are demanded of the true expositor. The only approach to such an analysis and appreciation as we indicate, that has reached our notice, was given by Mr. Lincoln's old law partner, in a recent lecture upon the illustrious deceased. That single lecture affords a more correct idea of the man than any professed biography yet produced—a fact in itself which shows how far the writers referred to have fallen below the claims of their subject. We hope from Mr. Owen something better than has as yet been produced. Taking time to study

his subject, and to gather biographic data, we expect his work to be full, authentic and satisfactory in its mere record of life-incidents. But, all that will not excuse the production of another biography if it fails to unriddle the mystery of his inner life—that life to which mere incidents and acts were but guide-posts. A subtle power of analysis, a nice perception of mental and moral relations, a clear, firm and accurate delineation of the intellectual man—all are requisite in Mr. Owen's production if he would answer public expectation. Let us anticipate such an addition to our literature, only too barren of true biographies and too replete with mere *puffs* of the services and virtues of our great dead.

This suggests a theme over which we have pondered much—that of Washington. Have we a good biography of the "Father of his Country"? If so it has not been our fortune to peruse it. Like the books above alluded to, his biographies are, without exception, tissues of adulation, from whose perusal we rise without correct impressions of the man as he was exhibited to *himself*. It is strange that for one of the best, if not the very best analysis of American Democracy we have

had to go abroad (De Tocqueville), and we yet may have to look to a foreign source for the Life of Washington on which time shall set its seal of approval. Ought this to be? Are our writers incapable of reading the character of the man, or is it that a false idea exists as to what the public demands at their hands? We suspect the latter. How undeceived will be the author who exhibits to us the George Washington of the closet, of the social circle, of the cabinet, of the business world, as well as the Washington of the field and the Executive Mansion!

It is remarkable what an amount of poetic talent exists in this country. The number of those who write in verse, and write *well*, is almost countless. Receiving as we do poetry enough each month to fill the entire magazine, we yet are not disposed to cry out: "Hold! Enough!" To us, though we can use but a modicum of what is sent in, the demonstration which is given by this deluge of verse is not disagreeable; on the contrary, it is a fact pleasing in itself as a *proof* of the fine sensibilities which exist in American breasts and are being developed by our education. No person writes verse who is not a reader and lover of the poets—an intellectual virtue in itself; and though many who write are neither true poets, nor sons of poets, yet their love of nature, love of the good and beautiful, love of the affections, love of love, all are evidences of a mental culture of which any people might be proud. We have been engaged in editorial duties for many years, and know well the currents of our popular thought and expression; yet each year brings its pleasing surprise in the development of our æsthetic mind, the culture of our classes and the tendency of our tastes in literature. A few decades more, if this development progresses in the ratio of the past twenty years, what may we not prophesy for our literary culture and achievement?

The recent announcement of the death of Mrs. Gaskell, an English writer whose admirers in this country are very numerous, is followed by that of Frederica Bremer—a name affectionately remembered by many, not only for what she

has written, but for the pleasure her visit to America gave to thousands who looked upon her pure, womanly face, and listened to the utterance of her kindly voice. A country which has produced two such truly noble women as Miss Bremer and Jenny Lind must be favorable to the growth of kindly natures. Miss Bremer's works—chiefly novels—were on homely themes. Her characters were such as make up every-day life in the great struggle for existence. Her feelings and sympathies were true to the pure and good, and, to a remarkable degree she became beloved by her readers. In this country her works have had very large sales; and now that she is no more, we should be pleased to see a "Household Edition" of her books given to a public who, we are sure, would heartily welcome it.

Rare fragments of rich old Rome are daily turning up from out of the grave of the Eternal City. The Mount Palatine is being pierced by Papal authority, and thence have recently come to light new traces of the gorgeous Imperial Palace—frescoed chambers, superbly adorned with *bassi-relievi*, marble columns, one or two statues, fine though mutilated, and a bust of Britannicus, of the best period of Art. At Ostia discoveries equally interesting have been made; and among the vines, near the Baths of Caracalla, Monsignore Guidi has come upon a magnificent mosaic, representing a skeleton, life-size, with the inscription, in Greek letters, "Know Thyself." This last is supposed to be of the time of the Antonines.

"Go abroad for news" is an old saying, only too frequently verified in the fact. In a late number of the London *Athenæum* we have this paragraph: "Among remarkable incidents arising out of the late civil war in America there is one worth notice, which took place at a meeting of the Essex Institute, a Natural History Society for Essex county, Massachusetts. One of the members wishing to refute the assertion that the 'Southern rebels' were of better birth and blood than the Northern folk, read a paper, entitled 'New England's Heraldry,' showing that more of the early northern

colonists were connected with the nobility and gentry of the mother-country, than the colonists of the South. The roll of the gentlemen of Massachusetts will beat that of Virginia by ten to one; and, yet more, it can be shown that the ancestors of some of the present 'chivalry' of Virginia arrived first in that colony as transported criminals. This strikes us as being rather hard on the Old Dominion; something like hitting a man when he is down. But when simple-minded Republicans begin to argue about the gentility of their blood, there is no foreseeing whither the argument may lead. There is, perhaps, enough of Cavalier blood left in Virginia to furnish a reply."

The formation of coal is receiving new consideration from scientific men, whose inquiries into the source of petrolinic deposits have revived some old theories and disposed of others as dead and buried by the weight of new facts elicited. In a paper recently read before the Geological Society of Montreal, Professor Dawson enunciated certain propositions, which geologists will have to take into consideration. He contends that the occurrence of *stigmaria* under nearly every bed of coal (especially in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick) proves that the material of the coal was accumulated by growth *in situ*; while the character of the intervening strata proves the abundant transport of mud and sand by water, such as may be seen in the swampy delta of a river at the present day. Dr. Dawson states further, that the cannel-coal and earthy bitumen in the same coal-measures are of the nature of the fine vegetable mud which accumulates in the ponds and shallow lakes of modern swamps.

Some very interesting statistics have recently officially been announced, regarding the vine products of France. According to these it appears that the average annual produce of the vineyards in France is 88,000,000 hectolitres. Of this quantity, 13,840,000 hectolitres are offered for sale; 2,454,000 hectolitres are distilled and converted into spirits of wine or brandy; the quantity exported to for-

eign countries amounts to 2,080,000 hectolitres; 220,000 hectolitres are used for vinegar, and 15,245,000 hectolitres are consumed by the growers or sold direct to consumers. The vineyards, which are in the hands of 2,200,000 landed proprietors, are situated in 78 departments. The annual consumption of wine in Paris by each inhabitant is estimated at one hectolitre and a half. The hectolitre is a little over 22 gallons. The annual consumption of wine in this country, by each inhabitant, we dare say would not average one gallon; while the consumption of "ardent spirits" (strong liquors) probably exceeds, *per capita*, that of the French more than one hundred fold! If the consumption of greater quantities of native wines would be followed by the use of less whisky in the United States, we should let our prayers be—plant the vineyards on every hill-side!

The continued high prices of printing paper, while it has restricted the publication of books, does not seem to deter publishers from venturing their means in "periodical" enterprises. During the past few weeks several new weekly journals have seen the light, and with April we are promised a semi-monthly magazine for "town and country." Of the new weekly journals, we may refer to the "New York Weekly Magazine" and "Every Saturday"—both large octavo in size, and filled chiefly with reprint matter from foreign publications. Decidedly inferior to "Littell's Living Age" in dignity and real worth of contents, they are, for that reason, a shade more "popular," giving the public large instalments of English and French literature, at small prices. What with the *flood* of English novels reprinted here, without the license of publisher or author, and these two weekly reprints, our public bids fair to be surfeited with titled lords and ladies, barristers and officers of the crown, curates and rectors, country gentlemen and London vagabonds. One of our leading religious weeklies, in a recent notice of a reprint novel, says: "It is a better novel than could be produced by any living American writer, with but two or three exceptions." As

the work referred to, *Ordeal for Wives*, is a fourth rate, (or even lower rate,) English fiction, the compliment to American writers is, like an old-fashioned pill, hard to take. But, is the assertion just? We say it is not. It is, to our view of the case, outrageously unjust; but, it is the dictum so often repeated by a certain class of journalists and publishers, that even the American public has grown to believe nothing American is good: hence English reprints by the hundreds; hence the 'cold shoulder' almost uniformly given to every American fiction which finds its way into our publishers' offices; hence the hopeless spirit pervading our autorial circles. Would it not be as well for these "book-notice editors" to discontinue their flippant tone toward what is American—to recognize our civilization, our mind, our tastes, in a hearty, earnest, hopeful way? If this spirit of persistently depreciating what is American continues, and we go on flooding the land with foreign books, foreign ideas, foreign sentiments, we shall look in vain for an American literature as high and pure as our social and political freedom is great. While we wish well to every creditable enterprise in the way of supplying American readers with good reading matter, we yet can not close our eyes to the discouraging effect which must follow the further neglect of American autorial talent involved in the exclusive adoption of the products of English pens.

Referring to English magazines, we must here be permitted to correct a typographical error occurring in the February "Notes," where, speaking of *The Argosy*, we were made to say it was "devoted to miscellany of the *HIGHER* order." Should have read "miscellany of the *lighter* order." We make the correction, not caring to bear the impeachment of

taste and judgment which must follow the reading of the notice referred to, in the February issue.

The interest felt in regard to cholera, and the fears entertained of its appearance in our midst on the approach of warm weather, have called forth numerous facts, and more numerous speculations, concerning the disease and its *habits*. A correspondent writing from Malta, one of the most salubrious spots in or on the Mediterranean, thus sets at rest the theory of its advance through aerial currents: "Having carefully looked at the thermometer during the last three months, I could not perceive that the cholera was in any way influenced by the weather, from whatever quarter the wind was blowing. Whether it came from the north or south, with a damp sirocco, or in a fresh westerly breeze, the grievous epidemic continued its onward course, sometimes advancing with the wind, and then against it. Throughout the whole summer, there have been no clear and cloudless skies, but on the contrary, a heavy mist, which neither a strong wind, burning sun, a full moon, thunder, lightning, nor rain could dissipate." The writer hereof knows this to be true. In 1849 he dwelt in a western town terribly scourged by the cholera. No known law seemed to regulate its going and coming. Physicians, gathered there from all sections, enunciated theories one day to abandon them the next; what cured one was powerless in helping another: a sultry day was pronounced "bad," yet a clear dry day was no better; people died and were buried by scores; and when the pestilence was finally over, seemingly from mere *exhaustion*, the fifty eminent men of medicine present were no wiser respecting the disease and its treatment than when the terror first challenged their attention.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1866.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

I.

THIS the evening of the battle,
Yet the roaring and the rattle
Of the conflict still is sounding through my brain;
For from dawn till early twilight
I have been where blood was pouring
From my comrades and the foeman, like the swiftly-falling rain.

II.

Where the camp-fire flickers dimly,
Casting strange, fantastic shadows

Enforced according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. I.—19.

On the bare and slanting tent-walls by my side,
 I am sitting, calmly writing
 Of that hour of blood and carnage,
 When so many of my comrades bravely fought and nobly died.

III.

All the day before, the rumbling
 Of the moving of our columns
 Told a mighty host was gathering for the strife ;
 And long before the sunlight
 Drove the fog from off the river,
 Hill and valley, front and rearward, was one mass of moving life.

IV.

Ah ! I ever shall remember
 That morning in December
 When we bridged the Rappahannock's swollen stream ;
 And our crossing and recrossing,
 'Neath that fiery, murderous shower,
 For 'tis stamped upon my memory like some deep-implanted dream.

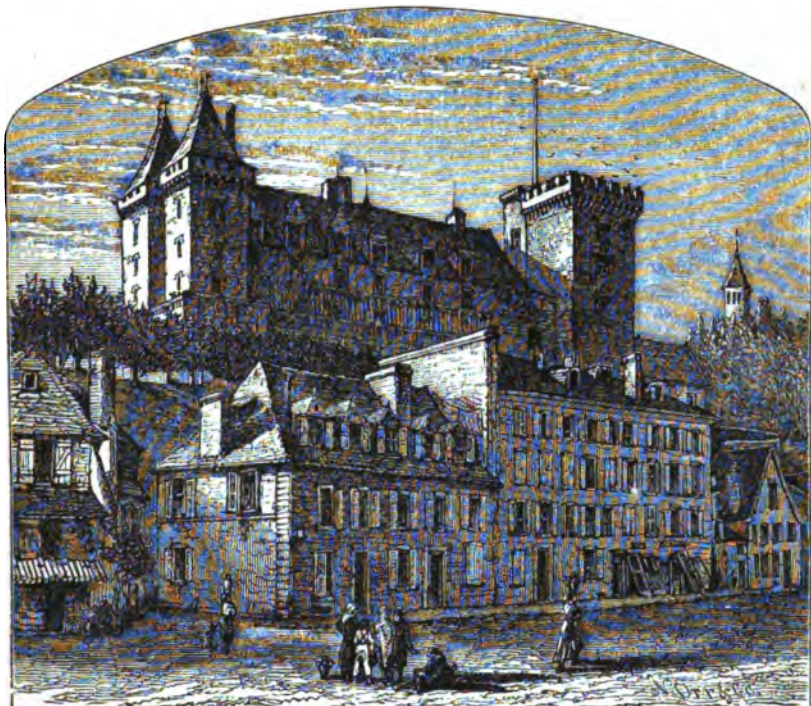
V.

When we got the order "Forward !"
 On we rushed like hungry tigers,
 On and upward till we saw their cannons' throats ;
 When they sent their withering volleys
 Through and through our solid columns,
 Till we reeled, and broke, and fled in dire confusion to our boats.

* * * * *

VI.

Oh, the weeping wives and mothers
 For the fallen sons and brothers—
 Killed and wounded, dead and dying, on that field ;
 Grant them comfort, oh, our Father,
 Heal their anguish, quench their sorrow ;
 Give them strength to bear their burdens, and to all thy chastenings
 yield.



CHATEAU OF PAU.

A WINTER AT PAU.

AS I sat, one afternoon in the early winter, in the solitude of a four-story eyrie in Broadway, a double knock at the door announced my friend A——. That artistic rap was the only *open sesame* to my room at all times, and the man behind it was one of the few of so much tact and sense that he never was a bore. But, his entrance did not bring the accustomed measure of hilarity and good cheer. It was too evident that A—— had broken down. Over-work, over-excitement and bad air had produced their invariable result. It was the old story, and we decided in solemn consultation, to fall back upon the doctors—those best friends in our lowest estate. Week after week they traced with their stethoscopes the insidious progress of disease, and A—— came from every examination only more obstinately determined to be melancholy and solemn.

When Douglass Jerrold was told that

he had but a few hours to live, he exclaimed: "What! leave my wife and five helpless children? By heaven, I *won't* die!" and he lived. A—— could not boast these happy incumbrances, but he was young, and life was dear; and to die ignominiously in one's bed, in times like those, was not to be thought of. When, therefore, our good friend Doctor ——, suggested that in a change of climate the sick man might still find length of days, it was decided to do any thing, every thing: but, by no means, to die.

Where to go? Fifty years hence, East Tennessee will, perhaps, be the resort of invalids in search of dry, upland air and a temperate climate, and in some great hotel on Lookout Mountain, northern and southern valetudinarians may enjoy together the fine air and magnificent scenery, and remember, only in peace, that night of struggle and glory

when the Old Flag was first planted on its summit. Florida and the islands of the Gulf are to become our Italy and Madeira; but, for the present, distance from exciting influences, together with the best climatic effects, must be sought abroad.

The effect of climate on disease has been so carefully studied in the older countries, that every resort for invalids has its formidable array of statistics proving it to be favorable or unfavorable to certain diseases.

Madeira, so long a favorite resort, is found, in certain stages of pulmonary disease, too enervating. This is the case with most tropical islands, and the stimulus of a cold or temperate region is preferred by many to the *dolce far niente* of the tropics. Nice and Montpellier have their cold winds—Palermo, its sirocco.

One of the places to-day most recommended by students of climatic effects, and perhaps least known to the public, on this side of the water, is Pau, the old capital of Bearn, in the south of France. Space, now-a-days, is lost in time, and thus Pau really is nearer than any of the West Indies excepting Cuba; being only fifteen days from New York, while the West Indies are at indefinite and remote distances, when there is no regular communication by steam.

To Pau, then, A—— was to go—a place with which he had then no associations of pleasure, and where he hardly hoped for any enjoyment but that of renewed health. And so we—for who can refuse the demands of friendship, when they require us to take the pilgrim staff and set forth on those too happily-remembered wanderings?—with cheerful philosophy, packed into the smallest conceivable trunks the largest amount of unnecessary; saw the spires of the city, which meant to us home, kindred and friends, disappear; and, with an "Eastward, ho!" of hope and hearty cheer, turned our faces seaward.

A few weeks later we were on the Landes of Southern France, within a few hours walk of Pau; and as if to sharpen the natural hunger for beauty, our route

lay over one of the dreariest wastes on the planet. As far as the eye could reach was one unvarying level; bordered, occasionally, by somber pine forests, or varied by dismal little ponds. A pond surrounded by hills, and shut in by bending trees, is a charming bit of summer landscape; but a pond, on an immense flat, has an unmeaning, unwholesome look, suggestive of nothing but stagnation. Now and then, in the distance, a shepherd was seen mounted on stilts, reminding one of some monstrous heron as he chased the straggling flock, his long cloak flapping in the wind. Agriculturists are making some efforts to reclaim this region. Several fine agricultural roads have been built across the Landes, and this easy communication, it is hoped, will stimulate improvement.

A night's sleep effaced all these dreary recollections, and the morning found us more hungry for a sight of the Pyrenees than for the omelet and fricassee of the Hôtel de la France, in Pau. A few steps took us out upon the Place Royale—a rectangular gravel plot, with parallel rows of trees, elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the valley, and commanding the finest view of the mountains. The day was clear and calm—in fact, the winds of Pau will make a short chapter of a traveler's story. There are no winds; and in the clear, still air, the full magnificence of the view burst upon us at once.

A wide valley separates us from the mountains through which winds the Gave de Pau, a broad, shallow stream, with a pebbly bed, the remains of an old bridge interrupting its sluggish course; and the whole valley, with its extent of woodland and meadow, is made more charming by the pretty villages and tasteful chateaus standing out in pleasing proportions from the surrounding foliage. Over and beyond the valley, bounding, bordering and crowning it with splendid beauty, extends in one unbroken sweep for sixty miles, the magnificent stretch of the Pyrenees. We had expected some coquetry at first—morning mists veiling their awful splendor; but no. From the Spanish mountains, on the right, to the



PIC DU MIDI D'OSSAU.

mountains of Bigorre, on the left, all stood out, grand and clear; the transparent white vapors floating around them, only adding a veil of more enchanting loveliness.

Directly in front, the grand Pic du Midi d'Ossau towers into the clouds, its top cleft as if by a thunderbolt, and its magnificent height—more than nine thousand feet—showing more grandly as it rises from the Vallée d'Ossau—one of those lateral valleys which are among the striking characteristics of the Pyrenees. The Pic du Midi de Bigorre is the great culminating point toward the east, and among these ridges are the Bagnères de Bigorre—a famous resort—and the Lac de Gaube. Peak above peak these snow-capped summits stand up against the clear blue, like opal against turquoise, and their icy sides, as they slope grandly down to the valleys, reflect purple and rose in the morning sunlight. The Glaciers of the Vignemale, near the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, send back the concentrated light with a diamond-like splendor. An enthusiastic writer likens this scene to Bunyan's Delectable Mountains. "When the morning was up, they bid him look south, and he did, and beheld

a most pleasant mountainous country, beautiful with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains very delectable to behold. It was common, too, for all the pilgrims, and from them they could see the Celestial City." It is interesting to observe the effect of this grand *coup d'œil* on the observer. A—, whom the sight of the Pyrenees already seemed to exhilarate, drew in one long, satisfied inspiration—all dreary anticipations vanished, and the winter seemed already too short to satisfy one with gazing. The peasants, who have been all their lives near the mountains, are never weary of the prospect. In the region of æsthetic culture, it has certainly been to them a liberal education. On market days they stand leaning, with folded arms, over the parapet, and appear to be absorbed in the ever-shifting, ever-fascinating changes, as the clouds group themselves in fantastic shapes about the Pics, or the different effects of morning and evening, sunlight and shadow, paint in the same outlines of form, exhaustless wealth of color and changes of light and shade. One rarely finds in Europe a more charming view than this; indeed, many regard it second

only to that from the terrace of Berne. But the great depth of the foreground makes it a tantalizing landscape for artists, and all attempts to photograph it have been equally unsatisfactory.

The city of Pau is very finely situated, on broken and undulating ground, between the Gave, the Ousse and a ravine. A small, deep stream, called the Hédas, separates it into two parts, which are connected by bridges, and its western end is crowned by the Chateau. The terraces, houses and gardens of the old city command a splendid view of the mountains. The newer portion has not these advantages of situation.



PEASANT GIRL CARRYING WATER.

Pau is liberally supplied with good water, but, fortunately for lovers of the picturesque, it is not carried into the houses. Women and girls fill their jars at the public springs, and as they gather there for gossip, or walk lightly away with the erect carriage which always results from carrying weights upon the head, there is an oriental association about them, a suggestion of Hebrew damsels and the old historic wells, which make the prettiest Bearnaise prettier.

The Parc, a fine terraced promenade, far exceeds the Place Royale in extent and attractive features. It occupies the summit and base of a narrow ridge, and its nicely graveled walks, overlooking the river, are shaded by fine beech trees, and provided with comfortable seats. Here, in the mild winter days, one meets all the fashion, gayety and invalidism of Pau, under the white umbrellas or protected from sunstroke by the invariable white cloth covering the hat and hanging between the shoulders: cases of *coup de soleil* being not unfrequent, even in December.

Here A—— and I lounge with the rest, cultivate little friendships with the noisy English children, rolling their hoops on the gravel, and stare idly at the bronzed faces of the French Zouaves and Indian officers, who always frequent a place like this. But I find the sight of a uniform as unfavorable to my patient as an American newspaper. He mutters grimly over his book, and wastes his breath in vain sighs for the Potomac and the Rapidan. I hold out, as a sort of pacificatory sugar-plum, the Rhine and the Tiber, and close my ears in time to avoid hearing those classic streams associated with expletives more forcible than pleasing. A sympathetic English lady had suggested to my friend A—— the experiences of that worthy and true gentleman, Colonel Newcome, as a good philosophical study, and as he was following her suggestion in great content, stretched out on one of the seats in the Parc, and basking, like an invalid lizard, in the sun, he suddenly looked over the book to say that just here in the Parc pretty Rosy McKenzie flirted with the Major. That was, of course, before she became Mrs.

Clive Newcome, for Rosy was a proper little damsel.

Classic ground, indeed! And whether is it better to know that here harmless little Rosy displayed her smiles and graces, and stout Mrs. McKenzie laid her toils, or that yonder, in the old castle, famous Jeanne d'Albret lived, and Queen Marguerite held her gorgeous court? Clive and the colonel are of the dear friends whose names thrill us at any distance of space or time. Not real? Infinitely more real spirit without body than body without spirit—such as one sees at his elbow every day. And Ethel and Pendennis and Laura—have we parted from these friends forever?

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

When one is weary of the Parc, there is still the Bois Louis, a charming little walk along the banks of the Gave, not too long nor too rough for the most delicate. That it appears to be generally occupied by washerwomen is hardly an objection, for these energetic creatures have taken possession of every running stream in this region, and not a roadside but is ornamented with nameless unsightly draperies spread on the bushes to dry.

Pau is especially attractive to an American, from the number of English families residing here. Many of the finest houses are occupied by English, and their hospitalities, so freely offered to strangers, make one of the chief attractions of the place. A sick person, away from all the solaces and comforts of home, is painfully isolated in a place the language of which is only imperfectly understood. Society, of which he is in peculiar need to obviate that introverted state of mind, so mischievous to an invalid, is closed to him. He is alone in a crowd. At Pau, an American can hardly feel isolated. English faces and English habits surround him. Two English churches are open to him on the Sabbath—though one of them is so near a water-course, it is externally more suggestive of dampness than devotion. English ladies, with bright, intelligent faces, and dress a shade less tasteful and *nette* than the French, promenade in the Parc, and at the *tables*

d'hôte of any of the large hotels he will find agreeable conversation. Sympathy with the North he could not and would not expect to find. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for verily they shall not be disappointed. An English gentleman naively asked me if the effect of General Grant's taking command of Jeff. Davis' army would not be prejudicial to the cause of the North? Englishmen on the continent do not understand our affairs, but they have grace generally to be civil and courteous, and often show a genuine interest in obtaining some knowledge of the state of things among us. As Pau is only twenty-six hours from London, English papers arrive with little delay, but such is the quiet, sedative effect of the climate, that political animosities are subdued, irritable tempers calmed, and the proprieties of place and time very generally observed. A good public library extends its privileges to all, the librarian passing out books with a confidence in visitors and a courtesy as rare as it is agreeable.

The native inhabitants of the city and the surrounding country are seen in especial glory on Monday, the market-day at Pau. Every conceivable article, from dry-goods to live-stock, is exposed for sale, on tables, carts, or on the ground, in and around the Place de la Nouvelle Halle. The peasants, from the neighboring villages, flock into the town, and the clatter of wooden shoes on the pavement is almost deafening. But, alas! *sabots* are going out of fashion, and more than half the peasants wear leather shoes, or sandals made of duck. In another generation *sabots* will be traditional.

The peasants are not very attractive, either in feature or costume. The men wear a blouse and flat woolen cap. They are sturdy, but not incumbered with flesh, and the uniformly healthy look of the people is quite noticeable. Whether it is due to the tranquillizing air of Pau, or to the fact that the pursuits of agriculture, as it is carried on in this region, do not stimulate the mind, certainly the faces of these Bearnais peasants wear an expression of bovine calm, not in the least attractive. Their ox-carts and

implements of husbandry are of the most primitive sort, and the oxen are still yoked by the horns and driven with a sharp goad. The girls are lovely, with rich brown complexions, fine color, and that look of glowing health which makes even moderate beauty brilliant; but constant exposure to the sun and air leaves, at thirty, no traces of these early charms. Unlike the peasantry of many parts of Europe, they wear no hats, but a handkerchief bound about the head protects it from the sun, leaving the face entirely exposed. The old women—and it is a boast of the Bearnais that they are hale and hearty to a great age—sitting by the roadside and spinning, as they watch their sheep, can hardly be said to show the beauty of old age. As we mingled with the peasants on market-day, their quiet and undemonstrative manner was in marked contrast with that of the French people in general. They use

few gestures, yet they seemed to have a sort of dry wit, if one might judge from the peals of laughter which were heard now and then among the knots of traders. It is quite impossible for a foreigner to understand their *patois*.

The mountaineers, who appear often at Pau on market-days, are a different class of people. They are tall and lithe, and with their loose jackets, short velvet trowsers, long stockings, and bright-colored sashes, have a very gay and jaunty look. They are quick at a jest, ride well, and walk with a light, springing step. They are mostly hunters and shepherds, though their fathers were probably engaged in a business on the frontier more profitable, if not quite lawful.

Neither the market, nor any other institution, explains the high cost of living at Pau. The traveler who comes here under the impression that in the south of Europe living is cheap, will be grievously disappointed. Every luxury is to be found here, but these, as well as the necessities of life, command exorbitant prices.

The city of Pau must have been originally only a collection of the houses of feudal dependents, around the castle of their lord, and the castle, or chateau, as it is now called, is still the chief object of interest. The people regard it with pride and affection, chiefly because it was the birthplace of Henry Fourth, the idol of every true Bearnais. But its historic associations run further back than the time of Henry. Long before his day, kings and queens and nobles of high degree walked its halls, and looked out upon the mountains with the same wonder and joy as we; felt their inexpressible beauty, and no doubt talked about it as foolishly. The great square tower, called the tower of Gaston Phœbus, was built, it is said, by that worthy whom Froissart delights to honor in his charming pages, though many a Count de Foix before him had probably held the place as a hunting resort. In the time of Gaston Phœbus, Pau must have been a sad place for quiet people who liked to lie still in their beds at night, if the story is true, that he kept his sixteen hundred dogs in



OLD WOMAN SPINNING BY THE ROADSIDE.

the court-yard. Froissart, delightful old story-teller as he is, seems to have had too pleasant an experience in the castle of Gaston to be over-fastidious as to the little peculiarities of his host. So the florins were abundant and given out in liberal largesses to retainers and friends, he did not inquire whence they came. Gaston is beautiful, generous, wise and devout in the eyes of the old chronicler, and when he claps a neighbor or friend into one of his dungeons by way of extracting the needful florins, or, if they are not forthcoming, tumbles a relative over the castle walls, the amiable Froissart does not cease to dwell on his matchless graces and virtues. The wife of Gaston appears to have been equally "worthy and devout," and their unfortunate son, the innocent victim of their plots, dying by his father's hand in one of the dungeons of the castle, Froissart exclaims, with holy horror, that "such a shocking accident should have taken place!"

Gaston undoubtedly built the square keep and occupied the castle more or less, making the place horrible with his sixteen hundred dogs; but the old chateau saw its palmiest days in the time of the beautiful Marguerite de Valois and her husband, Henri d'Albret, grandparents of Henry the Fourth. Marguerite appreciated the charms of the place, and made it still more beautiful by all the embellishments of art and a cultivated taste. Near the castle she had one of the most beautiful gardens in Europe. Large additions were made to the southern side of the chateau, and Italian artists were sent for to decorate the new halls and plan the grand stairway. And here we still find their work, where the heads of Henri and Marguerite are seen in relief upon the walls, and their ciphers interlaced—H. R., M. R.—(Henri roi, Marguerite reine,) decorate the *escalier*. In this beautiful residence, Marguerite assembled one of the most brilliant courts in Europe. She had lived, before her marriage, in the court of her brother, Francis First, under the influence of the dissolute Louisa of Savoy. But here, also, she had met some of the most distinguished among the French Reformers

—Le Fere, d'Etaple and Calvin. Clement Marot, the father of French poetry, laid his tribute at her feet in somewhat too amorous verse, and was proud to be known as her *valet de chambre*. And when Paris became too hot for these men, with the fires of religious persecution, they found a quiet asylum at the court of Marguerite at Pau. Gossiping old Brantôme, who was then a little boy, tells us of the good queen what he remembers, and has heard from his mother and grandmother, who were both her maids of honor. Marguerite was strongly suspected of an inclination to embrace the reformed faith, but her regard for her brother's interests probably held her in Catholic communion. When the Constable Montmorenci, always her bitter enemy, suggested to the king that if he would extirpate the heretics, it would be well to begin with his own family, Francis exclaimed: "Do not speak of her. She loves me too well to do any thing that would prejudice my state."

Henri and Marguerite had but one child who lived to maturity, the famous Jeanne d'Albret. Married when a mere child, for reasons of state, she married the second time according to her own choice, and chose, unfortunately, a weak, unworthy nobleman, Antoine de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme. She accepted the reformed faith, and with her stout heart and resolute will held up the banner of the Reformation against all menace and persuasion. She abjured Catholicism by a solemn ceremony, was baptized into the reformed faith in the ugly little church of St. Martin, still standing near the chateau, closed the convents, and boldly threw down the gauntlet to the Romanists. At her court, Calvin found a refuge, and a half-ruined and crumbling tower at the foot of the chateau, with which it is still connected, was once his residence.

The bishop of Armignac, a relative of the queen, wrote her a friendly letter, showing the impossibility of sustaining herself, surrounded by Catholic neighbors, and urging her, by every motive of policy, to retract. But stout-hearted Jeanne had no thought of yielding. She obtained the assistance of Queen Elizabeth of

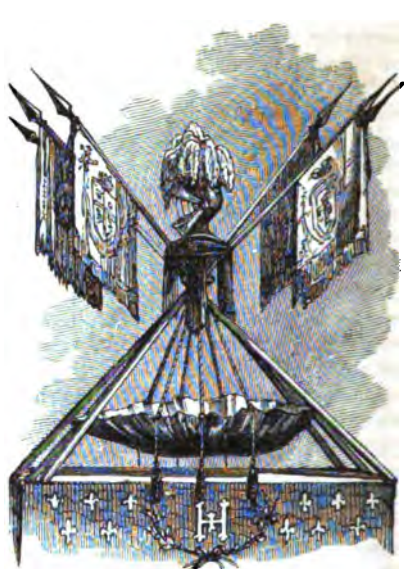
England, collected an army and defeated the Catholics. Then, with no sparing hand, she gave back injury for injury, and throughout Bearn the most dreadful reprisals took place. The Gave, so clear and quiet now, then ran blood all the way from the terrible Bridge of Orthez; and in the chateau itself many of the principal nobles of Bearn were put to a violent death.

It is pleasant to turn from all this to what is noble and fine in the character of Jeanne. Some years after her marriage, when she had lost several children, it was rumored that the crown of Navarre again had prospect of an heir. The old king Henri, whose queen died a few years before, was anxious that the child should be a true Bearnais, born at Pau. Now Jeanne had long wished to see her father's will, which she feared had been made under influences unfavorable to her. The king promised to give her the will and a chain of gold which could be wound twenty-five times around her neck, if, at the birth of the child, she would sing a Bearnais song, "that she might not have a squalling or a sulky babe." She kept her promise, and as the king approached her room, he heard her chanting, in a feeble voice :

"Notre Dame du bout du Pont,
Aidez moi a cette heure,
Priez le Dieu du Ciel
Qu'il veuille bien me delivrer au plus vite,
D'un fils qu'il me fasse le don ;
Tout jusqu'au haut des monts l'implore."

Overcome with gratitude, Henri gave her the will and chain of gold, saying: "These are yours, but this is mine," as he wrapped the child in his cloak and took him into his own apartments. Greatly to his grandfather's joy, the little prince came into the world without crying, and even when he rubbed the baby lips with a clove of garlic, and administered, from his own golden cup, a drop of strong Jurançon wine, this imperturbable infant, so says the story, never whimpered.

The chamber is still shown where Henry was born, and over the chimney one sees the sculptured arms of Bearn and Navarre. Here, too, is shown the



CRADLE OF HENRY IV, OF FRANCE.

shell of a tortoise, which served as a cradle for the famous child. It is said that when, in May, 1789, the revolutionary mob rushed into the court-yard, wild with the rage for demolition, some devoted loyalist carried away the royal cradle, and placed in its stead a similar shell, which was burned by the mob. Here is the cradle suspended under a canopy of flags, wrought by the hands of a princess of Orleans. Let him doubt who dares! He must indeed be a miserable skeptic who refuses to believe that in this veritable shell swung the royal baby.

All about Pau, one is reminded of Henry. Busts and statues abound in the chateau, and in the Place Royale a marble statue bears the inscription, "Lou nostre Henrico"—our Henry. In the time of Louis Eleventh, the people of Pau wished to erect a statue to their beloved king Henry, but upon conferring with the government, it was suggested that it would be better to compliment, in this way, the reigning monarch. It was a bitter disappointment, but it was wise to comply, and the statue was erected. It bore the inscription: "Louis XI, petit-fils du bon roi Henri." It was destroyed in the Revolution.

The chateau contains at present very little that belongs to the time of Henry Fourth. Much of the furniture was taken away to adorn the Louvre, and till the time of Louis Phillippe, it was in a state of great neglect and decay. Under his auspices, the interior was restored with taste and care—considerable additions were made to the building, and it is said the royal family intended to make it an occasional resort. The Duke of Orleans was greatly interested in its restoration, and had suggested many of the improvements. Furniture, mostly of the time of Louis Fourteenth, had been sent from Paris, when these preparations were interrupted by his sudden and terrible death.

The chateau has more recently been the prison of Abd-el-Kadir. A plain room is shown in which he passed seven weary years, looking out upon the Spanish hills, and the graves of his five little children in the cemetery, complete the sad story of his imprisonment.

In another room is a chimney-piece of Swedish porphyry, and this, with two large porphyry vases, was the gift of Bernadotte—afterward Charles Jean of Sweden—to the place of his birth.

Although this old castle is the only object of interest at hand, yet with a walk of a few miles, one finds, in an old parish church, a modern chateau, or an

especially fine view of the mountains, abundant inducements for a morning excursion. The roads leading from Pau, however, are wearisomely straight and level; Lombardy poplars, like rows of inverted brooms, bordering them on both sides. These are dreary walks to an invalid who would so gladly forget himself in the constant surprises of winding roads and an undulating country. One thinks with unutterable longing of the country roads at home, skirting swamps where the rhodora hangs out its purple banner, and the honeysuckle loads the air with voluptuous fragrance; crossing brooks where the meadows all about are rosy with the marvelous beauty of the arbutus, and the sagittaria in fragile whiteness hangs pendulous over the water; brooks all aflame with cardinal flower, so red that it burns to a steely purple in the sun; through woods where the sweet scent of the clethra attracts the wandering bee; and then out upon some breezy upland, where the outspread beauty of hill and meadow exhilarates and satisfies. All seasons and times blend in one maze of strange delightfulness, and dear as the friends we can not see, are the pleasant country lanes and hillsides of home.

But while New York is covered with snow, or something that was snow, and no green thing has stirred, at Pau (and why is man by nature ungrateful?) at Pau the meadows are green, roses here and there are blooming along the hedges, violets hide in damp nooks, and though there is not a leaf on the trees, and the beauty of the vineyards is desolation and ugliness, still the soft, quiet air and hum of insects delude us with associations of midsummer. There is something wonderfully quieting, even lulling in the air of Pau, and it is so still that one often hears the church-bells in the distant villages.

That nervous irritability, which is one of the most painful signs of failing health, invariably yields to its tranquillizing influence. A—— confessed himself something less a savage after a few weeks' stay, and anticipated becoming a reputable Christian at the end of the winter.

The wearisome sameness of the walks near Pau renders riding far more desir-

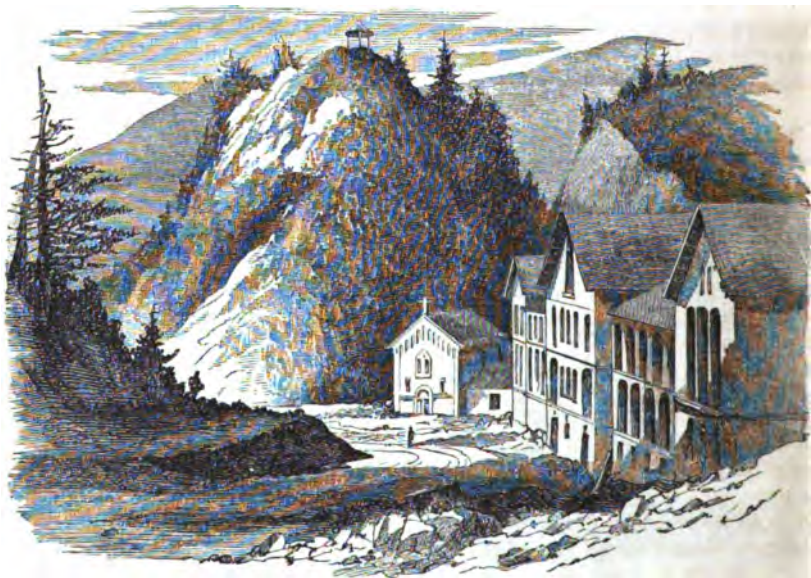


BIRTHPLACE OF BERNADOTTE, PAU.

able; neither is it expensive in proportion to other luxuries. A drive to Jurançon is one of the most pleasing. As we drove, one morning, through the village, the place seemed to have been transformed into one great laundry. On the common were hanging the wet garments of the whole population—a damp and ghastly exhibition.

The Jurançon hillsides produce the celebrated wine with which Henri d'Albret welcomed his famous grandson. It is a white wine, of fine flavor and considerable strength, far superior to any other in this part of France, and is made in so small quantities that it is never exported. The most celebrated vineyard produces but a tun of wine a year. A few miles beyond the village is the celebrated Jurançon mosaic, a relic of the Romans, supposed to be about fifteen hundred years old. It appears to be the floor of a bathing establishment, and is composed of cubical stones, colored in representation of fishes, scrolls, etc. When it was first opened, a figure of Neptune and one of a woman were very distinct and clear, but by the neglect of the government the pavement has been exposed to the action of the weather.

In the old village of Lescar, the parish church has a history running back seven hundred years, and must have been the scene of many a gorgeous ceremony. It is built like a Roman basilica, and has a half-warlike, half-religious look, suggestive of more turbulent times. There are traditions that the prelates of Lescar held with arms of the flesh, what they could not hold with arms of the spirit, "fighting when they could, and cursing when they could not fight." The interior of the church is curious rather than beautiful. On the sculptured capitals of the columns are representations of Eve taking the apple from the serpent, and of Satan devouring the wicked, which the artist probably intended should be tragic or at least serious in their effect. Here were laid Marguerite de Valois and her husband, Henri d'Albret, and as we linger in the quiet church, its shadowy aisles glow again with the pomp of royal funerals, and echo to solemn dirges for the royal dead. Famous Jeanne d'Albret, too, lies here, though she died in Paris, of that disease so common at the time among the enemies of Catherine de Medici. And here, amid the scenes of his happy childhood, it appears most fitting



CHAPEL OF EAUX BONNES.



THE THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

that Henry should have been laid, but, with the common misfortune of royalty, his body was placed among those of the French kings, in the royal vault at St. Denis.

THE PYRENEES.

We had heard much, during our stay at Pau, of the fine scenery among the mountains, and although it was perhaps too early in the season for such a trip, yet the neighborhood of great mountains proved an irresistible attraction, and we decided on the first of May to visit Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrenees. Winding through the beautiful Val d'Ossau, the presence of the more genial season was everywhere evident. The vines were in leaf and blossom, the grain had started, and the more bracing air and prospect of change gave new life and exhilaration to our party, who were somewhat weary of Pau. As we approached the Pyrenees, the scenery became more and more grand, and the ascent so steep that the road wound in almost parallel lines up the

sides of the mountain. Far up among the mountains, surrounded by deep ravines and wild glens, and shut into a narrow gorge, we found the little village of Eaux Bonnes. It is merely a collection of hotels, built around a park or promenade, and so crowded in, that the mountains form the back of the houses, as high as the third or fourth story. There is something curious, and not altogether attractive in the appearance of this bit of civilization and fashion, set down so serenely in the midst of so wild and savage an aspect of nature. The park is neatly laid out, and provided with lamps; the sidewalks are even and convenient; the telegraph-office, post-office, and circulating library offer their various attractions, and the houses are neat and stylish, with all the furbished look of a modern hotel. Delightful walks are laid out around the mountains, with a gradual ascent. One of these, the promenade de l'impératrice, is nearly level, and even an invalid can enjoy it. A level walk in

this region is a relief which it is perhaps difficult to appreciate. Where at every step one must take heed to his feet or endanger his head, it gives a delightful sensation of rest to walk without care and merely enjoy. Seats, too, are placed at intervals, wherever the special beauty of the landscape invites delay. Yet in these walks, where art has done so much, there is still the wild, rank smell of untamed vegetation. Beautiful mosses cover the rocks, and the beeches and firs give a delightful shade. In the summer, civilization and fashion have it all their own way; but in the winter, the wild spirit of the mountains comes down in his strength, tearing away roads, breaking down embankments, and making hideous gullies and chasms; and it is only by enormous expense and labor that the place is reclaimed again for civilization. While we were at Eaux Bonnes, workmen were busy clearing the paths, making new roads, blasting into the mountains for more room, filling up gullies and making straight and smooth the way for the feet of fashion. It is said six thousand persons visit the place during the short season. The waters contain considerable sulphur, and the establishment where it was in process of bottling, to send away, had an odor like the entrance to the pit. The thermal establishment, so called, appears to be a water-cure of the most unpleasant kind. The arrangements for sickness are conspicuously evident, and fill one with the disgust naturally inspired by preparations for curing the species *en masse*.

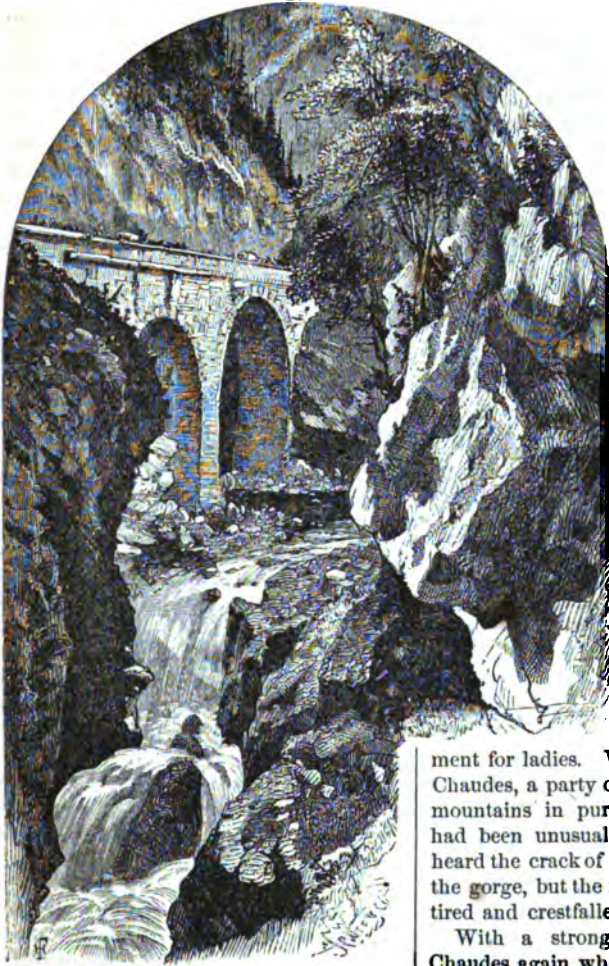
Beautiful waterfalls are the most common of all beauties at Eaux Bonnes. You can have your choice among any number of bubbling, dashing, noisy or quiet, large or little cascades. There is a general rushing and dripping, gurgling and splashing, all about the place. One may expect at any moment to see Undine at his elbow, and be turned into a cold, shivering water sprite. These springs have been used for centuries. They were formerly called Eaux d'Arquebusades, because, after the battle of Pavia, they had the honor of patching up Henri d'Albret and those of his

followers who were fortunate enough to escape a Spanish dungeon. Chatty, wise, agreeable Montaigne says he always visits those mineral springs where he can have the best lodging, provision and company, and recommends these waters of the Pyrenees. He evidently understood making his earthly pilgrimage as comfortable as possible.

After a long rest at Eaux Bonnes, the invalids of our party declared themselves in favor of another move. The exhilaration of the mountain air had diminished the lassitude which had begun to show itself at Pau, and their improved condition was greatly for the good reputation of Pau and the Pyrenees.

The road to Eaux Chaudes is far more wild and magnificent than that which leads to Eaux Bonnes. It runs through a lengthened gorge in the mountains, which approach so near that there is hardly room for a path; now it is cut into the solid rock; now supported on massive arches above the river, which rushes and tumbles five hundred feet below. It is certainly a great triumph of engineering, and highly creditable to the government which keeps it in such perfect repair. As we approach Eaux Chaudes, the mountains are wooded to their very summits, and in this narrow defile, darkened by deep shadows and with only a narrow strip of sky far up overhead, one has an oppressive sense of their awful grandeur. Enormous beech trees hang from the sides of the mountains, of a stunted, horrible growth, in character with the scene. These trees are sometimes only eight feet high, and so large in circumference that three men could not clasp them. Their white branches are twisted, doubled and redoubled upon each other, and the distorted tree, bending down toward the valley, hangs by its stout roots, which hold firmly to the soil. Sometimes moisture has caused the trunk to decay, and the gaping shell puts out its leaves fresh and green as ever.

Between two battlemented towers of granite, the little village of Eaux Chaudes surprises one by its suggestion of man and his littleness in the midst of this



ROAD TO EAUX CHAUDES.

sublimity of nature. It consists of a cluster of houses around the springs, and the gorge is here so narrow that there is hardly room for a single row of buildings. The hotel where we dined overhangs the river, which is one hundred and fifty feet below, and the streams which run down the sides of the mountains are conducted under the houses. There is an unpleasant dampness about the hotels at this season, and as we sat at table in hats, coats and all sorts of wrappings, the sound of rushing water under our feet was far from warming. We were certainly in advance of the season, for

nothing but intense heat could reconcile one to such aqueous surroundings. It is said the great heat of a summer day at the bottom of this gorge, is tempered by regular winds, which rise as the day advances, and subside toward evening, when the mountain shadows cool the air sufficiently. Eaux Chaudes has been a great resort for centuries. Tully tells of the bear hunts which Henry Fourth enjoyed in these wild regions, and in which he invited the ladies of his court to participate; but these were then, and are still, attended with too much risk to be an agreeable amusement for ladies.

While we were at Eaux Chaudes, a party of hunters went up the mountains in pursuit of a bear which had been unusually bold. All day we heard the crack of rifles echoing through the gorge, but the men returned at night, tired and crestfallen, without the bear.

With a strong desire to see Eaux Chaudes again when the heat of summer should make its perpetual drips a luxury, we continued our little journey a few miles further, to Gabas, one of the most Spanish towns in France. The magnificent pines of this region add much to the grandeur of the scenery. Elsewhere the old trees have been extensively cut down for the French navy. But this is supposed to have caused disastrous freshets, and owing to this fact, and the circumstance that northern pine is now preferred for ship-building, these trees are permitted to remain.

Bagnères de Bigorre is, we have heard, better situated for an early visit than either Eaux Bonnes or Eaux Chaudes;

but my friend A——, a new man apparently in health and spirits, had set his face toward civilization, and we left Pau and the Pyrenees behind us, sincerely grateful for the blessing of improved, if not wholly restored, health.

CLIMATE OF PAU.

Pulmonary disease is often so insidious and painless in its approaches, that the patient is not alarmed till it is too late to effect a cure. In this condition he goes abroad for the benefit of a milder climate, and to the depression of disease is added that of homesickness. Under such circumstances, improvement can hardly be expected. But in the earlier stages of disease, change of climate results often in great advantage, and sometimes in permanent cure. The desirableness of any place as a resort for invalids, depends upon a variety of circumstances, of which latitude is by no means the most important. Some of the advantages which the climate of Pau affords are a mild temperature, a quiet atmosphere, with freedom from irritating winds, very little free moisture, and its singularly sedative influence. Dr. Taylor, in his valuable work on the climate of Pau, says the mean temperature for the winter, for five years, was 42° , for the spring 54° , for the summer 70° , and for the autumn 58° .

According to Sir James Clarke, in the winter it is 2° warmer than London; 3° colder than Penzance; 6° colder than Nice or Rome; 18° colder than Madeira. In spring it is 6° warmer than London; 5° warmer than Penzance; 2.5° colder than Rome; 7° colder than the island of Madeira.

The daily range of temperature at Pau is 7.5° ; at Penzance, 6.5° ; at Nice, 8.5° ; at Rome, 11° .

It is thus seen that in the worst feature of the climate of Pau, the heat of the day and the chilliness of its mornings and evenings, it compares favorably with other resorts for invalids. Its season properly extends from October to May. The stillness of the atmosphere, so acceptable to persons with weak lungs, is variously accounted for. On the north it is shut in

by a range of hills, and on the south by the Pyrenees, so that the *tramontana*, so distressing at Nice, and the *sirocco*, the bane of invalids at Palermo, are unknown. On the west, however, it is unprotected, and it is difficult to understand why it has not the *mistral* or north-west wind, so painfully felt at Nice, Montpellier, and many other places on the Mediterranean shore. Visitors are sometimes filled with an unconquerable disgust on account of the frequent rains, and a rainy day to an invalid or pleasure-seeker is certainly not an agreeable experience. But we hardly associate with the idea of a fine climate entire absence of rain. Now Pau is by no means subject to perpetual drought. Rain, however, rarely falls on more than two successive days, and the soil is so porous that it is easily absorbed, and the ground is soon dry. There appears to be very little free moisture in the air. Ladies, who can not usually appear in curls on rainy days, say that they find no difficulty in this respect at Pau. Rust and mold are rare even in houses which have been long closed and are without fires. For seven years, the average number of rainy days was 119. Rain is of frequent occurrence in the spring, especially in March and April, but as it falls perpendicularly in mild showers, even an invalid need not confine himself to the house or miss his accustomed walk. But of all the health-giving properties of the Bearnais air, none is so favorable to an American invalid as its sedative quality. The climate of America, and the excitements of our hot-bed growth, tend to aggravate nervous disease, and to produce a high degree of nervous susceptibility. But at Pau the most excitable man becomes calm, the quick pulse is retarded, and the anxious countenance becomes more serene. One finds himself averse to activity, and yet fully as susceptible to emotions of grandeur and beauty as ever. To a man in full health, this mental lull is not altogether pleasing; but when sickness lays its interdiction upon us and the power to execute is gone, a climate that gives sweet surcease to the will is indeed a blessing.



THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"COME," said my cicerone, "we are already very late."

A rapid walk of a few minutes brought us to the entrance of a handsome house, having the appearance of a private residence, and standing on a fashionable street.

"Why," said I, inclined to draw back, as he ascended the steps, "you surely would not think of disturbing the people here at this hour of the night? There is not a light to be seen, even in the chambers."

Mr. Burton's low laugh made me blush at my own "greenness." His ring at the bell was followed by a knock, which I was quick-witted enough, in spite of my verdancy, to perceive had something significant about it. The door immediately swung a little open, my friend said a few words which had the effect to unclothe the

mysterious portals still wider, and we entered a modest hall, which a single gas-burner, half turned off, dimly illuminated. The man-servant who admitted us was sable as ebony, muscular, much above the medium size, dressed in a plain livery, and with manners as polished as his own shining skin—an African leopard, barring the spots, smooth and powerful.

"Is Bagley still here?" asked my companion.

"Yes, sir. In de library, jus' where you lef' him."

"Very well. You need not disturb him. I've brought my young friend in to introduce him to the house, in view of further acquaintance."

The ebony man smiled respectfully, bowing for us to pass into the parlor. I thought I saw in that quiet smile a lurking ray of satisfaction—a gloating, as it were, over my prospective intimacy at this respectable house. He had probably been usher to the maelstrom long enough

to know that those whose feet were once caught in the slow, delightful waltz of the circling waters never withdrew them, after the circle grew narrow and swift, and the rush of the whirlpool sounded up from the bottomless pit.

We entered a suit of rooms in no manner differing from the parlors of a private house. They were richly furnished and well lighted, close inner blinds, hidden by heavy silk curtains, shutting in the light from the observation of the street. There were three rooms in this suit; the two first were now deserted, though the odor of wine, and scented hair and handkerchiefs, showed they had been recently occupied. In these two the chandeliers were partially obscured, but the third room was still brilliantly illuminated. We walked toward it. Magnificent curtains of amber silk depended from the arch which separated it from the parlors. Only one of these curtains was now drawn back, the others trailing on the carpet, and closing the apartment from our observation. Mr. Burton placed me in the shadow of the curtains, where I could see, myself unseen. The room was furnished as a library, two of its walls being covered with books; I particularly noticed a marble bust of Shakspeare, very fine. A severe, yet liberal, taste marked the choice and arrangement of every thing. A painting of Tasso reading his poems to the Princess hung between the two back windows.

It was a well-arranged library, certainly; yet the four occupants were engrossed in a study more fascinating than that of any of the books by which they were surrounded. If Mephistophiles could have stepped from his binding of blue and gold, and made the acquaintance of the company, he would have been charmed. Two couples sat at two tables playing cards. All the other visitors to the establishment had gone away, some of them to theft or suicide, perhaps, save those four, who still lingered, wrapped in the dread enchantment of the hour. The two at the table I first glanced at, were both strangers to me; at the second, I could not see the

face of one of the players, whose back was toward me; but the face of the other was directly in front of me, and under the full light of the chandelier. This person was James Argyll. My astonishment was profound. That I had never fraternized with him, I considered partly my own fault—there are persons so naturally antagonistic as to make real friendship between them impossible—and I had often blamed myself for our mutual coldness. But, with all my dislike of some of his qualities—as, for instance, his indolent acceptance of his uncle's bounty, which, in the eyes of a person of my disposition, took away half his manliness—with all my unfriendly aversion to him, I had never suspected him of, absolutely bad habits.

I had to look twice to assure myself of his identity. And having looked, I could not take away my eyes from the strange attraction of a countenance transformed by the excitement of the gaming-table. His dark complexion had blanched to a sallow paleness; cheeks and lips were of the same color; his nose seemed to have sharpened, and was drawn in about the face with a pinched look; his eyebrows were very slightly contracted, but fixed, as if cut in marble, while underneath them the lids were drawn together, so that only a line of the eye was visible—a narrow line, letting out a single steady ray from the lurid world within. The lids appeared as if the eyeballs had shrunken in the intensity of their gaze.

Silently the cards were dealt and played. It was evidently the closing game, upon which much depended—*how* much, for James, I could only guess by the increasing pallor and absorption of his countenance.

"I wish I could see his opponent's face," I whispered to my companion.

"You would see nothing but the face of the devil coolly amusing himself. Bagley never gets excited. He has ruined a dozen young men already."

The last card was thrown down; the two players arose simultaneously.

"Well, Bagley," said James, with a

desperate laugh, "you will have to wait for the money until I—"

"Marry the young lady," said the other; "that is the agreement, I believe; but don't consent to a long engagement."

"I shall find some means to pay these last two debts before that happy consummation, I hope. You shall hear from me within a month."

"We will make a little memorandum of them," said his opponent; and as they went together to a writing-desk, Mr. Burton drew me away.

I could hardly breathe when we got into the street, I was so suffocated with rage at hearing the reference made by those two men, under that unholy roof, to the woman so revered and sacred in my thoughts. I was certain that Miss Argyll was the young lady whose fortune was to pay these 'debts of honor,' contracted in advance upon such security. If his strong hand had not silently withheld me, I do not know but I should have made a scene, which would have been as unwise as useless. I was thankful, afterward, that I was prevented, though I chafed under the restraint at the time. Neither of us spoke until we were in the house of my host, where a fire in the library awaited us. Before this we seated ourselves, neither of us feeling sleepy after our night's adventures.

"How did you know that Argyll was at that house? I had no idea that he intended coming to the city to-day," I said.

"He had no intention until he learned of your sudden departure. He came down in the next train, to see what *you* were about. He is uneasy about you, Mr. Redfield, didn't you know it? As he could ascertain nothing satisfactory about your doings, or mine, he had nothing better on his hands, this evening, than to look up his friend Bagley."

"How do you know all this?"

The detective half-smiled, his piercing eyes fixed reflectively on the fire.

"I should be poorly able to support my pretensions, if I could not keep the circle of my acquaintance under my observation. I was informed of his arrival in

town, upon my return from Brooklyn, and have known of his whereabouts since. I could tell you what he had for supper, if it would interest you."

The uneasy feeling which I had several times experienced in Mr. Burton's society, came over me again. I spoke a little quickly:

"I wonder if you have your secret agents—spirits of the air, or electricity, they might almost seem to be—hovering always on *my* steps."

He laughed, but not unpleasantly, looking me through with those steel-blue rays:

"Would it trouble you to fancy yourself under surveillance?"

"I never liked fetters, of any kind. I yield my choice of will and action to nobody. However, if any one finds satisfaction in playing the part of my shadow, I don't know that I shall suffer any restraint upon that account."

"I don't think it would disturb you seriously," he said.

"No one likes to be watched, Mr. Burton."

"We are all watched by the pure and penetrating eye of the All-seeing One, and if we are not fearful before Him, whom need we shrink from?"

I looked up to see whether it was the secret police agent who was preaching to me, or whether my host, in his power of varying the outer manifestations of his character, had not dropped the mystic star for the robe of the minister; he was gazing into the fire with a sad, absorbed expression, as if he saw before him a long procession of mortal crimes, walking in the night of earth, but, in reality, under the full brightness of infinite day. I had seen him before in these solemn, almost prophetic moods, brought on him by the revelation of some new sin, which seemed always in him to awaken regret, rather than the exultation of a detective bent on the successful results of his mission. So soft, so gentle he appeared then, I inwardly wondered that he had the sternness to inflict disgrace and exposure upon the 'respectable' guilty—which class of

criminals he was almost exclusively employed with—but I had only to reflect upon the admirable equipoise of his character, to realize that with him justice was what he loved best. For those who prowled about society in the garb of lambs and shepherd-dogs, seeking whom they might devour, and laying, perhaps, the proofs of guilt at the doors of the innocent, he had no mercy of the 'let us alone' type. A little time we were silent; the dropping of an ember from the grate startled us.

"Why do you think that James watches me? What does he watch me for?"

I asked this, going back to the surprise I had felt when he made the remark.

"You will know soon enough."

It was useless for me to press the question, since he did not wish to be explicit.

"I did not know," I continued, "I never dreamed, that James had bad associates in the city. I know that his uncle and cousins do not suspect it. It pains me more than I can express. What shall I do? I have no influence over him. He dislikes me, and would take the most brotherly remonstrance as an insult."

"I do not wish you, at present, to hint your discovery to him. As for your not suspecting his habits, those habits themselves are recent. I doubt if he had ever ventured a dollar on cards three months ago. He had some gay, even dissolute companions in the city, of which the worst and most dangerous was Bagley. But he had not joined them in their worst excesses—he was only idle and fond of pleasure—a moth fluttering around the flames. Now he has scorched his wings. He has not spent more than three or four nights as he spent this; and the only money he has lost has been to the person you saw him with to-night. Bagley is one of the vampires who fatten on the characters and purses of young men like James Argyll."

"Then ought we not to make some earnest effort to save James before it is too late? Oh, Mr. Burton, you are wise and experienced—tell me what to do."

"Why do you feel so much interest in him? You do not like him."

"I could not see the merest stranger go down toward destruction without stretching forth my hand. There is no great friendship between us, it is true; but James is nearly connected with the happiness and reputation of the family I honor most on earth. For its sake, I would make the utmost endeavor."

"For the interests of justice, then, it is well that I am not related to the Argylls by the personal ties which affect you. I will tell you one thing—James does not gamble so much from weakness of will to resist temptation, as he does to forget for a time, under the influence of the fascinating excitement, an anxiety which he carries about with him."

"You're a close observer, Mr. Burton. James has, indeed, been deeply troubled lately. I have noticed the change in him—in his appetite, complexion, manners, in a thousand trifles—a change which grows upon him daily. He is gnawed upon by secret doubts—now raised by hopes, now depressed by fears, until he is fitful and uncertain as a light carried in an autumn wind. But I can tell you that he is all wrong in indulging this vain hope, which creates the doubt. I know what it is, and how utterly without foundation. It is weakness, wickedness in him to allow a passion which ought only to ennoble him and teach him self-control, to chase him to such ruin as I saw to-night."

"That is *your* way of viewing the matter, Mr. Redfield. We all see things according to the color of the spectacles we happen to wear. Then you think it is a growing certainty that Miss Argyll, even under her present relief from past vows, will never favor his suit, nor that of any man, which is driving her cousin to these reckless habits?"

I was half offended with him for mentioning her name in that manner; but I knew that mine was an extreme, if not morbid sensitiveness, where she was concerned, and I swallowed my resentment, answering:

"I fear it is."

"That may explain his disquiet to you—so be it."

Still Mr. Burton was keeping something back from me—always keeping something back. I did not feel at all sleepy. I was full of eager thought. I reviewed, with a lightning glance, all he had ever said—all James had recently done or said—and, I swear, had it not been for the almost affectionate kindness of his general manner to me, and my belief in his candor, which would not allow him to play the part of a friend while acting the part of an enemy, I should have felt that Mr. Burton suspected me of that appalling crime which I was so busily seeking to fix upon the head of a frail, frightened woman! Again the idea, and not for the first time, crept through and through my veins, chilling me from head to foot. I looked him full in the eye. If he *had* such a thought, I would pluck it out from behind that curtain of deception, and make him acknowledge it. If he had such a thought, James had introduced it to his mind. I knew that James had had some interviews with him, of which I was only cognizant by casual observations dropped by my host. How many more such conclaves they may have held was left to my imagination to conjecture. What was this man before me playing this double part for?—a friend to each, but never to both together. The reader may smile, and answer that it is the very calling and existence of a detective to play a double part; and that I ought not to be chagrined to find him exercising his fine talents upon me. Perhaps James also had reason to fancy himself this man's confidant and friend, who was playing us, one against the other, for purposes of his own. It was the thought that Mr. Burton, before whom more than any other person in this world, except my mother, I had been wiled to lay open my soul, could suspect me of any hidden part in that dark tragedy, which chilled me to the marrow.

But no!—it was impossible! I saw it now in the frank and smiling eyes which met my searching and lengthy gaze.

"There!" he cried, gayly, "there is a ray of actual sunrise. The fire is out; the room is chilly—the morning has come upon us. We have sat out the night, Richard! Let me show you to your room; we will not breakfast until nine o'clock, and you can catch a couple of hours' repose in the mean time." He took up a lamp and we ascended the stairs. "Here is your chamber. Now, remember, I bid you sleep, and let that clock in your brain run down. It is bad for the young to think too deeply. Good—morning."

He passed on, as I closed the door of my chamber. His tone had been that of an elder friend, speaking to a young man whom he loved; I had wronged him by that unpleasant idea which had shivered through me.

Closed shutters and thick curtains kept out the broadening light of dawn; yet I found it difficult to compose myself to sleep. That haunting shadow which had flitted from Henry's grave as I approached it yesterday—the dream which I had in the little chamber, awakening to the reality of the sewing-girl's escape—I could not banish these any more than I could the discovery made in that house of sin, where the bloated spider of Play weaves his glittering net, and sits on the watch for the gay and brilliant victims who flutter into its meshes.

One feeling I had, connected with that discovery, which I had not betrayed to Mr. Burton—which I would not fairly acknowledge to my own soul—which I quarreled with—drove out—but which persisted in returning to me now, banishing elumber from my eyelids. When I had stood behind those silken curtains, and beheld James Argyll losing money in play, I had experienced a sensation of relief—I might say of absolute gladness—a sensation entirely apart from my sorrow at finding him in such society, with such habits. Why? Ah, do not ask me; I can not tell you yet. Do not wrong me by saying that it was triumph over the fall of my rival in Mr. Argyll's affections, in business possibly, and in the

regards of those two noble girls whose opinions we both prized so highly. Only do not accuse me of this most apparent reason for my gladness, and I will abide my time in your judgment. But no! I will confess this much to-night myself.

If this stealthy and flying creature whom we two men were hunting from one hiding-place into another, whose wild face had been seen pressing toward the library window on that night of nights, and whose handkerchief the very thorns of the roses had conspired to steal from her, and hold as a witness against her—if this doubtful, eluding creature, flitting darkly in the shadows of this tragedy, had not abstracted that money from Mr. Argyll's desk, I had dared to guess who might have taken it. Simply and solely—not because I did not like him—but because, to go back to the Friday before that fatal Saturday, I had been late in the parlors. The girls were singing and playing at the piano; I left turning the music for them to go for a volume in the library which I desired to carry off with me to read in my room that night; I opened the door suddenly, and startled James, who was leaning over that desk.

"Have you seen my opera-glass?" said he. "I left it on the desk here."

I answered him that I had not seen it, got my book, and returned to the music, thinking no more of that trifling occurrence—which I never more should have recalled had it not been for a peculiar expression in James' face, which I was afterward forced to remember against my will. Yet so little did I wish to wrong him, even in my secret thoughts, that when the investigations were taking place, I was convinced, with all the others, that the unlawful visitor of the garden had, in some manner, possessed herself of the money. It only came back to me as I watched James this night, in the gambling saloon, that, if he ever had been tempted to rob from his uncle more than the un-failing generosity of that good gentleman allowed him, I was glad that it was *play* which had tempted him to the wrongful act. This was the shadowy nature of my

pleasure. Who has complete mastery of his thoughts? Who does not sometimes find them evil, unwarrantable, uncomfortable, and to be ashamed of?

From the perplexity of all these things I sunk into a light slumber, from which I was almost immediately aroused by the tinkling of the breakfast-bell. I arose, dressed, and, upon descending to the library, was met by a servant, who ushered me at once into a cheerful apartment, where my host sat by the window, reading the morning paper, and where the table only waited my appearance to be graced by a well-ordered meal.

"Lenore usually presides over the tea-urn," said Mr. Burton, as we sat down. "We have a little affair which answers for two, and which is adapted to the strength of her little hands. It seems pleasantest so; and we both like it—but she has not arisen this morning."

"I hope she is not more unwell than usual," I said, with real solicitude.

"To tell you the truth, she was not at all benefited by what occurred yesterday. She is nervous and exhausted; I have been up to see her. I know that when the doctor comes to-day, he will guess what I have been about, and blame me. I mean it shall be the last time in which I experiment upon her."

"I shall regret it, if she is really injured by it, despite my intense desire to learn what she revealed. Perhaps it was from our selfishness in making use of this exquisite instrument for purposes so earthly that we are punished by the fruitlessness of the results."

Mr. Burton laughed.

"Perhaps. Punishment, however, seldom appears fitly meted out, this side the Stygian river. My Lenore will be better this afternoon; and I have strong hopes that, with the light now before us, we shall secure our prize. If that woman escapes me now, I shall set her down as a lunatic—only an insane person could have the consummate cunning to thwart me so long."

"There never was one less insane," I said. "The impression which she made

upon me was that of one in whom the emotions and intellect were both powerful. Her will and cunning are well-nigh a match for yours. You will have to look sharp."

"It is easier to pursue than to evade pursuit. She has much the most difficult strategy to conceive and execute. I tell you, Mr. Redfield, I'm bound to see that woman. I shall be so piqued at my failure, as to go into a decline, if I'm disappointed." He seemed two-thirds in earnest, through his jocular assertion.

We did not linger long over the breakfast, being anxious to get back to Brooklyn. After we had withdrawn from the table, he gave me the paper to look over, while he ran up a moment to say something to his daughter. While he was absent, the door-bell rung, and the servant showed a gentleman into the room where I was.

"Well, really," were the first words I heard, "has Mr. Burton taken you for an apprentice, and do you lodge with your employer?"

It was James—as usual, when addressing me, with the gay smile covering the sneer. He did not even extend his hand, but stood looking at me a moment, with a sort of defiant menace, which ended with an uneasy glance about the place. If he had been conscious of my secret visit to his haunts, he would have worn something such an expression; I construed it that his restless conscience made him suspicious of his friends.

"I came down, unexpectedly, yesterday morning, at his request. We got some trace of Leesy Sullivan; and I shall stay until we do something about it."

"Indeed!"—he seemed relieved, putting off his ugly look and condescending to be gentlemanly again. "Have you found out where the wretched creature has hidden herself? Upon my word, I think if Eleanor knew the case in all its bearings, it might be useful in keeping her from quite killing herself of grief."

It was now my turn to be angry; I turned upon him with a flushed face:

"For God's sake, don't slander the

dead, even by imputation, however slight. Whoever put Henry where he lies now, and for what purpose, this much I believe—that no injustice nor sin of his own brought that high heart low. And the villain, I say the villain, who could breathe such a whisper in Eleanor's ear would be base enough to—to—"

"Speak out," smiled James, holding me with his softly glittering gaze.

"I will say no more," I ended, abruptly, as I heard Mr. Burton's steps approaching. It was evident to me that there was to be no peace between us two.

I watched my host while he greeted the new arrival; I wished to satisfy myself if there was a difference in his manner of treating us which would justify my belief that Mr. Burton was not playing a part with me. He was courteous, affable, every thing that was desirable or to be expected in a gentleman receiving a friendly acquaintance—that was all; again I assured myself that it was only toward me that he displayed real liking and affection. But this he did not now display. His face had on its mask—that conventional smile and polish, that air of polite interest, than which nothing is more impenetrable. It was because, in our intercourse alone together that Mr. Burton laid this mask aside, that I flattered myself I was his friend and confidant.

"Richard got the start of me," observed James, after the compliments of the day were over; "I had not the least idea that he was in town. I came down yesterday to buy myself an overcoat—important business, wasn't it?—and stayed over to the opera, last night being the opening of the new season. Did either of you attend? I did not see you, if there. He tells me that he left in the early morning train, before the one I took. Have you any information of importance, Mr. Burton?"

"We have seen Miss Sullivan."

"Is it possible? And have you really made up your mind that the poor thing is guilty? If so, I hope you will not fail to have her arrested. I should like, very much indeed, to have the affair sifted to the dregs."

"Yes, I suppose so. It is quite natural that you should take an interest in having it sifted, as you say. I assure you that if I have reason enough to warrant an indictment I shall have one gotten out. In the mean time we must be cautious—the interests involved are too serious to be played with."

"Certainly, they are, indeed. And unless that young woman is really the dreadful being we believe her, we ought not to ruin her by open accusation. Still, I must say she acts extremely like a guilty person."

"She does, Mr. Argyll; I see but one explanation of her conduct—she is herself *particeps criminis*, or she knows who is."

"Quite likely. Indeed, we can not well think otherwise. Did you say you had actually seen the girl, Mr. Burton?"

"We saw her yesterday—that is, Mr. Redfield did."

"May I inquire the result? or am I not supposed to be sufficiently interested in the case to have any right to ask questions? If so, I beg you, don't trouble yourselves. There are doubtless others who have deeper and different reasons from mine, for being conspicuous in the matter." As James said this he looked directly at me. "You know, Mr. Burton, I have intimated as much before; and, if I am sometimes imprudent in my speech, you must know how hard it is for me to control myself always."

I was conscious that I grew pale, as Mr. Burton glanced swiftly at me; I felt so certain that James meant something personal, yet so uncertain how to accuse him of it, or to compel him to explain himself, when he would probably deny there was any thing to explain.

"I don't think there's any one has a deeper interest in the matter than you, Mr. Argyll," said Mr. Burton, with a kind of smooth distinctness of tone which might seem to be impressive, or mean nothing, as the listener chose to understand it. "About seeing the girl, Redfield has not half so much to tell as I wish he had. In fact, he let her slip through his fingers."

A dry laugh was James' comment upon this avowal. Mr. Burton saw that we were inwardly chafing, ready, as it were, to spring upon each other; he took up his hat and gloves.

"Come, gentlemen, we have business on hand of too much importance to permit of ceremony. Mr. Argyll, I must excuse myself. But if you will join us, we shall be glad of your aid and company. We are going over to Brooklyn, to seek for another glimpse of Leesy Sullivan."

James slightly started as Brooklyn was mentioned. He had no reason to suppose that any thing except courtesy prompted the invitation he received; yet he did not hesitate to accept it. Whether from mere curiosity, or jealousy at being kept out of the detective's full confidence, or a desire to pry into my actions and motives, or a praiseworthy interest—whatever it was prompted him, he kept with us all day, expressing regret as deep as our own when another night came without any results. Being belated, we took our supper in a saloon, as we had done our dinner. I could not but notice that Mr. Burton did not invite James to the house to spend the night, nor converse with him at all about his daughter or his personal affairs.

The next morning James returned home; but I remained in the city several days, all this time the guest of Mr. Burton, and becoming more attached to him and his beautiful child. After the first day, Lenore recovered pretty rapidly from the ill effects of the trance; I was, as the ladies say, 'perfectly charmed' with her. A gayer, more airy little sprite never existed than she, when her health permitted her natural spirit to display itself. Her grace and playfulness were befitting her age—childish in an eminent degree, yet poetized, as it were, by an ethereal spirituality, which was all her own. To hear her sing would be to wonder how such a depth and height and breadth, such an infinity of melody, could be poured from so young and slender a throat—as I have often wondered, when gazing at the swelling breast of some little triumphant bird, where was

hidden the mechanism for all that marvelous power of music.

It is said that children know who are their true friends. I do not think that 'fitting, fairy' Lenore doubted for an instant that I was hers. We acknowledged a mutual attraction, which it seemed to give her father pleasure to observe. She was, to both of us, a delight and a rest, to which we looked forward after the vexations and disappointments of the day—vexations and disappointments which increased upon us; for every night we had the dissatisfaction of finding some slender thread of probability, which we had industriously unraveled and followed, either abruptly broken off, leaving us standing, perplexed and foolish, or else leading to persons and purposes most irrelevant. I should dislike to say how many pale, dark-eyed young women, with pretty babies, made our unexpected acquaintance during the following week—an acquaintance as brief as it was unsolicited on their part.

CHAPTER X.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

I HAVE said that I expected Mr. Argyll to offer me a partnership, now that I was prepared to begin my legal career. In this I was not presumptuous, inasmuch as he had frequently and plainly hinted his intention. Such an arrangement would be a desirable one for me; I appreciated its many advantages; at the same time, I expected, by taking all the hard work upon myself, and by the constant devotion of such talent as I had to the interests of the firm, to repay, as far as possible, my obligations to the senior member.

When I returned from New York, I appeared in court with a case which had chanced to be intrusted to me, perhaps from the inability of my client to employ an older and more expensive lawyer. I did well with it, and was complimented by several of Mr. Argyll's fraternity upon my success in handling the case. Much

to my surprise and mortification, Mr. Argyll's congratulations were in constrained and studied terms. He had appeared to me more formal, less open in his manner of treating me, ever since my last visit to the city. At first I thought it my fancy, or caused by some temporary ill-health, or mental trouble, under which he might be laboring. Day by day the impression deepened upon me that his feelings toward me were not what they had been. The plainest proof I had of this was, that no offer of partnership was made. I was placed in a disagreeable situation for one of my proud temperament. My studies completed to the point where admission to practice had been granted, I had nothing to do but continue in his office, reading, reading away—not but that my time was most usefully employed thus, and not that I was in any great hurry to go into business, though my income was narrow enough, and I knew that my mother had pinched her domestic arrangements to afford me that—but I began to feel like an intruder. My ostensible use of his books, office, and instructions was at an end; I began to feel like a hanger-on. Yet I could not go away, or offer to associate myself with others, hastily. I felt that he ought either to put in execution his implied promise, or to inform me that he had changed his plans and I was free to try elsewhere.

Can any invalid tell me why he feels a prescience of the storm in his aching bones and tingling nerves while the sun still shines in a cloudless sky, and not one hint on the outward face of nature tells of a change in the weather? Neither can I explain the subtle influences which affected me, depressing so deeply, and making me sensible of a change in that atmosphere of home which had brooded for me over the Argyll mansion. I had felt this first in the more business air of the office; gradually, it seemed to me, to be creeping over the household. Mary, that sweet child of impulse, too young to assume much dignity and too truthful to disguise her innocent face in falsehood, who had clung to me in this affliction as a sister

clings to an elder brother, awakening all my tenderest instincts of protection and indulgence—this fair girl, doubly dear to me as the sister of that other woman whom I adored, began to put on an air of reserve toward me. She was kind and gentle, but she no longer ran to me with all those pretty demands and complaints, those trifling confidences, which are so sweet, because an evidence of trust and affection; sometimes I caught her eyes fixed upon me in a sad, wondering way, which puzzled and disconcerted me; when I caught her glance, she would turn them quickly, and blush.

I could not help believing, although I had no proof of it, that James was covertly working to produce an impression against me in the family. His manner toward me had never been so friendly; when we were alone together he grew quite confidential, sometimes descending to small flatteries, and almost entirely neglecting the use of those little nettles of satire with which he once delighted in stinging me whenever any one whom I esteemed was present. I could not pick a quarrel with him, had I desired it. Yet I could not rid myself of the consciousness that he was undermining my footing in the home of those friends I loved best. In what manner, it was difficult for me to conjecture. If he slandered my habits or associations, nothing could be easier than for Mr. Argyll to quietly ascertain, by inquiries unknown to myself, the truth of his statements; justice to me would require that he should take that trouble before he cast off, as unworthy his further kindness, the son of his dead friend. I could think of but one matter which he could use to my prejudice; and in that my conscience accused me loudly enough. I said to myself that he had told them of my love for Eleanor. He had torn that delicate and sacred secret from my heart, where it lay under the pitying light of God's eye alone—discovered it through hate and jealousy, which are next to love in the keenness of their perceptions—and exposed it to those from whom I had most shrinkingly hidden it. Even then,

why should they blame me, or treat me coldly, for what I could not help, and for which I alone must suffer? Certainly not for my presumption, since I had not presumed. One dreadful idea preyed upon me. It was, that, in order to rid himself of me forever, to drive me out from the friendship of those whom he wanted to himself, for his own selfish aims, James was representing to them not only that I loved Eleanor, but that I was looking forward to the future with hopes which mocked her present desolation.

I can not describe the pain and humiliation this idea gave me. If I could have disavowed it, or in any way denied it, I should not have felt so hurt and helpless. As it was, I felt that my honor was being stabbed in the dark, without a chance to defend itself—some secret enemy was wounding it, as some base assassin had planted that deadly wound in the heart of Henry Moreland.

In the mean time, the Christmas holidays were approaching. It was a season of gloom and mourning, mocked by the merry preparations of happier people. On the twenty-third of December came Eleanor's nineteenth birthday. It was to have been her wedding-day. A glorious winter morning dawned; the sun shone in a sapphire sky; it seemed as if every plant in the conservatory put forth double bloom—the japonicas, the white roses, were incomparable. I could not help but linger about the house. Eleanor kept herself in her room. If every word which refers to her were written in tears, it could not express the feelings with which we all were moved at the thought of her bereavement. We moved about like people in dreams, silent and abstracted. The old housekeeper, when I met her on the stairs, was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. Mr. Argyll, unquiet and pale, wandered from room to room. The office remained closed; the front blinds of the house were shut—it was like the day of the funeral.

I went into the conservatory; there was sunshine there, and sweetness—a bright luxuriance of beauty. It was

more solemn to me than the darkened parlors. I plucked a white rose, holding it idly in my fingers. It was half-past eleven—at twelve the ceremony should have been performed. Mary came in while I stood there wrapped in emotion more than thought. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hands trembled, and when she spoke, her lips quivered.

"She has taken out all the wedding apparel, for the first time since that day. She is dressing herself. She has put on the robe and veil; and now she has sent me down to make the bouquet. She wants some white flowers for her bosom. She stands before the mirror, putting on every thing as carefully as if poor—Henry—were—down-stairs. Oh, Richard," she cried, breaking down utterly in a burst of tears, and throwing herself into my arms, "it would break your heart to see her! It almost kills me—but I must get the flowers. It is best to indulge her."

"Yea, it is best," I answered, soothing her as best I could, when my own voice and hands were so shaken. "I will help you. Don't keep her waiting."

I took the scissors from her, cutting the fairest buds, the most perfect flowers, and arranging them with care and skill.

"I will tell you what she said," continued Mary, as I hastily made up the bouquet; "she says that to-day they will be married, the same as if Henry were on earth instead of in heaven; that their vows shall be consummated at the hour appointed, and that thereafter she shall hold herself his wife just as surely as if he had come in the body to fulfill his part of the contract. She says that his spirit will be here. She has her prayer-book open at the marriage ceremony. She looks so sweet and calm, as beautiful as if she, too, were an angel with dear Henry—only so very white, so very solemn—oh, dear, I can not bear it!" and again I had to compose her, wiping away her tears, before I sent her up with the bouquet. As she went out into the breakfast, or family, room, which opened into the conservatory, I saw James by the door, and I knew, by the expression of his face, that he had

heard what passed between us. Through a kind of alarm and vexation there was a flash of disdain, as if he wanted to say, what he dared not:

"What a fool the girl is to cling to that dust and ashes! Married, indeed! She shall be the wife of some one besides a ghost, or I lose my guess."

"What a crotchety idea!" he said, as he caught my eye. "I never thought Eleanor would be so whimsical. She ought to have some one to exert a healthy influence over her, or she will injure herself—she surely will."

"You ought to attempt to teach her a more practical view of life's misfortunes. I'm afraid, however, you'll find her a stupid pupil."

His eye flashed into mine a triumphant gleam.

"Perseverance conquers all obstacles," the wise ones say; and I'm a persevering man, you know, Richard."

He took up his cap and lounged out into the garden. I felt a sinking at my heart as he thus openly avowed his hopes and expectations; I could not entirely banish the heavy foreboding, even by recalling the image of the stricken girl, at that moment binding herself, in awful and mysterious companionship, with the spirit that waited for her across the portals of Time. I watched James pacing back and forth, with disquiet steps, through the frozen walks of the garden; presently he lit a cigar and went out on to the lawn, and from thence into the streets. His was one of those minds which do not like their own company when they are uneasy. How he managed to while away the day I do not know; to me it was long and oppressive; Mary remained up-stairs with her sister; Mr. Argyll sat in the library with a book, which he held open but did not read. As the sun declined, I felt that a brisk walk in the cold air would be the best medicine for my drooping spirits—it was my usual remedy.

If I remember aright, I had not been in the direction of Moreland villa since that singular meeting I had there with the person who had since played so conspicuous

a part in our thoughts, if not in our eyes—except twice, when I had gone with Mr. Burton through the vicinity, in hopes of tracing her from the point of her disappearance—but to-day I mechanically chose that road, led thither by the chain of association. Snow glistened on the hilltops, the shores of the river were skirted with ice, though its central current still rolled bluely between those crystal walls. It was sunset when I began my walk; before I reached the villa, the pink flush was fading from the snowy summits; one large star, preternaturally bright, hung over the turrets of the lonely house, shining through the flush of twilight; gray shadows stretched over the barren hillsides, and a cold steel-blue tinged the ice in the river. How desolate the place looked, stripped of its summer garments! I leaned over the gate, while the night approached, making a picture of how the villa would have appeared at this hour, had that which had happened not happened. It would have been a blaze of light, full of flowers and feasting, and alive with happy human creatures. It had been the intention of the young couple to go immediately to their new home, after the wedding-breakfast, and to begin their housekeeping with a reception of their friends that same evening. Instead of warmth and light, gay laughter and music, rolling carriages and prancing horses, feasting, congratulations, love, beauty and happiness, there was silence and desertion, oh, how appalling! I could not bear the contrast between what was, and what should have been.

Before returning to the village I thought I would call upon the gardener's wife, Mrs. Scott, and inquire if she had any tidings of Miss Sullivan; though I knew very well that if she had, she would have let me hear them without waiting for a visit from me. I had grown chilly, leaning so long over the gate, after my rapid walk, and the glow through the window of the little cottage standing at the back of the kitchen garden, looked inviting. I made my way around to the gate at the back of the premises, and was soon knock-

ing at the door. I had heard Mrs. Scott singing her baby to sleep as I approached the house; but after I knocked there was silence, yet no one answered the summons.

I knocked thrice, the last time rather imperatively, for I was chilly and did not like waiting so long, when I knew I must be heard. At this the door was opened a little way, very cautiously, the mistress peering out suspiciously.

"Laws! Mr. Redfield, is it you?"—throwing the door wide open. "I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. If I'd had any idea it was *you*, I shouldn't a' been skeered. But husband's gone to the village, and I was alone with the children, and when you knocked so sudden, my heart came right up in my mouth. I didn't like to see who 'twas. Do come in. How cold 'tis out to-night. You look real blue. Take a chair by the stove and warm yourself. I'm real ashamed I kept you standing so long. How is all the family, sir?"

"About as usual, Mrs. Scott. So you are cowardly when you are alone of evenings, are you? I've mistaken your character, then; I've given you credit for being one of the strong-minded women."

"Wal, the truth is," she said apologetically, "I never did used to be afraid of any thing, dead or alive. But, since young Mr. Henry was took away so sudden, I've been nervous and frightened like. I've never got over the shock. I'll holler right out, sometimes, in broad daylight, if any thing startles me, if it's only a door slamming. Husband laughs at me and scolds me, but I can't help it."

"Nobody's going to hurt *you*, because another had evil happen to him."

"I know that as well as anybody. It's not because I've reason to be afeard, that I am—it's the shock, you see. There, there, Johnny, be still, will you? I used to go all over the place the darkest night that ever was—but now, really, I'm ashamed to tell you, I dasn't put my face out after dark."

"I should think it would be unpleasant, such a chronic state of fear," and I half

smiled, through my own melancholy, at the woman's anxious face.

"Onpleasant! I reckon it is, mighty onpleasant. But there's reason for it."

"You just acknowledged that there was no reason—that it was fancy, Mrs. Scott."

"You're goin' to trip me over my own words, Mr. Redfield. It *was* fancy, at first, just nervousness; but lately—lately, as I said, there's been things—"

"What things?"

"I know you'll laugh at me, sir; and you won't half believe me, neither—so I guess I'd better not make a fool of myself before you. But if you, or any other livin' person, had seen what I seen, and heard what I heard, then you'd know what I know—that's all!"

She spoke with such evident earnestness, and I had hitherto felt so much respect for the sturdy strength and integrity of her New England character, that my curiosity was somewhat aroused. I thought best to let her quiet herself, however, before leading her to converse about the subject most on her mind, as I saw that she still trembled from the fright I had given her by my sudden knock at the door.

"How's the place getting on, since the winter weather set in? I suppose your husband had the plants housed long ago. Has he been making any changes with the grounds? I suppose not, since the family have so completely deserted the villa. I came out to-night to take a look at it. This is the twenty-third of December, do you remember?"

"I've been thinkin' of it all day, Mr. Redfield."

"It's terrible to see the house, standing there in silence and darkness, to-night. There seemed to me something ghostly about it—I could not endure it. Have you been through the rooms lately?"

This last question I asked without any other object than to keep up the conversation; she had started, and looked curiously at me, when I casually used the figurative expression of "ghostly," and now she shook her head.

"I've *not* been through the house lately," she said. "I ought to go, I know—it wants airin', and there's bedclothes and things in the closet wants lookin' after."

"Then why do you not attend to it?"

"That's it," she answered, looking me uneasily in the face.

"What?"

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, it's my opinion, and I know, laugh as you may—"

"I haven't laughed, Mrs. Scott."

She arose, looked at her boy, now fast asleep in his cradle, went to the window, drew the little white curtain across the lower half, resumed her chair, glanced about the room, and was opening her lips to speak, when a slight rattling sound against the panes of glass, made her clasp her hands together and utter a cry.

"What on earth was that?"

I did indeed now laugh at her pale face, answering, in some vexation:

"It was the snow breaking from the eaves, and alipping down against the window."

"Oh!" drawing a long breath. "You are provoked at me, Mr. Redfield. If you knew all, you wouldn't be."

"Well, tell me all, at once, then, and let me judge."

Again she gave a cautious look about, as if invisible guests might hear and not relish her revelation, drew her chair a little nearer mine, and said, impressively:

"*That house is haunted!*"

"Is that all?" I asked, feeling quite relieved, for her manner had startled me in spite of myself.

"It's enough!" was the significant response. "To tell you, flatly, sir, John's about concluded to write to Mr. Moreland, and give up the situation."

"Your husband! Is he so foolish, too? There are no such things as haunted houses, Mrs. Scott; and to give up a permanent and excellent home like this, upon any such idle fancy, seems to me very unwise."

"Goodness knows I've liked the place," she cried, bursting into tears, "and that we don't know what to turn to when we leave this. But I'm worn out with it—I

can't stand it no longer! You see how unsettled I am now."

Unsettled enough, certainly, from the usually composed and self-reliant woman in whose judgment I had placed considerable confidence.

"You haven't told me any thing to prove your assertion. I don't believe in ghosts, I warn you; but I'd like to hear your reasons for thinking the villa has got one."

"I always made fun of ghosts myself, and so did John, until this happened. He won't own up now, 'cept that he's ready to leave the place, and he won't go in with me, in broad daylight, to 'tend to the rooma. So I know he's just as scairt as I am. And you know John's no coward with any thing he can see or handle, and it's no disgrace to a body to be shy of onearthly things. I'm a bold woman myself, but I ain't ready to face a spook."

"What makes you think the house is haunted?"

"Plenty of things."

"Please mention a few. I'm a lawyer, you know, and demand the proofs."

"I've seen a curious light hovering over the roof of the house, of nights."

"Did your husband see it, also?"

"Yes, he did see it, night before last. He wouldn't believe me till he see it. I've seen it seven or eight times myself."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, Lordy, I'm sure I can't tell exactly what it was like, when I never saw any thing of the kind before; I suppose it's like them dead lights that's been seen over graves. It's more like a bright shadow than an actual light—you can see through it like air. It wanders about the roof, then stops over one particuler place. It would make your flesh creep to see it, sir!"

"I would like, above all things, to try it. Do you suppose, if we went out now, we should have the opportunity?"

"It's too early; leaseways, I've never seen it so early in the evenin'. The first time, my baby was sick, and I got up in the night to get him some drops, and as I

looked out the window, there was the thing shinin'."

"Is that all makes you think the house haunted?"

"No, sir; we've heard things—curious sounds—even in the daytime."

"What were the sounds like?"

"I couldn't rightly explain 'em to you, sir. They were not human sounds."

"Try and give me some idea of them."

"They'd rise and fall, rise and fall—not like singing, nor crying, nor talking—a kind of wailing music, only not like it, either—that is, not like any thing I ever heard. It seems to come mostly from the family-room, back o' the library. John and me followed it up, one evenin'. We went close up on the porch, and put our ears to the shutters. We heard it plain. We was so frightened, we've been glad not to go near the house again. I don't feel as if I ever could."

"I think I know what it was," I said, half inclined to laugh. "The doors or sashes have been left open in such a way as to make a draught. It is the wind, singing through the crevices of the deserted mansion. I, myself, have heard the wind make most unearthly music under such circumstances."

"Twa'n't wind at all," said the garden-er's wife, in an offended tone.

"Perhaps persons have obtained access to the house that have no business there. They may deface the furniture, or carry off articles of value. You really ought to look to it, Mrs. Scott; it is part of your duty."

"There's nobody got in—I'm certain of that. We've examined every door and window. There's not the least sign of any human being about the premises. I tell you, Mr. Redfield, it's spirits; and no wonder, considering how poor Henry was took away."

She said this solemnly, relapsing into moody silence.

I felt quite convinced that the imaginations of the pair, already awed and excited by the murder, had converted some trifling atmospheric or other phenomena, or some combination of circumstances,

easily explained when the key to them was found, into the mystery of a haunted house. I was sorry, for two reasons: first, that they thought of leaving, when I knew their departure would give trouble to Mr. Moreland, who had left the entire charge of the place to them for years, and at a time when he was too bowed with heavier cares to be vexed with these small matters: second, that the couple would be sure to spread the report through the village, causing gossip and conjecture, and exciting a prurient interest which would throng the vicinity with idle wonder-seekers. So I said:

"I wish your husband was at home to-night. I must see him. It will not do for him to trouble Mr. Moreland at this time, by throwing up his situation. You would both of you be sorry and ashamed of such a movement, before many weeks, I'm convinced. What do you say to my coming out here to-morrow, and to our going through the house together? If there is any thing in it, which ought not to be, we will turn it out. I will stay until you have aired the house and looked at the clothing; then you can lock it up, and leave it for a few weeks without the necessity of going through it."

"Well, Mr. Redfield, if you're willin' to do it, I ought to be ashamed to hang behind. I'll do it, of course, and be thankful to you; for my conscience hain't been easy, lettin' them things go so. I'm right glad you happened out."

"And tell your husband, please, not to say any thing about this matter to others. It will make it unpleasant for the friends."

"I did tell him not to. He ain't said nothin' yet, I'm sure. It's the last thing we'd be willin' to do, make any more trouble for them that has too much now, and that has always been kind to us. Must you go, sir?"

"Yes; I'll say good-night, Mrs. Scott. You may expect me in the morning, a little before noon. By the way, have you seen or heard any thing of Miss Sullivan?"

"Not the least thing. She's kept clear of here since that day you found her here.

So she's run away entirely, has she? Well, well, well—I never! I declare, I turn these things over in my brain, some days, till my head gets dizzy."

"So does mine, and my heart sick. Good-night, ma'am."

"Good-night, and good luck to you, this dark night."

She waited to see me through the gate, which led by a little lane past the kitchen garden, and thence by a private road along down into the main one. As I passed the gate into the lawn, on my way out, I paused perhaps half an hour, in the hopes of hearing or seeing the marvels of which the woman had spoken. There was no mystic light, blue or yellow, playing lambently over the roof; no sound, sinking and rising, came wildly on the starlit air; all was profound silence and darkness and coldness like that of the grave.

My half-contemptuous pity of the state of mind into which the gardener's wife had worked herself, gave place to deeper emotions; I turned away, almost running along the smooth, hard-frozen road whose course was clearly discernible in the winter starlight. I met the gardener going home, but did not stop to speak with him—went directly to my lodgings. The fire was out in my room, and I crept into bed, forgetting that I had gone without my tea.

True to my promise, I went the next day to the villa. Mrs. Scott brought her keys, I unlocked the doors, and together we entered the long-vacant place. There is always something impressive, one might say, "ghostly," about a deserted dwelling. When you enter into it, you feel the influence of those who were last within it, as if some portion of them lingered in the old locality. I confess that I felt an almost superstitious awe and dread, as I stepped over the threshold which I had last crossed with *him*. How joyful, how full of young and princely life, he had then been, his face lit up, as a man's face lights up when he attends upon the woman he loves and expects soon to make his own! He was leading Eleanor to a

carriage; they had been talking about the improvements they were going to make in the house. How every look and tone came back to me! With a silent shudder, I stepped into the hall, which had that moldy smell of confined air belonging to a closed dwelling. I hastened to throw open the shutters. When I unclosed a door, I flung it wide, stepping quickly in, and raising the windows, so as to have the sunlight before looking much about. I had to do it all, for my companion kept close to me, never stirring from my elbow. I went into every room, on every floor, from the kitchen to the garret. Into the latter I only glanced, as Mrs. Scott said there was nothing up there which she wanted, or which required attention. It was a loft, rough-floored, of comfortable height, with a window at the gable end. The roof ran up sharply in the center, the villa being built in the Gothic style. There was such a collection of rubbish in it as is usual to such places—broken-down furniture, worn-out trunks, a pile of mattresses in a

corner, over which a blanket had been thrown to keep them from the dust, some clothing depending from a line, and three or four barrels. Mrs. Scott was standing at the foot of the ladder, which led up into the attic out of a small room, or closet, used for storing purposes. I saw that she was uneasy at having me even that far from her, and after a brief survey of the garret, I assured her there were no ghosts there, and descended.

"Help yourself to some of them apples," said the woman, pointing to some boxes and barrels in the room where we now stood. "They're winter pippins. John's going to send them into the city, to the family, in a week or two. We've permission to keep 'em here, because it's dry and cool, and, the closet being in the middle of the house, it don't freeze. It's a good place for fruit. Hark! What was that?"

"It was a cat," said I, as I put a couple of the apples in my overcoat pocket. "It sounded like a cat—in the garret. If we shut it up there, it'll starve."



THE IMPRESSION ON THE RED.

I went up the ladder again, looking carefully about the attic, and calling coaxingly to the animal, but no cat showed itself, and I came down, saying that it must have been in one of the lower rooms, and had probably run in since we opened the doors.

"It startlingly sounded overhead," persisted my companion, looking nervous, and keeping closer to me than ever.

I had heard the noise, but would not have undertaken to say whether it came from above or below.

"If that is the material she makes ghosts of, I'm not surprised that she has a full supply," I thought.

In going out, the woman was careful to close the door, and I could see her stealing covert glances into every corner, as we passed on, as if she expected, momentarily, to be confronted by some unwelcome apparition, there in the broad light of day. There were no traces of any intruders having made free with the house. The clothes and china closets were undisturbed, and the bureaus the same.

"This was Harry's room; he liked it because it had the best view of the river," said Mrs. Scott, as we paused before a chamber on the second floor.

We both hesitated; her apron was at her eyes, and my own throat swelled suddenly: reverently I opened the door, and stepped within, followed by the housekeeper. As I raised the window, and flung back the shutter, she gave a scream. I was really startled. Turning quickly, I saw her with her hands thrown up, an expression of terror upon her face.

"I told you the house was haunted," she murmured, retreating backward toward the door.

"What do you see?" I asked, glancing about for the cause of her alarm.

"This room," she gasped—"it was his—and he comes here still. I know it!"

"What makes you think so? Has it been disturbed? If it has, rest assured it has been by the living, not the dead."

"I wish I thought so," she said, solemnly. "It can not be. No other part of the house is in the least disturbed. No

one has had admission to it—it is impossible; not a crack, not a cranny, by which any thing but a spirit could have got in. Harry's been here, Mr. Redfield; you can't convince me different."

"And if he has," I said, calmly, for I saw that she was much agitated, "are you any more afraid of him now than you were when he was in the body? You loved him then; think you he will harm you now? Rather you ought to be glad, since you believe in ghosts, that it is a good spirit which haunts these premises—the innocent spirit of the murdered, not the guilty one of the murderer."

"I know it," she said. "I'm not afraid—I don't think I could be really afraid of Henry's ghost, even if I should see it; but it's so—awful, isn't it?"

"Not to me, at all. If such things were permitted, I should like to meet this spiritual visitant, and ask him the one question—if, indeed, he could answer it. I should like to have him point out the guilty. If his hand could reach out from the spiritual world, and stretch a blasting finger toward his murderer, that would be awful to the accursed one, but it would be welcome to me. But what makes you think Henry has been here?"

She pointed to the bed; there was a pressure upon it, as if some light shape had lain there—just the faintest indentation of a head on one of the pillows; from thence she pointed to a little writing-table, between the windows, on which a book lay open, and where there were some papers and engravings; then to a pair of slippers standing on the carpet at the head of the bed. The room was a delightful one, furnished with blue and white—Henry's favorite colors. Two or three exquisite little pictures hung on the walls, and not the slightest toy occupied a niche in any place but spoke of the taste and refinement which had chosen it. From the two windows, the view of the river flowing amidst his hills, and the lovely country spreading far away, was such as would satisfy the eye of a poet, turned from the page before him on the little writing-table, to rest upon the fairer page of nature.

"I came into this room the day of the funeral," said the housekeeper, with a trembling voice, "and I sot it all to rights, as if the master was coming back the next day. But little I thought he would really come! I spread that bed as smooth as paper; I put on fresh slips on the pillows, and sot 'em up without a dent or wrinkle in 'em; I put his slippers with their toes to the wall, and now they're standin' as he always left 'em when he took 'em off. Them papers has been stirred, and he's been readin' in that book. *She* give him that, and it was a favorite with him; I've often seen him with it in his hand. You may shake your head, Mr. Redfield, but *I know* Henry's been back here in his room."

"If any thing in this room has been disturbed, rest assured there's been some living intruder here. A spirit would have had no need of slippers, and would have made no impression on your smooth bed."

"You can talk your big words, for you are an edicated man, Mr. Redfield, but you can't convince me against my own persuasion. It's been no human being has mussed that spread—why, it's hardly wrinkled—you can just see it's been lain on, and that's all. Besides, how did they get in? Can you tell me that? Through the keyhole, mebbe, and went out the same way!"

Her voice was growing sharp and a little sarcastic. I saw that it was in vain to try to disabuse her mind of its impression while she was in her present excited state. And, indeed, I had no worthy argument to offer. To all appearance, the rest of the house had been undisturbed; there was not a broken fastening, a displaced bar of any kind, and nothing missing. It would seem as if something hardly weightier than a shadow had stirred the pillow, and moved about the room. As long as I could not tell what it *was*, I could not positively assert what it *was not*.

I sat by the open window, while she smoothed the pillow, and placed every article of the furniture with an exactness which would inevitably betray the slightest disturbance.

"You shall see for yourself, sir, the next time you come here," she muttered.

As I waited, I lifted a little volume, which lay, with others, on the table before me. It was Mrs. Browning's, and it opened at a page where a book-mark had been left—once I had seen Eleanor embroidering that very mark, I was sure. The first lines which caught my eye were these:

"*It trembled on the grass*

With a low, shadowy laughter;
The sounding river, which rolled forever,
Stood dumb and stagnant after."

Just then a cloud swept over the noon-day sun; a chill struck through the open window; the wind which blew in, fluttering the page, could not have been more dreary had it blown across a church-yard. Shivering, I continued to read:

"*It trembled on the grass*

With a low, shadowy laughter;
And the wind did toll, as a passing soul
Were sped by church-bell after;
And shadows, 'stead of light,
Fell from the stars above,
In flakes of darkness, on her face
Still bright with trusting love.
Margret! Margret!

"*He loved but only thee!*

That love is transient, too;
The wild hawk's bill doth dabble still
In the mouth that vowed thee true.
Will he open his dull eyes,
When tears fall on his brow?
Behold, the death-worm in his heart
Is a nearer thing than *thou*,
Margret! Margret!"

I know not if the housekeeper spoke to me. The clouds thickened about the sun; a dampness came in from the air. I held the book, staring at it, like one in a trance, and pondering the strange coincidence. Evidently Henry had read these verses when he last opened the book—perhaps the lovers had read them together, with a soft sigh for the fate of Margret, and a smile in each other's faces to think how safe *their* happiness was—how far removed from this doleful "Romaunt." Now would he "open his dull eyes," for Eleanor's tears? I seemed to hear the low laugh of the mocking fiend; a more than wintry serenity settled upon the landscape:

"*It trembled on the floor!*"

Yes! I was fast getting into the mood for believing any thing which Mrs. Scott might assert about the occupant of this chamber. Emotions which I had never before experienced chilled my heart; shapes began to gather in every obscure corner; when the rising wind suddenly blew a door shut, in the hall beneath, I started to my feet.

"We're goin' to have a stormy Christmas," said my companion. "It'll suit our feelin's better'n a sunny one, I'm sure. Hark! there's my Johnny cryin', I do believe! I should think his father could keep him quiet a bit, till I get the house shut up again."

"It was that cat, I thought."

"Never mind. I'm through now, if you please, sir. Take a look at this room, and fix it on your mind, if you will; and the next time you're out here, we'll open it together."

We reclosed and barred the shutters throughout the house, carefully fastened the doors, once more leaving it to its desolation. We had seen no ghosts; I do not suppose the woman expected to see any, but I felt certain that her fears were in no manner dispelled.

"You see the place is all right," I said, when I handed her the keys. "There is nothing in the world to make you uneasy. I would as soon sleep alone in the villa as in my own room. I will do it, soon, if you are not satisfied. All I ask of you is not to write to Mr. Moreland until I have seen you again. I shall come out before many days, to see how you get along."

"We shall wait until you come again, sir, before we say any thing. I feel better, now things are 'tended to. There's Johnny crying again! Well, Mr. Redfield, goodbye. It'll snow by the time you get home."

I had a wild walk back to the village—full of lonely magnificence and gloom, which suited my temper. Gray mists hung over the river and swept about the bases of the hills; gray clouds whirled around their summits; gray snow came down in blinding drifts; a savage wind seemed to be blowing the universe about my ears.

APRIL.

ONE YEAR AGO.

AS when the eyes, now closed, could hail

Thy steps, the same as ours,
Thou comest back to bill and vale,
Soft mother of the flowers.

Thou comest, and the brooks through all
Their waves along the sands,
Like feet of dancers rise and fall;
The rivers clap their hands.

The winds, they are thy waiting-maids,
And of thy perfumes, proud;
The shyest birds in covert shades
Grow garrulous and loud.

The timid hare, she skips about
As if there were no fear;
The squirrel blabs his secret out
To every school-boy's ear.

The waste, and stubble lands o'erflow
With waves of beauteous green,
And every bush begins to show
The mantle of a queen.

Verdure is gathering on the oak;
Like bells the fountains ring;
And all the little flowery folk
Are redolent of spring.

For nature, that, in field and wood,
Has lain, as in eclipse,
Is sending out her thawing blood
Into her finger-tips.

So bright the sun, so soft the shade,
So sweet the rain and dew,
It seems as if the Lord had made
The wide world all anew.

The wan and withered crone awakes
From winter's drowsy dream,
As round the hearth the circle breaks,
And joins the general stream.

The mole, he digs his pathway blind,
The spider weaves her snare—
Ah, there is work of every kind
A-doing everywhere.

The fields of air are overblown
With many a cheerful sound;
The click of hammers, and the drone
Of mill-wheels turning round.

The ringing of the woodman's ax,
 The creak of masts astrain,
 The noise of breakers breaking flax,
 The rush of plow and plane,
 The teamster's whistle, shrill and high,
 The cow-boy's kindly call,
 The housewife's lulling lullaby—
 But who shall name them all!

The village maid, with cheeks so thin
 For joys or lost or dead,
 Winding her distaff now, will spin
 New hopes with every thread;

And all the inevitable ills
 Of life will fade away,
 While fancy broiders seams and frills
 Against the wedding-day.

For love will light his blushing fires,
 And passion pale o'ercreep
 The hedger on his bank of briars—
 The shearer, with his sheep;

The gayest gentle of the town—
 The thresher on his floor,
 The lady in her silken gown,
 The milkmaid at her chore;

Ay, spring by spring, and bowers of bliss
 Will bloom in every glen,
 As long as there are maids to kiss—
 As long as there are men!

But while the sea of life thus breaks
 To music, wave by wave,
 True to her treasure, memory makes
 The silence of the grave.

A silence in the midst of all
 The jubilee of sound;
 The piping winds to dirges fall—
 The spring-time is disrowned.

The village maid forgets her wheel,
 Forgets her broidered seams,
 As shadows from the last year steal
 And darken all her dreams.

The husbandman, as memory's tide
 To the last April sets,
 Pauses and turns his spade aside
 To spare the violets.

And waves his rough hands o'er their bed
 As softly and as slow
 As if they veiled the reverend head
 That lies so still and low.

The young wife, sewing ribbons on
 The tiny cap of lace,
 Thinks of the month, a year ago,
 And hides her frightened face.

Sheer down, as from life's awful edge
 She looks, nor dares to stir,
 Afraid of the high privilege
 Her God has given her.

Her heart, with all its hopes elate,
 Sinks down unreconciled,
 Before the perils that await
 The birth of every child.

Of all the sacrificial host
 Whose young lives dawned so clear,
 And of our martyr-chieftain most,
 She thinks, and needs must fear.

Above love's lately blushing fires
 The smoldering ashes creep;
 The hedger on his bank of briars—
 The shearer with his sheep,

The thresher in his threshing-floor,
 The lady in her hall,
 The milkmaid at her homely chore—
 Sad memory claims them all.

The teamster leaves his whistling high,
 The strong man's eyes are dim—
 The mother turns her lullaby
 To a memorial hymn:

HYMN.

Oh, clothe his name with beauteous light,
 Oh, speak his name with tenderest
 awe,
 Who fought the best and bravest fight
 For Freedom, that the world e'er
 saw.

Who, when old sanctions like a flood
 Drove on, and princes sought his fall,
 Put forth his single hand, and stood
 Sublimar, mightier than they all.

With his pure conscience, stood apart,
 The double challenge to prefer;
 A conflict with his yearning heart,
 As well as with the powers that were.

Stood, nor afraid of scorn nor blame,
 So that the lowliest he might raise,
 Until the stricken nations came
 And clothed him with their meed of
 praise.

Ay, ay, from cabin-hearth, to tower,
From cowl'd monk to crown'd brow,
From vestal cell to bridal bower,
That humble name is music now.

For history tells, and tale repeats,
That when in death his eyes grew dim,
His mourners went about the streets
Of cities that were strange to him.

Ye west winds softly round him blow !
Grow green above him, kindly earth :
He taught the humblest man to know
And reverence manhood's sacred worth.

And when his simple, sterling truth
In the sharp circumstance was tried,
Dishonored not his Spartan youth
By the vain, foolish shows of pride.

Ye streams, whereby his sunburned feet
Strayed in his childish years so oft,
When in your silvery ways you meet,
Be low, henceforth, be low, and soft !

Woodland, that hung your green head
down
And made his questions grand replica,
Let all your leaves together mourn,
And all your whispers sink to sighs.

Ye fields that were the open books
Where lessons strangely wise, he read,
With all your hollow reeds and stalks,
Make moan, make moan, for he is dead.

Nay, nay ! my grief has turned my brain,
I would not have one bough grow
dim,
Nor have one dancing brook complain—
Our loss is glorious gain to him.

Fair little flowers, and wayside trees,
Woodland, and waste, and prairie
grand ;

What were they but the golden keys
Of freedom's birth-song in his hand !

That song of good will, and of peace
Adown the years shall effluent move,
Till tyranny its reign shall cease,
And bonds be only bonds of love.

Therefore, my heart, be light, be light,
That he who struck the wondrous
chord,

And therewith finished his good fight,
Has gone from labor to reward.

WHAT CONSTITUTES TREASON.

HIGH treason is the breach of that allegiance which the subject is deemed to owe to his sovereign, and by parity of reasoning, to the government under which he lives, no matter of what sort it be, whether imperial, kingly, or republican.

The duty of supporting the ruling power which assures protection for life and property, is correlative to the right the subject has to this protection ; and this duty is of so high a nature, that it is not absolved even by failure of the government to do its part of the contract. There is a remedy at law against the government for wrongs committed by its officers, and under no circumstances is the subject considered to be justified in throwing off his allegiance, unless, of course, he can do so by force of arms, as in the case of successful revolutions. But this is an exceptional case ; the general convenience and comfort require that the government accepted by the nation should be not only strongly supported, but that, having in view the great public inconvenience of discord, all breakers of the nation's peace should be severely punished.

The crime of slaying a wife by her husband, and *vice versa*—of a master by his servant—of a prelate by his subordinate, was considered so heinous—because in each of these cases faith and obedience were reckoned to be naturally due from the slayer to the slain—that it was taken out of the category of common murder and styled "petit treason." But when the crime came to be one which had for its object the head, not of the family, but of the state, the *parens patrie*, the great father of all his countrymen, the grossness of it was considered to increase in proportion to the greatness of the object, and it was called "high treason."

In the application of this theory of high treason, it is obvious that great tyranny might be exercised, and subjects inimical to the ruler, from whatever cause, might be cruelly oppressed by a forced construction of so wide a law, unless the boundaries of treason were

clearly ascertained by some instrument known to and approved by all.

Such was found to be the case in England at a very early period, and experience taught the people that as they valued their lives, it behoved them to mark out by statute what should be considered high treason, and what not. Thus, the Spensers, in Edward II's time, were charged with treason, because they had "accroached" the royal power; and Mortimer, in the fourth year of Edward III, was charged with having procured the death of Edward II, and of "accroaching" the royal power; and in the twenty-first of Edward III, John Gerberge, knight, was indicted for high treason, because he had appeared "in high royal state at Royston, where he rode armed, with his sword drawn in his hand, in warlike wise, and assaulted and took William de Botellisford, and detained him till he paid £90; and he took away his horse."

Many acts of oppression having been committed under the cloak of punishment for treason, heads falling pretty much according to the caprice of the sovereign, the following statute was procured by the Commons:

A declaration which offenses shall be adjudged treason (25 Ed. III, stat. 5, c. 2): "Whereas divers opinions have been before this time in what case treason shall be said, and in what not; the king, at the request of the Lords and the Commons, hath made a declaration in the manner as hereafter followeth; that is to say: 1. When a man doth compass or imagine the death of our lord the king, or of my lady his queen, or of their eldest son and heir; 2. Or if a man do violate the king's companion, or the king's eldest daughter unmarried, or the wife of the king's eldest son and heir; 3. Or if a man do levy war against our lord the king in his realm; 4. Or be adherent to the king's enemies in his realm, giving to them aid and comfort in the realm or elsewhere, and thereof be proveably attainted of open deed by people of their condition; 5. And if a man counterfeit the king's great or privy seal; 6. Or if a man counterfeit the king's

money, or bring false money into this realm, counterfeit to the money of England, as the money called Lusheburg, or other like to the said money of England, knowing the money to be false, to merchandise or make payment in deceit of our said lord the king and of his people; 7. And if a man slay the chancellor, treasurer, or the king's justice of the one bench or the other, justices in eyre, or justices of assize, and all other justices assigned to hear and determine, being in their place doing their offices; and it is to be understood that, in the case above rehearsed, it ought to be judged treason which extends to our lord the king and his royal majesty. And of such treason the forfeiture of the escheats pertaineth to our lord the king, as well of the lands and tenements holden of others as of himself."

This continued to be the main law of treason, upon which suspected persons were indicted and tried, down to the time of George III, though a number of special acts were passed at exceptional times, whereby the general law was supplemented either for a temporary purpose, or for the better explanation of the law itself. The lives of Elizabeth, Charles II and George III were guarded by such special statutes, which rendered it treasonable not only to levy war upon the king, but to *conspire* to levy it.

Richard II procured several acts to be passed which extended the pains of treason to those who began a riot; and to those who attempted to repeal the statutes passed in the twenty-first year of his reign. He also got parliamentary decisions upon cases which he was not sure lay within the statute of Edward III; so that in the seventeenth Richard II, Sir John Talbot was declared guilty of treason for conspiring to kill the king's uncles, and levying forces for that purpose. Parliament, on being asked whether the offense was treason, said: "*La matere contenez en la dite Bille est overt et haut tresson.*" So, too, in the nineteenth Richard II, Thomas Haxey, a member of the House of Commons, was adjudged a traitor by parliament, at the instance of the king, for having preferred

in parliament a complaint against the charges of the king's household; and against the number of bishops and ladies who were maintained at his cost!

These and several other perversions of the treason laws, for the gratification of Richard's malice, being found intolerable, an act was passed in the first year of Henry IV, which said that: "Whereas in the said parliament, holden the said one-and-twentieth year of the said late King Richard, divers pains of treason were ordered by statute, in so much that there was not any who did scarcely know how he ought to behave himself, to do, speak or say, for doubt of such pain; it is accorded and assented by the king and the lords and commons aforesaid, that in no time to come any treason be adjudged otherwise than was ordained by statute in the time of his noble grandfather, King Edward the Third; whom God pardon."

Henry V made it treason to "clip, wash, or file money of the realm," and to break truces and safe-conducts. Henry VI made it treason to burn houses because the owners would not pay a ransom for them; and for Welshmen to "carry away into the marches of Wales" goods stolen by them out of the counties of Hereford, Gloucester or Salop.

But these were only of temporary use, and not of general application. The next grand statute of treason, which affected everybody more or less, was that passed in the eleventh year of Henry VII. The wars of the roses, with the alternating fortunes of the contenders, who ever when in power branded the side which was for the time down with the name of traitors, revealed a want not met by Edward's statute. Was a man to be deemed a traitor for obedience to a king who was actually in possession, even although the exiled king might be the rightful one?

The experience of too many noble persons in the wars of the roses showed that the law on this point was far from settled, so that in the eleventh year of Henry VII, himself a king rather *de facto* than *de jure*, an act was passed which

declared "that besides those persons who may be actively serving a king *de facto*" (by going with him to the wars), "all those who may be passively doing him service, shall be held guiltless of treason toward a king *de jure*, but out of possession."

This most salutary law, which is of the most obvious utility and fairness, was most shamefully disallowed to be pleaded by those of the commonwealth men whom the crown determined to destroy. Sir Harry Vane pleaded it, and his plea was overruled on the technical ground that Cromwell was not a king, and therefore not within the meaning of the statute; yet the constructive guilt of the whole people of England who had obeyed the Protector must have been covered by that statute or no other.

In the twenty-second year of Henry VIII, Richard Roose, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, murdered two persons by putting poison into some yeast, of which they partook; and this offense being something so new, and at the same time so foreign to the ways and thoughts of Englishmen, the people cast about for some new mode of punishment. An act of parliament was passed declaring the crime of poisoning to be high treason, and the punishment for it (suggested, no doubt, by the profession of the delinquent) boiling to death.

In this reign many "new and strange treasons" were declared in no fewer than fifteen acts of parliament, some of which are of the wildest kind. It was made high treason to deny the doctrine of transubstantiation; to deny that the king was head of the church; to marry the king's children; to say or think that the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves—of whom he said that "she was a great Flanders mare"—was good; for a woman "which was before incontinent" to marry the king, and yet conceal her dishonor; to deprive the king of his title and addition, etc. But these new-fangled treasons were done away with by Edward VI, who restored the law of treason to its former state—that is to say of the statute of Edward III, and the statute of Henry VII.

Edward VI not only put the law on its old footing, but he added in a subsequent statute an important item, which had been rendered necessary by the many cases in which a man's life had been sworn away upon the evidence of one man only. By 5 Edward VI, c. 11, it was required that two lawful witnesses should confront the accused, and without the *two* witnesses no conviction could be had.

Mary confirmed this act of her brother's, and added a statute (1 P. and M., c. 10) to bring the king-consort within the protection of the law of treason, which, without a special act, does not include the husband or wife of the sovereign. She also added one which is significant enough of the popular disposition at the time, by which it was made high treason to pray "that God would shorten the queen's days, or take her out of the way, or such like malicious prayer, amounting to the same effect;" but it was provided that no judgment should issue if, upon arraignment, the accused should be penitent.

The many plots against the life of Elizabeth made it necessary to guard it with special care. Not only the Act of Supremacy, but other acts, to be in force during her life only, were passed; and rigorous though they were toward "Jesuits, seminary priests, and such other like disobedient persons," they were not disproportionate to the causes which called them forth. It became necessary, through the force of peculiar circumstances, to make treasonable a conspiracy to take, detain or burn the queen's castles; to attempt the enlargement of any one committed for high treason; for any priests, of whatever kind, "ordained any where by authority of the see of Rome, since the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, in the first year of her highness' reign," to remain in the queen's dominions after forty days from the end of the then session of parliament; for any one to be reconciled to Rome; and Elizabeth's successor, whom Sully described as the "wisest fool in Europe," procured an "act for the better discovering and repressing of popish recusants," whereby

it was made high treason to reconcile any one to Rome, the clause in Elizabeth's act as to being reconciled, being re-enacted.

In Charles I's time, a question of the most vital importance was decided, which had scarcely arisen before, except in very unsettled times. Most of the supplementary statutes adding "new treasons" had expressed that the treason was to be evidenced by the word spoken or written, or by any other sign specified by the act. But the manner was specified in them; it was not in Edward III's statute.

There are no less than seven cases reported in the state trials of indictments for treason preferred under Henry VI for words merely uttered, such as: "The king is a fool, a known fool throughout the kingdom of England;" "It had been better for the kingdom of England, by a hundred thousand pounds, if the said king had been dead twenty years before;" "The king hath neither power nor knowledge how to govern the kingdom of England; and that he (the prisoner) would not any more obey the king;" "The king and all the lords about his person are false." In Edward IV's time, three persons were executed for having calculated the king's nativity, and said that the king would not live much longer. John Alkerter, in the same reign, was indicted for his "horrible and venomous sayings;" and in Baker's *Chronicle* there is reported a case in which a publican was hanged for saying he would make his son "heir to the Crown"—the Crown being the sign of his tavern.

In 1615, Edmund Peacham was found guilty (but not executed) upon an indictment for treasonable passages in a sermon which was never preached, nor intended to be preached, but only set down in writing, and found in his study. Many of the judges, however, thought this was not treason.

Williams, a barrister of the Middle Temple, was not so fortunate. He wrote a book called *Balaam's Ass*, which he did not publish, but sealed up, and sent to King James, to warn him that his death was foretold in the twenty-fifth verse of the seventh chapter of Daniel.

Williams was condemned on the ground that it was clear he meant to take steps to fulfill the prophecy!

In 1628, Mr. Pine, a gentleman of Hampshire, asked Collier, his servant, who had been over at Hinton, if he had seen the king there, and when Collier said "Yes," Pine remarked: "Then hast thou seen as unwise a king as ever was, and so governed as never king was; for he is carried as a man would carry a child with an apple—therefore I and divers more did refuse to do our duties to him." Pine said further: "He is no more fit to be king than Hickwright" (an old simple fellow, shepherd to Mr. Pine). Pine was arrested upon the information of his servant, and the crown pressed the case against him; but the judges, before all of whom the point was argued, declared "that the words spoken by Pine, though they were as wicked as might be, were not treason; for there is no treason but by 25 Edward III, c. 2: and the words spoken can be but evidence to discover the corrupt heart of him that spoke them; but of themselves they are not treason, neither can any indictment be framed upon them."

The old law being thus declared, trials went on as before; but questions arose as on the trials of Lord Stafford (the last victim of Titus Oates' Popish plot) and Lord William Russell, as to the construction of Edward VI's statute, which requires two witnesses; and other questions, too, arose in reference to the practice in treason cases, which were not settled till the 7 William III, c. 8. It had not been hitherto allowed that the prisoner should have a copy of the indictment; his witnesses could not be examined on oath; he could not be defended by counsel; nor was he informed beforehand of the witnesses to be brought against him.

William's act provides that: 1. All persons indicted for treason are to have a copy of the indictment given to them five days before trial (extended afterward to ten days), and a copy of the jury panel two days before; 2. Their witnesses may be examined on oath; 3. Counsel to be allowed for the defense; 4. The two

witnesses must depose either to the same overt act, or the first to one and the second to another overt act, of the same kind of treason; 5. Prosecutions to be limited to three years, except in cases of attempted assassination; 6. Peers may choose to be tried by all who have a right to sit and vote in parliament. A statute of Anne's ordered a list of the witnesses, with their professions and abodes stated, to be given to the accused ten days before trial.

With these safeguards against kingly malice, the English people have been content; and they continued under the old law of treason until George III's reign, when it was found necessary to extend the range of it, in order to secure the king from harm. The following statute, which re-enacts part of Edward III's law, does not repeal it, nor affect those clauses not specified by it—though some of them, as that respecting coining, have been repealed, and other penalties provided.

57 George III, c. 6, rendering perpetual 36 George III, c. 7—"If any person or persons whatsoever, during the life of the king and until the end of the next sessⁿ of parli^t after a demise of the crown, shall, within the realm or without, compass, imagine, invent, devise, or intend death or destructⁿ, or any bod. harm tending to death or destructⁿ, maim or wounding, imprison^t, or restraint of the person of the same our sovereign lord the king, his heirs and successors, or to deprive or depose him or them from the style, honor, or kingly name of the impe^r crown of this realm, or of any other of his Maj. dominions or countries, or to levy war ag^t H.M., his heirs and successorsⁿ, within this realm, in order, by force or constraint, to compel him or them to change his or their measures or counsels, or in order to put any force or constⁿ upon, or to intimidate or overawe both Houses or either House of Parli^t, or to move or stir any foreigner or stranger w^t force to invade this realm or any other H.M. dominions or countries under the obedience of H.M., his heirs and successorsⁿ; and such comp^s, imagin^s, invent^s, devices, and intentions or any of

them, shall express, utter, or declare, by publishing any printing or writing, or by any overt act or deed; being legally convicted thereof upon the oaths of two lawful and credible wit^{ns}, shall be adjudged a traitor, and suffer as in cases of high treason."

Our laws affecting treason are based upon those referred to above—especially that of 25 Edward III. The Constitution (Art. III, sec. 8.) says: "Treason against the *United States* shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court." The same section also stipulates that Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason. In exercising this power Congress passed its act of April 30th, 1790, in which it is declared:

"If any person or persons, owing allegiance to the United States of America, shall levy war against them, or shall adhere to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort, within the United States, or elsewhere, and shall be thereof convicted, on confession in open court, or on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act of treason whereof he or they shall stand indicted, such person or persons shall be adjudged guilty of treason against the United States, and shall suffer death.

"If any person or persons, having knowledge of the commission of any of the treasons aforesaid, shall conceal, and not, as soon as may be, disclose and make known the same to the President of the United States, or some one of the judges thereof, or to the President or Governor of a particular State, or some one of the judges or justices thereof, such person or persons, on conviction, shall be adjudged guilty of misprision of treason, and shall be imprisoned not exceeding seven years, and fined not exceeding one thousand dollars."

Chief Justice Marshall, in administering this act, thus interpreted it:

"It is not the intention of the courts to say that no individual can be guilty

of this crime who has not appeared in arms against his country.

"On the contrary, if war be actually levied; that is, if a body of men be actually assembled for the purpose of effecting by force a treasonable purpose—all those who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors.

"This opinion does not touch the case of a person who advises or procures an assemblage, and does nothing further. The advising certainly, and perhaps the procuring, is more in the nature of a conspiracy to levy war than of the actual levying of war.

"It is not enough to be leagued in the conspiracy and that war be levied, but it is also necessary to perform a part; that *part* is the act of levying war. That part, it is true, may be minute; it may not be the actual appearance in arms, and it may be remote from the scene of action—that is, from the place where the army is assembled; but it must be a part, and that part must be performed by a person who is leagued in the conspiracy. This part, however minute or remote, constitutes the overt act, of which alone the person who performs it can be convicted.

"The opinion does not declare that the person who has performed this remote and minute part may be indicted for a part which was in truth performed by others, and convicted on their overt act. It amounts to this and nothing more: that when war is actually levied, not only those who bear arms, but those also who are leagued in the conspiracy and who perform the various distinct parts which are necessary for the prosecution of the war, do, in the sense of the Constitution, levy war.

"To advise or procure a treason is in the nature of conspiring or plotting treason, which is not treason in itself"

This interpretation has been adopted by succeeding expounders of the law. Judge Catron reaffirmed it in his charge (January 10th, 1861) in St. Louis. The law as then defined by him, in detail, to meet the exigencies of the treason trials

impending, has been accepted by other members of the United States Supreme Court. As to the overt act, he said :

"A treasonable *design*, unaccompanied or not followed by a treasonable *act*, is not treason. A conspiracy to levy war is not an actual levying of war. The assembling of men, or an assemblage not in military array, or in an attitude of war, will not be an overt act. The assemblage must be a warlike assemblage—must be in sufficient force to have the appearance or posture of war, or must have resorted to forcible opposition, or must have marched in bodies or detachments toward some place of rendezvous, or done some other open, visible act of war, before the overt act has been committed."

And, he added, as applying the law where a state of actual hostilities existed :

"When war exists, all who are leagued in the general conspiracy, and perform any of the various and essential military parts of prosecuting it, are guilty of treason. Thus, a commissary who is at a distance from the scene of active military operations, and who may never have been present at any hostile assemblage, or even seen the rebels in camp or in military array, may, by furnishing supplies to the traitorous force, be as guilty as if taken in battle with arms in his hands. So may it be with an officer commissioned to recruit, who enlists and forwards men to fill the rebel ranks; or with any other person who voluntarily furnishes them with money, arms, ammunition, provisions, or supplies, or who otherwise performs, if he be leagued in the general scheme, 'any of the various or essential parts which, in carrying on a war, must be assigned to different individuals.' It is necessary, however, that he should have been leagued in the general conspiracy, and have also performed some part toward its prosecution, for both the *intent* and *act* must exist, or the crime has not been perpetrated—is not complete. If the treasonable intent does exist, however, the overt act may consist not only in furnishing men, money, arms or provisions, but also in giving in-

telligence whereby the enemy may better conduct his hostile movements, be saved from reverses or aided in his plans. It is obviously of great moment to be accurately informed of the numbers and position of an opposing force, and of their plan of campaign or intended movements. At times, no more important aid can be given. Actual presence in the hostile ranks may be of far less assistance to the foe than a timely communication from a distance concerning the movements of the opposing force, whether actual or contemplated."

Judge Nelson, in his charge (Nov. 4th, 1861) in New York, enunciated the same construction of the overt act :

"There must be an actual levying of war; a consultation, or conspiracy to do so, is not an overt act within the constitutional definition.

"There is more difficulty in determining what constitutes the overt act under the second clause, namely, adhering to the enemy, giving him aid and comfort. Questions arising under this clause must depend very much upon the facts and circumstances of each particular case. There are some acts of the citizen in his relations with the enemy which leave no room for doubt—such as giving intelligence with intent to aid him in his act of hostility—sending him provisions or money—furnishing him arms or troops or munitions of war—surrendering a military post, etc., all with a like intent. These and kindred facts are overt acts of treason by adhering to the enemy."

We thus have these facts :

1. That under the Constitution treason is a *crime*.

2. The composition of that crime is clearly defined.

3. Its penalty, as affixed by act of Congress, is death.

This is the *law of the land*, to be enforced or not to be, as shall be determined by those whose solemn duty it is to see the laws of the land executed.

In Great Britain we now witness the rapid disposal of all engaged in the Fenian movement—a conspiracy which has not been permitted to obtain the force of the overt act. For conspiring to

insurrect, a special act of this reign consigns those apprehended and convicted to a felon's estate, and Van Dieman's Land is the cure for Irish insurrection, as it was for the Canadian insurgents in 1837-38.

With the Jamaica insurrection British lawgivers did not have to trouble themselves. British military and provisional authorities, taking the matter in hand, shot and hung the insurrectionists without stint. The lawgivers came forward long after "summary justice" had been executed.

In India, those in revolt, when taken prisoners, were lashed before cannon and shot to pieces. That was the law for Indian mutineers.

Is it not somewhat strange that a power which thus resolutely deals with those in revolt against its authority, should discountenance severity toward those whom our Constitution and laws pronounce guilty of treason whose magnitude has no parallel in the history of governments?

Let us be just, magnanimous, pitying, as becomes a great people; and yet, let us pursue no course which shall bring disrespect to authority and law. Temper justice with mercy; but, let justice prevail 'though the heavens fall.' Else, as a people and a government, we are undone.

THE REVEREND HUMBUG;

OR,

HOW I LOST AND WON A WIFE.

A GOOD many years ago, when this century and myself had just passed our majority, I commenced what I indulgently called the *practice* of the law, in a then diminutive and insignificant village in western New York. Three years before I had graduated respectably at Yale, and after being admitted to the bar, bade farewell to my friends, and for certain family reasons, located in that *ignota terra*—the "Genesee country." This, of course, was long before the surface of our country had been cut by the innumerable railroads, which now

—like the streets of Brooklyn—continually intersect each other in every possible unnecessary direction, and while yet the future railroad king was in his royal pinafore; and my acquaintances took leave of me, with the same sad, foreboding look of certain-we-shall-never-meet-again-in-this-world farewell, that might reasonably be paid to a culprit on the night preceding his execution!

I put up an imposing shingle; purchased an extensive library of law books, amounting in value to about forty dollars, and sat down with a "don't all speak at once" feeling, awaiting my clients—who *didn't come*. I awoke several successive mornings, and looked inquiringly about my room to see if I could find myself famous, but I was doomed to repeated disappointment, for I *didn't* see it.

At length I became disgusted at such cavalier treatment, and after going through a course of smoking, which I found did not materially help my case, I began to study in sober earnest, and soon discovered, somewhat to my surprise, that there were several legal subjects with which I was not entirely conversant. I have since found out that the only difference between myself and other young lawyers in this respect, is, that many never discover it—the fact remaining the same.

I believe there is a special Providence watching over young lawyers, giving them, through a merciful lack of patronage, an opportunity to acquire that knowledge which they are *certain* not to possess.

As soon, however, as I was fairly able to state the equation that, as my shelf of books was to a well-filled law library, so was my legal smattering to a knowledge of law, I began to mend, and in a short time really commenced to know something, which I have generally found to be a necessary forerunner to gaining the good opinion and confidence of other people.

Infant sprigs of the law will please make a note!

Late one afternoon about the first of December, after I had been "located" about eight months, I sat in my office

with a book upon my knees, looking in vain for inspiration, or some mental Worcestershire sauce, among the cobwebs which festooned my windows. The sentence which troubled me was this:

"For, as it is learnedly laid down by Co. Litt. 999, as a principle of common law, and ably illustrated in Cro. Eliz. 847, Cro. Jac. 794, H. & G. 2, § 89, and other places of like importance, that, when *coetui que vas* being tenant in tail special, after possibility of issue extinct, hath by malversation worked estoppel of the plea of nulltiel record in law (or after being disseized suffer a recovery), he shall no longer remain tenant *in capite*, but as usufructuary under a mesne lord, in a kind of villein-socage, and is required to obtain *de capitalibus dominis facti*, a title *de novo*."

One habit to which, by this time, I had inured myself, was, never to leave any subject until I had mastered it, and thoroughly digested it. I read this sentence over sixteen times, and then laid down my book in despair, fearing "lest my brain had the dyspepsia, and that my legal studies must come to an abrupt termination, unless I retreated from the above position. At this momentous crisis my mind was suddenly relieved from its weight of responsibility, by hearing the New York mail stage lumbering past my window, with that peculiar 'heave-and-set' motion, which rendered traveling in those conveyances so uniformly delightful. My attention, I say, was called away by this circumstance, from the abstruse subject before me, and simultaneously it occurred to me that I *might* get a letter; so I solved my previous difficulty by casting aside the mystic volume, and having put on my overcoat, I wandered dreamily toward the post-office. I stood in the dingy vestibule, beating the "devil's tattoo" on the floor with my toes, and knocking them together for company until the mail was 'sorted, when, sure enough, a letter was put into my hands, bearing upon its ample face the imposing address—by which I introduce myself to the reader—"Nicholas Sledgehammer, Attorney and

Counselor at Law, G——, N. Y.," and in the corner was the apt suggestion—"If not at home please forward."

In those days of high postage and difficult transportation, a letter was a much more serious thing than it is now; and although the one in question contained but a single half-sheet, I felt certain that it was worth all it cost, for I had recognized the handwriting of my old college chum and classmate, Ed. Lawson, a wild, harum-scarum sort of fellow, but withal a warm-hearted, generous, high-spirited boy.

The letter was brief, so I give it entire:

"DEAR OLD NICK," it began—"You will doubtless be lost in amazement at receiving so curt an epistle from your most obedient, but if you can withdraw your mind for a brief period from its devotion to the science of jurisprudence, you will perceive that what it lacks in length is amply atoned for by its strength. I unfold:

"I want you to spend the approaching holidays at this, my paternal mansion, in the old wooden-nutmeg State. My sister will be at home, and rare sport is in preparation. Don't fail to come. There are oceans of pretty girls here. I have planned a surprise. Arrange, if you can, to arrive at K—— (where the stage will leave you) the day before Christmas, and I will meet you.

"In haste, your old chum,
"EDWARD."

Had I been a young man of modern propensities and education, I should undoubtedly have given utterance to my feelings in the classical expression—"Count me in, old hoss;" but, as civilization had not yet arrived at that perfection, I was fain to reply, mentally—"I shall be very much pleased to accept your invitation."

Lest I should lose the confidence of the public, at the outset, I wish to state, before proceeding further, that no such zoological phenomenon as "oceans of girls" ever had fallen under my inspection. In fact, I suspected my friend of hyperbolizing. Out of pure kindness of heart, however, I determined to gratify him, and make him a long-promised visit.

Timing myself correctly, I alighted

from the stage at K—— on the afternoon of the 24th, and was immediately caught by both hands by the exuberant Lawson, who stood beaming upon me with a face which glowed like a new-lit cigar under full suction, and perfectly tremulous with some internal excitement which it seemed very difficult for him to conceal.

Poor Edward! we never dared make him our confidant in any college scrape, for his face was so sure an index of what was passing within, that whenever any thing "happened," the professors, to save trouble, would first glance at Lawson; and many a punishment did he receive, as "principal or accessory" in a "lark" of which he merely had been told.

As we had some time on our hands before it was necessary to complete our journey, we adjourned, for the nonce, to a private parlor in the little village tavern, where Lawson proceeded to unfold his plan. At this time, let me state, *par parenthèse*, I was a tall, slim young man (*âgé*, 23), tolerably well favored as to my features, with light-brown, and I must confess rather silky, whiskers. Add to this that my face—by contraries I suppose—habitually wore a serious if not somewhat stern expression, and you have me.

As soon as we were by ourselves, Edward proceeded to explain to me the *casus belli*, which was as follows: A large party of mad-cap 'young folks' were to meet at his father's house that night for a Christmas eve frolic, and, unbeknown to the old folks, who had been smuggled out of the way, they had engaged a fiddler, and were determined upon a dance. Such a thing was bad enough, at least in Connecticut, forty years ago; but, in a *deacon's* house! It was the height of audacity! Relying upon my coöperation, Lawson had secretly favored the plan, and now informed me that my part of the performance was to personate a young minister, and come upon them in the midst of their revelry.

"Only for a little while," he said, imploringly, as I opened my mouth to object; "it will be such glorious fun," and

at the same time displaying a pair of spectacles and a stiff white neck-cloth, which he had prepared for my use. My fun-loving disposition was not proof against the vision of the consternation which a *début* in such guise would create, and I consented, under the proviso that the farce *should* be of short duration.

It was about dark when we set off for our final destination. We were in high spirits; the sleighing was splendid; the air clear and sharp; and last, though not by any means the least, our cigars excellent. The distance to Lawson's was about five miles, and verily the ground seemed to glide from under us, as we sped along, making the air resound with snatches of old college songs, chorused with shouts of laughter. Our ride at length came to an end, and I threw away my cigar in obedience to Ed's injunction to "cool down," as we drove up to a large, comfortable-looking farmhouse, lighted in every room, up-stairs and down, and seemingly alive with mirth and gayety.

We entered the house quietly, and reached our room without being seen, and after "recovering" from the chilling effects of our sleigh-ride, I proceeded to array myself for the sacrifice. A somber suit of black incased my long and not very *broad* frame. A frightfully stiff white garrote encircled my gasping throat. I placed the spectacles astride my nose, and was "finished." A subdued expression stole over my features, and I beamed upon Edward with an odor of mild sanctity.

However theological I may have looked, my glance did not produce any like gravity in my companion. He gazed at me for a moment and then gave a shout only to be equaled by a "view halloo." A glance at a mirror soon induced me to join him, and for a little while we enjoyed our sport in advance. Then we straightened our faces and went down-stairs.

As we entered the parlor, that saltant abomination called a "Scotch reel" held circular possession of the floor. Though in Connecticut, the dancers seemed to be perfectly acquainted with their several

duties, as did also the colored gem'men who were engaged in drawing out petrified music from the cat-gut, and rolling up their eyes in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

I walked into the room by the side of Lawson with an air of dignity, at the same time casting a look of holy horror at the proscribed amusement. Ed. led me up to his sister, who stood a little apart from the dancers, and presented me: "Annie, this is an old friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. Moulton. I have invited him to spend the holidays with us, and I am sure you will aid me in making his stay agreeable."

This was said with such an air and tone of perfect seriousness that it was with the utmost difficulty I could cover up a snicker with a cough.

I made a profound bow at the introduction, and murmured something indistinctly, at the same time taking the lay of the land, out of the "tail of my eye." As I bent my dorsal column, I saw Miss Lawson (who was not at all in the secret) give her brother a look which—well, it 'spoke volumes.'

As my lofty head and shoulders first appeared, with the spectacles on my nose, and the white neck-cloth so unmistakably announcing my calling, the dancers involuntarily stopped, and slunk to their seats; the violins expired with a dismal squeak, and a dead silence took the place of the din and uproar which saluted my ears as I entered the room.

A timid glance from under my eyebrows at the faces of the assembly, made me almost shiver in my boots! The expression of the ladies was "oh! dear!" *staccatissimo*, while that of the gentlemen verged on pugnacity held in check by my cloth: for, while a single look at Lawson's countenance carried conviction of mischief on his part, no one seemed to entertain the faintest idea that I was a *Reverend Humbug*—a minister improvised for the occasion.

My friend now took me by the arm, and began to walk me around the room, introducing me, according to the fashion of the day, to every one. Never till this circuit was commenced, had a single

thought of the absurdity of my position crossed my mind. From the time of my consenting to assume the part, my brain had been bubbling with the fun of such a prank; but now, when a sober second thought took possession of me, I felt, I must say, very much ashamed of myself. It was too late to back out, however; and I hardly think, even in my momentary contrition, that I would have thought of such a thing, so very funny was the guilty confusion of these culprits "caught in the act."

Any attempt to remember the names of those to whom I was introduced would have reduced me to a state bordering on idiocy, while a single glance at the several faces was all generally vouchsafed me. I would in all probability have got back to my starting-point as wise as when I left it, and voted the whole affair rather "slow," had not my eyes chanced to meet another pair, whose expression was so varied and so complex, so full of evident pity for my (simulated) embarrassment, and amusement at my uncomfortable position, that my attention, as well as myself, was arrested on the spot, and I took advantage of a vacant chair by the side of the possessor thereof, to bring my introductory rambles to a conclusion.

Dancing, of course, was not resumed; but the Yankee mind is elastic, and the company seemed disposed to make the most of the occasion, acknowledging, with great good humor, the serious joke played upon them by their host, though a few, who surrounded him at the other end of the room, I could see by their gestures, were giving him the full effects of their feminine spite. For my part, I was enjoying myself immensely. Such ministerial offices were decidedly agreeable, for, feeling it incumbent upon me to speak low in support of my character, I sat cosily chatting with the little fairy who had so bewitched me, until I became almost oblivious of that character, and several times had nearly exposed myself. Suddenly it occurred to me that in my own proper person I could enter more extensively into the revel; so I said, as if concluding an acquaintance:

"One might almost be tempted to be a sinner, were they sure of such good company; but I will not longer deprive *you* of your amusement, so I had best bid you good-evening." Rising at the same time, I looked around through my spectacles—which made the bridge of my nose itch sadly—and said, gravely:

"My friends, much as I disapprove of and abominate the foolish pastime called dancing, I do not feel as if I had a right to check it, by my presence, in a friend's house. I will therefore leave you. Come, Edward," I continued, turning to him, "I expect Sledgehammer has smoked that cigar by this time, and will be ready to come down."

"Sledgehammer!" exclaimed a dozen trebles, with sudden animation. "Oh! he's a splendid fellow. I have heard Ed. talk so much about him; I'm so glad he's here."

I could pardon the evident satisfaction felt at my going, and Sledgehammer's coming, for Sledgehammer was *not* a minister.

"Mr. Sledgehammer must have smoked several in your immediate vicinity," whispered a voice behind me. I turned quickly and met the same eyes that had before entranced me, fixed upon me this time with a smile of roguish triumph, dancing and sparkling with a conscious discovery, which my exceedingly red face at the hit rendered more certain.

"Spare me a little while," I replied in the same tone, not unwilling to make a confidant of her—"and I will tell you all."

Lawson looked at me in blank bewilderment when I announced my intention of retiring, but as I walked soberly out of the room, he followed very meekly.

"What the dev—," he exclaimed, as he shut the door. "I beg your reverence's pardon, but what *are* you up to now?"

"Simply," I replied, "that, having for the last hour performed for *your* gratification, I now intend to perform a little for *my own*!"

"But what's the use of being in such a hurry?" he remonstrated.

"Oh, pshaw, Ed.!" said I, "what

would be the use of running the thing into the ground? If we keep it up *too* long it will lose all its points. Besides," I continued, "the fun is all on your side; I don't get it."

Lawson gave up with a kind of sigh; but, as we went up-stairs his face broadened until, as he shut the chamber door, we united in a hearty laugh.

"Now," said I, as our laugh subsided, and I began to prepare for a return in a different guise, "now tell me"—I said this as carelessly as I could—"the name of the young lady with whom I was conversing."

"Done!" shouted Lawson, throwing himself on the bed, and giving vent to something very like an Indian yell, "I've won the hat—*hurrah!*"

I could feel my cheeks tingle, as the blood rushed to my face, though what there was in such an incoherent remark to make it, could not so easily be told. I waited a moment till the paroxysm was over, and then asked him, with a degree of asperity at which I could hardly help smiling, "if he couldn't answer a simple question without making a fool of himself?"

"Why, Nick," he said, at length, still laughing and holding his sides, "don't get mad, old fellow; but it's *so* good. I made a bet with my sister Annie of a dozen pair of gloves against a hat, that you would fall in love with Susie Bradford the first time you saw her; and now haven't I won?"

"Pshaw!" said I, impatiently, snapping the string of my collar in the endeavor to appear unconcerned.

And yet, how was it? Had I been an *impartial* observer, I think, from a careful inspection of all the symptoms, I would have drawn my diagnosis of a pretty well developed case of love at first sight. I had flirted with dozens during my college days, but I never had felt toward any woman in my life as I had felt toward this young girl with whom I had not been acquainted an hour, and I knew it was love by that feeling of novellesque heroism—à la Thaddeus of Warsaw—which makes one feel as if eagle's feathers were sprouting from his

back, and that though "hills should peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise," it would be but an afternoon ramble to climb the highest, and turn a pirouette on its apex! This may seem rather inflated; but, it must be remembered, that in those days our literary pabulum was furnished in seven-volume novels, and of course we could not be expected to make rational similes.

But, though I can joke about it now, it was far too serious a matter to me, at that time, to admit of any trifling. I finished what changes were necessary in my toilet, and hastened down-stairs in a state which would be correctly described by our Young America as "spooney."

A great shout greeted us as I appeared, and the true state of affairs began to be appreciated. Of course, every one declared they had all along suspected a hoax, but did not say any thing about it, to carry on the joke. All, however, were in great good-humor, and as I circulated among the company, I found myself as intimate as though they were all old friends.

The proscribed dancing was soon again in repute, and this time I was for it, and engaged in it. As I approached Susie Bradford and claimed her hand for the dance, I saw Lawson glance at his sister with a look of triumph; but what cared I? The fact of her having detected my sham drew us together by a kind of social Free Masonry, and before the set was out, our acquaintance had ripened into intimacy.

I wish I could describe her as she appeared to me that night while I stood gazing upon her, and drawing through a lover's eyes "maddening draughts of beauty to my soul." She was slightly above the middle height, with a slender, though by no means fragile figure. Her neck—which, though seldom spoken of, is a very prominent element of female beauty—rose gracefully from her shoulders, and supported a head worthy of a Grecian statue. Her face was oval and very fair; her forehead low and smooth, and over it her hair—a soft, rich brown—separated in wavy ripples, and fell in heavy curls upon her shoulders. There

was nothing in the face to strike one as peculiar, until you looked in the luminous depths of her wondrously-beautiful eyes. They were large and blue, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," with an expression which seemed as if they possessed the power of looking beyond the ordinary ken of human vision, not piercing, but dissolving the barriers to sight. And, lastly, her mouth seemed like the ocean in the ever-varying emotions which flitted across it.

Did I dream it, or was there a faint, a very faint answering pressure to my own, as I touched her hand in helping her into the sleigh that night, "after the revel was done?" I perhaps imagined it, but it made my heart beat and my pulses quicken for all that.

The week which I had allotted for my stay lengthened into two, and still I lingered, nothing loth. Such a riot, I trow, the land of steady habits never witnessed! It was as if the conventional barriers of Puritanism had broken down, and the pent-up waters rushed out, gathering headway from their long control. The dancing experiment was not repeated, for it raised such a breeze about our ears as nearly put a stop to all our festivities. But we managed to make up for it in fun, and for two weeks we were almost surfeited with a constant succession of gayeties, and a continued round of parties and sleigh-rides, at all of which I was present, and at all of which I, of course, saw Susie Bradford.

It was of no use: I was falling deeper in love every time I saw her, and now, as my visit was almost ended, I only awaited a favorable opportunity for declaring my passion. The Fates seemed to be against me, for never once had I been able to secure her company on any of our excursions. But she always greeted me with a smile, and really seemed to sympathize with me at my repeated disappointments. At length, however, the Fates smiled upon me, and one evening—it was a Friday, the day preceding my departure—to my unspeakable joy, I was for once in time, and she accepted my invitation for a sleighing party which was going back in the country about ten

miles. The night was of the choicest: a bright, clear, full moon, sparkling and reflecting from the glittering snow; a keen, bracing air, and hard, crisp road. The sleighs were of every variety as regarded size and capacity, though mine, you may be sure, contained but *two*, with two horses, whose bells were almost drowned by the chorus of melodious voices ringing out on the clear ether in every note of the gamut.

Oh, it was a magnificent night! such as seems to come but once in a lifetime. Our ride out was marked by no incident, and after passing a delightful evening, we started homeward in the best of spirits. I need not tell those who have been in the same predicament how our speed gradually slackened, and the distance between the several sleighs imperceptibly increased.

I had eagerly sought this opportunity, but now, when it was come, I could not suppress a little nervousness, which made me feel as if I wished it were over. All the pathetic sayings and declarations of "sturdy bravery and courage to face all the hardships the whole world could bring against me, if she, the first and only one I ever loved, would share—" etc., etc., died in my throat. This sort of stuff is *said* in novels, and very often proposed to be said in real life, but novel heroes have more courage on such momentous occasions than flesh and blood ones, for, speaking from my own experience, it *isn't* such an easy thing to do.

But, let me not postpone the catastrophe. I can not say how I began it, for, to this day I do not remember; but I know that I found myself leaning over her, whispering my love, while she sat with her face buried in her shawl, and shivering as if cold.

"Susie, darling," I murmured, "I love you so much that words can not express the depth of my devotion. Since I first saw you I have lived but in the light of your smile, till you have become more precious than all else to me on earth."

She made no answer, but with her face still buried in the shawl, trembled like a startled fawn.

"Susie," I continued, "will you not

grant me one word to tell me that I may hope? I know that I am unworthy of you, but if years of devotion on my part can win you, I lay my heart at your feet—"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, suddenly, raising up her head, all radiant with mirth, and bursting into the merriest peal of laughter I ever heard!

As I am a Christian man, she had been sitting listening to my love-making, and trembling—with suppressed laughter!

Had I been in a position where my muscles could have acted, I should have sprung up at least a dozen feet.

"A—a—Miss—a—Bradford!" was all I could articulate.

"Don't!" she said, still laughing; "don't lay your heart at my feet here—it might catch cold."

"Miss Bradford!"

"Go on, sir—do go on! You talk well. One would really think you had belonged to a theater; your acting is admirable."

"Acting! Miss Bradford, you trifle with me!"

"Indeed, sir, I think Miss Lawson might say the same thing of you, if she had but heard your protestations but a moment ago."

"Before Heaven, I swear—"

"Please keep your objurgations for some more fitting occasion," she interrupted. "At present, if you please, we will change the subject."

I sat as one oppressed with a horrid nightmare. The bitter, sarcastic words I had just heard filled my ears, and yet did not seem real. It had come upon me all the more sharply, as I had never for a moment doubted, in my own mind, the success of my suit. And then to be so spurned, as if my love were some vile thing she shrunk from! Jilted! ridiculed! laughed at! I chewed my under lip till I could taste the blood oozing through the wound. I called it, to my own mind, by all the opprobrious names I could think of, as if to torture myself, and play with my own agony. And when I had left her at her father's house, and turned to go home, alone with my grief, I felt as if I could shriek at the

quiet moon which gazed at me so calmly, and tear my hair for very frenzy.

I left for my home in the wilderness early the next morning, thus escaping the scrutiny of my friends, and glad of the retirement of the stage-coach, where I could withdraw into myself and brood over my disappointment, and, as my mind grew more settled, speculate over my future.

It took me a week to reach my home, but before I got there the bitter pangs of unrequited love had given place to a feeling of indignation and insulted pride, and I resolved that in the sternest labor and mental toil I would develop whatever manhood was in me, and show to her and to the world what I was made of.

The next day after my arrival was court-day, and, although I had no business, I attended, more for the purpose of showing myself with the profession than from any hope of obtaining a suit. The only cause of any interest on the calendar was a murder case. The body of a man had been found in the woods not far from G——, and an old man taken up on suspicion, and committed for trial. The District Attorney, a man chosen politically, and not for his legal knowledge, was walking up and down the court-room, swelling in all the importance of the first suit he had probably ever had, while the poor old man sat at the bar, with no counsel, and evidently too much bewildered at his unhappy situation to think even of necessary precautions. I volunteered in his defense, and threw myself into the work with an energy which gave the case a much greater interest than it otherwise would have had. The trial was long and intricate, and I sharply contested every point which arose, feeling an almost personal interest in the result, as it became more and more involved.

As day after day passed, and the trial continued, public excitement, which had been subdued at the probability of the immediate condemnation of the prisoner, became intense, and nothing was talked of but the all-absorbing question of the guilt or innocence of the accused. Of course, as counsel for the prisoner, I

came in for a full share of criticism, and my audacity in clinching with one of the ablest criminal lawyers in that part of the State—whom the District Attorney had engaged to assist him when he saw I was going to show fight—was a common cause of remark.

But I had my triumph at last, when the trial was ended, and my client acquitted! No longer the "upstart young lawyer" and the "beardless boy"—I could have walked in briefs from the court-room to my office-door! I had gained a reputation; thenceforward my career was in my own hands.

Strange as it may seem, I was not conscious of having made any extraordinary mental effort. I had worked so steadily that the intensity of my labor was not evident, even to myself. A month before and it would have been impossible for me to make such an effort; not that I was any less capable then than now, but the power had not been developed within me. Every vestige of my boyhood had departed, and I felt, and acted, and was—a man!

Every energy of my mind was now absorbed in the one controlling purpose of my life. Business was all I thought or dreamed of; to it I devoted every moment of my time. After all, it is not very hard to labor when one is successful; and the rush of business which I had gained by my triumphant defense of the old man, seemed to increase rather than diminish.

This dull prosaic world of ours is unfavorable to the growth of sentiment, and it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that in the severe mental toll to which I was subjected, the painful event of my eastern visit should have been almost obliterated from my mind. I should not say "obliterated," for, whenever I allowed my mind to wander for an instant to the past, I would call up, with a bitter feeling, the scorn with which my honest affections had been treated—and then go to work again.

Four years passed, and I found myself, though but twenty-seven years of age, the acknowledged head of the county bar. Those years, however, had

been years of strict self-abnegation and unrelenting toil. I had labored early and late, and had given no respite to body or mind. I had changed physically, too, as well as mentally. The long, lank frame of former years had filled out, and made me a large, powerful man; and the thin, silky whiskers in which I had, whilom, rejoiced, had given place to a heavy brown beard, which I wore full, over my face. It would have been difficult, indeed, to have recognized in me the stripling of the past; so altered was I that I could hardly recognize myself. My duties had now come to be such that a miscellaneous correspondence was somewhat irksome, and that between Lawson and myself, therefore, had degenerated to an occasional letter. At length, however, I received an epistle from him, inviting and urging me to attend his wedding, which was to take place in a few weeks. What was it that made me so desirous to revisit a place of which I had any thing but pleasant associations? Was it pride? Or was it that deadly fascination, as of the candle, around which the giddy moth whirls and circles, till its wings are scorched, and it sinks, feebly fluttering, and dies?

I had some business before the United States Court at Boston, which needed seeing to, and which I had put off for some time, till a more convenient opportunity. This I now resolved to attend to, and wrote Lawson that I would stop at his house on my way back.

I was detained at Boston somewhat longer than I anticipated, and only reached Lawson's house on the morning of the day appointed for his marriage. It was now in the month of June, and although it had been in the depth of winter when my last visit was made, I recognized every spot, and noted each familiar object. Of course, on the eve of so important an event, Edward was not in a condition to think of any one but his bride, and so I did not ask the question which ever rose upon my lips, and as often died upon them. The name of Susie Bradford was not mentioned, so I remained in ignorance as to whether she was at home or not.

As one of the groom's family, I went to the "house of the bride's parents," as the newspapers say, early in the evening; but, not to be in the way, I stayed in the dressing-room till the house had put on its holiday attire and the company had assembled. The ceremony passed off, as such things generally do, when one is not personally interested, amidst perfect indifference with the male portion of the guests, and small squeals and shrieks of "oh, how perfectly lovely!" from the female portion. No one recognized me, and from a quiet corner I witnessed the ceremony. My eyes, however, had searched the room with a kind of eager curiosity, for Susie Bradford, and it was with a feeling of relief, not entirely unmixed with disappointment, that I saw she was not present, for her face was too indelibly fixed upon my mind for me ever to forget it. After the "performance" was over, I was dragged from my corner, and, after saluting the blushing bride and congratulating my happy old chum, I submitted with as good a grace as possible to a series of introductions. There were many very pretty girls present, and I could hardly have had a choice which to make a partner of, had not fate or chance brought me up at the side of a young lady more lovely than the rest, who, as I caught her name, was a Miss Somebody, of New York. We sat talking—I hardly know of what, for my intense application to business had rendered me a poor gallant—and so the time passed by, and we were interrupted in the midst of a discussion on the true theory of government, by Lawson, who had slipped away from his bride, and now ran up to me, saying:

"Well, Nick, I am glad to see you and Susie getting along so sociably—talking up old times, I suppose?" and then whirled on to speak to some one else.

I suppose the astute reader has been waiting for some such *dénouement*, and for the last half page has been looking to see how I would bring it out; but, to me, it came like a revelation! I turned toward my companion, with a look of

blank amazement, and met one equally wonder-stricken from her.

"Are you—?" she said, and stopped.

"Are you—?" was all that I could utter.

About three weeks after this I sat with Susie Bradford under a broad oak tree in the garden, the white moonlight flecking with silver the dewy leaves and grass. We were seated in dangerous proximity, and, had an impertinent spy been watching our actions, he might—I don't say he would—have seen something very suspicious pass from my lips to hers.

"I want you to forgive me for making fun of you," she whispered, slipping one of her hands into mine, and leaning caressingly against my shoulder, "but I thought you were courting Annie Lawson, and—and then you were so green!"

SAVED IN MID-AIR.

BEING detained a day or two in the region near Lake Placid, I crossed it in a dug-out, one summer morning, alone, intending to ascend Whiteface, one of the grandest crests of the Adirondack range, soaring five thousand feet from the brink of the lake. With my light fowl-pie on my shoulder, I trod cheerily up the foot of the great earthen giant. In about an hour I crossed a stream and turned to the left, up a steep acclivity of rock and earth—a bastion, as it were, of the mountain—led hither by the drumming of one of the birds (partridges) of which I was in pursuit. Up, up, I went, along a ladder of twisted roots, clinging with one hand (the other being engaged in holding my gun) and with my feet to the fissures. It was toilsome progress, and I was not sorry when the level ground was gained. The bastion swept round to the left of my ascent. The deep roll of the drumming still luring me on, I, after drawing one or two long breaths, stepped with a rapid pace forward. Presently I heard loud, quick claps, and some three or four of the birds I was in pursuit of burst away, the sun-

shine glancing back from their checkered shapes. Full of a sportsman's excitement, I pushed forward. There was a steep, rocky slope of about a rod in width, crossing my path. Without heeding, I sprang upon it, but I had only proceeded to the middle when my feet slipped at a spot made like glass by trickling water. I crouched, and endeavored to recover myself; but in vain. Down I slid, rapidly approaching where the slope plunged sheer down into what I doubted not was a precipice. Oh! the sickening sensation of that moment! I feel now my veins contracting, my blood curdling, my hair bristling at the remembrance of the scene. Down, down I slid, my frame stiffening with horror, and that peculiar thrill over me when we imagine being precipitated from a vast height. There was nothing I could clutch to check my progress, and, at last, (I shudder now when I think of it), over I went.

There is a blank in my memory from that moment, except a rushing sound in my ears, until I found my downward flight stayed. I had fallen into the heart of a large fir-tree, slanting from the side of the precipice. With a warm, thankful feeling to God for my present deliverance, I, in a few moments, began to look around to see how matters stood. I found myself suspended over an abyss certainly a hundred feet in depth. Above, whence I had been precipitated, was a sheer height of perhaps twenty feet. The rough trunk of the tree slanted from a little jutting platform of five or six feet surface. Could I reach the platform, I would be at least temporarily safe. At all events, it would be better than hanging as it were in mid-air. I found but little difficulty in extricating myself from the tough limbs, and in sliding down the trunk; and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of planting my feet on the moss of the platform. The warm glow of the afternoon light bathed the tree and rested on the nook, glancing back from the gray, cracked sides of the precipice, and kindling the trees that here and there shot from its side. Opposite, the mountain swelled steeply up, goldened

also in places by the sun. At the bottom of the chasm between, the wandering rays glistened here and there from a little serpentine brook, doubtless the one I had crossed in my ascent. My gun had fallen from my grasp, as I slipped, and was probably in atoms on the floor of the abyss.

My first buoyant feeling, however, soon gave way to keen anxiety. No one, that I was aware of, knew of my ascent. The distance was, I feared, too great for any one in the chasm to see or hear me. The chasm, besides, was lonely, no one being likely to make his way there, except, perchance, some wandering fisherman or sportsman. The same might be said of the wild and savage mountain itself. True, I was safe on the platform; so far as falling was concerned, nothing short of a most violent blast, and possibly not even that, could dislodge me. But there was another fate which shook my heart with terror—that of starvation. I had nothing around my person but a few biscuit, which I had thrust there after breakfasting at Nash's, the little log hut where I had passed the night. Days might elapse before I should be discovered, if I ever were. In the last event, my bones would whiten the platform or be swept by the wind to the chasm below. I shouted loudly as possible, several times in succession, but naught answered save the ringing, leaping echoes and the croaking of a raven or two, dipping and tacking along the mountain.

Slowly the sun approached the rim of the opposite acclivity; his soft light was suffused over the scene beautiful to see. How many times was I to view the sweet luster?

The orb sunk, and my feelings deepened. It seemed as if I had lost a friend. The glow of the first twilight rested on the scene; then the air began to grow gray—then umberish. How I watched the light thus disappearing! So long as I possessed that, I was not quite deserted; assistance might come from it! But night! from that what could I expect? To pass the long, long hours on that little rock, suspended, as it were, over that horrible chasm, knowing if I should be

overtaken by slumber, some unconscious movement on my part would most probably precipitate me to a certain and most sudden death, was fearful if not appalling.

Meanwhile I uttered, at short intervals, loud, piercing whoops, such as woodmen send when desirous of being heard at a distance; but no answer came, and every time the mocking echoes died, my heart died with them.

Night came. Dark masses alone were seen now in the profound gloom opposite. Above, a few stars were visible. A sable wall, soon lost at either hand, showed the precipice. All around me, except where leaned the confused outlines of the fir-tree, was a terrific blackness; air, empty air. As I looked, thrill after thrill passed through my frame.

Presently, a light glanced by me. I started, and in a few moments I heard a sound that made me tremble. A deep roll. It must be—it was thunder! Another flash—another roll! One of the sudden thunder-storms of the region was about to burst upon me. A third gleam opened, red, angry—a long, threatening roll! Murmurs began to rise from the mountain—the wakening of the trees in the first breathings of the storm. Another fierce gleam dashing over the scene a crimson glare, and then a jar as if the mountain was trembling. Then I heard the approaching wind. I had noticed, before the light faded, that the contorted claws of the fir-tree were struck not only in the clefts of the platform, but also into those of the precipice, affording little hollow nooks. Feeling along, I soon found a place where I could insert not only my hands but my arms. Lying upon my breast, I thrust my arms through one of these nooks and awaited the shock of the gust. It came, dashing against the precipice like a great billow bursting on the shore. The fir-tree tossed and heaved, and its roots groaned and quivered as if it were about to be wrenched from its hold. Then came one more gleam, and a peal as if the mountain had been cloven to its heart, and the rain tumbled upon me like a cataract.

The elemental battle now had really commenced. Flash after flash opened upon

the scene, bringing the fir-tree, the precipice, the acclivity opposite, into terrible distinctness, and causing the chasm to appear as if some sable monster was opening its red, yawning throat. Peal after peal sounded, awakening a thousand echoes. The blast howled, and shrieked, and roared, and the rain lashed the precipice. At last my senses began to wander. I had a wild, confused idea that the monster of the mountain had risen from the chasm, and was dashing in great crimson characters on the precipice, his flats of doom against me, and thundering his wrath in my ears for daring to intrude upon his solitude. I think at last I joined my voice to the war around me. I felt a sort of insane joy; my spirit seemed to leap out and join the strife in mad revel, and soar and sweep and dash itself against the precipice, and plunge into the chasm, and cleave again upward. At last, the lightnings became fainter, the thunders and wind and rain ceased. The stars again came out, sparkling like the eyes of watching angels, and the damp perfume of the woods permeated the air. The loud hootings of the owl echoed through the darkness, and a whippowil near me set up its monotonous wailing. I began to feel drowsy, and I took the precaution to buckle the strap which confined my hunting-bag to my waist, through the root which I had clasped during the storm with my arms. I fancy I must have slept, or rather lain in that twilight of sleep wherein one is only half-conscious of the passage of the hours. At all events, I have a dim recollection of the hoots of the owl and wails of the whippowil throughout the night, and yet the dawn appeared to come quickly. I unbuckled the strap and sat up. First the fir-tree came out of the gloom; then the precipice began to glisten grayly, and the rugged outlines of the acclivity showed themselves. The bottom of the chasm struggled up until all the features of the scene stood out in bold relief. Touches of light all around at last told the rising of the sun.

I had by this time become somewhat accustomed to the platform, although I

was more and more haunted by the terrific probability of never escaping from it. Still, the return of the sun brought with it a hope also that I might be rescued; at all events it relieved the scene of its extreme loneliness and horror.

The morning passed on. Now and then the black shape of a raven would sail athwart the chasm, uttering his deep, ominous croak. One lighted on the fir-tree and looked at me solemnly, as if to ask why I was there, and I caught myself almost smiling. Oh, how I envied him his wings as he flew away! Then a robin perched himself on the apex of the tree and piped a merry strain. It seemed as if he had been sent by a pitying heaven to cheer and encourage me. Hope on! hope on! he seemed to say in his clear warble. But he, also, flew. Presently a glittering speck—a mere dot on wings, threaded the limbs of the fir, then shot away, and I thought that the hand which guided the little humming-bird so far up in the atmosphere could also guide deliverance to me. The thought, for a while, calmed me.

Again and again did I glance upward, hoping some face might be peering over the edge upon me. I swept the acclivity again, and again did I gaze downward. Once I saw a deer, looking not larger than a rabbit, step from the thicket and drink at the brook. It seemed as if I might drop a pebble upon his back. At length I saw a superb black eagle rise over the acclivity and swoop downward. Nearer and nearer he came, his white breast gleaming; his deep-yellow claws drawn up and his proud head thrust forward. In a moment more, he had lighted on the fir-tree. So close that the gleam of his fierce golden-brown eye almost dazzled me. So close, that I could count the rings around his tawny feet. There he stood, his purple black wings folded, his regal front turned full upon me. There he stood. Was he my good genius, assuring me of coming aid, or my evil one, prophesying, in mute scorn, certain doom? He eyed me for a few moments, his keen glances shooting through me; then he spread his grand pinions, like the unfolding of a banner,

rose majestically, and, appearing as if about to perch at my side, swept past me, with a loud cry, and darted down the chasm. As in the case of the raven, I would have given the world for his glorious pinions. But he disappeared, his wings giving one flash in the sunshine, as he did so.

Another hour then passed, I occasionally giving vent to my loudest shoutings. I knotted my white handkerchief to a root of the fir, so as to cause it to flaunt clear of the platform, to attract, by its fluttering, any one chancing in the chasm, should my cries not reach below.

Noon was now blazing. The white clouds went wreathing slowly by. Oh that one could change itself to a bark, glide to the platform, and waft me to safety! But the soft things moved along and away, and I was left alone.

At last total despair began to creep over me. Why should I wait my slow but certain doom? Why not cast myself downward, and escape by a speedy death the tortures of one approaching on the sluggish feet of the hours, if not days?

In this state of feeling, I cast my eye once more downward. Surely *there* was a human form! It was moving along the chasm by the brook. Yes, yes! Joy unspeakable shot through me. I gave vent to a mighty shout, a keen, penetrating whoop. But the figure passed onward; it did not look up. Again I shouted, but in vain. Oh, horror, horror! Aid so near, yet proving so futile! But another form appears! Again I whoop, again and again! He pauses—he looks up. He gesticulated; he saw me—I knew he did! At last he disappeared. Yes, but to my rescue! I knew it—I felt it. An hour passed, a

second—third. A fourth was progressing. Had *he* deserted me? Could human nature be so heartless! Oh, no; I would trust! Again the shades were wheeling around in the afternoon sun. Must I pass another night here, and, after all, perish at last?

As I thought thus, I heard a shout, and then a slight rustling. I turned. A noosed rope was lowering over the height just above me. I knew what it meant. "Say ready," was again the shout. I slipped the noose under my arms, and clasped the rope with my hands. "Ready!" I shouted. Up I went—up, up; my head was level with the edge—higher, higher! I slip up over the slippery surface. At the slanting head of the rocky slope were three or four men, and "hurrah!" they shouted. In a moment I was among them; the noose was cast loose! Oh, my thanks to those men, warm, gushing, heartfelt! Oh, my thanks to my God! I was rescued. "Hurrah!" they shouted. "Hurrah!" I responded. "Hurrah! hurrah!" and the echoes replied. What a joyful group we were!

Two of them had visited the chasm from Nash's, at Bennett's pond, to fish. The first, being deaf, had not heard me. The next, acting as a guide to the few visitors of the mountain, and being somewhat familiar with its savage features, had heard my shout, appreciated my situation, and laid his plan for my relief. The two had left instantly in their boat for Nash's for a rope and more aid, and the remaining scene followed.

Gayly did I make my little dug-out skim over the dimpling waters of Lake Placid, golden in the sunset, in company with the canoe containing the others, toward Nash's, and to my dying day I shall remember old Whiteface.



THE ALLIGATOR AT HOME.

THE alligator is an *American* product. The Orient has its crocodile, but only the Occidental World boasts of "the beast called the alligator." South America has its ferocious caiman, but to North America—to the Southern States of North America—belongs the creature whose habits and *home* we propose to consider.

The alligator is a reptile of the saurian or lizard order, whose name is derived, according to Cuvier, from a corruption of the Portuguese word *lagarto*, equivalent to the Latin *lacerta*. The al-

ligators or caimans form the second subgenus of Cuvier's crocodile family. Two species, very numerous in America, are well known; the spectacled caiman, *crocodilus sclerops*, most common in Guiana and Brazil; and the pike-nosed alligator (*C. lucius*), frequenting the southern rivers and lagoons of the United States.

In the water, the full-grown alligator is a terrible animal, on account of its great size and strength. It grows to the length of fifteen or twenty feet, is covered by a dense hardness of horny scales, impenetrable to a musket ball, except

about the head and shoulders, and has a huge mouth, armed with a fearful row of strong, unequal, conical teeth, some of which shut into cavities of the upper jaw-bone. They swim or dart along through the water with wonderful celerity, impelled by their long, laterally-compressed and powerful tails, which serve as very efficient oars. On land, their motions are proportionally slow and embarrassed, because of the length and unwieldiness of their bodies, the shortness of their limbs, and the sort of small, false ribs which reach from joint to joint of their necks, and render lateral motion very difficult. In addition to the usual number of ribs and false ribs, they are furnished with others, for the protection of the belly, which do not rise up to the spine. The lower jaw extends further back than the skull, so that the neck must be somewhat bent when it is opened; the appearance thus produced has led to the very universal error of believing that the alligator moves its upper jaw, which is incapable of motion, except with the rest of the body. Under the throat of this animal are two openings or pores, the excretory ducts from glands, which pour out a strong, musky fluid, that gives the alligator its peculiarly unpleasant smell.

In the spring of the year, when the males are under the excitement of the sexual propensity, they frequently utter a roar, which is a very alarming sound, from its harshness and reverberation, resembling distant thunder, especially where numbers are at the same time engaged. At this period, frequent and terrible battles take place between the males, which terminate in the discomfiture and retreat of one of the parties. At this season, also, an old champion is seen to dart forth on the surface of the waters, in a straight line, at first as swiftly as lightning, gradually moving slower as he reaches the center of a lake; there he stops, inflates himself by inhaling air and water, which makes a loud rattling in his throat for a moment, until he ejects it with vast force from his mouth and nostrils, making a loud noise, and vibrating his tail vigorously in the air. Sometimes, after thus

inflating himself, with head and tail raised above the water, he whirls round until the waves are worked to foam, and at length retires, leaving to others an opportunity of repeating similar exploits, which have been compared to an Indian warrior rehearsing his acts of bravery, and exhibiting his strength by gesticulation.

The females make their nests in a curious manner, upon the banks of rivers or lagoons, generally in the marshes, along which, at a short distance from the water, the nests are arranged somewhat like an encampment. They are obtuse cones, four feet high, and about four feet in diameter at the base, built of mud and grass. A floor of such mortar is first spread upon the ground, on which a layer of eggs, having hard shells, and larger than those of a common hen, are spread. Upon these another layer of mortar, seven or eight inches in thickness, is deposited, and then another layer of eggs; and this is repeated nearly to the top. From one hundred to two hundred eggs are found in one nest. It is not ascertained whether each female watches her own nest exclusively, or attends to more than her own brood. It is unquestionable, however, that the females keep near the nests, and take the young under their vigilant care as soon as they are hatched, defending them with great perseverance and courage. The young are seen following the mother through the water like a brood of chickens following a hen. When basking in the sun on shore, the young are heard whining and yelping about the mother, not unlike young puppies. In situations where alligators are not exposed to much disturbance, the nesting-places appear to be very much frequented, as the grass and reeds are beaten down for several acres around. The young, when first hatched, are very feeble and helpless, and are devoured by birds of prey, soft-shelled turtles, etc., as well as by the male alligators, until they grow old enough to defend themselves. As the eggs are also eagerly sought by vultures and other animals, the race would become speedily extinct, but for the great fecundity of the females.

The alligator is generally considered as disposed to retire from man, but this is only to be understood of alligators frequenting rivers or waters where they are frequently disturbed, or have learned to dread the injuries which man inflicts. In situations where they are seldom or never interrupted, they have shown a ferocity and perseverance in attacking individuals in boats, of the most alarming character; endeavoring to overrun them, or rearing their heads from the water, and snapping their jaws in a fearful manner. Bartram, who has made more interesting and valuable observations on the alligator than any other naturalist, gives numerous instances of their daring and ferocious disposition, and himself very narrowly escaped with his life on several occasions. At present, alligators, though still numerous in Florida and Louisiana, are no longer regarded as very dangerous. Their numbers annually decrease, as their haunts are intruded upon by man, and at no distant period they must be nearly, if not quite, exterminated.

In the winter, the alligators spend great part of their time in deep holes, which they make in the marshy banks of rivers, etc. They feed upon fish, various reptiles, or carrion flesh which is thrown into the streams, and, though very voracious, are capable of existing a long time without food. The barking of a dog, it is said, will at any time cause them to forsake their holes, and come on shore, as they prey upon any small quadruped or domestic animal which comes within their reach. They have a very small brain, and live a long time even after it is destroyed. Titian Peale, a naturalist distinguished for practical acquaintance with the science, stated that he destroyed the whole superior part of the head and brain of a large alligator by a ball from his gun, in the morning of a long day, and, on passing the same place in the evening, he found the animal had crawled off. Following his trail through the marsh for a considerable distance, he found him still alive, and, though dreadfully mangled about the head, ready to give battle.

In the economy of nature, alligators are of very considerable importance. They abound most where fish and other creatures are found in the greatest numbers. Their voracity tends to repress exuberant increase in the beings upon which they feed; while themselves are exposed to very numerous enemies in early life, and gradually pass away, as man usurps the sway over their peculiar dominions.

The habits of this monster are described with great accuracy, and in a very amusing manner, by Mr. Audubon: "One of the most remarkable objects connected with the natural history of America, that attract the traveler's eye as he ascends through the mouths of the mighty sea-like river Mississippi, is the alligator. There, along the muddy shores, and on the large floating logs, these animals are seen lying stretched at full length, basking and asleep, or crossing to and fro the stream in search of food, with the head only out of the water. It is here neither wild nor shy; nor is it the very dangerous animal represented by travelers. But, to give you details that probably may not be uninteresting, I shall describe their more private haunts, and relate what I have experienced and seen respecting them in their habits.

"In Louisiana, all our lagoons, bayous, creeks, ponds, lakes, and rivers, are well stocked with them; they are found wherever there is a sufficient quantity of water to hide them, or to furnish them with food; and they continue thus, in great numbers, as high as the mouth of the Arkansas river, extending east to North Carolina, and as far west as I have penetrated. On the Red river, before it was navigated by steam vessels, they were so abundant that, to see hundreds at a sight along the shores, or on the immense rafts of floating or stranded timber, was quite a common occurrence, the smaller on the backs of the larger, groaning and uttering their bellowing noise, like thousands of irritated bulls about to meet in fight, but all so careless of man that, unless shot at, or positively disturbed, they remain motionless, suffering boats or canoes to pass within a

few yards of them, without noticing them in the least. The shores are yet trampled by them in such a manner, that their tracks are seen as plentiful as those of sheep in a fold. It was on that river, particularly, thousands of the largest size were killed, when the mania of having shoes, boots, or saddle-seats made of their hides, lasted. It had become an article of trade, and many of the squatters and strolling Indians followed for a time no other business. The discovery that their skins are not sufficiently firm and close-grained to prevent water or dampness long, put a stop to their general destruction, which had already become very apparent. The leather prepared from these skins was handsome and very pliant, exhibiting all the regular lozenges of the scales, and able to receive the highest degree of polish and finishing.

"The usual motion of the alligator, when on land, is slow and sluggish; it is a kind of labored crawling, performed by moving alternately each leg, in the manner of a quadruped when walking, scarce able to keep up their weighty bodies from dragging on the earth, and leaving the track of their long tails on the mud, as if that of the keel of a small vessel. Thus they emerge from the water, and go about the shores and the woods, or the fields, in search of food, or of a different place of abode, or one of safety to deposit their eggs. If, at such times, when at all distant from the water, an enemy is perceived by them, they droop and lie flat, with the nose on the ground, watching the intruder's movements with their eyes, which are able to move considerably round, without affecting the position of the head. Should a man then approach them, they do not attempt either to make away or attack, but merely raise their body from the ground for an instant, swelling themselves, and issuing a dull blowing, not unlike that of a blacksmith's bellows. Not the least danger need be apprehended; then you may either kill them with ease, or leave them. But, to give you a better idea of the slowness of their movements and progress of travels on land, when arrived

at a large size, say twelve or fifteen feet, believe me when I tell you, that having found one in the morning, fifty yards from a lake, going to another in sight, I have left him unmolested, hunted through the surrounding swamps all the day, and met the same alligator within five hundred yards of the spot, when returning to my camp at dusk. On this account they usually travel during the night, they being then less likely to be disturbed, and having a better chance to surprise a litter of pigs, or of land tortoises, for prey.

"The power of the alligator is in his great strength; and the chief means of his attack or defense is his large tail, so well contrived by nature to supply his wants, or guard him from danger, that it reaches, when curved into half a circle, his enormous mouth. Woe be to him who goes within the reach of this tremendous thrashing instrument; for no matter how strong or muscular—if human, he must suffer greatly, if he escapes with life. The monster, as he strikes with this, forces all objects within the circle toward his jaws, which, as the tail makes a motion, are opened to their full stretch, thrown a little sideways, to receive the object, and, like battering-rams, to bruise it shockingly in a moment.

"The alligator, when after prey in the water, or at its edge, swims so slowly toward it as not to ruffle the water. It approaches the object sideways, body and head all concealed, till sure of his stroke; then, with a tremendous blow, as quick as thought, the object is secured, as I described before."

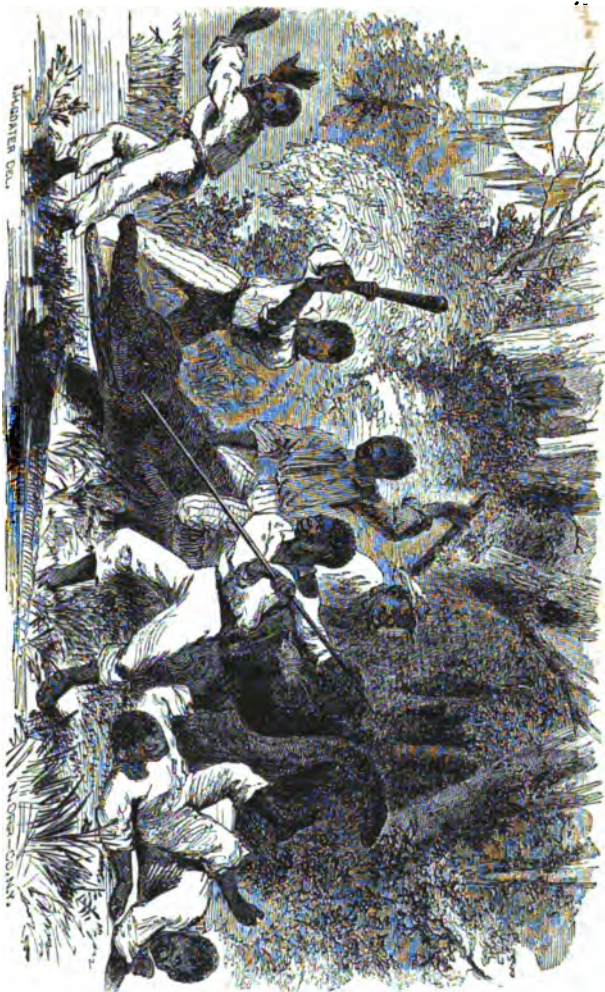
This creature is now, and long has been made to contribute its share to the commerce of the country. It is captured by the negroes for its *hide and oil*, and much sport the lowland "darkies" have in capturing their legitimate prey, in whose pursuit they have no opposition. The oil is used largely for lubricating purposes, and is highly esteemed. Not unfrequently an alligator is made to yield sixty pounds of oil. The hide is highly valued, and enters largely into the leather trade—some of the most beautiful and expensive boots and shoes for men's wear

being made of the skin.

In Mrs. Victor's most charming romance of Louisiana plantation life, "Maum Guinea," we have a fine description of this reptile commerce. It is so characteristic that we quote one of its scenes. The negroes are having a night-feast of pig, 'possum and hot cake down in a cypress swamp, by the bayou — it being Christmas Week, when the slaves used to frolic to their hearts' content. A negro, in fun, enters upon the scene of the feast, clad in the skin of a huge alligator, by which he succeeds in frightening the company, to his own great amusement. Finally, when order is restored, he is made to narrate his adventure in obtaining that particular skin, which he proceeded to do as follows:

"You see, darkies, de alligator, which isn't so plenty as dey used to was, is goin' off like de Injins—nobody knows whar'; but I believes," he said, with a knowing shake of his very woolly head, "I believes dar' is a hole *somewhar* dat goes in de groun', and dat de alligators, and Injins, and deer, and 'possums goes in and finds anodder place better'n dis, 'cause dar' isn't no niggas nor poor whites dar' to pester 'em. *Dat's* my most profound compreinlon."

"Your what?" said Cottontop, greatly



CAPTURING AN ALLIGATOR.

interested in the deep insinuation of the philosophic Conundibus.

"Oh, look heah, nigga': I can't gib you sense any more'n de oberseer can gib your head good nigga's ha'r!" was the rather tart reply. Cottontop was silenced.

Conundibus proceeded: "Wal, dis yere old 'un wouldn't clear out wid de rest. He staid behind and cum ashore ebery night las' year, to stick his nose in massa's groun', out of cause he couldn't help it, I s'pose. I war' down in de swamp by de lower bayou on Sunday, you see—you needn't roll your eyes so,

ober dar', you nigger preacher wid de fiddle—on Sunday, jes' to see whar' de light cum from perhaps, or whar' de dark went to ebery mornin', when what should I see but dat alligator dar', trabin' aroun' on Sunday like a gentleum wid a big chaw of tobac' in his mouf. By golly, I struck out ob dem woods and across to de house in a hurry, and jes' let de boys know it. So we went back, and dar' he war', sure enough. We tried to hend him off, but de smart old fox would go toward de bayou anyhow; so we kept pesterin' him, and makin' him snap his tail like a whip, until he had knocked de bark all off on it—you see dar' it is all gone. I knowed if he got in de water he was gone for good, so I jes' got straddle his back. You know when a nigger gits on an alligator's back, dat dey jes' stops, and swells up and blows like a bull, dey gits so mad. So de ole feller stops, and de way he stirred up de groun' was a sin. De shadow of his tail knocked two niggers down, and he struck out his face for anodder nigga's heels, and almos' kotched 'em. Gosh! dat nigga' wouldn't been a chaw tobacker for de beast. You see I was de boss ob dat boat, 'kase I was on deck—yah! yah! and de critter couldn't shake me off. De ole fool didn't know enough to lay down an' roll ober. He got blowed all out wid his fussin' roun' to get me off. De boys put out both his eyes wid de pike-spear; den I took de spear and put it right under his foreleg yere, and dat did de job for him. He jes' lay right out an' whined like a dog, and den died. Dat's all."

"Who got de fle?" said Cottontop.

"I didn't stop to see *dat* dirty work!" said the story-teller, with a kind of mock dignity. "De boys dragged de beast up to de houses, and arter de skin war' off I jes' took it. Dat's all."

"Dat ain't nuffin'. I's killed a houseful of 'gators, I has," said a short, thick-set, scrubby-headed looking darky, celebrated chiefly for the quantity of pig he could eat and the big stories he could tell. "I's made 'em carry me across de lagune *many* times. I's got an alligator bridle to ride 'em wid. I's got an alli-

gator skin at de hut on rockers, and ebery one ob *my* pickaninnies was brought up in *dat* skin. I's got—"

"Look-a-heah, Pluribus, you isn't got one t'ing. You isn't got a piece of pig about you, have you?" said Conundibus. The injured Pluribus could only be silent, and in two minutes more was fast asleep on the greensward, literally surfeited with the pig he had devoured.

"I don't b'lieve w'at dat nigger say about ridin' de alligators 'across de bayou," said Cottontop. "I once heard tell dat de mails on de Mississippi was carried up and down by boys on de alligator's back—dat dey went so fas' you could only see a streak through de water; but I don't b'lieve dat, nohow, 'kase I *know* de beast is de slowest critter dat eber did live. Why, I'll tell you: once I was goin' 'across de bayous in de ober-seer's skiff, to de ole rice plantation. W'en I got to de bayou, dar' was jes' about two hundred little alligators creepin' aroun', jes' hatched out in de sand. De ole alligator was out on de mud. I went ober to de old place, staid dar' all night, come back nex' day, and de old alligator had made only jes' about twenty rods, dat's all. But, I tell you, dey is great in de water! I jes' went ober der holes in de skiff, and I b'lieve dey could beat me wid de best boat. I once took ole massa and anodder gentleum ober to see de ugly beasts in der holes. Oh, de Lord! De gentleum was so skeered dat we pulled ashore, and he got sick a-hearin' 'em beller, and grunt, and splash."

"Cottontop, w'at you kill so many alligators for?" said one of the listeners.

"None of your business!" said the apparently offended negro alligator-merchant, for such he was; and to his hand was the growing scarcity of "the animals" owing more than to any other cause. The fellow hunted them chiefly in the winter, with great success peculiarly. He would travel around in the daytime and discover where the creature had buried itself for the winter's torpor. The place was always indicated by a round ridge on the surface of the ground. Having marked the spot, he would return at night, build his fire, open the mound,

cut off the alligator's head, open and disembowel him. The fat of the ribs and flesh he would "try out" in his pans, and before morning would return loaded with skins and oil. The skins he sold at a good price, for fancy leather, and the oil he disposed of at a very paying rate, for machinery lubrication. In this trade he had amassed a snug sum of money, and was, therefore, quite a "respectable ducky"—notwithstanding the negroes, for some reason, did not like the manner in which he had procured his wealth.

A recent paper by an English sportsman who had visited Louisiana and Texas, gives us some pleasant reminiscences of his alligator experiences, from which we quote:

"I was staying on a visit once at a plantation; at the back of the clearing, in the forest, was a very large lake. My host, one very hot July afternoon, proposed that we should take our rifles, and kill some of the alligators with which it was known to abound. A small skiff was carried across from the river, which bounded the plantation, and launched upon the lake; one negro was retained to paddle the skiff, while we took our stations in the stern. Paddling quietly along by the shore, we shot twenty-seven, which exhausted our bullets, and we had to return, though numbers were sunning themselves upon the banks; but, among all we saw, none, I think, exceeded twelve feet; still, I have frequently killed them fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen feet long.

"Hogs fall frequent victims to them, as the porkers seek the muddy margins of these forest lakes and streams to wallow in the mud, where they are easily surprised and caught by the alligators.

"The alligators frequently travel for miles across the forest or prairie from one stream to another; and I have, in my hunting excursions, often surprised them, when I knew there was not a drop of water within three miles. I found one once about two hundred yards from a lake, sunning himself upon a high white sandbank. He was about eleven feet long, and, I think, was fast asleep. Taking my gun in my left hand, and a

stout cedar bough, about as thick as my wrist, in my right, I got between him and the water. I recalled his attention to the cares and troubles of waking life by a poke on the nose. He opened his jaws a little way, and hissed at me for all the world like an old gander, and at once began to advance, not, I believe, to attack me, but to gain the water. Two or three hearty thumps on his nose, however, brought him to a halt, and he opened his great jaws, disclosing a very formidable assortment of teeth, and brought them together with a clash that sounded like two quoits suddenly struck against each other. Once, when he opened his mouth, I thrust the pole into it, and he crushed the cedar into fragments like matches. I was obliged to put an end to my experiment as to how much irritation would be sufficient to make him act on the offensive, by blowing his head to pieces with my gun, for my dog made her appearance. She had been chasing something in the forest, and I was afraid the alligator might injure her; and poor Rose was of too much value to me in those wilds to risk any injury happening to her.

"Little negro children have been known, on three or four occasions, to have been caught; but I never heard of a full-grown man, either white or black, having been killed by them.

"On the San Jacinto river there was a dog belonging to the ferryman in whom familiarity had bred contempt, as the old writing-copy had it. He had very often been chased by them, but, by barking and showing a bold front, he had held them at bay; nor did he ever hesitate to cross the river.

"Small alligators were often caught and sold to the captains of vessels trading to the port of Galveston, who carried them off to dispose of to zoölogical societies.

"Alligators, snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and the other reptiles common to tropical countries, which are supposed by Europeans to be such dreadful neighbors, are little heeded by the inhabitants, who trouble their heads but little about them."

FACES IN THE FIRE.

WHILE the shadows flit changefully
round the room,

On the embers I idly gaze ;
They seem to picture, like ghosts from
the tomb,

The fancies of bygone days !
Ah, strange the scenes that my memory
thrill,

As they throng on me, gentle or wild !
And the faces that please the old man
still,

Are the same that charmed the child.
And though my childhood so far off seems,
Like a tune one has long forgot,
Some faint, sweet shape, in the land of
dreams,

That has been and now is not ;
Yet often, then, its hopes and fears,
Each object of past desire,
Bring back to me all its joys and tears—
Sweet pictures seen in the fire !

The gentle love of a mother fair,
Who watched o'er her infant joy ;
And faces dear—I can see them there—
Who have loved the wayward boy !

And next a scene, where a mother stands,
I view, by my fancy led,
With eyes tear-dimmed, and tight-clasped
hands,

Who weeps for a father dead.

Once more, again, I seem to stray
By the classic Isis' wave,
Unawed, an undergraduate gay,
By the Don, sedate and grave.
The forms are many that crowd on me,
As I sit by the fire alone ;
Or grave, or gay, or sad to see,
But all are forever gone !

Again, I see the fair young face,
Who dazzled my youthful prime ;
The sunshine bright of my bygone days,
A face that has known not Time.
And yet once more, in her sunny glance,
My old, old self grows bright,
As I thread the maze of the joyous dance,
With heart and footsteps light !

But now the fire burns pale and wan,
And the light is lost in gloom,
And I stand, an older and sadder man,
Alone in a darkened room !

VOL. I.—23.

Alone ! alone ! on a dear, dead brow,
My speechless lips are pressed !
'Tis hard to think, as I see it now,
That the wisdom of heaven is best !

Again let the firelight merrily shine,
Let the blaze be bright and free ;
I see her again, sweet child of mine—
My Kate, you are fair to see !
Methinks I can hear the deep, rich bells,
As they sing their song of pride !
Ay, proudly their music floats and swells,
For they ring my child a bride !

And next two cherub forms are near,
With tresses of floating gold,
And half in mirth, and half in fear,
They gaze at their grandsire old.
Gaze on, bright eyes ! but they soon de-
part,
And the feeble flames expire ;
My darlings, you gladden the old man's
heart,
With your faces, seen in the fire.

THE REALIZED IDEAL.

THE sweetest things of life are realized
ideals, and of such a one I now pro-
pose to write. I am going back into the
past again, before the shadows wholly
close, to trace out the one realized ideal
which has so transfigured my life that
I know death will be robbed of much of
its revelation of glory.

I am an old man. The mists of four-
score years have drawn a veil between
me and many of the scenes of my early
life. The dull earth-noises have silenced
many echoes, and the footfalls of time have
beaten my path so hard that later events
have left but little track. But I remem-
ber some things vividly. I can see now
some clear faces that haunted my boy-
hood ; and the sounds that seemed not
sounds, but emotions, I hear still. From
the heights of my age I can trace the
stream of my life back to near its
source, and though in places it is nearly
lost, yet even there I can catch the
white gleam of the waters beneath the
darkness. Nothing worth remembering
is ever wholly lost.

In my childhood and early youth I
was a dreamer ; later, an idealist. The

first fifteen years of my life were passed in a still valley, between the mountains, whose summits seemed to go up into the sky and among the clouds, and passing the limit of earthly shapes, melt into the shifting forms of heavenly mountains. I remember with what awe I used to listen to the great echoes that bounded from the steep woods on the east to the sloping pastures on the west, and came back lower and lower, as if they had been touched to gentleness on the calm bosom of those western hills. I thought they loved to rest there, for they all went there at last, and never came back; and day by day the slopes grew more lovely for the silent music which they held.

I ascribed to all beautiful inanimate things a sentient existence. The seasons came and went with a human joy. The autumn skies bent over the earth with a throbbing heart, as if they loved it. The trees were fiery martyrs when they died, or happy saints, laying down their garments of gold for the unutterable whiteness of the robes that awaited them. Large and distant objects were especially instinct with life; and for this I loved the white billows of an orchard in bloom better than a garden of delicate, odorous flowers. Not that all small things had an essential littleness. The murmur of a sea-shell and the calyx of an Egyptian lily were as immeasurable as the unfathomed ocean and the eternal river. All beautiful things of nature had an inner beauty which I loved with a passionate love that amounted to idolatry. I trembled at the sound of some men's words, whose meaning I did not understand. Music awakened sensations which I have no words to describe.

During the first five years of my life I was troubled with fearful dreams. I remember that my father used to take me out of bed, cold and shuddering, and carry me up and down the room with my damp cheek lying on his warm face, and tell me that my dreams were not true, till I became calm again. As I grew older these things passed away.

My father was a silent, disappointed man, whose dim ideals of life were all unrealized. I was his only son, and the

only object he ever loved. As I worked in the fields with the silent man, the awful beauty of nature sunk deep into my heart, and awoke haunting ideals of passion and pain and joy which made my life restless and shadowy, but at last, realized in a perfect revelation, have made it calm and glorified.

Our life ideals are all within us; and, if ever realized, they must come out from us. The life within me demanded a life without, and found it, or created it, for the passion of nature is the heart of man. The ideals never can be realized as such, but they can be translated through other ideals. I never realized the voice that echoed across the valley and was lost on the western slopes. No personality ever clothed the spirit of the seasons; but it has had a clear translation. As I learned to look into myself, and submit my emotions to the analysis of my intelligence, and ask why they rose and whither they tended, there came an undefined consciousness that these ideals were but the lights and shadows playing on the surface of a more perfect ideal that lay within me, like an unawakened sea. What this was I knew not, for this consciousness shifted so dimly around the outskirts of my intelligence that I was unable to grasp it and give it the form of a thought. So my life seemed only a hard, dry road of sun-burnt toil, while really it was a vista of dreams, opening through darkness into glory.

When I was about sixteen years old, there came one morning, just as my sleep was broken, a revelation of my life ideal. I did not dream—I *saw* all my yearnings for an unknown good crystallize to attributes, and those attributes to a form which stood before me, the result and complement of my spiritual self. It was a creation out of me of what was necessary to me. It came as a revelation to conception, clear, harmonious and perfect, like what we feel we shall experience when the light of another existence opens upon us. I can not submit the appearance to the analysis of thought sufficient to describe it, for I saw with a new and transcendent faculty then, and

have only the old feeble language now; but I awoke in an instant to a full consciousness of how, if ever, my life ideal would be realized.

Not long afterward I left home, and began the real battle of life. I chose a laborious profession, and through the period of self-sustained exertion to prepare and establish myself, such thick darkness gathered around me that my memory scarcely can penetrate it. I only remember that I knew I must achieve outward success, and my will did not fail. I have lost the identity of myself during that period in which I laid the foundation of a fair measure of worldly success. In the dark and terrible fight I won; *that* is all I know of it.

But I remember that I had some half-realities of my ideal, or rather, thought I saw possibilities of its reality, and tried to control them, but without success. I knew afterward that what then seemed capable of reality never could have been such. But as each seeming possibility passed, and I knew not that it was only seeming, an intense bitterness and sense of disappointment took possession of me. I asked myself when should I obtain what was necessary to the completion of my life, and the past and present made answer for the future—"never."

I knew the answer was false; for though I had lost my faith in life and time, and the strength of human will and endeavor, I held fast my trust in God, and I knew what was necessary would be given me. But with all my conscious capability of happiness, and all the strength of my nature going forth in wild demand for the good that should be mine, but to come back paralyzed with vain effort, it was hard to wait. So passed the unvalued and almost unremembered years.

In the strength of my manhood I loved the child-lady, Lillian. I call her child, for, of all the experiences of inner life she was as unconscious as a child; but in clear perception of outward meanings she was a perfect woman. Reared with the tenderest care, the sole

idol of a perfect household, endowed with rare mental gifts and wonderful personal beauty, she had reached the age of early womanhood, the happiest, wisest, rarest, loveliest woman that ever realized an idealist's dream of perfection.

I do not know that I can describe her as she was, for her form and features were but types of qualities which were themselves only manifestations of inner or more subtle bases of character. It will be said that she was transfigured through my idealism, and in reality may have been very different from what I saw her; but I had seen too much to be deceived by a mere resemblance. She was the reality of my ideal. I know it; and as I draw nearer the awful light beyond the shadow, where all true ideals will be wholly revealed, and I shall see her, for the first time, "face to face," I know that I shall see her as I saw her here.

In person she was smaller than most women, though her figure never conveyed the idea of littleness. It had that unity and completeness which are the index of high physical capability. Tall and imperious beauties seemed incomplete and insignificant beside her. She moved with an unconscious, irrepressible elasticity and gayety, yet at times with all the directness of distinct impulses that admitted no wavering of purpose, and at other times with a flowing grace, running into wave-like undulations as if her will played lightly with its security of strength. She was childlike without its hints of weakness, and beautiful as a vision. A perfect blonde, with no negative tints and indistinct outlines, her face was as clear-cut as a pearl cameo, and held the light, not on its surface, but beneath it, as if it shone from within. The effect was like what might be produced if a coal of fire were placed within a translucent marble face, hollowed thin where the color should strike through, and left thicker where the light should only warm, but not mar the perfect whiteness. Renowned sculptors, looking with deep eyes through material things for ideals of spirit beauty, came from afar to ask permission to copy the expression of

her perfect face; but, awed by her innocence, and fearing that they should awake her to a fatal knowledge of her beauty, dared not tell her their purpose, but invented little pretexts to get her to look this way and that, until they obtained the expression which they sought; and then went away to carve it in marble; and many who never had heard of the child-lady, Lillian, grew holier and happier as they looked upon the sculptured features; and the far-off world was brighter and better than she had lived. Her beauty was a perfect ideal: the reality a rich and lovely spirit all unconscious of itself—the reflection, as on a sunny sea, of unvalued gems and delicate-veined flowers deep in the purity and stillness below.

I may not tell how I loved her, for it passed the power of words. The revelation of my love startled her at first, for she was unconscious of its meaning; but, as I drew near to her and uttered calm words that could not quite quite conceal their passionate undertone, her blue eyes grew deep and dark from the lights that were rising below their depths, as if some new and fearful glory approached the horizon of her life. So have I seen the blue heavens arching a great city deepen and darken as the innumerable lights were lit below.

All she could answer was words of trust, not love, and peradventure for the future; and then she spoke of the perfect happiness of her past life, and fearfully of the half-revelation which my declaration brought of another and far different experience.

But I was satisfied. I knew something of that progress from the tried to the untried—from the outward and material to the inward and ideal—which every human soul must make, or leave the demands of its nature forever unsatisfied. I saw that what was to her mysterious and fearful was but the first dawning of a conscious existence, which would yet open to a clear day, rich with light and life, and only shadowed, if at all, by clouds with golden fringes, bearing witness of the steadfast sun. So we parted.

Her first letters were almost entirely

of this new life, and her doubts of its reality. What if it should prove a magnetic dream, from which she should awaken too late? Shadows of unseen perils flitted around her. Her past life had been so unspeakably happy, and the future which I presented was so untried and fateful, that she wished these revelations had never been. She wrote me at last that she had turned from the doubtful prospect of the future to the security of her former happiness. I saw her quickly; but it was too late. At my presence a flush of unspeakable exaltation lighted up her wondrous beauty; but the impulse mastered her will only for a moment, and then she was the sunny child again. She told me that the hopes which I had entertained must be given up. I tried every means to shake her resolution, but I might as well have attempted to prevent a glorious sunset cloud from dissolving from my sight.

The reality was lost. All the personality which had been given to my haunting ideal melted away into a glorious picture, though yet retaining in its eyes a mysterious presage of another life—a life and reality so far withdrawn that it seemed to stand beyond the limits of earthly existence. I had promised her that I would not love her long as I had loved her; and, with the strength of a man's will, I kept the promise. I only loved her with the creation of my heart and brain. But, the deep yearning for the reality of such a creation remained, and this one near approach to reality, and hopeless receding, gave significance to the mysterious presage, and a clearer tone to the voice whose echo, from the limit of time, was—"never."

This inward trouble had little effect on my outward life. I attended to the duties of my profession with care, and the world saw me prosperous and contented. I devoted my leisure to study, and plunged into some of the profoundest mysteries of human knowledge. Subjects which before had baffled my comprehension, then opened clearly upon me. The vain questioning of the old philosophers in the search of the real by the light of the ideal, and the subtle

analysis of the later thinkers, substituting ideas for matter in the evolution of truth, had a new meaning to me. What before had been shadowy allegory, then became illuminated forms. The alchemists, through long ages seeking, with forbidden rites amid darkness and fire, results which only existed in their own imaginations; the Greek idealists, with their outward quest for inward meanings, and the German mystics, with their inward quest for outward meanings, became types of the universal man in his restless endeavor and incomplete results, or total failures which are heralds of ultimate triumphs.

Most of all, I was interested in tracing the researches of subtle minds in the obscure and doubtful regions where material and immaterial things seem to meet. I saw the boundary recede as investigations were pushed forward, without any prospect of its reaching a point beyond which it could not go, and at the same time overflowed from the other side till the most common material things were permeated and moved by spiritual forces.

One afternoon, toward dark, I had been reading an obscure work, detailing accounts of experiments in the subtler fluids, in the vain attempt to find the line between the concrete and the abstract, and, passing beyond, to master the forms and forces and laws of the spiritual world. Motives seemed to be the measure of success. The experiments which were the result of intellectual impulses palpably failed, while great heart-impulses strengthened hand and brain, till sometimes they seemed to succeed. Toward the close of the book I found the following strange account:

"A philosopher loved a lady with a wondrous love, and lost her, seemingly, by death. She was not wholly lost, for he held her ideal in his heart; but it returned his look with such appealing pathos, that he conceived the idea that it was a living spirit, yet clothed in the essence of bodily form, and capable of reassuming its material manifestations. Why might he not, by the radiations of his will, project the life and form which he held in his spirit? He bent the

whole energy of his will to the accomplishment of this object. With deepest study he prepared the most sensitive bases on which to project his ideal; but they failed to hold it, and it returned to him again and again with more despairing pathos in its eyes, while he grew old and gray before his time, as if the All-Merciful hastened the lifting of the veil, that his ideal might become an eternal reality. The wild life of his heart overflowed his brain, and he grew mad; and then his madness passed, and left his intellect clear and condensed on the subject of his purpose, but blank to every thing else. In this rapt state he made discoveries that will yet gladden the world in the preservation of the images of beloved forms fast vanishing from tear-dimmed eyes. Bodily disease and weakness seized upon him, but it only increased his eager haste for the accomplishment of his purpose. He worked night and day in a darkened room, chill with the death-cold that was creeping through his frame, but sustained by the fever that burned within his heart.

"One night, his work seemed almost done. He had prepared a canvas which was to seize and hold the projected life of his ideal. He kept back the impulse of his will during the completion of the work, lest going forth too soon, it should be fixed on an imperfect base into an imperfect life. While the last preparations were being made, he veiled the canvas to guard against this danger. Then he sat down before it in the darkness, to gather up the energies of his will, not noticing that the veil had slid off and fallen on the floor. Out from his spirit came the beloved ideal life in perfect form. A blue, flame-like outline fell upon the canvas. The lines closed together and darkened in an instant. He sprang forward to the vanishing form, and she, the reality of his ideal, was folded in his arms.

"The next day he was found dead on the floor, before a prepared canvas, from which the shape of a human form seemed to have been burnt out."

This daring story moved me deeply. Might not my ideal possess something

of life that could be so intensified as to assume living shape and be reality indeed? Was it not part of the life that now dwelt in mortal form? and could it and that life be merged into one before the last had left its bodily form forever? As I thought, there came a darkness over me, and through it a voice cried: "Come quickly!" Then all outward sense was lost.

When I returned to consciousness of material things, I was standing by a coffin, in which lay the lady Lillian, clad in the white garments of the grave. Her eyes were closed, but a flush of life came and went upon her face. No time was lost in administering restoratives, and in an hour she was sleeping softly as a weary child. Her recovery was rapid, and in a month she was perfectly well.

One history of the time from the moment I heard the cry to when I found myself standing by the coffin, is quickly told.

Lillian had been taken with sudden illness, followed by apparent death in a few hours. She was lying in the coffin when my unexpected arrival was announced, for I lived in a distant city. I asked to see her, and was shown into the room where she lay. I knelt down to kiss the marble face of my lost ideal love, and at the touch of my lips she showed signs of life. The rest I have told.

The other history of the spirit meeting I have never told.

My ideal was realized. Lillian has been mine now for more than forty years. I have loved her with unutterable affection, which has not abated as the perfect beauty has faded from her face and form, for she has grown lovely with the higher beauty of the spirit. She knows what I know of that time of trance, but she has uttered no word which might reveal to the living the approaches to the regions of the dead. When we together pass the gate, which may be seen but never told, which does not open always when approached, but which, once passed, never can be repassed, then we shall tell each other the history of that time.

She sits beside me now, as with trembling hand I write these last words of

the history of my realized ideal; and her look and voice assure me of the rich results of her life. And she has told me many times of the fullness of her cup of happiness. We have known life's common sorrows, but, compared with its joys, they have been like shadows of thin clouds in a world of sunlight. Through this ideal I have realized many others, for the ideals of the intellect wait upon the ideals of the heart. My deep inward content has made my hands strong for the life work, and I know that I have done it well.

We are going together soon, Lillian and I, without regret and without fear, into the dark valley again, but this time not to return, knowing that the Hand that hath led us by such strange and pleasant ways will guide us safely past the gate to that home which, for its higher love, is called by the name of Heaven.

THE PEARL FISHERIES.

NEW JERSEY, a few years since, was in a state of high excitement. Some inquisitive explorer wading up and down one of the little streams which cut its coast, discovered a clam from whose unwilling mouth he forced a pearl—a clear, pure pearl, for which Tiffany eagerly offered three hundred dollars. And forthwith a fever followed—to allay which, old and young, male and female, took to walking, in bare feet, up and down the muddy beds of the water-courses, each seeking for the 'pearl of great price'! Hundreds of such were found, varying in value from a few shillings to seven hundred dollars*—the highest price paid, I think, for any single "Jersey jewel." The search was

* My readers need not express surprise at this price. It is but a mere pittance compared with the value of pearls found in the east. It may be remembered that Julius Caesar presented Servilla, the mother of Marcus Brutus, with a pearl worth £48,417 10s (\$220,000); and Cleopatra, at a feast with Antony, drank one dissolved in vinegar of the value of £20,759 8s 4d (\$400,000). They wore them in great profusion, not only in the ears and on the fingers, head, and neck, but strung over the whole body; and the men as well as the ladies were thus adorned. The principal fisheries of the Romans were in the Red Sea, the Gulf of Persia, and the Indian Ocean, the pearls from the former places being the most highly valued, as superior in size and luster.

so thorough that a few months served to exhaust the supply, and no one now thinks of exposing their persons and their health in the vain pursuit of the bivalve, whose carbonate of lime secretion was so prized by the "weaker sex." In this respect the Jersey "fishery" was like most other pearl beds, giving out when promising most. Ceylon alone holds out: the careful planting of the pearl oyster and its preservation for four years' growth, doing much toward preserving a perpetuity of the crop.

The ancient fisheries in the Red Sea are now either exhausted or neglected; and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. Dahalac was the chief port of the pearl trade on the southern part of the Red Sea, and Sunkem on the north; and, under the Ptolomies, or even long after, in the time of the Caliphs, these were islands whose merchants were princes; but their affluence and glory have long since departed, and they are now thinly inhabited by a race of miserable fishermen. The discoveries of the Western World did much toward breaking up the pearl fisheries of the East. The Spaniards, on landing, at once were amazed to find the savages of the islands decked with pearl necklaces and bracelets; and among the civilized people of Mexico and Peru, they saw pearls of a beautiful form, as eagerly sought after as in Europe. The hint was taken; the stations of the oysters were sought out, and cities rose into splendor and affluence in their vicinity—all supported by the profits of these sea-born gems. The first city which owed its rise to this cause was New Cadiz, in the little island of Cubagua; and the writers of that period discourse eloquently of the riches of the first planters, and the luxury they displayed; but now *not a vestige of the city remains*, and downs of shifting sand cover the desolate island. The same fate soon overtook the other cities; for, from various causes, and particularly from the never-ceasing destruction of the *Moleagrinas*, the banks became exhausted, and, toward the end of the sixteenth century, the traffic in pearls dwindled into insignificance.

At present, Spanish America furnishes no other pearls for trade than those from the Gulf of Panama and the mouth of the Río de la Hacha. The bulk of them, as formerly mentioned, are procured from the Indian Ocean, particularly from the Bay of Condatchy, in Ceylon, the Taprobane of the Romans.

It is to the Condatchy coast I propose to take my reader, and to give him or her the whole story of the gathering of the precious stone (?) which now forms one of the most valued portions of every well chosen case or *trousseau*.

Early in the month of February, 1859, I found myself in the streets of Colombo, in the island of Ceylon. How I came there need not concern the reader at present, though I may say that ill-usage drove me to leave my ship, without receiving the money due to me for wages.

The fear of being again put under the command of those I disliked, prevented me from visiting that part of the town where the principal European residents of the place were dwelling, and I was compelled to acquire some knowledge of the inhabitants of that part of the city occupied by the descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese, and of the Pettah or native quarter of Colombo.

The Pettah presented a fine school for acquiring some knowledge of the different races found in the East; for it then contained a population of about thirty-five thousand souls, including Malays, Moors, Lentoos, Parsees, and native Cingalese.

Among these people, all very busy in accomplishing but little, I was trying to live on nothing per diem. During the day, I would wander about the city, and occasionally give its inhabitants a lesson in economy, by consuming a pineapple, shaddock, or mango, that had been rejected by others.

In the evening, I would walk out of town, where, undisturbed by its inhabitants, I could find a night's lodging in some cinnamon garden, or grove of cashew-nut trees. A man who lives in Ceylon must be industrious, and I recommend the place as a residence for any

one who is constitutionally indolent, and wishes relief from the infirmity. Day and night, existence demands a constant warfare against myriads of sand-flies, and other annoyances, small in form, but great in the effect of disturbing repose.

My occupation of the cinnamon-gardens for a lodging was opposed by huge beetles, that often seemed trying to break their own heads, or mine, by dashing themselves against me. Large spiders seemed trying to catch, or rather blind me in their webs, which my exertions in fighting them, and other foes, were constantly breaking. Although these, and many other things, were apparently displeased with my presence in a place that should be exclusively their own, insects of smaller size had a high appreciation of the favor of my visit. Myriads of musketoes, thirsting for blood, were humming around me, ticks dropped or crawled from trees and buried their heads in my flesh, and land-leeches tried to drain the last drop of blood from my body.

Other things gathered near me, apparently to gratify a feeling of curiosity. Bats and moths flew about my ears, and great toads came crawling around me; while I was conscious that the ground upon which I was lying was alive with ants, and a thousand other insects.

A soft bed of snow, and a blanket of ice, were all I then desired for perfect happiness; but such luxuries are not to be had in Ceylon. If I did wrong in leaving my ship, I was amply punished for it. In the frenzy of struggling to maintain an existence against the myriads of tormentors, all anxious to impress upon me some record of their love and hatred, I arranged my frantic powers of thought into a resolution to take the first opportunity of getting once more upon the water. A small brig was about to sail for the Bay of Condatchy, and I joined it as one of the crew, with the promise that I should be employed in the pearl-fishery, when the vessel reached its destination. It was the first chance I had of leaving Colombo; a better might have been found the same day, but I had acquired all the experience of

a vagabond life in that city that I deemed necessary for future use, and would run no risk in enlarging it.

The brig belonged to a Colombo merchant, who had purchased at auction the right of fishing on an oyster-bed that had lately been surveyed and sold by the government. The vessel was freighted with stores for the use of those who had been engaged for the fishery, and was commanded by a native of Colombo, of Portuguese descent, named Manoa. Aboard the brig were several men, who had been engaged as divers. They were called *Marawas*, and were most of them natives of Tuticorum. They had no duty to perform on the vessel, and seldom spoke but to each other. A high opinion of their profession, or business, evidently made them above associating too freely with those who have never tried to make themselves amphibious; but why they had conceived this exalted opinion of themselves, I was unable to learn.

Four days after leaving Colombo, we anchored in the Bay of Condatchy, and I again found myself on the animated soil of Ceylon, where the insects were quite as numerous, inquisitive, impertinent, and bloodthirsty as those of the place we had left.

We landed near a village containing about twelve hundred inhabitants—most of them miserable-looking wretches, and many of them apparently suffering evils from which death would seem a relief. Several were afflicted with the horrible disease of elephantiasis, and were moving about with what looked like elephants' legs. Others, afflicted with some cutaneous disease, were spotted like the hide of a tiger.

Every species of animal and vegetable life seemed in its proper home, excepting man, who was apparently maintaining a miserable, uncertain existence, in opposition to the efforts nature was making to remove him from the island.

We found Condatchy Bay the scene of much animation, for more than one hundred and fifty boats, principally from the Coromandel and Malabar coasts, had reached the bay, and their crews were

making preparations for engaging in pearl-fishing, which was not to commence until the 16th of the month, three days after our arrival.

An oyster-bank is divided into five equal parts, but one of which is fished in a year, and each in turns. This prevents the banks from being completely stripped, and gives the young oysters a chance of reaching maturity. The right of fishing on certain portions of the bank is sold at auction to the highest bidder, and purchased by speculative merchants, who generally lose money in the business. This, however, does not prevent them from engaging in it, since there is a chance of a large fortune being made at it in one season.

Each fishing-boat is manned by twenty men, besides a *tindal*, or man acting as pilot, who has authority over all the others. Ten of the twenty men are divers; the others attend on them, pull the boat, and perform all other duties.

The oyster-banks off Condatchy are about twenty miles from the shore, and early on the evening of the 15th, more than a hundred boats were manned by men anxiously awaiting the signal for them to start for their respective fishing-grounds.

At ten o'clock in the evening, a gun was fired at Aripipo. It was a signal that the boats might start, and, setting a sail to catch the land-breeze, then fairly on its way for the sea, we started. I had consented to form one of the ten of a boat's crew, whose duty consisted in managing the boat, and looking after the divers, and, on our first excursion out, Señor Manos, who had commanded the brig, was our *tindal*, or pilot.

We reached our station a little before sunrise, and preparations were immediately commenced for business. The divers divested themselves of all clothing, except a small piece of calico about the loins, and to a belt around the waist each fastened a small net to hold the oysters. Each had a piece of iron, weighing about ten pounds, to which was tied a small line, with a loop in which a foot could be inserted. These weights were to enable them to descend

with greater rapidity to the bottom; for, as they could only remain under water from one minute and a half to two minutes, it was necessary that no time should be lost on the way down.

One end of the small line attached to the weight was retained in the boat, to enable us to recover the weight after the diver had reached the bottom, and withdrawn his foot from the loop. Although there were ten divers in each boat, only five went over at a time. This enabled each to have a rest, and still kept the work constantly going on.

Each man, before going over, had placed around his body, under the arms, a line, by which he could be pulled to the surface, the end of the line being held by one of the crew in the boat; and, as an additional precaution against danger, a line was hanging from the stem of the boat, and sunk with a weight to the bottom.

With a knife in one hand, and firmly grasping the nose with the other, five of our divers went over the side, and rapidly disappeared below, while those in the boats saw that the lines attached to their bodies ran out clear, and stood ready to pull them up, should the signal be given for us to do so.

This was the first work of the kind I had ever seen performed, and the minute and a half, or more, in which we waited for the shaking of the lines, which was the signal for us to haul up, seemed to me a period of nearly ten minutes.

All came up within a few seconds of each other, and each had not less than one hundred oysters in the net. The diver attached to the line I was holding was the first to make his appearance, and required much more force in pulling him up than what I thought was necessary; but, as he reached the surface, the reason of this was immediately seen. He was bearing in his hands a mass of oysters, adhering together, that he had succeeded in detaching from a rock with his knife. The mass could not have weighed less than forty pounds.

The other five divers immediately went down, and in this way the work was carried on until noon, the divers having

gone down about forty times each since the time they commenced in the morning. The sea-breeze had then commenced blowing, and we started for the shore.

Thus far, we had been fortunate; and yet, there was a possibility that in the many bushels of oysters we had secured there might not be a pearl of the value of one shilling. But with this possibility there was another: the cargo we had procured might be worth five or ten thousand pounds.

On reaching the shore, the oysters were taken from the boat, put into a pit, and then covered over with matting and some earth, there to die and decompose. The shells would then be opened, when they would be picked over, and the pearls, if they contained any, would be extracted.

More than two thousand men had been at work on the banks that day, and many tons of oysters had been taken from their homes to die.

"What," thought I, "can be the real cause of this labor—this waste of time for a substance that is of no practical use to mankind?"

To many of those I had seen employed that day, an answer to this question would have been very simple. They would have told me that they were working for money; but I looked beyond this for the real cause of their toil.

The conclusion at which I arrived may be wrong, perhaps worse—ungalant; for all this wicked waste of time I ascribed to the fact that ladies have vanity. From the result of this infirmity thousands of others have to suffer. It seems that the law of nature, that from the misfortunes of a few many must suffer, applies to pearl-oysters, as well as human beings; for, since being in the fishery, I have learned that only oysters in ill-health produce pearls; yet the misfortunes of the afflicted bring all from their beds in the sea to the earth-pits to die.

In the evening, after we had unloaded the boat, many reports reached us of the events of the day. All were favorable for the prospect of a good season at the

fishery, for we heard no complaints as to want of success in procuring oysters. Other reports, however, gave the fear that the business of procuring was to be followed with danger; for we heard of three or four encounters with sharks, in one of which a diver had been killed.

For each boat employed on the pearl-banks, there is a priest, whose business it is to protect the divers from sharks. During the time the boats are out, these men are supposed to be engaged in prayers, and other ceremonies thought necessary for the protection of those who have employed them. The pearl-divers will not work unless there is some one, either in the boat or on shore, who is paid by their employers for protecting them from sharks. The priests, or conjurers, are called Pillar Karras, or "binders of sharks," and their exertions in behalf of the divers are certainly of great assistance, for the superstitious men place the utmost confidence in their labors, and the absence of fear is necessary in encountering any danger.

The Pillar Karras work very hard for the money they receive for their services, and the contortion of their bodies and features, when engaged in their conjurations or prayers, is painful to witness. Frequently, when a diver is killed by a shark, the priest employed to protect him from harm has to make a sudden departure from the scene of his labors, to avoid the vengeance of the lost man's companions, who pronounce him an impostor, incapable of commanding or exercising the power necessary for protecting them from the enemy they fear.

So great is the superstition of the pearl-divers, that each firmly believes his preservation from day to day is wholly owing to the labors of the priest. They know that thousands of sharks are cruising the tropic seas wherever the business of pearl-diving is followed; they also know that this enemy to man and every thing else is very hungry; and they require no further exercise of reason to believe that the "shark-binders" have saved them from being devoured.

The Pillar Karras generally remain on shore, and during the time the divers are

at work they must be constantly engaged in prayer. Should one of the Marawas be seized by a shark, it is fully believed by his companions that at that particular instant the priest was neglecting his duty, and that his thoughts for a moment had been turned upon some sinful theme, giving the shark an opportunity of seizing his victim.

Before we had been employed on the pearl-banks a week, two incidents occurred that strongly confirmed the Marawas in their superstitious belief in the power of their priests.

There was a great commotion in a boat lying next to the one in which I was employed. The line attached to one of their divers commenced rapidly running out. All who witnessed this knew the cause, and the Marawas were pulled to the surface. One of them never appeared again. He had been taken away by a shark. The companions of the lost man, having no confidence in their Pillar Karras, would go under water no more that day; and the boat returned to shore, the Marawas in it cursing their "binder of sharks" for what they thought his criminal neglect, while those in our boat seemed very grateful for the good fortune that had given them a conjurer whose incantations had protected them from the evil that had befallen others so near by.

On reaching the shore in the evening, we heard what the Marawas thought a satisfactory explanation of the reason why the diver had been lost. While energetically engaged in performing his duty, the Pillar Karras employed in protecting the divers belonging to the boat from which the man had been lost, had been bitten by a *cobra de cappello*, or hooded snake, and had died about three hours afterward.

Here, in the opinion of the Marawas, was positive proof of the necessity of a Pillar Karras to protect them from their enemy. A priest had been interrupted in his ceremonies and prayers, and the consequence had been the loss of a life placed in his care. The priest was buried that evening by the men who had been cursing him but a few hours before for what they thought neglect of duty.

The Marawas are generally quiet, inoffensive men, simple in their amusements and manner of living, and yet they are not easily induced to do any thing against which they have the slightest objection.

The season in which fishing on the pearl-banks is allowed only lasts six weeks, but in that time only about twenty-five days' work is performed by the divers.

Frequently all refuse to go out in the boats, and will give no reason for doing so. There is no use in trying to compel them, and all others have to wait their pleasure.

There is a great similarity in their appearance, and one is seldom met who possesses much character not common to others.

One of the divers of the boat to which I belonged was an exception to this rule; a man who looked and talked somewhat differently from his companions, and who with some of them was a little inclined to be quarrelsome. Uneven in disposition, he was also fond of playing practical jokes. When this man, who was called Latta, was in one of his merry moods, he often seriously interrupted our work, and by his conduct brought upon himself the ill-will of his companions.

Usually when a diver first reaches the bottom there will be a few feet of slack to the line attached to his body. A favorite amusement of Latta's was to shake the rope fastened to one of his companions in such a manner that the motion would be perceptible to those above, while the person to whom it was attached would know nothing of its having been agitated. This would be a signal for those above to haul up the line; and, knowing that the man had just gone down, they would suppose the signal would not be given without good reason, and would lose no time in bringing the man to the surface.

The astonished diver who had given no signal, and in ignorance that any had been given, would find himself dragged up immediately after going down, and would use some strong Malabar language in expressing his opinion of those who had been exerting themselves in obeying

the signal. Here would be a fine opportunity for a controversy, which was never lost.

The diver would swear that he had not given a signal, and we in the boat would be as certain that he had. On one occasion, when the same man had been suddenly pulled up twice within an hour, Señor Manos, the *tindal*, was strongly impressed with the fear that he should have to take the lives of two men, to prevent them from killing each other. Latta was at last detected in his amusement, and emphatically threatened with death should he again offend in the same manner.

Before we had been three weeks on the banks this man had made an enemy of nearly every other belonging to the boat; but an enemy more merciless than man was in search of Latta. It found him one day, and he was seen no more. He was taken away by a shark, and his loss was further proof to our Marawas of the power and wisdom of the conjurer retained for their special use. Latta they pronounced unworthy of the priest's care, alleging that he had therefore been allowed to meet the fate of the unprotected.

So inconsistent are the thoughts of the superstitious divers, that the loss of Latta apparently inspired our Marawas with more confidence in the power of the Pillar Karras to save them. Had the shark selected another, our priest, in their opinion, would have deserved some severe punishment; but, as the one who had been taken away was disliked, all were noisy in praise of the wonderful man who, at the distance of twenty miles from a shark, had not prevented it from getting a dinner.

Our business was followed until the first of April, the end of the season, without further loss of life, and with great success in procuring oysters. To all there had been some excitement, much amusement, and very good pay; yet none seemed to regret that the season was over.

The last few days that we were off Condatchy were made very unpleasant, while on or near the shore, by the stench

from the pits of decomposing oysters. By the time we were ready to leave, this became so offensive that I was well pleased at getting under way in the brig with Captain Manos, for the purpose of making another visit to Colombo.

But, I ought, before leaving, to present the reader with the novel picture which that barren coast exhibited during the last three weeks of "the season," when the beach is converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety any thing ever witnessed. Several thousands of people of different colors, castes and nations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious, expectant countenances of the boat-owners while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast numbers of jewelers, brokers, merchants of all colors and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use; all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene.

The result of the speculation to the merchant in whose employ I had embarked I never learned; for before it was known in Colombo I had sailed from that part of the world, delighted with the hope that I might never see it again.

TOM'S WIFE.

THERE is no doubt but that Susie's stepfather was as poor as a church mouse, and therefore nothing loth, since he had a half-dozen of his own to look out for, that Susie should marry Tom Smart.

Nevertheless, there was a certain Uncle Buzzard, Susie's uncle alone, who had amassed a fortune by hook or by crook, and who came down periodically to see his niece; and, furthermore, had been known to declare said niece a tramp; whence it was conjectured that Susie would take the odd card, whenever Uncle Buzzard should see fit to slip this mortal coil, and in the meanwhile, he was made of so much sterner stuff than Susie, the probabilities were that he would outlast her by half a generation.

Having arrived one day and found the parlor empty, the worthy man contented himself with a newspaper, and awaited patiently. Presently he detected the murmur of voices, and looking out, Susie came up the the gravel-walk, on the arm of a tall young man.

"Humph! Tom Smart, if I'm a sinner!"

It was certainly Tom Smart; and I dare say there was just as little doubt about the subjunctive. They bade each other good-by on the door-step, however, while Uncle Buzzard had the felicity of hearing something not intended for his lips or his ears, and directly my lady entered, blushing and laughing, and embraced her uncle in style.

"Egad, you don't kiss your old uncle as you do this young sprig," said he.

"Oh, uncle, you horrid man! were you listening?"

"It wasn't necessary. And that's the fellow you've been making all this rowdy-dow about, is it?"

"Why, don't you think he's—he's—we won't say magnificent, will we, uncle?"

"What's his name?"

"Thomas Smart. You know Thomas is a Bible name, and Smart—wasn't there a Smart of some account somewhere?" asked Susie, who *wasn't* quite satisfied with the name.

"A long while ago," answered her uncle, maliciously. "And when are you to be married?"

"When my things are finished," taking up a piece of embroidery.

"And you will live—?"

"In Smartville. Won't it seem quite

grand to live in a place named for your husband's people? And then Tom's sisters will live with us; and it will be so nice; and he has the sweetest home, with a piazza all overgrown with woodbine, and a garden that will do your heart good to see."

"Umph! Have you seen it?"

"Oh, no; but Tom says so."

"And the three sisters—have you met them?"

"Tom thought it wasn't worth while for me to go down and visit them now, we should be married so soon. He says they have their little peculiarities, but that no doubt I shall get along nicely with them."

"When did Tom go into the gilding business?"

"Tom? Why he's a physician, uncle!"

"Indeed. Humph!"

"Why do you say that naughty 'humph'? I can't say it like you."

"Practice makes perfect, my dear. I've seen a great deal to 'humph' at in this world."

"Why—don't you approve of Tom? I thought everybody would."

"I'm not going to marry Tom. I was merely considering what a *nice* time you would have with the sisters and their little peculiarities."

"Neither am I going to marry Tom's sisters; one always has to yield something to other people's whims. I shan't mind that."

"Humph! you'll quarrel in a week."

"See if I do."

"They'll make you smart, then."

"I shall be as Smart as they."

"But not to the manner born."

"But, uncle, do you *know* either of them?"

"Egad, know her, did you say? I think I ought to do it, for I courted her!"

"Tom's sister—how queer! If you had married her you would have been—"

"Afraid to say '*soisors, if I die for it!*'"

"You would have been my—"

"Warning."

"You are taking your revenge for being jilted, wicked man. You would have been my brother-in-law!"

"I should have been dead and done with before this."

"I can't *imagine* Tom's sisters being disagreeable."

"I don't think it will be necessary to call in the aid of imagination."

"Well, I'm not afraid but I can *endure* them at least, for a hundred years, if need be."

"I'll drop in on you at the end of a year, and I'll wager you will be glad to leave Tom and the whole *posse*, and go home with me."

"Never!"

"Come, now, if you stand five years without a quarrel, I'll—yes, I'll give you twenty thousand!"

"Done!" cried Susie.

"Remember, then, no squalls; clear weather forever; no collisions, no heavy seas. Egad, you'll be fit for paradise at the end of such a cruise!"

"Then it's a question between you losing your money and me losing my temper."

And Susie was married to Tom Smart when the "things" were finished.

"Don't forget the five years," shouted Uncle Buzzard, as Tom handed his pretty bride into the traveling carriage.

"What about the five years?" asked he.

"Uncle Buzzard is going to procure me a divorce then, if you turn out unmanageable."

And the driver cracked his whip, and Tom's answer is still a subject of conjecture.

The Miss Smarts had just settled themselves at breakfast. Miss Lucy cut the steak, remarking that the coffee was strong as ley; Miss Sophia attended the coffee-urn, and observed that the steak was burnt to a cinder.

"To a cinder, Sophia! Why, no, not to a cinder," repeated Miss Elizabeth. "A cinder, dear, is charcoal; this is only done brown."

"Allow me to know what a cinder is," quoth Sophia.

"Certainly, dear," rather quenched.

Here a servant brings in the letters from the early mail.

"For me?" says Miss Sophia, turning it face downward, and continuing her coffee-drawing.

"It is strange Thomas doesn't write," says Miss Elizabeth, for a leader.

"Where is your letter postmarked?" inquired the audacious Lucy.

"I have not examined it; if you are so anxious you had better relieve me of that trouble," not in the least meaning it.

"I shall be happy to," says Lucy, whose curiosity no power on earth could daunt. "Thomas' hand—Salem; what can he be doing there?"

"Suppose you break the seal and see," says the irate Sophia; "it would be quite of a piece."

"With pleasure," returns Lucy, proceeding to follow the suggestion, but interrupted by the indignant:

"Allow me to read my own letters if you please," of her elder sister.

Miss Sophia perused in silence some seconds, which were eternities to the other two; then suddenly let fall the letter, raised both hands, and emitted the astounding sentence:

"Thomas is married!"

"Thomas?" ejaculated Elizabeth.

"Married?" queried Lucy.

"Did I not *say* married? Allow me to know."

"Surely you have mistaken the word," said Elizabeth.

"I have it in black and white. And without consulting his sisters!"

"Or sending any cake," added Lucy, who always considered her palate before her dignity.

"*Who* has he married?" Elizabeth dared, after a pause.

"It is immaterial *who*; nothing can alter the fact," rejoined the injured Sophia.

"Mrs. Thomas Smart," meditated Lucy. "She will be mistress here, of course."

"Allow me to be sensible of that disagreeable fact without repeating it," answered Sophia, who hitherto had reigned alternately with Lucy.

"And will she not take the keys?"

asked Elizabeth, who was always putting her foot into it.

"And the foot of the table?" continued Lucy.

"And the pew, too?" added the emboldened Elizabeth.

"However, I dare say we can manage her. I dare say she is some schemer, who has entangled Thomas," quoth Miss Sophia, Thomas being an inexperienced youth of thirty; and therewith they separated to don their company manners and best bombazines.

And so Tom and his wife arrived.

"Susan is without dignity," affirmed Sophia, at the first private opportunity. "When I say dignity, *Blair* will explain my meaning."

"A mere chit of a thing," pronounced Lucy.

"Pretty," hazarded Elizabeth.

"Allow me to say no!" cried Sophia, whose experience in beauty was by no means personal.

To tell the truth, Tom Smart was too well aware that if he told his sisters that he meditated such a thing as matrimony, they would bring the house down about his ears; and therefore concluded to give them no chance of expressing themselves on the subject, other than that of crying over spilt milk.

The first few weeks gave Susie a little insight into the characters of her daily companions. "I see how it is," she thought; "they have always allowed themselves to be dictatorial and ill-tempered, so that now it has grown into a habit; and if I should suffer *my* temper to get the better of me after their example, I might in the end become ill-natured to Tom," and Susie caught her breath in alarm, at the thought of taking off Tom's head with a monosyllable.

"Susan dear—" began Sophia.

"They always call me Susie at home," said the sweet, winning voice.

"Allow *me* to call you Susan."

"Certainly, if you prefer it. Did you say Tom had gone out?"

"Thomas has gone out."

"Oh, I like Tom so much better."

"It will do for children," puts in Lucy.

"We are not children."

"No chickens, certainly," says Lucy, which reminds Sophia to inquire:

"Has any thing been ordered for dinner?"

"Tom said—"

"There, Susan dear!"

Susan dear colors, and compromises with dignity and inclination by leaving her sentence at a stand-still.

During her engagement, Susie had arranged a little housekeeping drama, in which she was to perform the part of heroine; in which her marmalades and spiced wines, and all her pretty housewifely arts, were to be extolled; in which the cosy evening fire, the book, the arm-chair and velvet slippers waiting for tired feet, performed no unimportant portion. But, naturally enough, she had never thought to assign the Misses Smart their *role*; in fact, had rather snubbed them by ignoring their very existences; and therefore poetic or prosaic justice demanded that they should take revenge by constituting themselves dramatists of the occasion, prompters and supernumeraries, subverting the nature and order of the original piece, introducing by-plays and stage-thunder, and granting Susie the favor of second fiddle; but, as it often happens that things seldom turn out just as one has prospected, so Susie frequently found herself, after all, called upon by imperative circumstances to perform the heroine, despite of favoritism, and in an altogether different cast from that for which she had prepared.

If Tom incautiously observed that the servants were tardy in answering the bell, he was admirably supported in that assertion.

"Servants know with whom they have to deal; *they* have no objection to meet with inexperience in an employer."

"I am sure," Susie would reply, "mamma used to think I had quite a knack with servants."

"I should like to see with whom you haven't a knack, Susie," says Tom. Susie looks as if she could enlighten him.

"It is one thing to *have* a knack, and another to know how to use it to advantage," says Lucy.

"Now, I supposed they were one and the same thing," remarked Elizabeth.

"I do believe," Elizabeth, retorts Lucy, "that your opinions were formed when you were in your teens."

"I think very likely, for I can never remember of having but *one* opinion of you."

Tom had asked, one day, some weeks after his marriage, "Don't you find my sisters a little old-fashioned and a little cross-grained too, Susie?"

"Oh, Tom, I don't wish to find fault with them. I want to love them just as I do my own; but—but—"

"They won't let you?"

"I don't know; perhaps they can't; perhaps I'm not agreeable. I sometimes fancy they think that I was mercenary in marrying you."

"Oh, what a fanciful little woman! Directly she will begin to fancy that I knew what ogres my sisters were, and brought her here in order that I might hear something besides sparring from morning till night. I dare say she will fancy I was selfish as that."

"If I could give my fancy such wings I should be in the seventh heaven."

"That was a difficult place of access from this house, till some one I know of paved the way."

"Yes, and there's the bell to take him off, this minute," said Susie, turning the tables upon him.

Since Susie's wardrobe had not been as magnificent as a bride could desire, it certainly savored of malice that Lucy should so frequently feel it worth while to meddle with the bridal *elegantia* belonging to some anonymous friend of her own, who had prepared them to little or no purpose, as it seemed.

"Why, she had a dress for every day in the year, I was going to say;"—and it was very fortunate that she refrained, because it would have been a downright fib—"silks of every color of the rainbow, the finest merinoes, the sweetest cambrics—and cambrics were at a fabulous price at that time—"

"Not so *very* fabulous, Lucy," demurred Elizabeth. "I bought the best I ever had then for ten and six."

"Her shawls—let me see: there was a sewing-silk, with a border of Ladies' Delights, and a French cashmere, and a black lace, like a cobweb filled with flies' and moths' wings—"

"I am sure there were flowers on it too," interrupted Elizabeth; "I am confident of it, for there was a fly on one of the roses, and I thought, at the time, that a bee would have been more appropriate."

"And a brown satin pelisse," persisted Lucy, "turned over with pale pink, and a bonnet straight from Paris."

"London, you mean," corrected Elizabeth.

"Paris," reiterated Lucy.

"I think you are mistaken."

"Allow *me* to know," said Sophia, having listened graciously to the catalogue, as who should say, "It is not for me to extol my own!"

"And did her lover die?" asked Susie, unsuspiciously; "I think that you said she lost him."

"My dear Susan, of all things, deliver me from a point-blank question!" This although Miss Lucy was not in the habit of following the golden rule with regard to the same.

"Excuse me; I didn't know that I was trespassing upon forbidden ground. You tempted my curiosity, you know."

"Which means that I must speak of nothing but what will bear the police force of which, why, when and where, I suppose," said Lucy, bridling and coloring.

"Allow me to observe that a question is always inelegant," asserted Sophia, as if her fiat must quell all opposition.

"I don't believe you thought so when—" began Elizabeth.

"Be quiet, Elizabeth," snapped Lucy.

"I shan't be quiet, miss; I'm not *going* to be silenced as if I were a baby."

"Then behave like something else, instead of gossiping about family affairs *mal apropos*."

"Family affairs, indeed! Who told the town about Tom's income, and father's debts, I should like to inquire? Yes, and about Sophia's dis—. And then to reproach me with it," cried Elizabeth.

bursting into tears, and beating an awkward retreat, with her eyes enveloped in a handkerchief, "when I—I was only going to say that—I don't believe Sophia thought so when some one asked father something—very particular,"—and having at this stage got outside the door, Lucy slammed it upon her and cut off further communication. But Lucy herself had done the mischief, if mischief it was; for Susie often wondered which of the sisters had been the favored of Uncle Buzzard, and here was the answer to the problem as plain as day; but what she *did not* know was, that Sophia had broken the engagement herself in a fit of passion, because he escorted a pretty cousin to an assembly, when she was out of town attending a wedding!

"You are turning that hem too deep, Lucy," observed Sophia, upon another occasion.

"Not a thread too deep; I leave it to Elizabeth if I am."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't leave any thing to me; I shouldn't be able to tell. I haven't formed an opinion since I was in my teens, you know."

"And now you are in your dotage, I should think."

"Being my senior, you ought to know best."

The inhabitants of Smartville regarded Susie in the light of a martyr, though it held many a young damsel who would have gone to the same sacrifice with as bold a front; passers turned and gazed curiously at the house, as if the giant Blunderbore comported himself there; the young bride's face was a romance which high and low lost no opportunity of scanning, daily expectant of a sequel of corroding cares and blighted hopes, illustrated by crows'-feet and tears. One good woman sent her a line to the effect, that if ever she found the Misses Smart one too many for her, she would also find a warm welcome at the boarding-house of Mrs. Pluck, 19 Pink-st., second story, hot and cold water, etc.

And indeed, it required no infirm purpose to steer aright amid so many adverse currents and baffling winds; here she must tack, and there she must lay-to;

VOL. I.—24.

now speak the word which is so good spoken in time, and again practice as well as learn the grace of silence. How often the apt retort rose to her lips; how often she smiled when tears were readiest; how often was she on the point of forfeiting the twenty thousand; how often she watched in the gathering gloom for Tom, that she might lose her loneliness beside him, and find sympathy for her hopes and fears.

So day by day she sat and listened to their bickerings, their covert malice like drops of vitriol, their stale reminiscences: how at boarding-school, a pupil eloped in her morning-wrapper; at which point of affairs, Elizabeth, seeing an opening, would take the chance to tuck in an interruption:

"Oh no, not in her wrapper, Sophia; she wore her day-dress—it was a French blue, if I remember rightly—and she carried her wrapper over her arm—"

"Allow me to know, when I was the person who saw her last; she came in to my room at ten o'clock, for a match—"

"Six of one, and half a dozen of the other," said Lucy.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you forward the match?"

"Your wit is very far-fetched," answered Sophia, who never appreciated any one's wit but her own.

"You mean," persisted Elizabeth, "that the clocks rung eleven just as she closed the door and said good-night."

"Allow me to mean *nothing* but what I say."

And thus the afternoons dragged through, with details and disputes and asseverations, and Susie must be deeply interested, and ready at the very nick of time with "Ahs," and "Indeeds," and "Astonishing," even though she had heard the same tales, interpolations and all, from the same lips a score of times before; only Susie must take care not to publish scenes from her own experience, unless she desired to send Miss Sophia to sleep, or to hear Miss Lucy quote spitefully, at the end of her most thrilling adventure:

"'And did you live?' 'Ma said I did, and grew nicely.'"

But when night brought Tom home, all annoyances melted like hoar-frost beneath the genial rays of her Sun-God: in fact, she forgot about them, and there was no such happy little woman in all the land, as Susie filling Tom's tea-cup.

It is a matter of some conjecture perhaps, why Tom differed so materially from his sisters. In the first place, Susie was in love with him, and the king can do no wrong: secondly, his boyhood had been subjected to their caprices, and he knew how good it was; and lastly his profession, in placing him in daily contact with suffering and sorrow, had expanded his whole nature, and allowed his own peculiarities to fall into the background that he might *moderate* those of others; and in the mean while, if he was yet a trifle selfish, as you and I incline to believe, in subjecting Susie to such trials, who can throw the first stone at him?

One day an intense silence, or what was supposed to resemble it, fell upon the house. Miss Sophia creaked about on tip-toe, Lucy forgot to spit fire, and even Elizabeth did not feel called upon to gainsay the march of events, for a new life had begun in the old house, a life that bled fair to put future silence to rout: a tiny being whose doubled-up fists indicated that he knew how hard a battle was before him, and intended to go in and win. A baby was such a novelty that Elizabeth chuckled inwardly, and had put him into jacket-and-trowsers almost before he had put on mortality. Sophia wore a Spartan front, together with Bogle's, but was secretly playing hide-and-go-seek with memory, in hopes to surprise some lurking fragments of the universal Mother Goose for future need, and Lucy hummed inwardly the pretty cradle-song:

"Sleep, baby, sleep;
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreaming tree,
Down fall little dreams upon thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep;"

while Tom fluctuated between joy and fear, as he hung over his child and its mother.

"What shall we name him?" asked

Lucy, as if it were her own affair entirely.

"There is Thaddeus," said Elizabeth, constant to her first love, "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

"He would be nick-named Tad, depend upon it," vetoed Lucy.

"Or perhaps Tad-pole."

"Grandison Smart would sound well," said Sophia, who preserved a private gallery devoted to pastels of Sir Charles. But while they debated below, up-stairs Susie had called him little Tom, and though big Tom poohed at it, and substituted a dozen names great in story, Susie became headstrong for once and carried her point, while, strange to say, when the result was made known to the sisters, not a murmur escaped them. And this was the beginning of the end.

So the world whirled along and Sophie came down-stairs, bringing little Tom, a perfect Chinese puzzle of a baby, in his layers of soft flannels; and the young gentleman became straightway interested in his own hands, warbling sedately to them, and, tiring of monography, took refuge in optics, and proceeded to punch his fingers into any neighboring eyes that would submit to the infliction, and to snatching off Miss Sophia's spectacles at convenient intervals, and to tweaking all the noses of his acquaintance, while the whole household bowed down before him, as Tartars before the Grand Lama, and Lucy's favorite recreation, when the firelight flickered along the nursery ceiling, was to croon over his cradle:

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
The big stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the pale moon is their shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep;"

which Master Tom often, vociferously, declined to do, preferring to sit up and play bo-peep with his humble servant, Miss Sophia, or wink at the fire and be hail-fellow-well-met with little black Tom on the wall.

There came a day when Lucy felt assured little Tom could appreciate the merits of Jack-in-a-box, so she ordered out the chaise and went into town to procure the toy. Now, it happened to

be one of those days in the early part of the war, when a newly-organized company paraded the thoroughfares to the music of trombone and clarion, before departing for the seat of war, and Lucy's horse, always a little skittish, took fright at the unwonted tumult, and spilt Jack out of his box and Miss Lucy out of her chaise.

However, she was picked up, although insensible, and carried home to revive beneath Susie's tender hand; and when it was discovered that her bruises were such as to confine her in bed for a tedious term, she made the simultaneous discovery that Susie was the dearest little presence that ever brought delight into a sick-room—that ever shed affection, as a rose its perfume, and dispelled *ennui*; that ever, by pretty and innocent arts, “killed time without injuring eternity.” She began to perceive the charms that had won upon Tom, to enjoy her lively graces, to understand her aims and self-negations, and to praise her mulled wine and custards; and when Lucy began to praise any thing, there was an end of hostilities. Her injuries left her quite lame, so that, at last, when she strolled into the garden, it was Susie's arm that supported her, or when she sewed, it was Susie who, up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber, gathered the component parts of Miss Lucy's work-basket, which were always in the vocative at the right moment.

“I am positively falling in love, and with Susie,” said she to Sophia, at length.

Sophia ‘allowed’ that it might be possible, while Elizabeth muttered:

“I'm sure I always felt just so, only you wouldn't let me say it.”

“You forget,” said Sophia, regally, “it is our influence that has developed her.”

“Then why didn't we fall in love with each other?” insisted Elizabeth.

Meanwhile, it was the year 1861, and the house rustled with newspapers as if it were haunted by sheeted ghosts. Newspapers have their consequences. Scarcely were they then launched on the summer seas before Tom became possessed with the idea that the army needed sur-

geons generally and himself particularly, and no exorcism of Susie's could dispossess him.

“It will not be long, love,” he said; “and if I should—if any thing should—happen—why there's my life-insurance, and the house, and—”

“Tom, Tom, what do you mean by talking so? If—if any thing *were* to happen, I should—I should—oh, *what should I do?*”

“Take care of little Tom.”

“Yea, yes; but oh, Tom, I can't have you go—I can't bear—at least—”

“Dear Susie, think of the poor fellows whose lives I may be able to save; perhaps they have all a Susie at home.”

And so he went.

Oh, the long lonesome days with no Tom coming home at dusk, and the evening journals relentlessly unfolding ghastly details of dead and wounded. Oh, to go into town and hear the news-venders crying a great battle, and to see the monstrous black lettering of the posters looking as if they had gone into mourning, and which she hardly dared glance at. Oh, to be awake half the night, while the unintelligible whispers of Fate were borne along the telegraphic lines, above her head! A thousand such things Susie suffered silently. If the fields were enameled with king's-cups, and the blush of sunset dallied in the west, she did not see; the smoke of battles blinded her; the thunder of cannon, the groans of the dying rose above the wild fantasia of robins in the orchard trees.

Thus, with heart-ache and foreboding, the godmother, spring, passed by, touching the world into a gay embroidery of green and gold, and the long, sweet days of summer dropped, one by one, into the ashes of a “drear-hearted” November.

At length, his letters spoke of return; he said: “Just now, we are on the eve of an engagement; but when the evening train whistles on the sixteenth, you may look for me. Will it be very long, love? My candle has gone out.”

Very long? Was ever a week so long? It was slow torture. Still, it came at

last, a bright autumn day, with a remembrance of spring in its naked twigs and soft, fragrant airs; a day that seemed loth to slip away and leave the kingdom to twilight shadows. Susie sat at the window and listened; the lessening hum of the town, the plaintive cry of sailors dropping anchor down in the harbor, the crash of surf on the beach, prophetic of storms, came faintly borne to her on the wings of the rising wind. She began to fancy that something delayed the train—to conjecture all wild improbabilities, when suddenly the whistle at a neighboring station made her alert and tremulous; on it came; she could now detect the iron stride of the giant in his seven-league boots, soon lost to an echo behind the hills, and again rampant along the plain, and at last dragging itself, spent and panting, through the long tunnel, with one eager shriek of relief. Then she bent herself to catch the murmur of wheels, the crack of the driver's whip, but vainly.

"He has not come," she cried. "Oh, what can keep him?"

She left the window and went to little Tom, asleep on the sofa, that his father might not miss his good-night kiss.

"No use," she said, lifting him in her arms. As she spoke, there were voices and footsteps near, the great hall door swung open with a groan; there was a rush of maids, an hysterical cry from Lucy, and two men bore in a burden and laid it in little Tom's place. Susie staggered forward, still clasping the child, but Tom's voice had called her—"Susie," said he, "my love, I couldn't go till I saw you; the way was never so long before, and we had looked for such a different meeting, dear;" her hot tears fell upon the sleeping child, who stirred a little and put out one pretty hand as if for help. "Poor little Tom," said the dying father, "when he wakes up and finds me gone forever, Susie, do not let him quite forget me; the thought of that is pain."

"Tom, dear Tom," she wept, "how can I let you leave me so? What shall I be without you? and you have been

gone so long already! Oh, if I could only go along with you!"

He pressed her closely, replying in slow and pained utterance: "Ye now, therefore, have sorrow, but I shall see you again," smiled and sighed, and Tom's candle had indeed gone out.

That was shortly before the close of the war, and now, as the swift winter twilight trembles into starlight, Susie still hushes little Tom with the old nursery-hymn:

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our Savior loves his sheep,
He was the Lamb of God on high,
Who for us all came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep."

Her voice is full of pathetic sweetness, in every tone betraying the spirit that through much tribulation has entered into rest. In the back-parlor, the sisters, sitting over a bright fire, glance at her, now and again, with an air of solicitude, while they say to each other, in an undertone:

"The color is creeping back to her cheek, I think; if we were to lose her, now, what a tomb the house would become."

"And what a tomb our hearts," replies Lucy.

And as for Susie herself, the days are never too long in which to think of Tom, to demand of memory the full surrender of each trivial word of his, on whatever trivial occasion; the smile, the glance, the caress that illuminated all; to know that for him to die is gain, since the dust of years and temptations no longer touch him—since eternal youth is vouchsafed him.

Uncle Buzzard died one day, and left Susie heir to a handsome fortune. I wonder if little Tom won't know how to spend it?"

MY EVERY-DAY PATHS.

I.

YOU ask me, my dear Leda, where I am, and what sort of a region it is that I inhabit. I would like exceedingly well to tell you. I would like much to describe the varied features of my

house and its surroundings, the many native graces and delightful points to be seen and known within a half-day's walk of the spot where I dwell. For my tent is now pitched (where I dare say it will remain) in a green-looking valley, along which a gentle brook runs on and on till it has passed through more than one bright sheet of glittering water, and then flows down to find lower levels and, may be, softer banks in the open meadows that stretch away between me and the edge of the sea. Then I could tell you of craggy hills, where the rough rocks jut out in a way very picturesque, from among bushes large and small, that crown the rude old eminences in summer with joyful verdure, and in winter give fitting stability to many a snowy scarf with which each stern peak is fain to bind its mossy brows.

Or I might describe woods to you: woods, where in the quiet of the autumn days, you might stroll for long miles over paths open and clear, without the least notion whither they tended; or sit musing alone for hours in perfect solitude, with the south-western sun throwing a slanting ray here and there through the still boughs, and melting it like gold over the scarlet oak leaves that lay around you. So I might invite you to day-dream in some such wild haunt of dear forgetfulness, with the carelessly happy murmur of the humblebee to give the soft undertone to delicious meditations, loose and illogical as may be, yet purpled all over with the enchanting hues of that land where wishes are before they are born, and where the Angel of Hope goes to refresh herself when she grows weary. And when I had put you in the center of my picture, dear Leda, for my chief figure, and draped your shoulders with your mantle in the unstudied, easy way I know you love, with yourself reclined at length on the elastic sward, and your hand supporting your head, but hidden itself, in the stray tresses that you would have little thought for—then I could weave a border about the whole, of the thousand delightful things of the woodland. The yellow band of golden-rods and the blue one of

asters should encircle it, and its differing vignettes might show the gay-colored butterflies that wander, like winged smiles, in and out of the vines where the grapes are beginning to darken; the saucy little squirrel that, with distrustful daring, darts up the old tree with the celerity of Puck, and springs his rattle just over your head while he scatters down the shells of the pine-cones upon you; the wild note of the wood thrush, so vaguely beautiful, that it seems to call to you from the very land of mystery, and for your life you can not tell whether it is far away, or close by, or if it be not, in fact, the mere echo of your own tune-thought within; or the fanciful play of hues on the worn and dead old cedar, over which the rampant ivy and the creeper are interweaving themselves, and putting on their most gaudy tints, like the rival nymphs of the forest, while the red-bird goes flitting hither and thither around them, and shaming their crimson and gold with the living brightness of his plumes—perhaps I might do all this, but there would be very little of good in it.

Let me tell you why. Do you know, my Leda—did it ever occur to you in the sweet, unstudious childishness of your thoughts, that two can not see the same things in the same way? If you would learn *where* I am, you must first know *what* I am, for every one interfuses himself with the things around him, and so far as concerns him, his own temper, and thought and feeling, his hope and his sadness, become prime elements in the scene that delights him when he may be delighted, or grows dim colored and loses its sparkle when he is gloomy. So that, in a manner, I should tell but a false tale, or only coin from my own brain, if I gave you sketches of lovely spots as if I dwelt among them, when in fact, through my dull eyes, I saw but little pleasant in it at all.

The tourist who came down the mountain threw off his coat for the increasing heat, but the one whom he just then met going up, cried out for the bitter cold. The poor released and prison-worn soldier falls in with the pampered defaulter

at the same cot, and while the first sees Beauty decking the mean walls with pictures of loveliness, the other only clenches his hands and mutters "beggar." Then as the same things appear so very differently to them, there would be a certain impropriety in saying they were both in the same place, though to a third they might so seem.

You remember the sacred word, Leda, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be." So we can say with nearly equal truth, "where one's thoughts are, there is he." I am not going into deep things of philosophy, nor the spirituality of the mystic; but am only trying to show you that we ourselves are always parts, really, of the scenes that we speak of as round us. And then, of course, any variation in us is so much change in the whole, it may be to mar, it may be to adorn. Suppose you are in such a position as I just now imagined you, reclining in a sweet reverie in the old woods, and I should view you from a little way off, with all things about you, then surely I should say, "that is a most lovely picture." But if from your honeyed fancies you should suddenly spring, with the mad fury of Tisiphone in your looks and attitude, or the delirious inspiration of the Bacchantes depicted in your motion and air, then indeed the whole would be altered and saddened, and the strange fright of your inner soul would shadow itself over every thing, just as blood-red clouds at sunset give dull greenness to the pure azure by contrast. And then I should almost weep; for though you and I, and the trees, the birds and the sunshine, were just the same, individually, as before, you could not wonder that I felt as if thrust from paradise into the place of woe.

So I must tell you *what* I am, or the rest has little worth. I am not old, dear Leda, but I have seen some years, and every one of them has brought full tithe of experience and left it with me. I have seen want, and hardship, and pain, as well as comfort and serenity. I have walked through strange city streets alone in the dark, and slept upon the earth in the depths of the forest; have lain long

years upon a sick-bed, have stood by and seen the struggles and closed the eyes of the dying, and have hailed the new-born smiles of my own babies with a kiss. I have dined in luxurious apartments, I have sat in the public councils, and I have wandered, too, in rags, without the prospect of a meal. But, whether panting and moaning in sickness, or battling in midnight journeys with snows and cruel winds, or listening to those who thought fit to praise and flatter me, still in all, and through all, have I seen one glowing sentence before my eyes, luminous and wonderful as a meteor, but gloriously lovely as the rainbow. "Man is, and ought to be, greater than his circumstances!" He is nothing, dear child, who falls like a dry leaf into the flowing current of events, and passively lets himself float hither and thither, with no effort of his own to shape his course. But he who heeds the great truth that has thus pursued me, and boldly leaps up over his pains and dangers, as if he vaulted on the shoulders of armed conspirators, he shall see more and more what he is and what God made him to be. He shall learn what few, it may be, ever come to know, the lofty dignity and worth of the educated and disciplined WILL.

He shall learn, as I have, that the endless details and tangled circumstances of this life are naught but tools or tinsel only to be used as means, or spurned as cheats. In the pure light of the upper and clearer heavens, he shall see, and confess, as I do, that two things only are of great value in this existence—the Book of Nature and the soul whose eyes can read it.

And now, Leda, it may be you think I grow mystical again. No; this is one of my every-day paths. You may place it in the clouds, or the ether, or where you will; it is just as real, and I walk over it as much, as if it were by the side of my pond, or on the slopes of my hill. The aeronaut tells you that things look very differently at the height where he views them, and the vulture finds his prey more easily by means of his lofty flight. So I, too, like to walk at a level

rather higher than some do, for I think I can see more and understand it better—no, no! you are just going to tell me I lift myself over other people, and so despise them; not at all. I am neither afraid of kings nor ashamed of colliers. The collier may have the better soul of the two, for aught I know; I wish I could soar high enough to look down into the inner depths of both and test it, but that belongs to the Great Judge, and I am finite. I despise no man; but, please heaven, no man shall put a yoke upon my spirit and bid me grovel, while I have wings and know it. So I retreat sometimes—nay, often—from where men walk and bargain and crowd, and come and stroll hereabout among the trees and wild flowers. I can enjoy myself better, and my thoughts flow on more evenly, for here is nothing to excite passion, and I can study glory and depravity without being resentful of one or despondent on account of the other. Sometimes I wish you were with me, dear Leda; for then I might have a double and treble satisfaction. I could revolve my thoughts, like sweet morsels, within; I might speak of them to you, in audible accents, and then I might look and listen for the soft, mellifluous echoes that should come back from your heart through your eyes and speech, more gentle far than mine. But it may be better as it is. You remember that Wieland, of his own accord, left the presence of his love that he might enjoy what to him was the deeper pleasure—that of writing to her. But this leads round again to your first inquiry—to the question of where I am.

Some have tried to make themselves think that when the body sleeps, the tireless soul is more than ever alert, and flies forth to unknown lengths and designs. This is too mystical for me, again. I can not think it a very happy conception, for it is not pleasant to have the spirit take such advantage of its partner, who may be, perhaps, equally interested. But when the whole being is awake and active, and thought has all its normal strength and flow, then I can not say, any more than you, how far its range extends, nor whether, often, when

we imagine ourselves with an absent friend, there be not a corresponding thought with him, and more of truth than vagary about the interview. It may be all fancy, but it is very innocent, and you and I, Leda, may, if we choose, take much pleasure in cherishing it. We know little of our senses; feeling and scent and taste need contact, but the ear perceives at miles' distance, and the eye reaches the stars. And with such diversity, have I no sense that can reach a friend, especially when she comes half way?

I am going to think this is so, at all events; and when I follow up my brook and sit down to sketch the ferns and smile at the croak of the frogs at the spring-head, I shall think you are there too. When I go to the top of my hill and gaze long and curiously at the great city that is spread out before and beyond me, I shall talk aloud to you, just as if you heard me. When I saunter in the woods, I shall insist that I hear two small feet pressing the leaves beside my own; and when I take my way to the town, and get half lost in the crowd of rude and eager traffickers, a dear little laugh will now and then ring through my inner perception, and I shall know it is yours. And this shall help to take the edge from care, and make each day more tolerably fair.

Do you know by this, dear Leda, where I am? You must be content; the whole is a long story. I do not know any more where *you* are. It is enough for me that we both are in the bright and tuneful world that a good God has created, that we are parts of it, and may do our share toward filling its crystal rim with the ripples of hope, love and happiness, that shall flow on forever, sparkling in the reflected light of the pure and eternal Heaven.

HYDROPHOBIA.

THIS term has been erroneously applied to the disease arising from the bite of a rabid animal, since many instances are recorded of mad dogs not only drinking freely of water and other fluids, but

actually swimming across rivers; while, on the other hand, the horror of water has attended maladies totally unconnected with rabid injuries. Dr. James relates the case of a mad dog that drank both milk and water, and swam through a pond. Similar cases are recorded of mankind.

The disease was known to the ancients, and the Greek term for rabies was *lyssa*, referred to several times by Homer when Hector is compared to a mad dog by Teucer and Ulysses. It was also known by the name of *cynolison*, *phobedipsos*, and *hydrophobia*. According to Plutarch, the disease was first observed in the time of Asclepiades. Cælius Aurelianus is the most correct of the ancient writers on the subject. This disease, although it may appear in every climate, is far less common in hot regions than in those of a moderate temperature. In the West Indies it is unknown; nor has it been observed in South America. In Egypt and Syria it has never been seen. Mr. Barrow informs us that at the Cape of Good Hope, and among the Caffirs, their dogs are exempt from the malady, although constantly fed upon putrid meat.

Water-dread has been observed in various rheumatic and inflammatory affections, and frequently arises in a spontaneous manner; while many cases are recorded of the alarming symptoms being witnessed when no rabid bite has been inflicted. Violent passions, both in men and animals, seem to impart a peculiar acrimony to the saliva. Meekren, Wolff, Zacutus Lusitanus, mention fatal cases after the bite of a man in a passionate fit. Le Cat gives a case of death produced by the bite of an enraged duck. Thiermayer gives us two fatal cases of the bite of a hen and a goose, and Camararius had an instance of epilepsy produced by the bite of a horse.

Of the cause of the disease we are utterly ignorant; thirst, without the means of quenching it, the use of putrid food, sultry weather, have been considered as producing the fearful disorder; but no one instance is recorded that can justify the opinion. The streets of Lisbon

are crowded with dogs, feeding upon disgusting offal, under a burning sky, yet rabies is scarcely ever observed among them. It is more probable that certain mental emotions, such as anger and fear, have a peculiar influence on the animal. All the aggregate symptoms of the disease show that the nervous system is disturbed; and the singular effect of confidence in the treatment of persons bitten by a rabid animal confirms the fact. This is further proved by many cases of hydrophobia unconnected with rabid bites. Marcel Donat relates the case of a woman who complained of pains in the neck and right arm, with constant trembling. In three days the pain ceased, but the tremor continued; a sense of suffocation followed, which was attended with a horror of water and every liquid, although the throat was burning. In five days she died in excruciating agonies, but preserving her senses until the last. Köhler saw a young soldier who, having fallen asleep against a stove, was suddenly awakened with a sensation of intense thirst, which he quenched with a draught of cold water. Hydrophobia immediately ensued, and the next day terminated his existence. Selig relates the case of a man at Neukirchen, who was attacked with all the alarming symptoms of this malady after having labored in the fields on a very hot day, and bathed in the river. The following day he was affected with violent rheumatic pains, which shortly ushered in an intolerance of fluids, and inability of swallowing. In the course of twenty-four hours he expired. It appeared, upon inquiry, that a year before he had purchased from the hangman of the town some dog's grease, to rub himself, to relieve some troublesome affection; and it was stated that the dog had been killed by a gamekeeper, who suspected him of being mad.

Cases of plague have been attended with water-dread. Lalius Diversus saw a woman laboring under the epidemic, who was thrown into agonies when she even saw other persons drinking. Sarcotius, in his history of the epidemic diseases of Naples, informs us that the

fever was invariably attended with hydrophobic symptoms. The fever that prevailed at Breslau in 1719 presented the same peculiarity.

Various venene substances have also been known to give rise to this disease. Professor Brera, of Pavia, witnessed it after the use of stramonium. Rancid oils have caused similar accidents. In regard to the causes that produced madness in dogs, numerous experiments have been made, particularly in the Veterinary School of Alfort; one dog was fed with salted meat, and totally restrained from drinking; another was allowed nothing but water; and the third was not allowed food or drink of any kind. The first died on the forty-first day; the second on the thirty-third; and the third on the twenty-fifth; not one of them evincing any symptoms of rabies.

It appears that a peculiar predisposition renders some individuals more subject to the accidents that follow the bite of rabid animals than others. Mr. Hunter gives an instance in which, out of twenty persons who were bitten by the same dog, only one received the disease. It appears, however, that this virus is less volatile than most others, and is capable of remaining in a dormant state for a very long period; and if we are to give credence to many reports on the subject, it may linger in the system for several years. At other times, its destructive nature has proved immediately injurious. Heisler has given a case where a man was affected by merely putting into his mouth the cord by which the mad dog had been confined. Palmarius relates the case of a peasant, who, in the last stage of the disease, communicated it to his children by kissing them. It has, however, been clearly demonstrated, that inoculation of rabid saliva does not propagate the distemper. Experiments were made both by Magendie and Breschet in 1818. In 1800, when a dresser in the Hôtel Dieu of Paris, I witnessed several experiments of the kind, and with similar results. At the same period, I had occasion to observe the effect of the imagination in many cases. Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St.

Antoine, and three of them had died in our wards; a report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture that would effectually prevent these accidents; no less than six applicants were served with a draught of colored water, and in no one instance did any accident ensue.

The period of the development of the accidents after the bite in animals is various. According to Meynall, the disease appears among dogs from ten days to eight months after the injury. In the hounds of Earl Fitzwilliam, who were bitten in June, 1791, the intervals varied from six weeks to six months. Dr. James made a similar observation in other packs.

No malady has been submitted to more curious and fearful modes of treatment than hydrophobia; and in many cases, such has been the dread of the disease, that patients have been smothered or drowned. Dioscorides seared the wound with irons heated to whiteness; other practitioners first excised the wounded part, and then applied fire or caustic. While fire was resorted to by some practitioners, water was recommended by others, and submersion in a river or a pond has frequently been urged as an effectual remedy. In the time of Celsus, the miserable sufferer was thrown without any warning into a fish-pond, alternately plunging his head under water and raising it; when the poor wretch could swim, he was forcibly kept immersed until filled with water. After this experiment, which Celsus terms the *unicum remedium*, for fear that the patient might be attacked with convulsions, he was taken out of the pond, and soused in warm oil. Van Helment recommended that the poor wretch should be kept under water while the psalm *Miserere* was sung, and most probably the terrified choristers were not expeditious in their performance. Morin relates the case of a young woman, twenty years old, who was plunged in a tub of water, with a bushel of salt dissolved in it, and dipped repeatedly, until she became insensible; however, much to the surprise of the bystanders, who thought her dead, she recovered, and could not only look upon water, but was

able to drink it. Bleeding nearly to death, mercury, cantharides, and various medicines, have been also called into aid; but none have appeared to prove effectual in curing this dreadful disorder. One of the most singular modes of treatment was the introduction of rabid blood into the system of the patient—in fact, a homoeopathic plan of Dr. Rithmeister of Powlowsk, in Finland, who has recorded several cases to prove that the blood of a rabid animal, when drank, is a specific against canine hydrophobia. The doctor communicates a letter from Dr. Stockmann, a Russian physician, stating this practice to be both common and effectual in White Russia.

With a view of producing a fresh poisonous action that might neutralize the former one, it has also been proposed that a venomous serpent should be made to inflict a wound under the bite of a mad dog. I do not believe that this experiment has ever been tried; and, as Good observes, the claim of ingenuity is, most probably, the only one it will ever have to receive. This fatal disease is enveloped in so much darkness, both as regards its causes and its treatment, that it may well be considered one of the opprobriums of the profession.

To ascertain the existence of rabies in animals, more especially in dogs, is a matter of great importance, as being frequently the source of moral depression or of sanguine hope, that may tend to increase or diminish the severity of the accidents. One may apprehend madness in a dog when we see the animal dull, and seeking solitude and darkness, his sleep disturbed, and when awakening refusing food or drink. Its head droops, the tail hangs between the legs. The animal soon quits the abode of his master, the mouth secreting a viscid foam, the tongue pendulous and dry, the eye bright and sparkling. His gait soon becomes uncertain; now precipitate, then slow and undecided. Impatient, and parched with a burning thirst, he can not rest; and the sight of any fluid occasions an instinctive shudder. The rabid symptoms now become more violent; the animal will attack and bite other dogs, although much

superior in strength. It is asserted that dogs avoid him with terror. On these occasions the fury of the animal is not to be controlled; all ties of attachment are dissolved; and his master is but too frequently the first victim of his indiscriminate rage. Hence the absurd popular notion that mad dogs inflict their first bite on those to whom they are attached—a circumstance that simply can be attributed to the natural endeavors of a master to check the violence of a domestic creature whom he generally can control. Mad dogs seldom bark, but express their angry uneasiness with a growl, which gradually becomes weaker, until the animal staggers, droops, and dies. Yet, as there may exist many maladies among animals in which these symptoms are observed, to destroy them, as is usually the case, is a most absurd practice, since the individuals whom they may have bitten will sink into fatal despondency; whereas, by allowing them to live, if they recover, it is evident that the patient will be easily persuaded that the dog was not in a rabid state.

The following cases, recorded by Dr. Perceval, are curious instances of the dormant state of this fearful virus, the effects of which are accidentally developed.

"A wine-porter was laboring under a low fever; after a time, appeared some symptoms of hydrophobia, and much inquiry elicited the recollection of his having been slightly bitten by a dog six weeks before. In the interval he was convicted of some fraudulent practice in the cellar of his master, to whom he owed great obligation, and was dismissed with disgrace. Anxiety on this event seemed to produce the fever, which terminated in rabies.

"Lately an officer was bitten by a dog, whose madness being recognized, the bitten part was excised immediately; after an undisturbed interval of two months, he was advised to go to England to dissipate the recollection of the accident. There he exercised himself violently in hewing wood, felt pain in the hand which had been bitten, embarked for Ireland, had symptoms of hydrophobia on board the packet, and died soon

after his arrival. From the varying period of attack, we might infer that the influence of occasional causes is very considerable. In the last patient, hydrophobia supervened exactly five weeks from the time of the bite; he lost one hundred and twenty ounces of blood in twelve hours, which sunk him much; violent perspiration, and at length delirium, attended the water-dread; during the last twenty-four hours he swallowed, and recovered his senses; and died slightly convulsed, while eating an egg. These cases seem to point out agitation of mind and feverish excitation as powerful occasional causes.

"Herman Strahl has recently related the following case of rabies in which the dog that had bitten the patient was not mad. In the month of January, 1838, an innkeeper was taken ill. The doctor found him dressed, and stretched upon his bed. He did not complain of any particular ailment, but loathed all food. He at last admitted that he experienced much difficulty in swallowing; and his mother having offered him a cup of tea, he refused it with a sense of horror, and his countenance immediately assumed a character of ferocity that terrified the bystanders. An apple having been given to him he ate it without repugnance. It was now discovered that, five weeks before, he had been bitten by a dog he was training, and the wound was slow in healing. The dog was sought, and did not show the slightest sign of disease, barking, playing, and drinking freely. In the evening the patient's case was aggravated, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was made to swallow a teaspoonful of ptisan. The next day he was seized with a violent attack of rabies; seeing one of his sisters drinking, he fell into a furious rage, dashed a looking-glass to pieces, and entreated his relatives to withdraw, as he otherwise would inevitably bite them. This outrageous paroxysm lasted half an hour; at its expiration he fell into a tranquil sleep. But at night he was seized with another attack, and he began to howl and imitate the barking of a dog, and commenced breaking every thing in the room of a

shining appearance. His sisters fled in dismay; but he seized his mother, a woman of sixty-five years of age, cast her on the ground, and bit her in the cheek. After this desperate act, he seemed to be struck with a conviction of what he had done, and became more tranquil; but, half an hour after, on entering his chamber, he was found dead, his head under the bedclothes. His mother did not experience any accidents from the injury.

"It is singular that, in this miserable condition, the patients will frequently show singular partialities; and, although repulsing any fluids offered to them by some individuals, will take it from others, and attempt, however vainly, to drink. In the *Hôtel Dieu*, of Paris, a young girl, affected with hydrophobia, would only take a cup of ptisan from me; but, with looks of inexpressible anxiety, returned it to me, after having struggled to moisten her burning lips. At Boulogne, a postillion, bitten by a mad dog, was violent with every one but one of my nephews; from him he also accepted drink, although unable to swallow it; before dying in excruciating agonies, he repeatedly asked for him, and begged that he might be sent for. He would not allow, even in his last moments, any other person to come near him—a striking instance of the unknown power of sympathy."

THE MONEYED MAN.

THE moneyed man reduces all sensations into the positive one of dollars and cents. Let another admire the beauties of nature; for his part, he appreciates it only in the intrinsic value. In the waving forests he sees wood; in the flowery meadows, hay; in the golden fields, wheat or oats at so much per bushel; and the most picturesque points of view are nothing in his eyes if he can not ally to them certain calculations of produce or ideas of revenue. His conversation possesses the easy grace of the banking-house, and the playful amiability of the Stock Exchange. Political events interest him only through the influence they

exercise on the funds, and even dread war itself is not such a terrible affair in his eyes when it happens to favor the course of his speculations, for, in his great-hearted liberality, he kneels in adoration before every scheme which may tend to his own individual profit. In short, your true moneyed man, when he can no longer speak of gains to be made or losses to be avoided, is utterly at fault; he is out of his element—a true fish out of water; and accordingly we find him ever seeking to lead back any conversation he may be engaged in to the topic of his heart—*money*.

One can easily conceive how charming such a man must be in society, and the degree of cheerfulness which must reign within his own house. In the evening he amuses his better-half by culling for her behoof choice flowers from the money article of the *Herald*, or reciting to her a few elegant extracts from that treasure-house of useful knowledge—his ledger; he initiates her into his speculations in railway shares, and instructs her in the mysteries of the funds, or the bull and bear system of the Stock Exchange.

The moneyed man can quote the price lists of every commodity in the market, in order to be on a level with buyers and sellers, or to participate in any good thing that may be going; he loves all sorts of barter and exchanges; a "bargain," no matter in what, is his delight; and he pores over the prices of Government bonds, gold, cotton and whisky, as a fashionable lady would over the last new bonnet, or the latest piece of scandal.

The taste of our moneyed man in the fine arts is limited to a quotation of the value of the paintings which he sees in the exhibitions; the picture which has sold for a high price is always superior in his eyes to that which is only highly praised; the merit of the artist is, as it were, tariffed in his head, and he expresses his admiration for their works by saying, "That is worth so much."

If you should chance to meet the moneyed man in the street, in place of saying to you, "How are you?" he will commence with, "Do you know how gold is, this morning?" Instead of ask-

ing after the health of your family, he will inquire if you have sold your ten-forties, your railway shares, your sugars, your breadstuffs, etc., etc., thus making use of you as a sort of mercantile compass, by which his future operations are to be directed.

The moneyed man glides into all the commercial enterprises of the country, less through a feeling of patriotism or from hope of success, than to mix himself up in all the moneyed discussions which arise therefrom, or to have the power of showing forth at the various public meetings of the several companies to which he belongs, his vast knowledge and erudition in financial matters. He holds shares, then, in oil-wells, gas-works, steamboat companies, railway companies, insurance companies; in short, in every company going.

If you make inquiries as to the character or morals of any one that he may be acquainted with, he will tell you that "So-and-so is in very easy circumstances, is well to do in the world, and his credit is good," etc., etc. In speaking of a marriageable young lady, he will say, "She is a girl of ten, twenty, or thirty thousand dollars," according to the amount of her fortune. Do not imagine that he will speak of her virtue, her amiability, her sweetness of disposition; for virtue and amiability have no account at the bank, nor are they ever quoted on "Change." On the other hand, however, he will give you accurate information concerning the fortunes of her relations. He will tell you what "expectations" the young lady has, and will build up the future opulence of her establishment upon the mouldering bodies of her defunct relatives.

The moneyed man will forget your age, which you may have often told him, but he will always remember to a fraction the amount of your income, even though you should have but once informed him thereupon; he possesses, in an eminent degree, the gift of memory of sums; pecuniary recollections are, as it were, incrustated in his brain, which contains the rent-rolls of all his friends and acquaintances.

We leave the reader to imagine if such a man can possibly derive any pleasure from the perusal of a literary work; consequently, we can give ourself up to the full enjoyment of our subject untroubled with the slightest fear of hurting his feelings, that is—if he should chance to have any. In fact, to sum up his char-

acter in two lines, the moneyed man is just that sort of being who, after the performance of a beautiful tragedy, if he did not say, like the famous mathematician, "What does all this prove?" would doubtless exclaim, either, "How much is this worth?" or, "What will the manager clear by it?"

CURRENT NOTES.

A WRITER in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine* tells the story of the Prince of Wales' visit to Cincinnati, and refers to the history of some of Cincinnati's celebrities—among whom he named Mrs. Frances Trollope. This woman won an unpleasant notoriety in the West. Her most absurd but not the less monstrous libels on its people and society still rankle in the bosoms of those libeled, or of their descendants. The writer in *Fraser* tells us that her object in going to Cincinnati was to settle one of her sons, and that she built a bazaar, a "good part of her motive" being the philanthropic one of employing women as shopkeepers—no women at that time having been so employed. This is but a hint at the truth. Mrs. Trollope went to the West to make her fortune by shop-keeping and effrontery. She opened a grand store in her "bazaar" building, filled with costliest goods, which she sold at preposterous prices. She put on "airs" utterly insupportable to the good people of the city—into few of whose houses she was an invited guest. The *Fraser* writer says: "Mrs. Trollope brought good companions with her, and cared little for making acquaintances in the most cultivated circle that existed in Cincinnati." True, she brought with her a lot of "pretty waiting clerks," and these were the "companions" referred to. They were not invited to enter any good social circle in the place. As a consequence of her commingled insolence and folly, the commercial adventure was a bad failure, and her creditors were victimized to the extent of a large sum, which, we believe, *never was repaid*,

save in a book which sought to cover her own short-comings by libeling those among whom she had failed to make her fortune. These are the facts, we believe, of Mrs. Trollope's residence in Cincinnati. Now that her sons have won just distinction as authors, few persons care to recur to an episode in their family history which is not particularly creditable to their parent; but, when an English writer, professedly in full possession of the facts, only reveals one side of the picture, he compels those who suffered most by her scandalous perversions of facts to lift the veil and present the picture as it is known to the old residents of the Queen City of the West.

Among the "curiosities of American literature" will have to be included many of the professed "histories" of the late rebellion. An examination of twelve or fifteen of those which are characterized by their publishers as "most popular" has convinced us that the race of those who

"walk

Where angels fear to tread"

is neither extinct nor confined to State Legislatures. A more abominable mass of disordered facts and distorted figures—of silly inferences and absurd speculation: a more truly worthless gathering of newspaper narratives and grouping of unconfirmed reports: a more utterly unreliable mass of historic statement, can only be conceived by the authors of the books. Kept from "the trade," and sold "exclusively by subscription," these "histories" are successful as publishers' ventures for two reasons: first, because they are elaborately illustrated with engrav-

ings of greater or less merit—chiefly the latter; second, because the class to whom they are sold are better judges of soil and stock and machinery than of literature. Such works could not live in “the trade,” where a book *must* sell on its merit. They never will, therefore, be heard of in the channels of criticism, not meriting notice, save, perhaps, for their very badness. And yet, is it not highly important that the critic should watch these “canvassing” enterprises? They are now so potent in the sale of books that it is questionable if their moral and intellectual influence is not greater than that exerted by the regular trade, great as that is. When we are solemnly assured that the history of the war by — has had a sale of 60,000 sets; that the work of — has had a sale of 75,000 sets; that others of lesser note have reached only slightly lesser figures—we may have some conception of the prodigious trade driven by these shrewdly managed canvassing agencies, and may, hence, safely infer that their influence is mighty. Why, then, exempt them from the searching criticism of their books which is sure to visit all works coming from the press in the usual open ways of the publishers’ counters? It would, in this instance, do immeasurable good for some competent person to examine the *twenty-six* historical narratives, professing to be “histories of the rebellion,” in large volumes—to examine them carefully and expose the shallowness, the unreliability of statement, the almost absolute worthlessness of record, which certainly attaches to seven-eighths of these productions. Palmed off upon those people who buy without the capacity for correct judgment upon the voluminous and costly books, it would be a duty performed both to the publishing fraternity and to the community at large, to show *how* worthless are most of the works which “agents” are pressing into the households of the land.

That some other countries besides Dahomey and the United States give men office who can neither read, write nor talk without swearing, is rather ludicrously confessed by the publication edited by

Charles Dickens, *All the Year Round*. In one of its late issues a tax-payer describes the result of his researches into the “Parish Parliament” (the equivalent of our Common Council), and reports a state of affairs which should remind Charles Dickens of the stones he threw at our glass house. Such talk, such actions, such legislation as the official worthies who control the tax rates and destinies of a London parish, would disgrace the representative of the worst ward in the city of New York. We must quote a single paragraph from the tax-payer’s unwilling revelation:

“While they preserve silence they seem to be a most heterogeneous assembly. But they are all hall-fellows—well-met here. I observe that they pride themselves upon their powers of repartee, or, as it is called here, ‘chaff.’ They stab each other through their pursuits. Thus one, who is a poulterer, is hailed as ‘Turkey-cock,’ who retorts by calling his assailant ‘old Pork-and-peas-pudd’n.’ A gentleman in the building line is addressed as ‘Chimbley-pots’; and the chairman is known to the company generally as ‘Wooden’ead.’ Says one, ‘Chimbley-pots, where ‘ave you bin to-day?’ To which Chimbley-pots replies, ‘Bin on the stink.’ Which, on being interpreted, I find means that, as a member of the sanitary committee, he has been inspecting nuisances. ‘I say, old Pork-and-peas-pudd’n, ‘ow much do you give Chimbley-pots for looking the other way when he passes the trotter-shop?’”

Must we in charity suppose that every British writer on American society, from Dickens down to George Augustus Sala,—a long pair of stairs is between them—sees our social and political blemishes, and little else, because, in these, we *are* inferior to their own people?

Stay away from the city, young men! Don’t rush into New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, from your neat villages where you are *wanted*, and can render yourselves useful members of society. The cities, already, are overcrowded. Too many men, women, and children are there for the work that is to be done. Too many—ah, how many—are led into wrong doing by the very necessities of obtaining the means of livelihood. Professions are over-

crowded, the marts of commerce are overstocked with hands and pens, the trades are ever full to overflowing; living is very expensive, and rewards of labor never positively certain even where labor is obtained. Why, then, this rush to the great centers of population? Do our young men prefer to be lost in the multitude—to become one of ten thousand rather than remain in the villages and there maintain their individuality? It would so seem; and yet, we know almost every ambitious youth longs for individualization, seeks to make for himself a name and a fame. He should, then, remain in the country, in the village, in the town where he is known and where his merit will be recognized, his true position accorded. To come to the city is to be *lost* as an individual—to add one more to the struggling mass, of whom only one in one hundred can, by any possibility, succeed, while ninety-nine fail, and become mere drudges for a lifetime. Take our advice, young men, and shun the city as a residence as you would shun any great evil.

One of the literary novelties announced is "Chambers' Household Shakspeare: being the Dramatic Works of the Great Author, divested of Objectionable Phrases, and suited for reading aloud in the Family Circle." This reminds us of the story of the maiden lady who refused to take passage in a good ship because the captain, in describing her last voyage, had talked of "hugging" the shore. An expurgated edition of Shakspeare's comedies and poems would be an edition shorn of fully one-fifth of its bulk, one-fourth of its wit, one-third of its wisdom, one-half of its piquancy, and *all* of its claims as Shakspeare's own. While we grant that it is full of passages and words totally unfit to be read aloud at the fireside, we can conceive of no pruning process which would not be like opening the veins of a tree when the sap is flowing. No book in existence is so hard to change in a word, phrase, or thought, as the Great Poet's volume. His readers of severest taste, while they deplore the grossness of the times for which he wrote, and lament the looseness of morals which

characterized the court of Elizabeth, and, therefore, the English people, must shrink from any effort to extract what Lord Jeffrey characterized as "the misdirected wantonness of a too lively fancy." Such extraction necessarily must result in a great change of text and thought: each successive effort at "purifying" the text leaving the reader further from the true Shakspeare.

Photography is being put 'into the harness' to subserve the uses of science, in unexpected ways. The last idea suggested is to make it determine the character of the moon's face. All photographs of the satellite taken have that uniform whiteness of surface which indicates a uniformity of feature in the physical aspect. To determine whether or not that whiteness could be the result of a radiating surface of snow or ice, it occurred to certain investigators to have photographs of the Alps made at distances to correspond in visual focus to the distance of the moon. This experiment has proven, seemingly, the assumption of the glacial state of the moon's body. The more perfectly to investigate the question, the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain has ordered its Lunar Committee to subdivide the exposed surface into sections, and these are again subsected into zones. Investigators are given photographs of these subdivisions, and confine their investigations within their limits, making new and repeated photographs and telescopic observations upon the same physical point or surface. That the combined product of these inquiries will result in data of great interest may be assumed. Doubtless, before another decade, we shall know all about the "man in the moon."

We like a good honest criticism. If it be just let it be severe. Severity is to be deprecated when it is intemperate, harsh, or misdirected—when the subject criticised does not warrant the effort. When we therefore read, as we do in a late number of the London *Athenaeum*, strictures on the newspaper "notices" in vogue in this country, we can but say, "lay on!" It quotes, from *Dwight's Journal of Music*, some passages from a

lecture on music by Henry Ward Beecher, in which the "grand piano" of a well-known maker is referred to in a style of such preposterous compliment as to excite doubts in our mind as to the minister's seriousness in pronouncing such a *puff*. "We know," he said, "that some regard the piano as a luxury. We should as soon call a school-house, or a cradle, or household prayer, a luxury." A tendency to exaggeration is one of many sins which are laid to our door as a *national* fault. Certainly, such "lecturing" as the *Athenæum* quotes from the well-known speaker's pen will not dissipate the opinion formed. Nor the following, from the same source, concerning Mad. Parepa's singing:

"Wave after wave of clearest harmony," says the writer, "rose one above the other, until the whole audience seem lifted from their feet in one grand attempt to offer a libation. . . . All that one could do was to sit still and enjoy. . . . Not a soul with an ember of music on its altar, who sat at the grand feast last evening, but will forever remember Parepa."

The success in this country of the singer Parepa, has been to us a source of bewilderment. Having in the winter of 1863 heard her repeatedly in London, both in concert and oratorio, we had formed a favorable estimate of her voice and delivery. She was regarded in London, her home, as a "good singer"—not superior to Madame Sainton-Dolby, nor yet equal to all the requirements of the lyric stage. We remembered her pleasantly, satisfactorily. But "we Americans" have a way of our own, truly. No sooner had the worthy lady been hired, by a shrewd manager, to appear in concerts here, than the press began to be filled with astounding stories of the wondrous powers of *Mademoiselle* Parepa; and as, day by day, we read "critiques" of her performances, we began to think either that we knew not the difference between

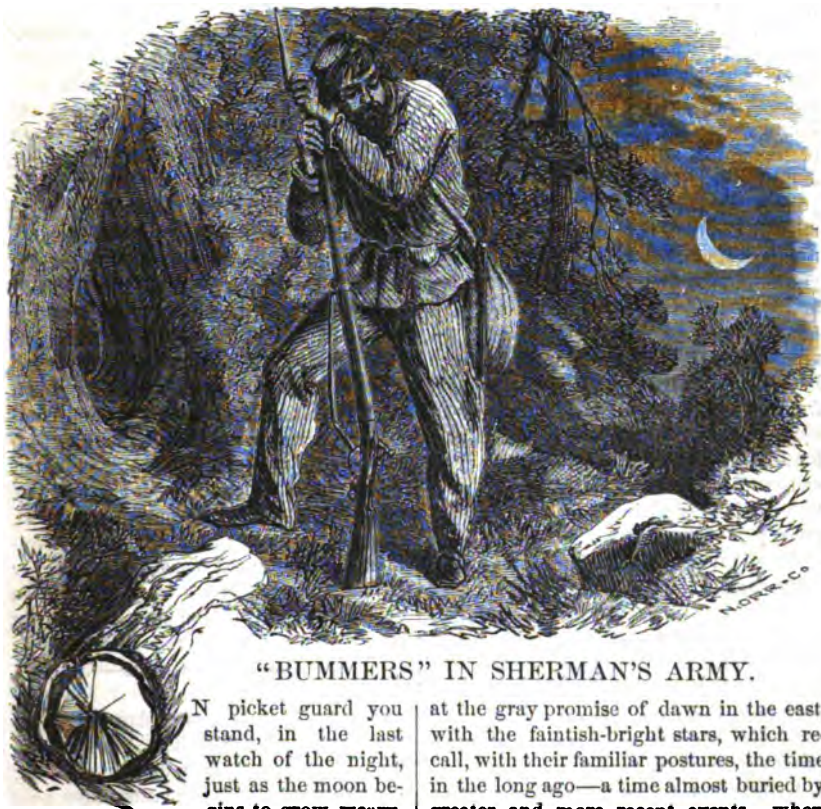
a bass drum and a flute, or else that—somebody was "managing" the singer admirably, *à la* Barnum. We yet are in doubt, and fear that the final conclusion will be that "some things can be done as well as others."

In the recent decease of Mr. ROBERT ADAMS, the publishing trade has lost one of its most amiable and enterprising coadjutors. From the year 1857 up to the date of his death Mr. A. was connected with the house of Beadle and Company, and it is but proper to say that much of the success which has attended the firm was due to his energy and intelligence. He was, in the strictest sense, a *Christian* man—conscientious, high-minded, charitable, and anxious for the good of others. His character, it is the sweet consolation of those who knew him best to say, was a beautiful one, making itself *felt* by all around him. He was an invalid for a long time, suffering from the disease which at last proved the conqueror. During late years he passed his winters in foreign travel, visiting the East, always returning laden with treasures of art and literature, in which he took especial delight; and had arranged again to depart on his annual exile when the hemorrhages set in which bore him away. This magazine had long been a cherished idea. To it he gave especial attention, anxious that it should be a means of *good*, as well as a publishers' success. To his clear judgment and good taste the editor owes much in the way of suggestion and aids in forming the features of the *Monthly*. Hence his loss to us, personally, is one sensibly felt; and we pen this note of tribute to his worth, feeling conscious that few such men have lived, and that none have died of whom it could better be said,

He was all that Man should be,
As just as good, as wise as true.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY.

MAY, 1866.



"BUMMERS" IN SHERMAN'S ARMY.

N picket guard you stand, in the last watch of the night, just as the moon begins to grow weary, and pales away, glad that she sees old Sol coming in all his fiery vigor to relieve her of the task of sending her pale rays into every forest nook.

You stand leaning against the trunk of a grand old Georgia live-oak, whose vast spread of arching branches, with graceful festoons of wavy moss streamers, cast a thick, black shade about you, and screen you well from any stealthy "sneak-foe" who may be crawling about, cat-like, for a shot at some careless Yankee.

You dream—dream as you look out

at the gray promise of dawn in the east, with the faintish-bright stars, which recall, with their familiar postures, the time in the long ago—a time almost buried by greater and more recent events—when mother used to show you the lines of the constellations. Those three bright stars, conspicuous marks of Orion's whereabouts, always were your favorite landmark, and it gives you a thrill of home thoughts to see them here. Just as of old, you trace out the bent knee, or seek for the bent bow, until the duties of a sentry are forgotten in the remembrances of the past. The moon sends a beam twinkling through the leaves right into your eye, and you bend forward to catch a glimpse of her full face. It is the same

old moon, isn't it?—just the same here in Georgia as it was when you and that little blue-eyed Fanny used to pick out its eyes, nose and mouth; or, in later years, which you were wont to look at and sigh, and then look at Fanny, who would sigh too!

But, what is Fanny to you? "A great deal," you say to your outer heart, from your inner heart. And yet, you know perfectly well that, even now, Fanny may be talking to Tom Jones, or dreaming of him, at least. Tom Jones is decidedly too handsome to suit your ideas of utility. You wish you might do some brave thing, and see Fanny when she heard of it. You half wish you might be wounded (not *very* badly), and would like to know how it would touch Fanny's heart. Then you build an air-castle: you are taken home, are laid on your bed, getting well, slowly, from a bandaged arm. Fanny comes to see you—'her old playmate.' You pretend to be asleep, and with closed eyes, can yet feel her presence, very near you. She bends over you—sobs at the sight of your pale face. You open your eyes, and read love in hers. You can only say, "My darling! my darling!"

But all this time, you are not wounded—Fanny is a thousand miles away—and that handsome Tom Jones—who was too proud to become an insignificant private in the army, as you did—he has the daily opportunity of seeing her, and probably she never thinks of you. Such a termination to your pretty dream is very apt to make you feel the chilliness of the morning air.

You remember that, for some time, you have been thinking of Fanny instead of rebels, and have been looking at the fading moon, in place of watching the road. It lies cold and white, in the moonbeams, stretching away in front of you, and with a half-startled gaze your eyes peer and strain in among the dark shadows of the trees, which bathe in black its continuation. A dead silence oppresses you. The moving shadow of a mossy streamer startles you for an instant, and you look nervously behind your back. A stealthy footfall would be

a relief; but not a sound meets your ear. The very insects have ceased their clatter.

Behind you, toward camp, you catch the glimmer, here and there, of the smoldering remains of last night's fires; but a sleeping army makes no noise.

You take up your gun—your faithful companion of many a fight—whose cold muzzle has been leaning against your breast all this time, and you pace to and fro in the shadow. "What's that?" A mule whinnies loudly through the still air, and you are glad of this sign of approaching day. But again—yes, it is the sound of horses' hoofs, and you think of rebel cavalry—dashes on solitary picket posts. Your gun has sprung into life, and, ready to fire, you watch for the first comer. The sound comes nearer, but proves to be from behind, and looking back on the road to camp, you can see a dark cavalcade filling the road, and coming at speed, with much clanging of sabers and with shouting and laughter. At once you understand—it is a party of foragers on their way out of the lines. Or, *technically* speaking, they are "bummers," who are out thus early in order to carry out their motto, of "*primitias corripere*," and believe most fully in the advantages of early rising, to enable them to gather the first fruits—*i. e.*, first pluckings of any house.

Although it is nearly day, you give the accustomed "Halt! Who comes there?" The officer, in due form, giving you the necessary information, they pass on. A motley crew they are—rough and ragged from their long campaign, some in blue uniforms, some in rebel gray, and others in ministerial black broadcloth, with, perchance, a woman's hat, in place of Uncle Sam's somber "tar-bucket."

One rides a young colt, as yet unborn. Another has an old blind horse, who, with flowing mane and tail, has been for years the pet of some "chivalric" children—an heirloom from "Grandpa's" day. Another battles, as he goes, the fierce propensities of a wild mule, who never heard of man that would try to ride him, till yesterday, and now gives



THE FORAGING PARTY.

vent to his rage by kicks and plungings, fighting vainly, for the bummer has him fast, with a strong cord around his under jaw, and clings to his back like a monkey. Another has a poor old mare, heavy with foal, who, with her mane and tail stuck full of cockle-burrs, moves along in a mazed manner—all unconscious that to-day she will be ridden to her death.

Some have saddles, but most have none. A few army blankets, or a stolen coverlet or two, strapped on with a rope, makes a fair substitute; a single rope, with a hitch around the lower jaw of the animal, insures control, and answers for a bridle, as adornment is a question of but little moment, and "appearances" are entirely left out of account.

With shout and song, and many a joke at the expense of the picket guard, away they go, at full speed, making the sorriest-looking beasts accomplish wonders of agility.

Another and another party follow, all going at a furious rate, as if life itself depended on their efforts. Still the camp slumbers on, and still you stand by the old live-oak tree, although your dreamy stage of mind has passed off.

And now, from out of the half-light, sounds a solitary bugle—like the first wavering note of the roused bird, chirping good-morning to its mate. A second bugle answers its reveillé; another and another sound from other camps; the drums take up their morning rattle; soon the air is filled with their deafening jubilee, for they beat with a perfect recklessness at the "get-up" time of the camp. The hum of voices begins to rise; fires brighten up for breakfast; mules whinny and horses neigh; the camp is alive, the birds sing, and—it is day.

Meantime, away go the bummers; each party striving to keep beyond the reach of pursuing parties—each party anxious to have for itself the exclusive right of first search of every house, and has no idea of being disturbed by rival foragers in the carrying on of its duties. So the poor beasts have to take it. Straining muscles—tearing along at a rate of speed wonderfully inharmonious with the appearance of the skin and bones composing them, the poor creatures carry their riders on and on, for many a mile, without a halt.

Before these fellows get to your house, let us whisper a word about them in your

ear. You must look well to your jewelry and watches, for bummers are none too scrupulous when gold is visible. Ostensibly, they seek eatables; but every thing that suits the eye is just as likely to be taken, whether of any possible use to a soldier or not. They will take—just as a spoiled child would with its playthings—*every thing*, and perchance they will, by strange caprice, take nothing. I have seen a bumper carry for two miles a huge eight-day clock, because it had a cuckoo in it which he wanted to show to his “partner” or chum, and then throw it away. At the very next house he will work for an hour, helping the inmates save their property, which again he will regret, so far as to steal a silk dress at the next house. As for eatables, they may as well be considered as doomed, if the bummers get into the premises, for you can not say what, or how much will be taken—from the cattle running at grass in the pasture, to the meal in the sack, in the corner of the store-room. Your chickens and turkeys had best be at once entered on the debit side of the profit and loss account, for their innocent bones will be picked by many a hungry Yankee, this night, if the bummers come. A few choice hens you may save, by hiding them in a barrel with a false lid, covered with seed-corn. A few pieces of select meat from the smoke-house may also be saved, perhaps, by hiding them between the mattresses of your bed. But, with this, as well as other movable property, you can say that nothing is *certainly* your own.

But to return to our bummers: already they have ridden eight or ten miles without a halt, passing the most tempting-looking houses on the way, because they have no time to pause. Their diligence has placed them far in advance of any later foragers. The next large house is their lawful prey. Its outbuildings are in sight in the distance. Put yourself, fair reader, in the place of that young girl on the porch, and see how they act on reaching the place.

You are alone in the house. Tom and Charlie, your brothers, went into the army long ago, and are—you know not

where. Father has just taken his gun and has gone with black Caesar and Jupe to put the horses in a safe swamp. Mother has gone over to tell uncle David's folks that the Yankees camped last night down by the creek, on Judge Forbes' place, ten miles away, and are taking all the horses in the country. The darkies, it is true, remain about the house, and a whole host of tawny young ones are making dirt-pie on the gravel walk, or kicking up their heels on the grass, under the trees. Two or three fox-hounds are lolling about, and old Tower, your favorite, rests his nose between his paws, in calm repose, at your feet.

It is a lovely morning, and you enjoy the clear, fresh air fully, as it comes to you, laden with the sweets of that magnolia, the pride of the household. And as you look at it, the blossoms seem like stars of wax, on the varnished green of the leaves. War does not trouble you, for are not the marching enemy upon the pike, full ten miles away? You are happy in the knowledge that the Yankees are not coming toward you, with their burning, robbing, murdering, perhaps, or whatever the Yankee vandals are reputed to be guilty of.

A moment more, and your happiness is gone. Around the bend in the road comes a rushing black mass, in a cloud of dust, and while you are yet in the first fright, a crowd of dusty, dirty, slouch-hatted blue-coats have trampled over the lawn, and tied their scraggy beasts to the very pillars of your father's house. As you lean on the railings for support, the foremost, passing through the group of gaping negroes, comes on to the porch, says, “Good-morning, ma'am,” and then, the ceremonials being at an end, pushes past you into the house. You are deluged with questions, such as—“Any other Yanks been here to-day?” “Any Johnnies about here?” “Where have you run all your horses to?” Without waiting for replies, they, too, press into the house. With an amazed air, and many a doubt as to your identity, you mechanically follow. Why, your house is completely upside-down. In the very twinkling of an eye, every room has been



IN THE PARLOR.

ransacked, cupboards burst open, trunks and bureau-drawers emptied on the floor, with great, brawny hands overhauling their contents. They invade your own most private apartment, and laugh at the little nick-nacks on the mantel-shelf. They look under the beds to see if chickens are there. They punch in the beds to see if bacon, from the smoke-house, isn't hidden among the mattresses. One stands his gun against a rosewood chair, while he thumbs the elegant books on the parlor table, and reads your age, aloud, from the old family Bible. Another smiles blandly, and, with a touch of pity for your pale face, tries to reassure you by protesting that "Yankees never hurt anybody—you need not be afraid—they only want chickens and sweet potatoes, to keep them alive" (you wish the potatoes would stick in their throats), and he closes by asking you to sing some

rebel songs. A great black-bearded, tangle-haired Michigander reclines gracefully upon the damask lounge, and, with his huge brogans on the nearest chair, asks "Bill" if "this house wouldn't look well on old Dad's place." And you haven't the slightest doubt but what he would carry off house and all if he could conveniently. A fellow, with villainous eyes, under bushy brows, comes in with that hat of yours, which ran the blockade only last spring, and says it fits him so well that he will take it to remember you by. It will do first-rate after he tears off those "ribbons and fluddigs."

Amid all this what can you do? Alone, astounded, you are speechless, and have not yet recovered from the mazing effect of the unheard-of novelty of the thing, the cool impudence of this thieving before your eyes, as if it were done every day.

Chickens squall their loudest in the yard, and pigs trill their shrillest notes in vain, for the hand of the bummer is upon them, and 'this night, whether good or bad morally, both chickens and pigs must die unshriven. They must give their lives 'for their country,' to sustain the hungry hordes who are sustaining it!

There is a shot in the yard, and the next instant your dog Towser comes in, covered with blood, and lays him down at your feet to die. Every dog on the place is killed on suspicion of being related to the species bloodhound. The meanest sneak of a "nigger pup" can not escape, but must pay the penalty of his canine form.

In a few moments one says to his fellow: "Well, let's go," and quick as a flash, with a suddenness which frightens you as much as the arrival, they take their departure. And you? Fancy your feelings, your tears, your reaction of terror, if you can!

This is all a true picture, only perhaps not highly colored enough.

The erring brethren and sisters of the South, having a holy horror of furnishing gratuitous subsistence to their foes, adopted methods worthy of the "cutest"

Yankees to save, literally, "their bacon." To say nothing of the pigs hidden in good wife's bedchamber, or chickens in the flour-barrel, the clothes and crockery are to be hidden, as well as the corn meal, the sugar, the butter, and the meat in the smoke-house.

In the corner of yon garden are two little graves, whose fresh mounds are tastily decked with flowers. Small cedar trees promise to cast appropriate shade over the spot, and the head-boards contain names which remind one of the sad time when Willie died, and when Mary, a half-opening rosebud, was gathered from our midst. The rough but large-hearted soldiers feel sympathy for the bereaved family, and move quietly by. By accident a man jostles one of the cedar trees, and it falls over, revealing the fact that it was merely a pointed stick set in the ground. In an instant a ramrod is thrust into the soft mold, and its revelations warrant the use of a spade, which speedily desecrates the grave, and reveals—no coffin, but a choice set of Sevres porcelain, a hundred or two pounds of sugar, a bag of coffee, a couple of hams, and a quantity of silk dresses and other women's finery. No wonder



A REVELATION.

the "chivs" at the house exclaimed against violating the sanctity of the tomb!

Horses are a frequent stumbling-block to the true bummer. When first detailed to forage, the men are simply ordered to bring in food for their regiment. They are on foot, like their comrades, and can not hope to be of use in providing eatables unless they can get away from the main road to plantations not visited by the main body of the troops. To do this they must be mounted, and therefore the first day's work is merely a horse-hunt.

Cornering some old negro, they adjure him to tell where "master," has hidden his horses. Acting upon the information thus obtained, away they go, as if for a race, for first come first served is the rule, and possession is the full law of proprietorship. After running till out of breath, through thickets and bramble-brakes, over logs and through swamps, perchance they arrive at the indicated point, just in time to see some better-informed or more lucky set of bummers, leading off a prize of horses and mules. Or, perchance, the whole result of an hour's chase will be a single blind mule. But what's the odds? A blind mule can carry a man, or a load of sweet potatoes, and so he is taken along. So, by little and little, the whole party is mounted.

But, woe to the bummer who makes horse-hunting a study, to the detriment of his proper calling! He is seized with a mania whose baneful effects must, sooner or later, recoil on his own head. Either led by reports of fabulously fine horses hidden in a swamp, some twenty miles away, he wanders in pursuit, and is captured—a choice morsel—by the ever-watchful enemy; or, induced by his passion for horse-flesh, he loses his interest in the proper object of his life, and forgets to bring in sweet potatoes, till he is reported by the officer of the forage party as of no use, and his bummer's patent—i. e., his mule—taken from him. Then must he trudge, footsore, along, like the rest of the army, and then can he live over, only in dreams, the happy day when, mounted on a fiery mule, he was wont to roam at his own sweet will, from

house to house, gathering chickens from each in turn.

Wonderful as it may seem, bummers sometimes had battles, but from the nature of their life, their valor was largely tempered with priceless discretion.

Riding along through an open field, far away from the main army, a couple of pretty puffs of smoke spring out from a distant fence. On the instant you hear, "pop!" "paff!" and "siew, ziew," come the bullets. Such an occurrence will make any group of bummers pause and meditate. If a hasty reconnaissance reveals but two or three of the enemy, valor at once leads the whole party to make a wild onset, with yells akin to an Indian war-whoop. If, however, the enemy is in any respect of equal force, discretion leads our bummers to leave so unpleasant a locality, while after them, yelling like demons, come the rebels. To a disinterested person—a neutral (an Englishman, for instance)—a view of the race which ensues would be deeply instructive. Instinct rather than knowledge of the country leads the bummers to follow the direction toward the main army. Casting away all incumbrances, such as hams and heavy bags of sweet potatoes, and reserving only the chickens dangling from the saddle-bow, cawing with outstretched wings at the unwonted exercise, the motley crew of bummers fairly fly over the ground. With many a shot and curse and complimentary invitation to "halt, there!" the gray-clad rebels come thundering after them, with all the excitement of a buffalo-hunt on the western prairies. Now they gain on their prey, and renew their wild yells and their firing. But the unaimed bullets fly wild, and the bummers, unhurt, press their spurs more fiercely into the bleeding sides of their astonished steeds. Bursting through fences with many a tumble and remount, struggling through and leaping over ditches—tearing through thickets, where hats are at a discount, the bummers still fly on. Ah! yonder is the main road—only reach that and escape is easy. Rebels curse again; bummers spur more deeply; the road is gained—they are safe!



RECOUNTING HIS ADVENTURES.

But stay. At that last fence a luckless, blind ancient of a mare caught her foot, and deposited her bummer-rider some half a dozen yards in advance, scattered all over the ground, as to his belongings, but unhurt. The gray-coats are upon him; surely he is lost. Pausing not for an instant, only with his gun, hatless, and still in no wise anxious to see Andersonville, he runs on winged feet toward the nearest clump of timber. Now is the time to exercise his lower muscles, and he does it, too. Five rebels devote their especial attention to this luckless chicken-stealer. Already their horses' hoofs tread the ground warm from his footsteps, but he gains the wood; it is a swamp, and he is saved! One instant he stops, turns, and, with his thumb to the tip of his nose, makes his adieux to the pursuing five; then, with fresh spirit, breaks through the tangled underbrush,

and splashes with undiminished speed through the water.

But why is he safe? do you ask? Because he will not be found unless a half-hundred men join in the search, and, as these men can not ride into the swamp, they must leave their horses on the edge, with a couple of men to watch them. The country is swarming with other parties of bummers, and just as sure as the rebels leave their horses for five minutes, just so sure are the bummers of capturing the horses. Therefore the rebels make no attempt to pursue the solitary Yankee into the swamp, but watch around awhile, and then, as night draws near, they depart discomfited, after gathering up the chickens and other *débris*, from the scene of the fall. As for the beswamped Yankee, he is able fully to rejoice in the pleasures of solitude, and is content to eat humble pie for

a short time, stretched full length on a prostrate, vine-embowered log, thereby to insure his freedom, for at dusk he will creep cautiously out, and the distant lurid glow in the heavens will guide him to the camp, where, before morning, you will see him stretched in an attitude of easy repose before the fire, pipe in mouth, recounting his adventures to a circle of admiring comrades.

Of course all these rough-riders fared not so well in their little passages-at-arms with the enemy. Sometimes their gallantry was their ruin. Enchanted by the beauty of some fair maiden, two or three blue-coats sit on the porch of a pleasantly shaded house to pass away the hottest hour of a lazy summer afternoon. Their horses are tied to a fence near by. They have forgotten to bother themselves with their guns, which hang on the saddles. The Southern girl is pretty, talks well, and looks kindly on them. So they discourse agreeably of merry days in past campaigns, and forget the existence of the enemy. Meanwhile Delilah's sister, a little barefooted, tangle-haired witch of ten summers, has slipped out of the back-door, and has scudded over to neighbor Broxton's. The consequence is that the incautious Yanks are awakened from their dream of bliss by the rush of many feet, by a score of glistening gun-barrels, and before they can say "what!" they are on their way to the prison-pen.

Again, not a mile from camp, almost in sight of the tents, two foragers, in search of meat for supper, have found a pen containing a sizable porker. Setting their guns against the fence outside, they draw their knives, spring into the sty, and proceed to butcher the hog on the spot. Cautiously creeping up, outside, comes a long, lank, gray figure, with matted hair and grizzly beard. Noiselessly taking up the two guns, he fires the two bullets into the pen. Three hours after, a party of Union soldiers find a deserted house, and in the pig-pen, two dead soldiers, and no soul to explain the story. Amid deep curses and muttered vows of vengeance, they take up the bodies and

bury them, after having burnt every building on the premises.

Last winter, when we were marching through South Carolina to join in the closing scenes of the rebellion, Wade Hampton, the cavalryman, took it into his head that it was not proper for us to eat our daily bread at the expense of the people who were fighting against us. Accordingly he issued his fiat that all United States soldiers found foraging should die. After this, we used to find daily dead bodies of our soldiers, labeled, "Death to foragers!" These were buried by our army, their only epitaph being, "*murdered.*" Sherman's prompt and rigid retaliation, man for man, soon stopped such brutal doings, however.

Those of you who saw the trains of Sherman's army passing through Washington on the day of the grand review, will remember the peculiarly interesting feature formed by the bummers and their steeds. But more interesting than this, and more picturesque, because less constrained, were the scenes nightly presented on the return of the heavily-laden forage parties.

Hungry and tired, you reach camp an hour before sundown. You have had no dinner, and have nothing on hand for



RETURNING TO CAMP.

supper. Yet you have full faith that, by supper-time, you will have a feast worthy of your acceptance.

The foragers begin to come in from their wanderings. First come the lighter horsemen, hung all over with spoils of chickens, turkeys, geese and hams—with bags of sweet potatoes and corn, and bearing on their backs sheaves of fodder for the rejuvenation of the wearied beasts. As in the morning in a continual stream the bummers go forth, so now they come back in an apparently never-ending column. Horses, mules, oxen, saddled and ridden by the most wonderful specimens of humanity, loaded to the very road with good things. Wagons, coaches, buggies and cotton-carts, attended by swarms of "fresh" negroes, who join the procession by a sort of strange fascination! Here is a mule and an ox harnessed together with ropes, into a rough cart, full of sweet potatoes. Upon the damask cushions of a gay old family coach, repose plethoric jugs of molasses, and beside them, a few sides of bacon, a lady's silk dress, and a chicken or two, the vacant space being filled in with the ever-present corn fodder. A solitary ox, harnessed between the shafts of a light top buggy, draws a ponderous load of eatables, while on the summit of the pile sits enthroned the master thereof, in the shape of a dirty—of course, dirty—and ragged bummer, happy as a king, and wearing, as a crown, a burnished steel helmet, which he has purloined from some militia armory. Another wagon bears in a load of wine, dug up in some swamp. And here comes a family caravan, fifteen or twenty mules and horses tied together, each to the tail of one in front—all loaded with the fruits of the land, each with a strapping dandy in cotton robes riding them in triumph, as he fancies, to his freedom.

If you watch the road until midnight, you will not see the end of this procession; so, why weary yourself? Come to my tent and I will show you a regal repast. True, there is no table-cloth, and the plate service is made of tin, but here is savory stew of chicken, and roast of pork, and sweet potatoes burst their

brown skins with golden richness. Hard bread is the one prosaic *fact* of the table, and next to it lies a lump of butter resembling gold, in color, as well as in the fact that it has been dug from a hiding-place in the ground. Splendid coffee I can give you, and of wines I have a choice selection of fifty-year-old Madeira, from a certain cellar that I know of.

After supper come pipes and tobacco, for the consolation of our digestive organs. Around the fire you sit, talking of olden times or looking lazily into the flame. Tom brings up a new arrival from the slave-huts on the next plantation. Your first question, "Can you dance?" brings to view a long row of glittering teeth, as he answers, "Oh, yes, sah." So Tom plays the violin for him, and you have a Simon-pure negro minstrelsy for the evening entertainment, and probably more thoroughly comical than "Bryants'."

Oh, well, it's late—let's go to bed. Tom brings up a night-cap for you, in the shape of a concoction of hot water and sugar and a stick, and—ahem—must I say it?—peanut whisky! Under its potent influences you are soon oblivious of bummers and their camps.

This is one of the episodes of the late war, which, while it has not the dignity of military history, yet is a military fact which those who suffered will not forget. To lay waste every thing which could contribute to insurgent strength was a fundamental law of Sherman's progress. This being his purpose, the work performed by the bummers was but part of the grand scheme of debilitation; and that must suffice to cover their sins from the blasting disgrace which ever should attach to robbery and promiscuous plunder. We have recorded their doings as they seemed to us on the march, with all their humors and most characteristic features; but now that we are out of the ranks, and must look back upon events with the clearer vision of the citizen, we are decided in our opinion that the "Bummer Brigade," as conducted, was neither a credit to the service nor an organization permissible by any known laws of war.



"WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY LOOKS, RICHARD?"

THE DEAD LETTER.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LITTLE GUEST AND THE APPARITION.

I WENT to Mr. Argyll's to the Christmas dinner. I was surprised to meet Eleanor in the family group; for, although she now frequently joined the home circle, I thought that on this holiday her own loss would press upon her with overwhelming weight. Instead of this, I saw

a light in her countenance which it had never before worn; her face, totally devoid of smiles or color, yet shone with a serene and solemn luster, the most touching, the most saddening, and yet elevating, of any expression I had ever seen upon human features. My intense sympathy with her taught me how to translate this new phase of her mind; I felt that, in those mystic vows which she had taken

upon herself with a spirit, she had derived a comfort ; that she joyed in the consciousness that she was now and from henceforth evermore the bride of him who waited for her in the mansions of the Heavenly country. This life was transient—to be meekly borne a little while alone—then she would go to him who awaited her in the only true and abiding home. I, and I only, looked upon her as the wife of Henry Moreland as sacredly as if he were her living partner. I only was fitted, by the power of my own passion and suffering, to appreciate her position, and the feelings with which she now returned to her friends, to play such a part in life as duty still pointed out. I can not explain with what an emotion of reverence I took and pressed the little, attenuated hand which she placed in mine.

There had been, as yet, no change in Eleanor's demeanor toward me. Whether I imagined it in the rest of the family, or whether they had changed, this much was still certain, and gave me the deepest pleasure I could now know : Eleanor was the same to me as she had ever been—the benignant, gentle sister, who loved and trusted me as a dear brother—more dear than ever since I had given such proofs of my devotion to her cause—since she could not but see how my very heart was wrung with the pain which tore her own. As long as she continued to treat me thus, as long as I could give her one smallest atom of pleasure in any way, I felt that I could bear any thing from the others. Not that there was any thing to bear—nothing—nothing, except that indefinable air which a sensitive spirit feels more keenly than an open slight. The new year was now approaching ; it would be the most natural time for entering into new business relations ; I felt that if Mr. Argyll intended to offer me the partnership, he would do it then. If he did not—I must look out for myself. I must go away.

The Christmas dinner was the sumptuous feast which it always had been, the old housekeeper having taken it into her own

hands. She, to judge by her provision, felt that such kind of painstaking would be a relief to the general gloom. No guests were invited, of course. It was touching to see how the servants persisted in placing every imaginable delicacy before Miss Eleanor, which she could not, by any possibility, even taste. A cup of coffee, with a piece of bread, made up her slender Christmas feast. Yet it was a joy to her father to have her at the table at all. Mary's affectionate glances continually sought her face ; parent and sister both felt relieved and comforted by its tranquil expression.

James, too, was cheerful ; he would have been brilliant had an opportunity afforded. I, who read him tolerably well, knew that it was the sight of Eleanor's tranquillity which had inspired him—and that he did not understand that saintly resignation as I did.

In the course of the conversation around the table, which I did my best to make cheerful, I happened to speak of Lenore Burton. It was not the first time I had mentioned her, always with such enthusiasm as to excite the interest of the ladies. Mary asked me many questions about her, finally turning to her sister, and saying :

" You were always so fond of children, Eleanor. May I send for this beautiful little girl to spend a few days with us ? "

" Certainly, Mary, if you think you would like her company. "

" Do you think her father would trust her to us a little while, Richard ? "

" He can be persuaded, without doubt. "

After we had left the table, Mary came to me, with much animation, to whisper her ideas about the proposed visit ; she thought the sight of an agreeable, lovely child about the house might interest Eleanor more than any thing else possibly could, and would, at the least, delight her father, who was drooping under the silence and mourning in his home. I quite agreed with her in her opinions, deciding to write, that evening, a pressing plea to Mr. Burton, promising the most careful attention to his frail little household blossom which

a trusty housekeeper and loving friends could extend. I would come down to the city for her, and attend her dutifully upon her little journey, if his consent was given, and Miss Lenore herself approved the action.

The next day I had an answer. Mr. Burton wrote that Lenore was delighted with the invitation, and that he accepted it the more willingly, as he was called unexpectedly to Boston, where he should be absent a week or ten days, and that he had not liked leaving his daughter so lonely during the holidays. He added that he was obliged to leave that morning; but I might come for Lenore at any time; I would find her ready; and that, upon his return from Boston, he would come up to Blankville after her; closing his note with polite thanks for our friendly interest in his little girl, etc. Thus every thing was satisfactory. The third day after Christmas I went down, in the morning, to New York, returning in the afternoon with my little treasure, who was brimful of happiness, enjoying the ride with the zest of childhood, and confiding herself to my guardianship with a joyful content, which awakened my tenderest care in response. This artless faith of the child in the providence of the grown-up man it is which brings out the least selfish part of his character, bowing his haughty, hardened nature to minister to the humblest of its confiding wants.

The sisters both came into the hall to receive their little visitor. They took her into the parlors, bright with chandelier and firelight, unhooding and uncloaking her before the grate. I was anxious to witness the impression she made, for I had been so lavish of my praises, as to run the risk of creating a disappointment.

It was impossible to be disappointed in Lenore. She made conquest of the whole family in the half-hour before tea. It was not her exquisite beauty alone, but her sweet expression, her modest self-possession amid her stranger-friends, enhancing its effect. Mr. Argyll brightened as I had not lately seen him; every other minute Mary would repeat the welcome of her

little guest with another kiss, declaring in her pretty, willful way, that Mr. Richard was not going to monopolize Miss Lenore because he was the oldest acquaintance—Lenore having chosen her seat by my side, with her hand nestled in mine.

James was not in the house; he did not come home until some time after we had taken our tea—drank his alone in the dining-room—and joined our circle quite late in the evening. As he came in we were sitting about the fire. Lenore had gone, of her own inclination, to Miss Argyll's side, where she sat on a low stool, with her head against the lady's lap. She made a gay picture as she sat there, framed around with the black of Eleanor's garments. Her traveling-dress was of crimson merino, and her cheeks—what with the ride in the cold air and the glow of the present fire, were almost as red as her dress; while her golden curls streamed in shining strands over the sable habiliments against which she rested. She was replying archly to some teasing remark of Mr. Argyll's, and I was thinking what a brightness she would give to the dull house, when James came forward, holding out his hand, with one of his pleasantest smiles, saying:

"This is the little lady, is it, whom we have been so anxiously waiting to see? Can I be introduced, cousin Mary, or does not the Queen of the Fairies allow herself to make the acquaintance of ordinary mortals?"

You have noticed, reader, how some little cloud, floating in the west at sunset, will be flushed through with rosy light, and how, instantly, while you gaze, it will turn gray, losing every particle of radiance. So the child changed when he approached and spoke to her. Her cheeks faded to a gray whiteness; her eyes were riveted on his, but she could not smile; she seemed to struggle with some inward repugnance and her sense of what courtesy demanded; finally she laid her little cold hand in his, without a word, suffered him to kiss her, and, clinging close to Eleanor, remained pale and quiet—her gayety and bloom were alike gone. Mr.

Argyll could not rally her—she shrunk like a sensitive plant.

"If that pallid, stupid little creature is the marvelous child Richard promised us, why, I must say, he has shown his usual good taste," commented James, in an aside to Mary. He was not flattered by the reception he had met.

"Something is the matter with her, James. She is wearied with her journey. I am afraid we are keeping her up too late. She was gay enough a little while since."

"Are you tired? Would you wish to go to bed?" whispered Miss Argyll.

"If you please," she replied, with an air of relief.

"You are not getting home-sick so soon?" asked Mr. Argyll.

"I am not; I like it here very much," answered Lenore, candidly. "Something is the matter with me now, sir, and you must please excuse me. My head began to ache just now—so I suppose I had better go to bed."

She bade us good-night with a smile so restrained that I felt afraid she was not going to enjoy her visit. Eleanor herself took her away to the maid who was to attend upon her, and did not return to us until her little guest was in bed.

"Come, Mary, let's drop the baby question and play chess," said James, impatiently, as we discussed the visitor; "I'm tired of the subject."

"Wait until to-morrow, and you will become interested too," she responded.

"I like hearty little bread-and-butter girls," said he, "but not such die-away misses as that. She looks to me as if she read Coleridge already. Children should be children, to please me."

The repulsion was mutual. I only had noticed the strange effect wrought upon my pet by a sight of James, and knowing, as I did, and the others did not, the peculiarities of her temperament, it had astonished me, and aroused my curiosity. By the ill-humors with which he received any allusion to Lenore, I believed that James himself was conscious that the pure eyes of the child looked straight into the

darker chambers of his heart, and was frightened by what she saw there. A young man who was gambling away his uncle's property upon the credit of a daughter's hand which he had not yet won, could not have a very easy conscience; and it was not a pleasant thing to be reminded of his delinquencies by the clear eyes of an innocent child. As he became absorbed in his game of chess, I sat studying his countenance, and thinking of many things. I wondered if his uncle and cousins were not aware of the change which was coming over him; that reckless, dissipated look which writes certain wrinkles in a young man's face, over-written in his by outer smiles, which could not hide the truth from a discerning eye. I asked myself if I could justify my course in keeping silence about what I had seen; it was my plainest duty to inform Mr. Argyll, not only on his account, but on James' also. Such a knowledge, coming to his uncle, though it would be terribly mortifying to his nephew, might be the means of breaking his new fetters of habit before they were riveted upon him. Such, I felt, was my duty. At the same time, I shrunk from it, as a person situated as I was naturally would shrink: I was liable to have my motives misconstrued, to have it hinted that self-interest was prompting me to place James in a bad light. No, I couldn't do it! For the hundredth time I came to this conclusion, against the higher voice of the absolute right. I was glad to strengthen myself in my weak course by remembering that Mr. Burton had requested my silence, and that I was not at liberty to betray his confidence. Looking at him, thinking these things, with my thoughts more in my eyes than they ought to have been, had I been on my guard, James suddenly looked up and encountered my gaze. He pushed the board aside with an angry motion, which overthrew half the men and entirely disconcerted the game.

"Well, how do you like my looks, Richard?" the defiant eyes glittering with a will which overpowered my own, smiling a deadly smile, which threatened me.

"How peevish you are, James! I believe you threw up the game because you saw I was checkmating you," cried his cousin.

"That's it, my dear child; I never would allow myself to be checkmated!"

"Then you shouldn't play!"

"Oh, sometimes I allow women to win the game; but when I play with men, I never give up. The man who attempts the chances with me must prepare for defeat."

"How generous you are to the witless sex," said Mary, sarcastically. "I am much obliged to you, that you sometimes allow us to win. Just pick up that castle you have sent tumbling in ruins, if you please, sir—and don't ask me to play chess for at least a fortnight."

I perceived a threat in his words of which the girl was quite innocent; he was throwing down the gauntlet to me; again and again his air, his words, were such that I could put no other construction upon them. He was determined to misunderstand me—to look upon me as a person seeking to injure him. I was in his way—I must get out of it. This was the manner he put on to me. I felt that night, more than ever, the conviction that my connection with the Argylls was about to be broken. If James felt thus toward me, I should be unwilling to take a position which he regarded as belonging, by right, to himself. Worse than all, I felt that his treacherous nature was working secretly against me, and that his efforts had already told upon those whose love and respect was most precious to me.

Shortly after, I took my leave; he was so engrossed, with his back toward me, looking over some old engravings, that he did not turn to say good-night. My room at my boarding-house had a particularly cheerless air that evening; I felt lonely and embittered. My heart ached for sympathy. I resolved that, if a partnership was not offered on New Year's, I would propose a visit to my mother, for whose love and encouragement I longed. The event of going away, too, would give Mr.

Argyll the opportunity of declaring himself in one way or another.

Lenore's visit was a decided success—in the way, too, which I had hoped for. Her fine and spiritual nature was drawn toward Eleanor in a manner which made the latter love her, and grow to feel a consolation in the touch of the little hand, the unsought kiss, and the silent sympathy which brought the child to sit hours by her side, saying nothing, but looking with wonder and reverence at a sorrow too deep for her young heart to fathom. Lenore frolicked with Mr. Argyll, chatted and sung with Mary; but she was always ready to leave either for her quiet corner by Miss Argyll. Mary pretended jealousy, though we were all glad to see the interest Eleanor took in the child. One of our greatest pleasures was in Lenore's singing. I have mentioned the purity and great compass of her voice. To hear her sing some of Handel's music, of a Sabbath twilight, was almost to obtain a glimpse into the heaven toward which her voice soared. I saw Eleanor quietly weeping while she sung, and I knew the music was loosening the tense strain upon her heart-strings.

I was interested in watching two things—first, the attachment between Miss Argyll and Lenore; secondly, the persistent effort of James to overcome his first aversion, and his ultimate success. By the second day he had mastered his chagrin at the evident dislike of the child, who could hardly compel herself to be polite to him, and who grew constrained and pale whenever he was near her. James Argyll was not the man to allow a child to slight him with impunity. His indolence was a repugnance to business and study; it was no weakness of the will, for when he set his resolves upon an object, he usually accomplished it. I saw that he had resolved to conquer Lenore. He paid court to her as if she were a 'lady of the land,' instead of a little girl; on New Year's he overwhelmed her with splendid presents; he took her out sleigh-riding alone with him, in a fancy cutter, which he declared was only just large

enough for those two, with chimes of silver bells and a spirited horse. I ought not to have felt grieved that Lenore, also, like the rest of the world, proved faithless to me. But I did. I was more hurt by perceiving her growing indifference to me and her increasing fascination for James, than the subject warranted. I should have known that rides and dolls, flowers and flatteries, and a dainty little ring for her forefinger, would win any little maiden of eleven; but I had estimated Lenore's character higher. I had noticed her attractions and repulsions, the former always toward noble and true persons—the latter toward the unworthy. Now, however, my little bird was charmed by the serpent's eye; she was under the influence of James' will, and I resigned her.

About ten days after my visit to Mrs. Scott, I kept my promise to her, by returning to inquire about the present condition of Moreland villa. I saw, as soon as I entered the cottage, that her mind was preyed on by the same convictions which had troubled her on the former occasion.

"If there ain't at least one ghost in that house, then there never was such a thing, and there never will be—there, now! You've seen for yourself there ain't a human being in it—and *there is something!* I've seen it and heard it, and you can't convince a person against them two senses, I reckon."

"I don't want to convince you, Mrs. Scott; I only want to convince myself what this thing is which you have seen and heard. Have you had any new revelations?"

"I've seen the death-light once since, standing over the house; we saw it, too, shinin' out of that room—John and I saw that together. We was so set on findin' out whether it was sperits or not, we mustered up courage to go through the house ag'in, the next day, and as sure as you're settin' there, *something* had been back and laid down on that 'ere bed ag'in—something light, that scarcely made a dent—you needn't tell me 'twas any human

mortal, which it wasn't. We've heard children cryin', too, which is an evil omen, the dream-book says; an' to clap the climax, Mr. Redfield, there's no use keepin' it back—*we've seen the ghost!*"

I was now as interested as the woman could desire; she had stopped, mysteriously, after making this grave declaration, and sat looking me in the eyes. I returned her gaze with one of silent inquiry, leaning a little forward in my chair. Mrs. Scott smoothed her apron absently, with her large hands, still looking into my eyes, as if she saw the ghost in their distending pupils. I made up my mind that I was going to hear either something of ridiculous shadowyness, magnified into an apparition, or something which would give some tangible clue to the mystery, if there was a mystery, of Moreland villa.

"You have been fortunate," said I. "What was it like, pray?"

"You've noticed there was a little balcony under the windows of Henry's room?"

"I know there is such a balcony."

"It was there we saw it. You know how bright the nights have been lately, with the full moon and the snow. John and I walked out, night before last, to the front of the villa, to see what we could see—and there it was! It was as light as day, and we both had a good look at it. I don't know how long it might have stayed if I hadn't screamed. John clapped his hand over my mouth to stop me, but he was too late; it sort of riz right up and disappeared."

"But what was it like?—man, woman, or child?"

"It was like a ghost, I tell you," replied the housekeeper, stoutly. "I s'pose sperits are dressed purty much alike, in the next world, whether they're men or women. We read in the Bible of the white robes—and I've never heard of a spook that was dressed any other way. It may have been Henry in his shroud, for all I know—that's what I believe it was—there now!"

"Henry was never dressed in a shroud," I answered, gravely; "he was buried in

a black-broadcloth suit. So you see that you were not correct there."

"Oh, well, Mr. Redfield, we can't understand these things—it isn't give to us. I can tell you what John and I saw, and you can make up your own mind. There was a shape, on the balcony, standing straight up, white all over. A long white garment hung from its head to its feet; its face was turned up to the moon, and its arms were raised as if it prayed. Its eyes was wide open, and its face as pale as a corpse's. John and I will both make our affidavit to it, in court, if it's necessary."

"Where did it go to when it disappeared?"

"It seemed to me to turn into the air; but that I wouldn't be so sure about. John thought it went right through the side of the house."

"Was the window open behind it?"

"Wal, really now, I wouldn't swear that it was, or wasn't. The fact is, I was so scaart the minit I saw it, I like to have dropped. John was for stayin' 'to see if

it wouldn't come ag'in,' but I wouldn't let him; so we both cut and run."

"I am sorry you didn't use your eyes to better advantage."

"When you see a thing like that, I reckon you'll run, too. It ain't at all likely the window was open, or we would have noticed it. It was all shut up the next mornin', the same as ever."

"That was yesterday. I suppose you have not been in the villa since?"

"Lord! no, sir. I wouldn't go now for a hundred dollars."

"Have you noticed any thing else peculiar?"

"Yes, sir. There's been footsteps around the house in the snow."

"Indeed?" I said, eagerly; "that is more like something. Can I see them now?"

"No, sir; the sun's melted 'em all off. But if you're thinking they're the tracks of persons comin' about the house for any purpose, just tell me, will you, sir, how they happened to be just about the



THE DEATH-LIGHT.

porch, and so on, and not a track to it, nor away from it, in no direction?"

"Indeed, I can not explain it, until I've rooted out the mystery from the beginning."

"Nor it can't be explained," cried the housekeeper, triumphantly.

It worried her to think I was so skeptical when she had given me such absolute proofs; the idea of the haunted villa was making her really sick, yet she would not give up her cherished belief in its being haunted. I think she would have been disappointed if any one had come forward and sworn himself the ghost.

I sat a little while, pondering her statements. There had been nothing, on the former occasion, to convince me that any intruder, human or spiritual, had been in the villa—except the shadowy imprint of a form on Henry's bed, and for the proof that it had not been made before the house was cleaned up, I had nothing but her word. As for the death-light and the wailing sounds, I conceived that, in that lonesome, solitary place, two persons of the class to which these belonged, with their excited imaginations reacting upon each other, might easily persuade themselves of such marvels. Even in this last statement, that both of them had clearly and distinctly seen a white form on the balcony of the room, I did not find much to disturb me. There is nothing better for producing all kinds of shapes and phantoms to a frightened or superstitious eye, than a bright, moonlight night. It is far better than the deepest darkness. The earth is full of weird shadows; the most familiar objects take on an unnatural appearance in the gleaming rays, enhanced in their strange effect by the black, fantastic shadows which stretch away from them. Add to this, a garment of snow, spread over every thing. The landscape on which we have rested our gaze, every day, for years, under these circumstances, will be as novel to us as if it were a bit of scenery transplanted from some strange and far country. A vivid fancy, predisposed to the work, can make an excellent ghost out of a rose-

bush or a fence-post—a fearful apparition out of the shadow of a cornice heaped with snow. In the present case, not only were the man and his wife in that feverish state in which the eye makes visions for itself, but they were quite ready to link such phantoms with Henry's room, which they had previously decreed to be the favorite abode of the ghost. A review of the whole case led me rather to be vexed with them, than satisfied there was any reason for the mental 'stew' into which they had heated themselves. The only tangible things of the whole medley were—the footprints. If there were actually traces of feet walking about the premises, that was enough to satisfy me—not of a ghost, but of a person, engaged in prying about the villa for some unlawful purpose. I made up my mind to watch for this person, and entrap him. It occurred to me, at once, that one of those dare-devil spirits, to be found in every community, was purposely getting up scenic effects on the premises, for the amusement of spreading the report that the villa was haunted, and exciting the gossip and credulity of the village. I was indignant at the heartlessness of the plan, and resolved, should I catch the perpetrator, to inflict such summary chastisement as would cure him of his taste for practical joking. The assertion of the woman that the tracks began and ended nowhere—that no one had approached the house, because there were no footsteps coming in from any direction—did not receive entire credit from me. Were that actually the case, then—it was positive evidence that the person was secreted in the dwelling—an idea foolish and incredible, on the face of it, for many reasons.

However, I was in earnest, now, about the matter; I would ascertain the truth, or explode the falsehood, and make an end of it, before painful reports should reach the ears of friends, or every idle ragamuffin in the country make that hallowed place, consecrated by the ties and memories of the one now gone, the focus of his vulgar curiosity.

"Where is your husband?"

"He's sortin' pertaters, or tyin' up seeds, in the loft."

"Please call him down, and give me the keys of the house."

The gardener came, following very reluctantly, at my bidding, while I again entered the villa, and went over every room, stationing him in the hall, so that no one could possibly escape during my visit to the lower and upper floors. I searched from cellar to garret, while Mrs. Scott, with her pale-blue eyes wide open, and affecting a bustling bravery which her looks belied, accompanied me. Once, at a sudden noise, she seized the skirts of my overcoat, but resigned them when I told her it was caused by John's shutting the front hall-door.

"Dear! dear! there's rats in the villa, at last!" she exclaimed, removing the cover of a flour-barrel which stood in the store-room. "They've been in this flour! I'm sorry, for they're an awful pest. They'll make trouble if I don't watch 'em close. I believe I'll pizen 'em. Mrs. Moreland told me to take this flour home and use it up; but we haven't needed it yet, and I've left it here, and now they've made pretty work with it."

"If there are rats here, I shan't be surprised at all kinds of noises," I remarked. "Rats are equal to almost any thing. They will tramp like an army of men, or stalk like a solitary burglar. They will throw down plates and cups—like this one, broken on the floor here, since we came here last; muss pillows and drag books out of place. You really will have to keep a sharp look-out."

"They won't cry like a child, nor moan like a sick person, nor stand on balconies dressed in shrouds!" observed the house-keeper.

"I think they would do the first two," and I smiled, "but as to the latter, I'm not prepared to assert."

"I reckon not. I only wish you'd seen it, Mr. Redfield."

"I shall stay to-night in the hope of that pleasure, Mrs. Scott."

"I'm right glad to hear you say so, sir. It's not pleasant to be placed in the situ-

ation I am—to know what I know, and not to have my word taken."

It was true; it could not be pleasant for her, to have her earnest statements received with so much skepticism; I did not wonder that she felt hurt, almost offended; at the same time I felt as if I, in my turn, should be intensely aggravated if I found out there was nothing in all this flurry.

This second search resulted in nothing, like the first. It was nearly dark when we returned to the cottage, where Mrs. Scott allowed me to dandle her fat, good-natured baby Johnny, while she prepared tea in a style befitting the important occasion of 'company.'

"If you're in earnest about settin' up to watch, I'll make coffee, instid of tea, if it's agreeable to you, Mr. Redfield. It's better to keep one awake."

I assented to this assertion, being of a similar opinion myself. She set her husband to grinding the delectable berry in a hand-mill, and soon an excellent supper, with cold ham and hot biscuits, was placed upon the table. The night promised to be clear and cold; the moon would not rise until about eleven; I fortified myself against the hardships of my adventure by two cups of strong coffee, with a substantial meal; passed an hour or two chatting with the couple and singing Johnny to sleep; then, about eight o'clock, I buttoned my overcoat close, tied my muffler about my neck, and went forth to begin picket duty.

"I'll leave the coffepot on the stove, and a good fire," was the parting promise of the good woman, who seemed to think I had rather a solemn time before me.

"Thank you, Mrs. Scott; if I make no discoveries by one or two o'clock, I shall come in to warm myself, and give up the hope for this occasion. You know midnight is the witching hour—it will be useless to stay much later."

"The Lord be with you," she said, earnestly.

Armed with a stout walking-stick, with which I intended to inflict punishment upon any intruder of earthly mold, I

walked out on to the lawn, taking such a survey as I could in the dim light; like the rain in the children's riddle, I went 'round and round the house,' and finally took station on the front porch, where I walked softly back and forth, listening for sounds within and without. I heard and saw nothing. The long hours slipped slowly away. Just before moonrise the darkness seemed to deepen, as it does before dawn. My intention was to take up some position on the lawn, where, unseen myself, I could command the approaches to the villa, and also have a view of Henry's room, with the balcony. It was time now to secrete myself, before the approaching moon should reveal me to the person or persons who might themselves be on the watch. Accordingly, I selected a seat on a little rustic bench, completely encircled with bushy evergreens, which not only concealed my person, but afforded me considerable protection from the cold. I can not, to this day, breathe the pungent odor of the spicy trees, without recalling the experiences of that night. A silence, like that which Dr. Kane speaks of as one of the most impressive features of the long Arctic night, brooded around; over against the hills came gradually stealing the silvery luster of the rising moon, while the valleys yet lay in profoundest gloom; the dimly glimmering stretches of snow broadened into whiter fields; the picturesque villa, with its turrets and porches and pointed roof, stood black and quiet before me. I could hear a dog barking afar off, as it were some dream-dog, barking in some dream-world. I had almost forgotten the cause of my being there, at that strange hour, in that lone spot, gazing at that dark mass of building, empty of life and warmth as was *her* heart of joy or hope; the intense cold, the odor of the pines and hemlock, the trance of thought into which I had fallen, were benumbing me.

Suddenly I saw a shapeless and shadowy brightness hovering amid those dark turrets. It was the death-light of which Mrs. Scott had told me. A warm thrill ran through my fingers and toes, arousing me to the keenest consciousness. I watch-

ed it flutter and move—stand still—flutter again—and disappear. It lasted perhaps three minutes. In that time I had made up my mind as to the mysterious appearance—it was the light of a lamp or candle being carried about in a person's hand. That was what it most resembled; but who carried it, and how was the reflection thrown *there*, over the roof? There was certainly a mystery about this which, had I been at all superstitious, or even nervous, would have unfitted me for any further cool investigation. I resolved that if I could not master the marvel then, I would do it by the light of day. I watched intently, hoping it would reappear, and give me some glimpse of its origin. While I waited, a ray of light pierced through the shutters of Henry's room. I will acknowledge that for one single instant the hand of the dead seemed laid on my heart; it turned cold, and refused to beat. The next, I smiled grimly at myself. I had never been a moral or physical coward. The solution of the mystery was now in my grasp, and I had no idea of letting it slip. I was confident that some person was playing the mischief in the deserted house; but if I had really expected to confront the inhabitants of another world, I should not have hesitated. The key of the main entrance was in my pocket; I walked swiftly to the house, unlocked the door as softly as possible, and grasping my stick firmly in my hand, sprang up the stairs. It was quite dark in the house, although it was now light out of doors; in my haste, I hit my foot against a chair at the bottom of the stairs, and overthrew it. I was provoked, for I wished to come upon these midnight prowlers unawares. Knowing just where the room was situated, I went directly toward it; it was very dark in the upper passage, all the blinds being closed; I groped for the handle of the door—something rustled, something stirred the air—I flung the door open. There was no light in it. All was dark and silent. Before I could fling the shutter open, letting in a peaceful flood of silver moonlight, my hope of detecting the intruder was

almost at an end. I was certain that something had passed me in the obscurity of the hall; I had been conscious of that subtle magnetism which emanates from a human form, perceived in the blackest night. It may be the magnetism of soul instead of body, and a disembodied spirit may have sent the same electric current through me. At all events, I had now nothing for my labor. I did not think that another journey over the house would result in any discovery, since the warning had been given; I had no lamp or lantern with me; I reluctantly, after lingering and listening some time in vain, closed the room and the house, and returned to the cottage, where I drank the coffee which awaited me, laid down on a buffalo-robe before the stove, and slept away my vexation.

I was not very communicative as to my adventures when eagerly questioned by my entertainers the following morning. They were satisfied, by my very reticence, that I had seen something to puzzle me, and were both alarmed and triumphant. In answer to their inquiries, which they were too respectful to press, though devoured with curiosity, I assured them that I had reason to think, with them, that the villa required attention. I had not been able to satisfy myself who was disturbing the premises; but that I should not rest until I knew. I should return that night and sleep in the villa; I wished to enter it very quietly, probably before dark, so as not to alarm the inmate or inmates; and I was confident that I should thus be able to pounce upon the ghost. Mrs. Scott regarded me with admiring awe.

"She wouldn't go for to sleep in that house alone for all the riches of Solomon," and wouldn't I, at least, provide myself with pistols?

When I went into Mr. Argyll's office that morning he greeted me with marked coldness. At last I could not conceal from myself that, not only had his manner changed, but that he wished me to feel that it had. He gave me, as I entered, a searching, suspicious glance, saying, "Good-morning, Richard," in the most

formal tone. Nothing further. I took up a book, hiding my pain and embarrassment in an attempt to read; but my mind was not on the legal difficulties expounded therein; I was wondering at the causes of the situation in which I found myself. A hanger-on! yes, an unwelcome hanger-on in an office where I no longer had any conceded rights—in a home where I was no longer trusted.

"Has Mr. Argyll placed a spy on my actions? Does he know already that I was out the entire night? and does he judge me before he has an explanation?" I asked myself, indignantly. "If he thinks I am forming bad habits, doing wrong in any respect, why does he not remonstrate with me—give me a chance to defend myself?"

I had intended to take his advice in the matter of the haunted house; but now I sat, angry and silent, feeling, oh, so wounded and forlorn. I did not stay long in the office; going to my room, I wrote a long letter to my mother, telling her I should come soon to pay her the visit which should have been sooner made had I not been engrossed with the duty to which I had vowed myself.

Yes! I had pledged my own heart to devote myself to the discovery of Henry Moreland's murderer; and if Eleanor herself had put her foot on that heart, and crushed it yet more, I do not know that I should have held my vow absolved.

I should not have gone to the mansion that day had not a message been sent, late in the afternoon, that Mr. Burton had arrived, and expected me to meet him at tea. I went; and had the pleasure of seeing little Lenore enthroned by the side of James, who attended upon her as if she were a princess, and of being treated with bare civility by all save Mr. Burton. Miss Argyll was ill, and did not come down.

I saw the observant eye of Mr. Burton watching the intimacy between his daughter and her new friend; whether he was pleased or not I could not decide; the eye which read the secret thoughts of other men did not always betray its own

impressions. I was certain, too, that he observed the change in the demeanor of the family toward me, and my own constrained manner.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NIGHT IN MORELAND VILLA.

MR. BURTON'S arrival prevented my fulfilling the intention of sleeping at Moreland villa that night; I immediately resolved to defer my explorations until he could keep me company. The next day he came to my room, and we had, as usual when we met, a long talk over things past, present and to come. I did not introduce the subject of the mystery at the villa until we had discussed many other matters. My companion was preoccupied with important business of his own—the same which had taken him to Boston; but his interest was pledged, almost as earnestly as mine, to unmask the criminal of the Blankville tragedy, and any reference to that sad subject was sure to secure his attention. Baffled we acknowledged ourselves, as we talked together that morning, but not discouraged. Mr. Burton told me that he was on the track of two five-hundred-dollar bills of the Park Bank, which had left the city the week after the murder, taking widely-different flights; there had one come back from St. Louis, whose course his agents were tracing. As for the sewing-girl, she had the power of vanishing utterly, like a light extinguished, leaving no trace behind, and her pursuers literally in the dark. This comparison of the detective reminded me of the curious light which had led me, like a Jack-o'-lantern, into a quagmire of uncertainty; I was about to begin my account of it, when he gave me one of those peculiar piercing looks of his, saying:

"You have not yet entered into the contemplated partnership?"

"No, Mr. Burton; and I hardly think now that I shall."

There was some bitterness in my tone; he evinced no surprise, asking, simply:

"Why?"

"I think James has been chosen to fill the place."

"But, he has not been admitted to the bar."

"He is studying a little recently; probably in order to pass an examination."

"The wind is changing," said Mr. Burton, speaking like the old gentleman in Bleak House. "I see how the land lies. The goodly and noble Argyll ship is driving on to the rocks. Mark my words: she will go to pieces soon! you will see her ruins strewing the shore."

"I pray heaven to avert your prophecy. I hope not to live to see any such sight."

"How can it be otherwise?" he exclaimed, rising and pacing to and fro through my little room, like a caged elephant. "A spendthrift and a gambler—a man like *that*—about to have the helm put in his hands! But it's none of my business—none of my business; nor much yours, either."

"It is mine!" I cried; "I can not help but make it mine, as if these girls were my sisters, and Mr. Argyll my father. Yet, as you say—it is, indeed, nothing to me. They will not allow it to be!"

I drooped my head on my arms; my own loss and disappointment was receding into the background before the idea of their possible discomfiture. I was startled by the detective bringing his clenched hand down upon the table with a blow which shook it; he was standing, looking not at me, but at the wall, as if he saw some one before him, invisible to me.

"James Argyll is a singular man—a *singular* man! A person ought to be a panther in cunning and strength to cope with him. By George, if I don't look out, he'll overreach me yet—with that will of his. I see everybody about me succumbing. He's having the game all in his own hands. By the way, Redfield, I was a little surprised to see Lenore so fond of him."

"Why so, Mr. Burton? James is an attractive, elegant young man; he has never had any lack of admirers. It would

rather have been strange if your daughter had *not* fancied him. He has been very good to her."

"He has, indeed; I'm sure I ought to be greatly obliged to all of you. Did I ever tell you that I place great confidence in Lenore's intuitive perception of character? You know that I have a remarkable gift that way myself. When I meet people I seem to see their minds and not their bodies—I can't help it. Well, I've remarked the same thing in my child. She is so young and inexperienced that she can not explain her own impressions; she has her instantaneous partialities, and I have noticed that she leans toward true natures like a flower toward the light, and away from the false as if they were shadows. I hardly expected she would be so intimate with young Argyll."

I remembered the curious effect his first address had made upon her; but I did not repeat it to her father. I was sensitive about appearing in any manner jealous of James; if he could win my friends from me, even that little girl whom I had loved for her pure sweetness, let them go! I was too proud to solicit them to reconsider their opinions.

"Do you know," continued my companion, "he is performing a marvel with my little Lenore? He has gained a great ascendancy over her in these few days. This morning, for a purpose which you will realize I considered highly important, I endeavored, alone with her in my own apartment, to place her in the clairvoyant state. For the first time, I failed. Her mind is no longer a pellucid mirror, reflecting truths without color or refraction. She is under the influence of a counterwill, as strong as my own—and mine moves mountains," he added, with a laugh.

"I shouldn't think you would like it."

"I don't; but she is going home to-morrow. I will tell you why I wished to procure Lenore's aid again. I have succeeded in tracing Leesy Sullivan to this village. She came here the day after we frightened her from Brooklyn—that is, she got off the cars at a little station

about six miles from here, not daring to land at this depot, and, I have no doubt, started on foot for Blankville, coming here in the night."

"That aunt of hers is in the work," I exclaimed. "We are justified in taking any step to compel her to own up where she conceals that girl."

"I am convinced that her aunt knows nothing whatever about her. Has Mrs. Scott kept a sharp look-out at the villa?"

"She has not seen her since that first day; and I believe it would be difficult for her to set her foot on the place without being discovered, for the woman has got it into her head that the place is haunted, and she is on guard night and day."

"Haunted?"

Mr. Burton sat down and drew up his chair with an appearance of interest which led me to recount our experiences at the villa, and my intention of completing my researches that night, in his company, if he had no objection. He said, "Of course; it would give him pleasure; he liked nothing better than an adventure of the kind."

In fact, the idea evidently pleased him immensely; his face brightened, and after that, for the rest of the day, for the first time in our brief acquaintance, I saw him a little flurried and expectant. One of his mottoes was:

"Learn to labor, and to wait."

His was one of those minds which would have kept silence seven years, rather than speak a moment too soon; he was seldom in a hurry, no matter what was at stake; but the fancy for lying *perdu* in a haunted house, to 'nab' a ghost, was a novelty in his detective experience, which inwardly amused him.

He smiled to himself more than once during the intervening hours. As soon as tea was over we excused ourselves to the family, kissed Lenore, and, saying that Mr. Burton would stay with me all night, we took our departure. I left the conduct of the proceedings in his hands. When we reached the cottage, we found Mrs. Scott disposed to regard the non-fulfillment

of my engagement on the previous night as proof that I was frightened from the pursuit; she accepted my excuse, however, and highly approved of my having a companion in the spiritual dangers which I was about to encounter. She made us, moreover, some of her excellent coffee, to aid us in keeping awake, and gave us her prayers for our protection along with the keys of the house.

"Treat a ghost as you would any other burglar," said my companion, as we approached the villa, in the darkness, by the back entrance. "Steal a march on him if you can."

It was a wild night for an enterprise like ours. It reminded me of that night upon which Henry Moreland was murdered. One of those sudden changes in the weather, common to our climate, had been transpiring through the day, and now the warm, wild wind which brings in the 'January thaw,' was blowing about the place, making every loose board creak, and rubbing the bare branches of the trees against each other with a grating sound. Black clouds, with ragged edges, skurried along the air, with the large stars looking down between, with wide, bright eyes, as of fear. While we stood outside, the great drops began to patter down; and presently it was raining violently, as it rained *that* night. As gently as if he were a robber making a felonious entrance, Mr. Burton turned the key in the lock; we entered the thick darkness of the house, closed the door, and stole noiselessly, I taking the lead, along the stairs and corridors, until we came to Henry's room. This we entered, and, finding chairs, sat down upon either side the little table in absolute silence. But we might safely have knocked over half the furniture without giving alarm to any inmate—had there been an inmate of the room or villa—such a tremendous uproar was now made by the elements. As the rain dashed fitfully against the windows, and the wind shook the solitary building, I was nearly overpowered with the memories which the place and the storm so vivified. I was in a fit mood to become

a convert to a nocturnal specter—in that hour of gloom and tempest, under the roof of the murdered, the material world seemed not so far removed from the awful and shadowy confines of the spiritual, as it appeared in the common routine of daylight life. As my heart thumped loudly with the agitation of feelings almost too powerful for mortal endurance, I was glad to consider that my companion was cool, calm and vigilant. He had no such memories of the wind and rain to overwhelm him as I had; this roof was not the roof of his friend—he did not know Eleanor.

It was rather impressive to the dullest imagination to be sitting there at night, in that empty mansion, in the darkness, with the storm beating around it, waiting for—we knew not what. To me, with my ardent temperament, and under the peculiar circumstances, it was exciting in the highest degree.

For a long time there was but one interruption to our silent watch. Mr. Burton leaned over the table, whispering:

"Did you hear some one singing?"

"I heard nothing but the wind, and the creaking of a tree against the side of the house, except the rain, that I would be sure of. Hark!"

I did think I heard a soft, angelic note of music swelling in the air above me, but at that moment the tempest redoubled its clamor, beating out all lesser sounds.

"Unless I am mistaken, there was a human voice," he continued, in the same whisper.

"Or a heavenly one," I murmured.

I believe Mr. Burton said 'nonsense' but I am not certain. Again there was a long interval of waiting; we both leaned over toward each other at the same instant, as the sound of something shoved overhead attracted our attentive ears.

"It is rats in the garret," said I. "Mrs. Scott says they are in the house."

"I hardly think it was rats; but we will wait awhile."

Mr. Burton had brought a lamp and matches, so that we could have a light when we wished it; if we heard any thing



THE PORTRAIT.

more overhead, I knew he would examine the attic. There was a lull in the rain; as we sat expectant, the pushing sound was shortly followed by a light, regular patter, as of soft footsteps, along the floor of the garret. I had heard rats make precisely similar sounds traversing a ceiling; and though my heart beat a little faster, I was still quite certain it was these troublesome vermin.

The next thing which fixed our attention was a glimmer of light. I think the most spectral visitant could hardly have affected me as did that sudden ray of light, shooting through the key-hole and under the bottom of the door. Silently it crept along over the carpet, moving as if the object which threw it was carried in the hand of a person walking. I do not know exactly what I did expect when it

paused in front of the door, except that the door would open, and I should see—the mystery. An instant of suspense—then the flickering light wavered and moved around to the opposite angle from that at which it had first appeared—it was going through the corridor and down the stairs.

"All right," breathed my companion, in a scarcely audible whisper. "Wait!"

The hand which he laid on my own was cold with excitement. As the last yellow gleam trembled and disappeared, the elements conspired in a grand attack upon our citadel; we could hear nothing but the roar of their artillery—the tramp of their battalions. We waited perhaps five minutes.

"Now," and I arose, following Mr. Burton through the darkness, as he silently opened the door, crossed the corridor, and, leaning over the railing, looked down into the lower hall. We could see nothing, until, as we descended the stairs, a faint effulgence from some distant room penetrated the obscurity. With cautious steps we followed it up through the hall and library, to the family room, from which, it will be recollected, Mrs. Scott assured me she had heard mysterious noises. The door was open a little distance, but not sufficiently to give us a view of the interior. As we paused on the threshold we heard a sigh—a deep, long-drawn, tremulous sigh. With a deft hand my companion pushed the door ajar, so that we could step in, and we both silently entered. This room, in summer, was the favorite sitting-room of Mrs. Moreland; and here, upon the walls, she had the portraits, life-size, in oil, of her little family. In front of us, as we stepped in, hung the likeness of Henry Moreland. Before it stood a woman, one hand holding aloft a lighted candle, in a small chamber candlestick, the other pressed upon her heart, as if to keep down those painful sighs. Motionless, rapt, absorbed she stood; we made no sound, and if we had, I do not think she would have heard us; her back was toward us; the light was thrown full on the picture upon which her gaze was bent.

The woman was Leesy Sullivan. I knew her at once, though her face was turned from us. Here, at last, we had found the fugitive we sought, haunting the home of the man of whose murder my thoughts accused her, standing before his portrait, in the dead of night, unwitting who were the witnesses of her secret, as she betrayed it now. How she had obtained access to the villa, or how long she had been its inmate, I left to future inquiry to develop—the present scene was all-engrossing.

A long—long—long time she stood there; we did not interrupt her; it was probably the expectation that she would utter some soliloquy which would be of importance to us, as revealing what was on her mind, which kept my companion quiet. She said nothing, however; only drawing those deep sighs; until, at the last, she set the light on the little table beneath the picture, and, lifting up both hands with a passionate gesture toward it, sobbed one word—"Henry!"

Then, slowly, as if her eyes refused to leave the object of their attraction, she began to turn away. We had one instant's glance at her face before she discovered us; there was a burning spot upon either thin cheek, and two great tears, frozen, as it were, upon her eyelids; and a tremulous curve to the full, red lips of the tender and beautiful mouth, as if they quivered with grief and love. There was nothing wild or severe about her at that moment. Turning, slowly, she perceived us, standing there in the shadow—two cruel men, hunting her even in this sacred solitude. That was the feeling she gave us by the look which passed over her countenance; I felt ashamed and unjustified until I forced myself to recollect all.

She did not scream; she had passed through too many shocks and vicissitudes to betray any fright; she only turned white, and put her hand on the table to steady herself.

"You two men have come here at last, have you? Why do you interfere with me? It's only a little while I have to stay, and I want peace."

"Peace only comes with a pure conscience," said Mr. Burton, sternly. "What are you doing here in this house?"

"I know I have no right here; but where else will you let me stay? Not even by his grave—no, not even by his grave! You want to drag me forth before the world, to expose my foolish secret, which I have hidden from everybody—to put me in prison—to murder me! This is the business of you two men; and you have the power, I suppose. I am so poor and friendless it makes me a fit object for your persecution. Well, if you can justify yourselves, do as you will with me!"

She folded her hands, looking us full in the face with eyes which absolutely blazed.

"If you had no guilty secret, why did you fly from friends and enemies? Why did you not seek an interview and explanation which would have been satisfactory to us?" asked Mr. Burton.

"You would not believe me if I told you the reason," she said, scornfully. "It is not in the minds of men—the gross, suspicious minds of men—to conceive or credit my excuse. I will not make it to such people."

Really, there was a majesty about the girl which quite awed me. As she confronted us, the undaunted spirit sparkling through her slight, wasted face and form, compelled a sort of acquiescence in me. I was not the one to subdue or handle this powerful nature. Mr. Burton was.

"This is not the proper hour, nor the proper place, to enter into explanations, Miss Sullivan. You must go with me to Mrs. Scott's cottage; she will care for you until morning, and then we will have a talk together. You will not find me harsh; nor shall I take any step without good cause. All I want is the truth—and that I am bound to have."

"Let me stay here to-night; I promise you I will not attempt to leave the place. I will wait here until you see fit to come in the morning."

"I can not; there is too much at stake," he said, with determination.

"Then let me go and get the child," she said.

She took up the lamp and we followed her; up and along to the garret staircase, mounting the narrow steps which led into the attic. There, upon the pile of mattresses which I have mentioned as lying in the corner, reposed the baby-girl before spoken of, sleeping sweetly, as only infancy can rest.

"We were under this when you paid us a visit the other day," said Leesy, with a sort of bitter smile. "I had hard work to keep baby from crying out. She did make a fuss at last; you said it was a cat."

"How sound the little creature sleeps," said the detective. He had a gentle heart, which shrunk from disturbing the slumbering infant.

"It's too bad to startle her up so," murmured her nurse.

"Yes, it is. I'll tell you what we will do. We will lock you up here, and keep guard in the chamber until morning, if that pleases you."

"I don't care to take Norah out in the storm."

"Tell me one thing," said Mr. Burton, his bright eye fixing itself on her own, "are you the mother of that babe?"

For a moment she answered his look with one of astonishment; then the rosy blood rushed up to neck, cheek and brow—a virgin blush, which showed all the soft and girlish side of her character.

"Am I Norah's mother?" she repeated. "I thought you knew I was not a married woman."

The detective stood, a little embarrassed by the perfect simplicity of her reply.

"It is understood to be your deceased cousin's child—an orphan, I believe," he said. "Well, Miss Sullivan, we will leave you here, undisturbed, for the remainder of the night."

We descended to the second floor, turning the key upon the little store-room which inclosed the garret staircase, well satisfied to keep guard until morning, since we had secured the mysterious inmate of the haunted house.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW ASSUMES SHAPE.

WE now lighted our lamp, and, finding a light cane sofa in the hall, nearly opposite the locked door, we took seats, and kept ourselves awake by talking. The storm had subsided into the monotonous patter of a steady rain.

"I am surprised," said Mr. Burton, "that you did not at once comprehend the secret of this house. The moment you spoke the word 'haunted,' I knew how our investigations would end. It solved a mystery which has bothered me for some time. I knew that Leesy Sullivan was here, in this vicinity; the exact hiding-place was all I wanted to know; and when you mentioned Moreland villa, I said to myself, 'that's it!' All I was then afraid of was, that she would again elude us, before we could lay hands on her. And in fact," he added, laughingly, "I hardly feel sure of her now. She may sublime through the ceiling before morning."

"I did not think of her, Mr. Burton; I was quite sure some person was playing some game, either of mischief or worse, about the villa; but how could I be certain, when two thorough daylight examinations failed to reveal any thing? There did not seem to be a place at which a person could enter the house; and as for a woman and child being actual inmates, living and subsisting here for weeks—I think nothing but absolute proof could have convinced me of the marvel. I am curious to know how she managed it."

"I ought to have come right here at first," continued my friend, pursuing his train of thought. "Women are like mother-birds, when boys approach the nest. They betray themselves and their cherished secret by fluttering about the spot. If this Miss Sullivan had been a man, she would have been in Kansas or California by this time; being a woman, I ought to have looked for her in exactly the place it would seem natural for her to avoid. One thing is certain—she loved young Moreland with an intensity beyond

the strength of most women. I have had to do with natures like hers before—where a powerful brain is subservient to a still more powerful emotional force. She was proud, ambitious, discontented, with tastes and perceptions reaching up into a much higher sphere of life. Miss Sullivan would have made a magnificent heiress and pet daughter; yet in love she would be humble, self-abnegating—give all and count it nothing. It's a sad pity such a capacity for happiness should have brought only ruin!"

"If she had loved Henry, how could she, under any impulse of jealousy, have injured him? She is terrible to me in any view of the case."

"I do not know that she did injure him, or cause him to be harmed. Circumstances are against her. But I am far from believing her the guilty person. Yet I am exceedingly anxious to have a quiet interview with her. I must see her and talk with her alone. She is frightened now, and defiant. I shall soothe her—magnetize her will, as it were—and draw from her the truth. Every atom of knowledge which she has, in any way connected with Henry Moreland, I shall draw from her, and consolidate into one mass, to be used for or against her. If you have the reliance upon my judgment which I flatter myself you have, Richard, you will not object to my seeing Miss Sullivan alone, and deciding, upon that interview, whether there are causes for getting out a warrant for her arrest, as a party to the murder."

"I shall not object. It is your privilege to see her alone; and I have the utmost confidence in you. I suppose Mr. Argyll and Henry's father would be the proper persons to decide upon the arrest and prosecution."

"Of course. And if, after I have talked with her, I can elicit no facts to warrant her being put on trial for her life, I shall not give her her liberty until I have consulted both families, laying all my evidence before them. They will be loth to begin a prosecution which they can not sustain, even if they have an impression

of guilt. By the way, Redfield, these *impressions* are curious things! Supposing I should tell you there are persons who, without one particle of proof of any kind, have an impression that *you* are the guilty man."

I arose from the sofa, looking at him, not knowing whether or not to knock him down.

"Don't 'slay me with a look,'" he said, laughing quietly. "I don't say that I have any such inner revelation. And I did not say this, either, to hurt your feelings. I did it to save them. For, if I mistake not, the same person who confided his impressions to me, has recently been gradually confiding them to others. The very thought, the very possibility, once entertained, or half-entertained and driven away again, as an unwelcome guest, still has its injurious influence. You are standing upon an earthquake, Richard—you may be swallowed up any instant."

"I?"

"Yes. I have detected the premonitory rumblings. I have said this only to warn you, that you may be ready for self-defense."

"I scorn to defend myself! Defend myself, forsooth! against what? Who has dared to insinuate that thought against me which you have allowed yourself to echo? But I need not ask—it is my natural foe, James Argyll. He hates me as the rattlesnake hates the black-ash tree!"

"Well, the dislike is mutual. Will you deny that you, too, have had a thought—mind, I say a mere, floating thought—that *he* may have instigated the deed?"

My conscious eye sunk before the steel-blue glance which pierced me. God knows such a fear, such a belief, at times vague and shadowy, again vivid but brief as lightning, had again and again troubled me. I have hinted at it once, when I said that I was glad that if James ever took money, unpermitted, from his uncle, he took it to waste at the gaming-table. Soon I raised my eyes.

"If I have had such a suspicion, I have struggled against it; I have never breathed

it into mortal ear. He has sought to injure me in various ways; I have wished to win and conciliate him; to be friendly with him, for the sake of my regard for his relatives. As to taking a step to fix a blasting stigma upon him, without giving him a chance openly to efface it, I am incapable of it. You are at liberty to judge between us, Mr. Burton."

"You know that I do not like him," answered my companion. "But no aversion which I may feel for him shall prevent my weighing all facts which come under my observation, with the utmost impartiality. I am on the right track, in this pursuit, and I shall follow it up to the dark end, though you, yourself, abandon it. Justice shall be meted out—justice shall be meted out! If the bolt strike the loftiest head in all this aristocratic vicinity, it *shall* fall where it belongs!"

He left the sofa, walking up and down the corridor with a stern, thoughtful face. As for me, I sunk back on my seat, overwhelmed by the confirmation of a thousand times more than my worst fears. *Suspicion of me* was creeping, like a shadow, over the Argyll household. I had felt its approach long ago; now my whole being grew cold, freezing, except one burning spasm of indignation which throbbed in my breast.

As the gray dawn approached, the rain ceased. Morning was long in coming. As soon as it grew light enough to see, I heard the gardener cutting wood for the fire, and shortly after I walked over, at Mr. Burton's request, to ask for some breakfast for the woman and child. I will not describe the garrulous astonishment of the husband and wife upon my announcement that the ghost was cornered, and proved to be Leesy Sullivan. Of course the evil omen of hearing children crying was now explained, as well as the disappearance of a considerable quantity of flour, condiments and apples, which Mrs. Scott had charged to the rats.

It went sorely against the inclination of formal, correct Mrs. Scott, to furnish a comfortable breakfast to "such a jade as that seemed likely to prove; behavin' in

this style, which nobody on 'arth could account for;" but the gratification of her feminine curiosity was some reward for the outrage to her sensibilities, and she went, with great expedition, to carry the desired refreshments to the prisoners.

When we entered the attic, in the light of the rising sun, Miss Sullivan was sitting quietly on the edge of the mattresses, curling little Norah's flaxen hair around her fingers. An obstinate reticence marked her looks and actions; she scarcely replied to any of Mrs. Scott's inquiries—only, when the comfort of the child was concerned. For *her* she took some of the warm food and tea, quietly feeding the eager little girl, while we made a survey of her surroundings.

I now ascertained that a small sky-light, hidden from outside view by the chimneys and ornamental work of the battlements, had given egress to the mysterious brightness which had hovered so frequently over the roof. The tenant of this great house had evidently arranged herself for the winter. She had chosen the attic as a place of greatest safety, in the case of parties entering the deserted dwelling for any purpose; here she had brought a tiny charcoal-furnace, used in the basement in summer for heating smoothing-irons, which she supplied with fuel from the stock left over in the cellar. The provisions left in the house had served her wants equally well. It was evident that by the exercise of extreme care and vigilance, leaving the house only in the darkness of the night, she might have remained here for a considerable longer time undisturbed in her novel seclusion, had not the light, which she had never ventured to burn until all was dark and silent in the little cottage, by chance first attracted the curiosity which led finally to discovery.

Mr. Burton took a cup of tea and a roll, brought to him there; and then, at his request, he was left alone with the silent woman, who sat there with resolute brows and lips firmly closed, as if locked over her thoughts.

"It will require all his diplomacy to

wile her into a communicative mood," was my decision, as I took a parting glance at her face. I was chilled with my night's watching, and chilled more utterly by the words the detective had spoken to me as I watched; I returned to the cottage fire, sitting there three hours, in a painful reverie, answering almost at random the remarks of the housekeeper.

At the close of the three hours Mr. Burton came into the little dwelling, carrying Norah on his arm, who was stroking his cheek with her chubby hand, and followed by the sewing-girl, whose cheeks bore traces of tears, and whose hunted, defiant look had given place to a dejected, gentle expression.

"Mrs. Scott, I want you to do me a kindness," he said, in his authoritative, persuasive manner, to which people seldom thought it worth while to object. "I want you to take care of Miss Sullivan and this little cousin of hers, until I send them word they are wanted. It may be to-day, or not for a week. In the mean time, if you have any sewing to be done for yourself or your little Johnny, she will be glad to help you."

"She's welcome to stay, I'm sure," said the woman, in a tone not quite so sure.

"Thank you. I knew I could ask a favor of you. Johnny, come here, and make Miss Norah's acquaintance. I'm ready, Richard, if you are, to return to the village. Lenore will wonder what has become of us. Good-morning, all."

We walked away.

"Are you not afraid to leave that girl unguarded, after all the trouble she has given us?"

"She will stay there; she has promised me. If she chooses to run away, now, it is a matter of no consequence. I am perfectly, entirely convinced that she is innocent of any participation in the murder of Henry Moreland; or any knowledge of the murderer—except, upon one point, I could use her testimony. I shall give my opinion to Mr. Argyll, with my grounds for it; if he chooses to arrest her, she will be there at the cottage. Richard, this affair has gone as far as it can! I

shall tell Mr. Argyll, to-day, that I have withdrawn from it—that I give it up. But I am willing *you* should understand that I have not dropped it entirely—that I shall still retain my interest in it—still secretly pursue my investigations, which I believe I can carry on to the best advantage if all parties believe that I have given the matter up. Are you satisfied?"

"If I am not, what difference does it make? It is not for me to dictate your course. I believe that you think it is the best one."

"I do. So will you some day, if we live to see the termination of this thing. In the mean time, I am your friend, Richard, whether I give any outward signs of friendship very soon or not. You are at liberty to devote yourself to the cause as ardently as ever—and if you ever wish to consult me, you will find me what you now know me."

I felt strangely as we walked along together. He talked as if he thought some change were coming—as if things were to assume new shapes—as if I were to need friendship, and yet as if he should be compelled to conceal his for me behind a mask of coldness. I did not understand it. I felt half-offended with him, and wholly disheartened.

I dined with him at Mr. Argyll's. It was the last time I sat at that table.

In the afternoon he had a private interview with the family, *from which I was excluded*; and in the evening he returned to the city, taking with him Lenore, the last wave of whose hand was for James, her last kiss for Miss Argyll.

The next morning Mr. Argyll informed me that he had resolved to make his nephew his partner in the practice of the law, and that I was at liberty to take advantage of any other opportunity I might have for going into business for myself. His manner was cold; he expressed no regrets for my probable disappointment, caused by his own suggestions; I could feel myself dismissed from his friendship as well as his office. I would not ask why. My tongue grew dry as ashes when I thought of attempting it. Mr. Burton

had given me the clue to the feelings which prompted this rupture of a life-long friendship—it was such as to forbid any questions. No explanations could be made—nothing could obliterate the memory of so deadly a wrong as they were committing upon me. The golden bowl of friendship was broken at the fountain—the waters spilled upon the ground.

I told him that I had contemplated a visit to my mother, which I would take this opportunity to make. I might find what I wished for, in the way of business, in the vicinity of my father's former home; when, with formal thanks for his past kindness (which I was mentally vowing I would find some means to repay,) and begging him to trouble himself not at all about my fortunes, I bowed myself from the office where I had spent so much of the last three years of my life.

Blind, dizzy, cold, I went to my boarding-house to pack my trunks.

Before I went to bed, my few arrangements were completed. My clothes, books, the few little articles of taste, or gifts of friends, allowable in one small rented room, were easily put away in their traveling receptacle. But, as for the rest!—for the wealth which my heart had silently garnered during the golden harvest of its youth—where was it? Swept away as by a mighty wind.

I slept some, for I was thoroughly worn out by my emotions, no less than by my recent vigils; but the earliest morning found me awake. I was to leave at noon; I had many pleasant acquaintances in the village, from whom I ought not to have parted without a farewell call; but all these small pleasures and courtesies of life were swept aside, as sand upon my path. I had nothing to do, all the tedious morning, save to pretend to eat my breakfast, until the hour which I had set in my thoughts for saying good-by to the girls.

I would not go away without seeing them; if there was any accusation in their eyes I would confront it. And then, I did not believe that Eleanor would do me an injustice. Blue-eyed, just, gentle as was her character, *she*, at least, was grieved

for me—believed in me. I did not admit to myself how much comfort I drew from this faith, until I was startled from it. My baggage was dispatched; my watch told eleven; I passed the house on the way to the cars, giving myself a few minutes for this farewell. As I knocked at the door, one of the servants opened it. I sent her to ask Miss Argyll if she would come down to say good-by, before I left on my visit to my mother; and Mary—I would like to see her also.

While I waited for them, I stepped into the dear, familiar parlors and library, mutely taking my leave of them, with all their mingled associations. Presently the messenger returned:

"Miss Argyll sent her farewell; she could not see Mr. Redfield that morning."

"Where is she?"

"In the breakfast-room, looking at her flowers."

I started for the room in a wild tumult of anger and passion, resolved to make her confess the reason of this treatment. Surely, three years of an intimacy like ours gave me the right. In three minutes I confronted her where she stood, in the door between the breakfast-room and conservatory, like a statue draped in crape.

"Eleanor!"

She shrunk back; she held up her hands with an expression of horror. My God! that look in Eleanor's eyes was enough to kill me. I turned away as hastily as I had come. As I stumbled along the passage, half blind with the terrible surging and throbbing of the blood through me, a soft pair of arms fell about my neck, a cheek wet with tears was pressed to mine—it was Mary.

"Never mind what they say about you, Richard," she sobbed. "I do not believe one word of it—not one word! I never shall. I am your friend. I love you; indeed I do. I do not want you to go away," and she kissed me twice or thrice.

I took the sweet face in my cold hands, looked into the brimming eyes, hastily kissed the blushing cheek—"God bless you, Mary," said I, and was gone.

END OF PART FIRST.

THE THOUAREG.

REMINISCENCES OF A FRENCH OFFICER IN AFRICA.

MY recollections revert to a time long passed by, when I was in my youth, and, in my capacity as officer, attached to the *Bureaux Arabes*, to which the French Government had confided the administration of affairs in Africa.

I had been established for more than a year with a *goum* (a native armed contingent), and an infantry company in the camp of Aim-el-assah, on the line where the French Morocco and Thouareg frontiers join. I say Thouareg—for although, in fact, this first zone of the Sahara, which lay in the neighborhood of my camp, was the traveling route of the Hamians, yet the Thouaregs overlook the entire desert from their retreats, and control its travel.

What is a Thouareg? I will tell you.

The Thouareg is tall, brown, with powerful muscles; he wears a dark-blue vall over his face, is armed with a lance and a large knife, and mounts a *mahari*—an animal which is, in comparison with the camel, what the race-horse is compared to the mule.

Thus equipped and mounted, the Thouareg accomplishes immense distances. Sixty leagues a day are a mere trifle to this being, whose sustenance would seem to be the air, and whose thin limbs and scant flesh—for nothing but skin overlays his muscles and bones—enable him to bear a surprising degree of fatigue. His elastic and springy frame is always in motion; he is never weary—never worn out; air is his element, and sunlight his food.

Heaven certainly created the *mahari* for the Thouareg, and the Thouareg for the desert. Without *maharis* and Thouaregs there would be a blank in creation—a country without inhabitants, a sea without ships.

The Thouaregs descend from the Mazyes, of whom Herodotus speaks, and constitute the aboriginal race of Africa, which, under different names—such as Lybians, Berbers, Numides, Massisillans, etc., governed Africa, from the Atlantic

Ocean to the Erythryan sea—from the Mediterranean to Soudan. The Berbers constitute that African people who were anterior to the Arab conquest, and who occupied the Berber, and not the Barbary States, as all the elementary geographies have erroneously stated.

These States comprised the regencies of Tunis and Tripoli, the French-Algerian possessions, and the empire of Morocco. The Thouaregs, of whom I speak, were a fraction of that great Berber nation, as are also a majority of the Moors of the coasts of the Atlantic Ocean and of the Senegal, as well as the entire white population of the cities in the interior of Africa. Every thing appears to indicate that the Berber tribes descend from the old race of Ham—the race which brought civilization to humanity.

The Arab and Berber elements shared Northern Africa between them in the following proportions. In the eleventh century the Arabs numbered 1,000,000 throughout all Africa, of whom 150,000 were warriors. In the sixteenth century they numbered 4,850,000, of whom 1,087,000 were men under arms. In the nineteenth century they numbered 4,800,000 souls.

The French possessions, at present, according to Colonel Corette, include 1,000,000 Arabs, and according to Colonel Hanoteau, 855,159 Berbers, speaking the Berber language. The *Arabians* Berbers speak Arab. Doctor Warnier, in a remarkable work recently published, the result of thirty years of study and life among the native population, divides them thus :

Berbers speaking the Berber tongue....	1,000,000
Berbers speaking the Arab tongue.....	1,200,000
Pure Arabs.....	500,000
	2,700,000

These figures are eloquent, and furnish accumulated proof of the destructive influence of Mussulman polygamy upon the future of races.

At the present day, the Berber race is disseminated in the following manner : From the frontier of Tunis to that of Morocco, all along the Mediterranean coast, they bear the name of Kabyls. In the south of the province of Constantine,

they are known under the name of Chahoxias, and speak a different dialect from other Berbers. In the mountainous, wooded parts of Atlas and Jurjuva they are called Djebellias, or mountaineers of Djebel, which in Arab means mountain. They are the Jubalini of the Romans. In eastern Sahara, they are called Ronaghas ; in central Sahara, Beni-Mzab ; in western Sahara, Brabers or Berbers. The latter is the only spot, to my knowledge, where they have preserved their original name. The Thouaregs belong particularly to the last two Berber fractions of Sahara.

If you ask any one of these desert-pirates with veiled faces—these gigantic wrecks of a world that is no more—by what *right* he holds the exclusive sovereignty of the Sahara and exercises his sway, he will answer you in his Tamahek idiom : “ By right of conquest and by right of birth.” It is to his broadsword, which cuts the ham-strings of the camels of the refractory caravans—to the swiftness of his *mahari*, which gives him ubiquity, and prevents any strange traveler from escaping his pursuit, and to his right as first occupant, that the Thouareg owes his undisputed and undeniable sway.

Thouareg traditions have preserved the memory of the ancient days when the Christian Berber queen, Cohenna, could traverse her kingdom under a dome of verdure, and go from the columns of Hercules to the gulf of Gades without seeing the sun. These traditions relate with pride how their great queen, sacrificing the splendor of nature to patriotism, and hoping to defraud the rapacity of a barbarian conqueror by offering him an arid, fire-devastated desert in place of a terrestrial paradise, laid waste this lovely spot and destroyed its belt of orange, myrtle and fig, which, swept over by the breeze, sent perfume to the shores of that other country of flowers, arts and great men, which, at a later day, was destined to drive out the new conqueror, and succeed to dominion.

Cohenna derived no advantage from her sacrifice, and Africa became Mussulman soil, whence the Arab, armed with

the saber and the Koran, expelled the Cross and the Berber.

Driven by the new possessors into those seas of sand which, from west to east, border the African Tell (Tell is the cultivated or fertile portion of southern Africa—the word signifies the region of plains in opposition to that of the mountains), they carried their swords and their. God sent them the *mahari*, and the necessity of protecting themselves against the sand of the desert caused them to adopt the veil that gives them the sinister and mysterious aspect which makes them the terror of the caravans.

The reputation which followed them was that which, in conformity with historical precedents, the conqueror invariably bestows upon the conquered. The Arabs declared those whom they had despoiled to be robbers and barbarians. From age to age this calumny was repeated, and continues to be a stigma upon the vanquished. At the present time the Thouareg is the "Pirate of the Desert"—an expression which has become the only term used to designate him. He remains for entire months concealed behind a hill of sand, watching for his prey—the caravan, which advances slowly over the plain. Hence, by general consent, the Thouareg is called a *thief*. The Arabs have applied this epithet so often that it has been accepted as deserved; and General Dumas, in his book upon the Sahara—a book which is quoted up to the present day—repeats what the Arabs assert, and believed it without seeing its injustice. But the Arab is no longer master, and his opinion is no longer law; truth may be heard, and I give it herein.

Incontestable monarch of the vast desert, the Thouareg creates, in the name of his sovereignty, a right of transit and of entry, as regards all merchandise which passes over his domain. In this, as it seems to me, he only imitates our own customs, and copies our Federal custom-houses.

It is true that, if you do not pay cheerfully, he has recourse to brute force in a summary manner; having no time to

try the case, he passes over judgment and comes to execution.

When examining the matter closely, I even think that the difference between his proceedings and our own is not so great as it at first appears. With us, there is the custom-house officer's sword and gun—with him there is the lance, the saber, and the buckler; with us there is the revenue-cutter—with him the *mahari*. On their side, as on ours, there is confiscation of merchandise. When, in fine, the tax is paid, the advantage is on the Thouareg's side, for he escorts you faithfully across the sandy plains, where, without him, you would find certain death. Indeed, if need be, he defends you against the rowdies of the desert—as plentiful there as in New York, Paris or London. The tax is relatively small; it is often paid in goods, it is true, but, when it is paid in money, it is very trifling.

My position at the meeting-point of the *lignes douanières* admitted of my comparing the taxes. A caravan whose loads had to pay ten thousand francs to the French *douane* (custom-house), only paid five hundred francs to the Thouaregs, and paid nothing to Morocco. What was the consequence? That eight times out of ten, the caravan, instead of entering upon the French possessions, directed its course toward Morocco, where it sold the merchandise to England. France understands neither liberty nor commerce. If you add that, in exchange for these custom-house rights—as exorbitant as they are ill-managed—the French Government grants you no other privilege but that of setting foot upon its possessions, and gives you no special guaranty, you will agree with me that the real pirate of the desert is *not* the Thouareg, who takes little and gives great protection, but the *European*, who takes a great deal and does not protect at all.

This is not the only wrong which history—always at the service of the conqueror—has done to the conquered. All the great and noble things done by Islamism; all that has been set upon the pages of history by the conquest of Spain; the magnificent monuments of

Seville and Cordova, have, by historians, been always attributed to the Arabs; though, in truth, the first Arab invasion upon the soil of Europe was almost entirely composed of Berbers—the Berber princes themselves having already replaced the Arab Generals at the head of the armies of Islam. All these things are now elementary to whoever reads history at its primitive sources, and prefers truth to romance; but how many seek truth in history at the price of research, often laborious and always dear? They are few. The indolence of our minds has contributed to our confounding Arabs and Mussulmen, and has given to the former the honor accruing from what the latter have accomplished. Hence these terms: Arab nationality, Arab kingdom, Arab civilization, etc., etc., which are still current in our day, and which are nonsensical to those who have studied the history of Africa and the conquest of Spain in the original documents. That history shows us the Arab uniformly devastating, pillaging and ferociously inclined, incapable of founding any thing, passing over populations like a destructive torrent, leaving nothing behind him but ruins, tears and blood! If these ruins have been repaired, if these social wounds have been healed, by the Mussulman princes, these men were of Berber origin. Vanquished because surprised, the superiority of their race and source promptly reacted against the coarse barbarity of the conqueror, only too happy, at the price of the conversion of the conquered, to profit by his intellectual and social altitude. If it is asked how the Crescent so soon triumphed over the Cross, with populations so energetic and so much attached to their land as the Berbers were, I reply that their attachment to their land was precisely one of the causes of their apostasy—they hoped thus to preserve it from the general conflagration lit up by the Arab invasion, and to save their cities and villages. Let us add, besides, that their Christianity was so little similar to ours, schisms were so numerous, the quarrels of the Donatists and Circumcisionists had so greatly exhausted them, that they

showed little repugnance to melting all these divisions of religious opinion into a new belief, and to making the sacrifice of the religion of their fathers for their country's sake. At the present time, the Berbers are still as bad Mussulmen as they were Christians; they trouble themselves as little about the Koran as about the Bible, and eat cabbage-soup with pork, on the farms of the colonists, as heartily as the Christian colonist himself does. In the northern part of Africa they are what they were in the eighth century of our era.

In Berber or Kabyl countries the fields are cleared, leveled, irrigated, manured, sown with fruit-trees, surrounded with protective hedges, and the titles to the property mention the number and quality of the trees which are upon the land. The Berber, attached to the soil by the tie of ownership, loves it, and spares nothing to increase its richness and fertility. The Arab, on the contrary, who is an owner, as a general rule, only in common with the tribe, treats the land as a prodigal son might do—he drains it and leaves it exhausted. Any individual who has lived long in Africa does not mistake as to the origin of a landowner. If the country presents a desert aspect, without trees, though possessing water, and with wild jujube-shrubs and dwarfed palms scattered over the soil, you may be sure that an Arab has dwelt there.

The Thouareg is no more a barbarian than he is a pirate. Woman, with him, enjoys social consideration, and the rights of which she is deprived in the greater portion of that modern society called civilized.

Although a Mussulman, the Thouareg has not completely forgotten the Christian traditions of his race; for he alone, among those of his present religion, wears a cross upon his breast and does not sanction polygamy. Perhaps this relic of Christianity owes its duration to the relative poverty of the country, and the difficulty of maintaining several wives. There, as elsewhere, monogamy has elevated the moral situation of the wife in her family and in her tribe. As a child she is educated; as a young girl she

disposes of her hand, without its being possible for paternal authority to intervene otherwise than to prevent a misalliance. When married, she has the direction of her personal fortune, and is never forced to contribute to the expenses of the household without her own free consent. This consent is rarely given; so that, by accumulation and saving, the greater part of the fortune generally belongs to the women, and the transmission of rank and property is through them. In her family, she chiefly occupies herself with her children and their education. Her knowledge generally exceeds that of the men, who are constantly engaged in hunting or in combat. Although deprived of books, the Thouareg wife knows how to read and write. The sedentary life which she leads, and the necessity of corresponding with those who are dear to her, and who are far away, leads her to cultivate her mind, and to do intellectually what she does materially—that is, unceasingly amass. I have recently learned that M. Duverrier—a young man of twenty years of age, who, about ten years ago, succeeded in penetrating into the lands occupied by these tribes, on the side opposite to that where I resided—met with an excellent reception, owing to the fact that he made himself welcome to the Thouareg women by the introduction of a grammar in the Temahek language, the first they had ever seen.

It appears that the sight of their songs, traditions, fables, proverbs, etc., written out, inspired them with the wildest delight. The young traveler more than once regretted not having traveled exclusively as agent for the lucky publishers of the fortunate grammar; he might have sold several editions at reasonable prices, such, for instance, as two elephants' teeth for a dozen copies, which would have given him a handsome profit. There is a new market open, it appears, for booksellers, which no one counted upon.

Unfortunately, I had no grammars to sell when, twelve or fifteen years ago, I had relations with these tribes. My reception by the Thouareg ladies was somewhat different, as you shall see. I was

hunting in the Sahara, the only European there, with several riders, among whom was a Thouareg *marabout*. We were great friends, and if the reader judges from the spot in which we found ourselves, he will never guess whence the intimacy between us arose. It was from study. I was then occupied upon a work which the French Government afterward confided to me to be regularly carried out—namely, the historical and geographical dictionary of Algeria, a work from which the Crimean war unfortunately called me away, and of which the numerous materials were lost to me at a later period. We had often discussed the respective merits of the Koran and the Bible. With a superior mind and cultivated intellect, Si-Abd-Allah-Ben-el-Iraten was as learned as a Benedictine monk, which, however, did not prevent his being an enthusiastic hunter; and, as I had nothing to do but hunt, study and discuss, although he had but one other occupation besides, viz.: contemplation, he sacrificed it to friendship; so from discussion we often passed to hunting, only, however, to again resume the scarcely abandoned discussion.

We were hunting, then, when we suddenly found ourselves opposite a Thouareg halt, which was changing its establishment and decamping. Although I was a *Roumi*, I met with a cordial reception from the men. I was regarded among them as a just and unprejudiced person, which, in the eyes of the Arabs, is the highest of all the qualities they require in a Christian, and I had a friend with me, El-Iraten, whose piety and scientific knowledge, as I have said, had gained him the esteem of all the tribes of the desert.

We alighted and took our place at the *djemmah*. *Djemmah*, in Arab, means assembly, and is the foundation of the Arab's public life, as well as that of the Kabyl and Thouareg. The *djemmah* is religious, political or social, according to circumstances.

On this occasion it was neither political nor religious; but was for the purpose of relating stories, and, as the repertory of the desert is very limited, and

I was well acquainted with it, I was very considerably *ennuyé*.

"Iraten," said I to my friend, "can we not get out and walk about the encampment? Let us talk a little with the ladies."

Iraten saw no other obstacle than an *introduction*, he told me; although the Thouareg women are not, like the wives of the Hamians, veiled and invisible, but are accessible at home, and have great liberty. "I doubt," said Iraten, "whether, in traveling, we can be introduced—yourself especially, being a *Roumi*."

"Let us try, nevertheless. Have you not some friend here?"

"Yes," replied he, "there is Ben-el-Suassen, speaking with his wife, that tall, beautiful woman, whom you see on your right. Let us go in that direction."

As we approached, the tall, beautiful woman, without affectation, and seeming, indeed, not to see us at all, retired into the interior of the camp, and disappeared.

Ben-el-Suassen raised his head with the most natural air imaginable, and seemed to perceive our presence for the first time.

After the customary formalities—and only he who has endured it knows whether Arab politeness is fastidious or not, and what a string of good-wishes and interminable questions are customary—El-Iraten began to adroitly introduce the question which interested me the most.

El-Suassen appeared impassible; the countenance of the inhabitant of the desert is like the soil beneath his feet—always even, always undisturbed, until the passion of combat transforms the features, or a sirocco stirs the sands.

Nevertheless, my practice in reading such faces did not admit of my deceiving myself; the request was not agreeable to him.

I was about to ask El-Iraten to desist, when, to end the matter, he begged his friend to introduce us into the camp and present us to his wife.

El-Suassen made not the slightest objection, and I must confess that his tranquil countenance did not in the least prepare me for the reception which awaited us.

We had but fifty steps to take, and directed ourselves immediately toward the desired spot. At a few steps from it, I thought I remarked a noise like that of a bee-hive in a state of revolution; and as I set foot in the camp, the strangest and least agreeable of all sights met my eyes. The Thouareg ladies had painted themselves to receive me, but with what paint! I give you a hundred chances to guess, if you can. They had smeared their faces, necks and shoulders with the fresh spoor of their camels! It may be supposed that with *such* an addition to their toilet, these ladies presented no very charming aspect; and I hastened to beat a retreat, as much abashed as a fox would be if a hen had caught him, and vowing, but too late, not to be so entrapped again.

El-Suassen pretended to be very angry, but was, in reality, delighted. My friend, El-Iraten, took the blame upon himself, and I departed, feeling very much like a man who had "got the mitten" in a very public manner.

The *djemmah* is not always so harmless in its action; as the story I am about to relate—after a few details as to the *djemmah* itself—will show.

With the Kabyl and Berbers the *djemmah* is a relic of the Roman institutions, which, for six centuries, have governed them, and from which they derive the municipal *régime* and the individual ownership of property.

All Kabylia is organized into communes. The commune is administered by a mayor or *amin*, assisted by a municipal council or *djemmah*.

The *amin* and the members of the *djemmah* are chosen by general vote. Every Berber or Kabyl able to bear arms can vote.

Every commune votes its budget of expenses and receipts, and possesses its commonwealth. There the Berber organization ends—the commune is sovereign, its sovereignty being vested in the *djemmah*; above this there is no higher power. The commune is to Berber society what the State is to ours—with this difference, that we endeavor to limit the powers of the State—something that

has never been attempted in respect to the Kabyl commune. Great individual independence and constant strife result from this excess of decentralization. Every thing is decided by arms, as well between the members of one *djemmah*, as between the different communes, urged on by their *djemmah*; so that, to adopt the picturesque expression of the Arab, "powder is heard to speak oftener than reason!"

How often have I seen, in the Kabyl *djemmah* of the Beni-Youssef, the Beni-Yakoub, or the Beni-Raten, a beggar—without any other patrimony than the obligatory charities of the Mussulmen—rise in the assembly, and by a wild harangue of pretended inspiration, full of the most preposterous assertions as regards science and history, incite the entire population either to disorderly conduct or to act in direct opposition to their interests. Most of the partial insurrections against French rule, perfectly legitimate, though mad, have resulted from the preaching of these inspired beggars in the *djemmah*.

The Berber constitution is evidently wanting in a preponderating and regulative power, which, without interfering with individual liberty, would debar it from taking precedence of the general welfare.

With the Berber, the *djemmah* is above all, politically and judicially. The people having little religion, it is only incidentally religious.

With the Arabs, on the contrary, the *djemmah* is essentially religious. It is an assembly both aristocratic and patriarchal, composed of the most important personages, where birth and notoriety assign rank, and take the place of election. Nevertheless, the *djemmah* is public, and the whole tribe is free to take part in it. But the Arab tribe is nothing else than the family of the *marabout*, or of the *djouad*, according as his origin is military or religious—if the family is religious, that is to say, descended from Mahomet, or from some great religious personage, the chief is a *marabout*; if his origin is military alone, the chief is a *djouad*—his family, I repeat, organized patriarchally;

in other words, to the advantage of the elder or Sheik (*cheikh*). Each family is represented by its *cheikh*, who embodies in his own person its individuality. The Arab tribe is precisely the opposite of the Kabyl commune. With the first, the individual does not exist; with the second the individual is every thing. The Arab tribe is a State in the State; the Kabyl commune is a mere municipality in the State. To come to my story:

About twelve years ago, I witnessed a curious and terrible execution; and I heard all the details of the mode of procedure adopted by the Arab *djemmah*, from a sergeant-major captured by the Arabs, who was tried and condemned by the *djemmah*, and who, had we not fortunately arrived, would have been beheaded on the following day.

I then commanded a company of *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, and formed part of an expedition against the Beni-Suassen. We had quitted the sand-plain of the Angades, which the Arabs call the little desert—and which may justly be considered as the antechamber to the great desert—to enter into the mountainous regions of the Beni-Suassen. Our column might have numbered from fifteen hundred to two thousand men; the enemy were ten thousand, and, scattered through the windings of the mountain, hidden behind every stone and every bush, killed many of our number. What was most against us was the fact that these mountaineers are as brave as they are agile and vigorous. They are clad for combat with a leathern apron, which caused the French soldiers to call them shoemakers, in derision. Their dark skins could hardly be distinguished from the ground, and they glided along unperceived and crawled close to us, took aim almost within our reach, and then fled with the rapidity of lightning and disappeared in some ravine, often dragging with them some unfortunate soldier, whom they would seize by the strap of his knapsack, and who, losing his balance, would roll from rock to rock, and dash out his brains at the bottom of a precipice, or fall into the bed of some dried-up stream.

We had, nevertheless, climbed to the first plateau as well as we were able, firing, climbing, and losing men, when the sight of a flat surface, with a new range of mountains at its extremity, at whose base were the Beni-Suassen, ranged in order of battle, and ready for the fight, reanimated us, inspiring the hope that we were rid of our most cruel enemy, ambushers, and had at last to contend against men.

Our measures were promptly taken, and my company, sent forth as sharpshooters, gained ground rapidly, giving and receiving many shots, which, however, were almost harmless, owing to the space which still separated us from the enemy. We were nearly eight hundred yards from the foremost ranks. Nothing seemed to indicate any obstacle between us and them; the ground upon which we advanced appeared to be even, without trees, rocks or thickets, and covered by a fine, thick grass, the remembrance of which still revives me when I recall the terrible heat of the sand of the Angades, which we had crossed before reaching this spot. We were now suddenly passed by the Goums and Spahis. I can still see these daring warriors, standing erect in their strained stirrups, with naked arms, and floating *burnous*, whirling their guns above their heads and uttering their war-cries, while their horses swept over the ground, with the reins upon their necks, with fiery eyes and inflamed nostrils, seemingly urged on by the same warlike fury that animated their masters, and striving to annihilate the space which separated them from combat. This was but a passing vision—the hurricane swept by, the earth shook under the double shock given by the mass of horses and the repeated discharge of musketry, and then, nothing was to be seen but a cloud of smoke. Something strange had evidently happened. I hurried my sharpshooters forward, easily preceding them, as I was on horseback. I soon knew the truth. The smoke cleared away, and balls began to fall among us like hailstones. My horse came to the ground, and our men were falling also. Some frightened riders turned back, shouting

to us to go no further. I nevertheless kept on, aware that the infantry were but a short distance away. Presently I came in sight of an immense ravine, a sort of precipice, lying between us and our enemies, which it was impossible to cross, and with no indications to warn us of its existence. The Beni-Suassen, posted on the opposite side, had waited patiently until our riders, carried on by their ardor and the rapidity of their horses' pace, were near enough to the precipice for the smoke of their powder to conceal the opening, when the impetus they had acquired precipitated them into the gulf. Many of these brave fellows were killed by the fall, some fled, and the rest were made prisoners.

As for ourselves, we were obliged to stop and bivouac in front of the ravine, while the General sent out a column to turn the position.

We were wearied and night was near; we had been on foot for eighteen hours, exposed to a sun so hot that I peeled the skin off my face from my forehead to my chin. My commandant had not a remnant of skin upon his nose, and the cartilage of that important feature was visible, giving him a striking resemblance to a Danish dog. With the thoughtlessness and egotism of men whose lives are every day in danger, we made our *turk-tine* (a spiced biscuit boiled in coffee), when I fell asleep without thinking further of our unfortunate comrades who were missing. Heaven knows how glad I was to sleep, and mine was a heavy slumber, when, in the middle of the night, I was awakened by a loud noise. I rubbed my eyes and saw a large fire on the opposite side of the ravine, where our enemies were, not further off than gunshot distance.

There was evidently something extraordinary going on; the tam-tams, haut-boys, gongs and tambourines made a mad uproar. "All natural enough," said I to myself—"our shoemakers are celebrating their victory;" and I made ready to sleep once more, grumbling at those who had awakened me, when suddenly spiral tongues of smoke, followed by brilliant flames, pierced the darkness and revealed

to our horrified eyes that terrible spectacle, whose hideousness I shall never forget. Fastened to a stake, upon a funeral pile built up around an olive-tree, were two of our unfortunate companions in arms, made prisoners a few hours before, and absolutely burning to death before our eyes. Their piercing cries could be heard as the flames consumed their flesh, mingling with the *you-you* of the Arab women, the howling of the dogs, and the barbarous music of this still more barbarous race. As for ourselves, horror, rage, and our utter inability to aid our friends, kept us mute spectators of this horrible sacrifice. More than one silent tear fell upon the bronzed cheeks of our old soldiers as they thought of the mother or the betrothed of these unfortunate men, whose last lament and last sigh died away with the expiring flame around the pile. All was dark once more, and many doubted whether they had not been mocked by a horrible nightmare. They would perhaps still doubt, had not the events I am about to relate dissipated all unbelief.

The trumpet was soon heard sounding the order; the *fourriers* returned with the order of the day. It was short, and in these words: "Soldiers, remember what you have seen this night. Prepare to avenge your comrades." We went to carry the mountain-pass—we would have scaled the heavens.

The cavalry had turned the precipice, but it was necessary for us to descend it, at the risk of breaking our necks; then to reascend, and all this time under a continuous fire from the long Arab guns, which, at six hundred paces, rarely miss their aim. But rage was in our hearts, and the image of our comrades, burning alive, was before our eyes. The ravine was crossed, the mountain carried—we avenged the dead, and delivered our prisoners. It is from one of them that I had the following details.

In order to understand what is about to follow, it is necessary to know that an Arab tribe is composed of several *karouba*. The *karouba* corresponds to the Arab *douar*, and is composed of several families. According to its import-

ance, it forms a city, a large or a small village. The *dachera* is the isolated hamlet inhabited by a family belonging to the *karouba*.

The *gourbi* is the private abode of the Kabyl. It is a room two yards and a half or three yards in diameter, built of clay, and with a flattened roof, that serves as a terrace, upon which linen is dried and fruits are exposed to the sun. It is on these terraces that the women take the air in the evening or during the day, and utter their joyous *you-you*, the necessary accompaniment to every important event in the tribe or family. The *gourbi* contains a furnace and a sort of vast drying apparatus, made of earthenware. In the Jurjuva mountains, where the winters are more severe, it is divided up the walls and across by a beam, upon which are mats, which serve as beds for part of the family.

I will now return to our rescued captives, and allow one of them to tell his experience in his own words:

"You know, captain, how we were captured. I will not return to that matter. My comrades and I were immediately taken to the *karouba* of the Beni-Youssef, of which the *dachera* where we found ourselves formed a part. We were introduced into a *gourbi*; our hands and feet were tied, and we were left there. Meanwhile a great noise was made around us in the *dachera*, like that of a bee-hive which has been overturned. Nothing was heard but coming and going, the murmuring and whispering of some, the shouts of others, and the barking of the dogs, which they had great trouble in silencing; so excited were they by the unusual stir. As you may imagine, the time seemed tedious to us, and I can not tell you how long we waited. At last the door of the *gourbi* opened, and the *echaouss* came to untie our feet, and carry us to the public square of the *karouba*, where the *djemmah* had assembled. We were obliged to cross it through a compact and eager crowd, evidently boiling with rage and hatred for the Christian, and full of ferocious joy at having in their power some of the execrated enemies of their God and the conquerors of

the country. Impatience for the spectacle of our punishment was exhibited on their fierce countenances—the purgatory of the hell which awaited us was pictured there.

“At last, after a thousand insults and blows, we came to the open space reserved for the *djemmah*. I shall never forget the imposing spectacle which for a moment arrested our sad thoughts.

“In the center of the square was an open space, covered with carpets from El-Kala,* and kept free from the encroachments of the crowd by the long, white staffs of the *schaouss*.

The assembly was presided over by the *amin* of the Beni-Youssef, aided by the *kaislanfan*,† whose place was on the left of the former, and also by the chief of the Angades,‡ who was upon his right. All the chiefs of the contingents were ranged in a half-circle behind these three important personages.

“The *amin* was an old man of great stature and athletic form, and of a venerable and majestic presence. He was clad in white. He wore a turban of muslin, closely folded upon a woollen *haïck*,§ of which white silk formed a part, with strips alternately glossy and without luster, whose falling folds framed his imposing face, and mingled in silvery drapery with a beard whiter than snow. Under this beard appeared a white vest, braided with silk of the same color, and trimmed with an infinity of little white buttons, placed very near together. He wore the *zerwal*¶ fastened about the loins

* Kala is the province in Oram where carpets much prized by the natives are made.

† The *kaislanfan* is the chief of the negroes, who, in the entire Algerian regency, have a separate organization, and are governed by a chief of their own choice.

‡ A powerful tribe, which occupies the desert of the Angades, situated at the foot of the Beni-Suassen mountains.

§ The *haïck* is a piece of woollen stuff which forms part of the costume of both men and women. It passes over the head, where the men tie it with a strip of camel's skin, which is white when worn by the *toïbas*, or learned men, and black when worn by others. The chiefs fasten the *haïck* by a fine muslin turban rolled like a cord, green when worn by the *hadj*, or pilgrims, who go to Mecca, and white when worn by others.

¶ The *zerwal* is trowsers, made very wide, of white calico, sometimes of silk. It is worn by both men and women in Africa.

by a cord of crimson silk, and falling upon his *tumacks** of red morocco. Covering all was a double *burnous*, whose silky and supple folds, also white, had been woven in Tunis, and might have been put in the pocket of a European.†

“The *kaislanfan* was clothed in the same manner, but his ebony face shone in unpleasant contrast with the whiteness of his garments. All the chiefs were similarly clad, their dress differing only in the fineness of the material; and nothing can give an idea of the imposing aspect of this assembly, entirely robed in white. On beholding this ‘bed of justice,’ presided over by this aged man, surrounded by these warriors, with their brows bare and in martial attitude, with their solemn vesture and their noble mien, the era of the Sanhedrim seemed to have returned. When we came into the presence of the *djemmah*, the chiefs were crouched in the Arab manner, talking among themselves, smoking their long pipes and drinking coffee. They did not appear to notice our presence, faithful ever to Arab dignity, which does not allow a man, much less an assembly, to manifest either curiosity, astonishment or fear; absolute impassibility is the basis of all Mussulman *mise en scene*. Conversation continued as well in the *djemmah* as in the assembly, when at the end of a minute more, the *amin* rose. The last murmurs of the crowd instantly died away, no sound being heard save the sighing of the breeze and the distant neighing of some horses tied to the bivouac pickets.

“The grand proportions of the old man, in all their commanding majesty, became visible, and his venerable head appeared above the assembly which his look seemed to command. On seeing his serious brow, the lofty attitude of authority, his posture and his gravity, it seemed as if we had before us one of the

* *Tumacks* are soft boots, without any stiff sole, made of red morocco. Over these boots, which the Arab only puts on to mount upon horseback, he places silver spurs, which have but a single point, seven or eight inches long, which resembles a stylet or a spear-head, and which the Arabs call *chabir*.

† I have seen *haïcks* and *burnous* from Tunis which could be passed through a ring.

ancient kings spoken of in Holy Writ, or one of the pastors of the people described by Homer.

" 'Oh, believers,' said he, in a solemn voice,* 'it is written: *Thou shalt use the sword against the unbelievers, and thou shalt fight as well by cunning as by strength. The unbelievers are accursed and destined to hell. Malek† prepares their tortures / Allah has said: Kill all the unbelievers whom you meet; and tighten the bonds of the captive you have made. Allah is all-powerful; their punishment in the next world will be terrible and lasting!*'

"The crowd bent like a wheat-field beneath the breath of the wind. It testified thus its respect for the holy text, and its approval of the speaker. He resumed:

" 'We have fought our enemy by the sword and by cunning, and the Prophet has fought at the head of our warriors, the sons of the Beni-Suassen. The Beni-Suassen are great among the children of men; their powder speaks louder than the *Roumi*; their *yataghan* is sharper, their arms are stronger, their steeds are swifter. He who betrays their cause and that of the Prophet will be everlastingly bound to the *yacoum*.‡ Malek will be charged with their chastisement; he will never stand upon the *alaraf*, for he will not have followed the path of right. *Those who buy the life of this world at the price of future life, will not find punishment made milder for them, and they shall have no succor.*

"The words of the Prophet are great and just; they demand obedience to him upon earth, that we may be exalted in heaven; they command us to begin here the work of chastisement or of recompense, and to judge the acts of our enemies and his.'

"The matter was evidently becoming unpromising for us; and a fresh stir in the crowd—which began to scent out some terrible punishment, thrown as food for its ferocity—responded to the shud-

der of fear which ran through our frames. The *amin* resumed:

" 'The Prophet, inspired by Allah, the living God, has written: *You will find men who will seek to gain your confidence, as well as that of their nation. Every time they deceive by treachery and sedition, they shall be defeated. Seize them and put them to death wherever you find them. We give you absolute power over them.*'

"This time there was no room for doubt. The crowd no longer doubted, and a prolonged murmur of admiration was heard.

"You must not forget, captain, that the greater part of us were doubly guilty. As Mussulmen they had allied themselves with the Christians, and as Africans they had united with foreigners to aid them in subduing their fellow-citizens. Their position, then, was seriously dangerous, and inspired no pity in these brave men, who were defending their country and their religion, and looked upon us only as traitors and renegades. But we remained impassible, and the *amin* continued:

" 'The people of Allah are humane, their chiefs are just and honest; before you are struck down you shall be tried.'

"He then seated himself, and in the *djemmah* as well as in the assembly, a movement took place analogous to that which occurs in our churches or public meetings when some great orator has ended the first part of his discourse, or when another is about to succeed him. Every one drew a long breath, and whispers were interchanged; the *kaouadji** poured out a fresh cup of coffee for each of the members of the *djemmah*, brought to them—between two little iron bars—a live coal, which he skillfully laid upon the yellow tobacco in their pipes, and numerous spiral clouds of smoke began to rise in the air, while little streams of coffee fell, drop by drop, from the throats of our judges into their stomachs, and our trial began.

"It was the *krodja*† who was charged

* All the italic passages are *sourates* from the Koran.

† Malek, the spirit of evil, charged with the mission of torturing the lost.

‡ *Yacoum* is the accursed tree which arises in the midst of hell.

* The *kaouadji* (from *kaoua*, coffee), is the man who makes the coffee, and sells it at what represents a penny for a cup.

† *Krodja*, literally translator, interpreter, in

with the duty of interrogating us ; but before this we were separated into two bands, the first containing the natives, and the second the foreigners. This separation ended, the *kroñja* began :

“ ‘Dogs, you are accused of bearing arms upon the land of Islam, to combat the holy standard of the Prophet ; of having carried the sword and fire into our land, without provocation ; of having outraged our faith, put our men to death, and ravished our women. What have ye to say ?’

“The natives were silent ; but one of us calmly replied, without bravado as well as without timidity : ‘There are only soldiers of low rank among us ; we have obeyed the orders of our chiefs. If there are any among you who are acquainted with the laws which regulate our armies, they must know that we have neither the right nor the power to discuss the orders given us. We have but to obey.’

“This frank explanation of our situation, and our collected demeanor, seemed to produce a favorable effect upon the crowd ; but the *amin* rose once more :

“ ‘Every man is free,’ said he, ‘and owes no account of his actions save unto Allah, his only master. The man who voluntarily gives up his independence into the hands of another man, acts by that man, and is responsible for his doings. By submitting to the law which governs you, you have accepted its good and bad results. The day of retribution has come. The Prophet has said : *Terrible shall be the end of those whose deeds are evil.*’

“Then turning to the native prisoners, who were as unmoved as if the passing scene did not concern them in the least :

“ ‘Dogs with avaricious hearts,’ said he, ‘without souls and without faith, who have betrayed the God of Islam, and allied yourselves with Christians to show them the mountain roads which shelter our women and children—ye who have conspired with them to ruin the warriors

of the living God, the only true sovereign, be accursed ! By the voice of the awful and outraged God, who speaks to you through my words, I condemn you to be burned alive, two by two, on successive days. The place of your punishment shall be chosen in such a spot that the accursed Christians, for whom you have betrayed the God of your fathers, may lose no detail of the tortures you shall endure ; and that the cries wrung from you by pain, the light of the flames mingling with the death-rattle of your agony, and the last convulsions of your bodies when your lost souls leave them, to pass into the power of Malek, may acquaint them with the lot which awaits them, whenever they fall into our hands, and with our invincible determination to die under the banner of the Prophet, with our eyes turned toward *kaba*,* if the all-powerful God, to punish us for our sins, refuses to give us victory.

“ ‘As for you, men with cowardly hearts, who only know obedience unto man and are ignorant of the individual sovereignty of conscience, you shall die by the sword when the last of your comrades shall have perished amid the flames.’

“The meeting was at an end. The *amin* reseated himself tranquilly, swallowed a mouthful of coffee, puffed out two or three curls of smoke, gravely received the compliments of the chiefs, and paid no attention to the applause of the crowd and to the *you-you* of the Arab women who had mounted the terraces of the *gourbi*. The *schaouss*† took hold of us again, pushed back the crowd as well as they were able, and brought us again to the *gourbi*, from which we had started a full hour before.

“A few moments after, two unfortunate men were taken from among us—probably those whom you saw burned last night—and we heard nothing more until the trumpet sounding the charge of the *chasseurs* told us of vengeance or freedom. I will only add, that I am

reality, clerk, secretary, chancellor or advocate, is a sort of chancellor-secretary, attached to every administration, or to the suit of every great Arab nobleman, and whose office it is to write and attend to business matters for him.

* The *kaba* is the Holy Mosque in Mecca toward which every Mussulman turns when in prayer or when dying.

† *Schaouss*, policemen or executioners in Africa.

thankful that the last was what awaited us."

The expedition was soon over. The mountaineers, forced into the nearest of the mountain-passes, hastened to demand the *aman*,* which we made haste to grant, and we reentered Tlemcen.

Many years have passed since then. I have since taken part in the sacking of the Beni-Raten; I have been at Malakoff and in the Italian struggle; I witnessed much that was exciting and trying in the late war for the Union; I have seen many combats and many massacres, and all these things remain more or less vividly in my mind; but what will never be effaced from it, should I live a hundred years, is the sight of those two human bodies writhing in the midst of the flames; and what still fills my soul with horror and makes my flesh quake, is the remembrance of that last cry of anguish mingling with the crackling of the flames, and echoing through the darkness and silence of that hideous night.

ABEL ALISON'S SECRET.

"CHEER up, Abel! It is not manly to give way so much to your feelings, especially when the cause of all your sorrow has proved herself so unworthy of even—"

"Sister! sister!"

"There, now; I suppose you will as readily take up arms in defense of Alice Vernon as if she had not jilted you so outrageously. I could never, if I were a man, forgive any girl who treated me so; much less nearly grieve my soul out on her account. But you seem willing to sacrifice every thing—health, hope and time—to the empty memory of a weak, vacillating woman—one who had not sense enough to appreciate the value of the heart you offered her, but spurned it as if it were worthless, to rush into the arms of such a man as that Herbert!"

"She was free to choose, and perhaps

is happier than she could have been with Abel Alison, sister."

"Free to choose! Yes, and a pretty choice she has made of it. But it is of no use to try to make you forget her. I would not waste *my* time, though, in giving her a single thought."

"Come, come, sister Henrietta," said Abel, with an imploring look, "don't let us speak of unpleasant subjects during the few hours left me to remain at home. God knows that I wish Alice all the happiness her heart may desire; and if her husband only can appreciate her as I should have done had it been my lot to retain what I once had—her love—if he does really esteem her as he ought, I shall bear my cross with all the fortitude I can, and rest satisfied indeed."

"Very Christianlike, Abel! very Christianlike! But, as you say, there is little use in speaking of the matter. And you *will* go, then? I suppose, however, you will never become a lawyer by staying at home; but I shall miss you, my boy, sadly."

"It will not be for many months, you know. I shall come back to you as often as I can, and when I graduate, we will be together again."

"It is looking a long way ahead, Abel."

"Two years only! I have nothing *now* to distract my attention, or prevent my studying hard," he answered, with somber bitterness.

"Ah, Abel, if you had only endeavored to make a farmer of yourself, how much happier we might have been; no separation—"

"And no thoughts above turnips and potatoes, Henrietta."

"Ay, even so! I am glad to hear you jest again. But our father was a farmer and thought it the noblest pursuit of man. If he had lived, you might think so, too."

"I *must* go out into the world, sister. With such a restless demon as I have gnawing at my heart, this every-day life would kill me. I have too much time for thought."

"I don't wish to prevent you, my boy, but will say 'God-speed,' and hope it

* The *aman*. Asking for the *aman*, is submitting to the conqueror. The *aman* is granted according to certain conditions made by the conqueror with the conquered.

will all be for the best in the end." And I resumed my knitting, the needles clicking merrily, except when, at times, I stole a glance at the sorrow-stricken face of my brother, as he sat with the book which he was pretending to read half closed upon his knee, looking straight forward into the fire; and I well knew what was the tenor of his thoughts, and whose eyes it was that seemed to meet his own, as he fixedly watched the lurid embers on the hearth. It was difficult to realize that the wan, ghastly-looking man who was sitting opposite me could be my gay, joyous, handsome boy of but a few short months since. *Boy*, I call him, for he was so to me. For ever since our father, ten years before, left us alone in the world, it had been my duty to rear and watch over him; and though now on the very verge of manhood, and his twenty-first birthday nigh at hand, I could but think him a boy. Mother had died when I was very young, leaving, of all the little flock with which God had blessed her, as a bequest to my father, but we two, the eldest and the youngest—I a well-grown girl of twelve; and Abel, a weak, sickly, puny infant. From that day I had entire charge of him until he fell into better hands than mine. How and when, I'll endeavor to tell you.

We still lived at the old homestead at the time I speak of. It has since been torn down; but I never have had the same loving feeling for any home, that I bore toward that strong, sturdy-looking, stone farm-house wherein I was born, and in which I passed so many happy, and, I trust, useful years. Mine had always been the province to counsel and advise my brother in his trials and griefs heretofore, evanescent ones as they were; but in this, his great sorrow, how could I venture to condole with him—I, a plain-faced old maid, who had never felt "the passion?" For, though I neither liked "tea" nor possessed a favorite tabby to waste my affections upon, I did and do belong to the "sisterhood," and am not ashamed of it either. The truth is, that had I been attractive enough to have received even one "offer," I had not the time to waste in falling in love; for I

was farmer and housewife both, Abel being too much occupied with his studies to give any attention to home affairs, though not to prevent his devoting a great deal of time in endeavoring to win the smiles of fair Alice Vernon.

Michael Vernon and father had been great friends, and fellow-deacons in the church. Both were called men "well to do" in worldly matters, though probably Michael was the richest of the two; for father was one of those who believe that he "who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" and many honestly hard-earned dollars passed from his hands in the way of charity, and he had his reward in the blessings of the poverty-stricken in this life, and that of his "Master" in the one which he now enjoys. But Abel Alison and Michael Vernon, friends though they might be, were men of very different character. With one, liberality was a habit and duty; while the favorite adage, ever on the lips of the other, was, "Charity begins at home." *His* never began anywhere, that I could hear of. If the rumors among "the worldly" are to be credited, covetousness and avarice blinded his eyes even to the fact that his wife, the mother of his only child, was for years sinking slowly into the grave from sheer want of the common comforts of life. Whether this was the fact, I can not say; but I do know that no stone marked her final resting-place during his lifetime. Mr. Vernon was always very attentive to us, however. I have heard he expected to be appointed "executor" of our father's "will," and was sadly disappointed when "that chit of a girl, Henrietta," was left in sole charge of every thing. This, likely, was the truth; still, in his Puritanical way, he was kind enough to us—nay, even carried his benevolence so far as to offer to "come over on Sunday nights *after* meeting-hours and hold a little comforting prayer" with me. This I could not see the necessity of at all, and so I told him—and there was an end of that. Nor can I believe, even at this day, that Michael Vernon ever harbored the idea of joining our two farms in one by marrying me, though the village gossips had

often hinted it. If he did, it was all in vain; for being one of the plain-spoken kind, I never attempted to conceal the dislike I entertained for our neighbor, even though he was a deacon and father in the church. His only child—his Alice—was one year younger than my brother, and as our farms joined, the children were always together, and became playmates and firm friends from their cradles. And thus I saw them pass, hand in hand, from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to youth, until "Time" had almost imperceptibly changed them from "wee toddling babies" to the stature of man and womanhood; and a handsomer pair than Alice Vernon and Abel Alison were in those days I never have seen, or expect to see again. This childish friendship had assumed a graver character, and was changed, at least on the part of *one*, to deep, fervent, all-absorbing love. And every one said they were just suited to each other. Even Alice's grim father spoke to me approvingly on the subject; so, for a while, every thing seemed "*couleur de rose*" for Abel, and he dreamed joyous visions beneath the smiles of his beloved, unheeding the storm which was drifting across the heaven of his hopes to blot out the sunlight from his soul. I had already prepared myself to surrender my place as mistress of the "Holm" to a fairer successor, and was speculating in my mind on the various changes needed in our domestic arrangements before Abel should bring his bride home, and Deacon Vernon and I had even come to an understanding as to the moneyed affairs of the young couple, when the first cloud made its appearance.

When and where Alice met William Herbert I have never been told. I heard of him for the first time from my brother, after his return from a party at a neighbor's. Then, I am sorry to say, I rated poor Abel severely for giving way to jealousy, and for expecting to engross the attention of his "lady-love" all the evening, to the exclusion of other gentlemen. But the spirit of distrust was awakened, and for a time the affianced

ones became cooler toward each other at every meeting; and as this increased on their part, so, it was said, did the devotion of the city beau, until rumors of this state of affairs reaching Michael's ears, called down a storm of rage on his daughter's head that was far from adding any to her liking for her old lover. He bade her see Herbert no more, and forced her to seek Abel and place her reluctant hand once more in his. He, my proud brother, did not know this, or he had cast it from him. No! Poor, fond, deluded boy, mad with love, with joy he hailed even the semblance of peace with her he had shrined in his inmost heart, and made the arbitress of his destiny. His dream of happiness was fated to be short-lived indeed, and rough was the awakening from it.

Several months had now passed since Alice Vernon, forsaking home, and false to her plighted vows, had fled—no one could say whither; but with whom, we all knew too well. After the first stunning effect of the blow was over, my boy bore it well—so thought the world, and all marveled at his calmness. But they judged by the outward man alone; while beneath that cold, passionless exterior, I, only, saw the suffering of his soul. It was not study that so hollowed his cheek and wrinkled his brow; the reading of musty law-books never could draw such lines upon his face; and it was these thoughts, and sorrow for these changes, which filled my heart as I watched him on that night; and when, on the next morning, the stage-coach rolled away from our door, and I had caught, through its window, the last sight of his face for many months to come, despite the tears which *would* dim my eyes, I felt it was best for him to go; for contact with the world soon blunts and wears away the poignancy of grief. And so thinking, I went back to my farming and to my lonely home with more content than I had expected—though at night it seemed doubly dull.

Abel had been away nearly two months, and I was sitting in my room one night alone, listening to the winds as they swept around the corners of the house,

dashing the snow and sleet against the window-panes as if endeavoring to force their way in and quench the genial warmth of the blazing fire. It was the first great storm of winter; and an awful one it was, too. I remember that the roads were blocked up with snow when it ceased, and that the poor suffered terribly. I snuggled up closer to the fire as its fury increased, and had, I suppose, fallen into a doze, when, amid the raving and shrieking of the winds, the walling of a human being startled me from my seat. I listened. Once again—lower and fainter—I was certain I heard it—there could be no doubt; and with all speed I hastened into the kitchen, where the “hired man” and “cook” were sitting on either side of the hearth in amicable somnolence; but my sudden and unexpected entrance brought them to their feet in a moment.

“Why, Miss Alison! What on earth is the matter? You’re as white as a sheet. Hain’t seen a ghost?”

“No, no; get your lantern. There’s some one out in the snow near here. Dying, probably. Hurry, I tell you,” cried I, running to the door that opened into the yard.

“I guess nobody’s fool enough to be out on such a night, miss. Why, even a beast wouldn’t stray from home in this storm.”

“Quick! be quick! I heard some one call for help just now.” And I tugged away at the bolts with all my might, until John, seeing that I was determined, advised me to let him “try it alone—as it wasn’t a fit job for a woman to undertake to face snow and sleet, while a man was about, nohow.” And I don’t think it was; for when he did open the door, it was as much as Jane and I could do to close it again. I could hear his steps for a minute, crunching on the sleet; then they died away, while, with palpitating heart and eager ear, I stood listening, trembling at every sound. Jane crept closer to me and asked, in an awe-struck voice:

“You don’t think it could be a spirit, miss, do you?”

Before I could answer her, a shout

proclaimed the approach of the messenger of mercy, and as we opened the door, John staggered in, blinded with snow, and in his arms he bore the senseless, lifeless form of a woman. I had heard truly.

He laid his burden down before the fire, saying: “Poor thing! She was lying right in the gateway. Give out before she could reach the door, I guess.”

Some undefined impulse led me to cast back the long, silken, brown hair which partially concealed the woman’s features, and with horror I recognized the pale, stony, deathly face of Alice Vernon. At the sight, all bitterness left my heart, for “Abel” was avenged. A mightier than I had laid his hand heavily upon her. I forgave her all; nor did I cease from my labors until, by God’s blessing, the frozen heart began to beat once more, and slowly life returned—life, indeed, but reason had temporarily lost its way; and it was from the ravings of the fever-crazed girl that I learned the full extent of her sufferings. Betrayed by him she loved—scorned—driven out to perish from the door of her childhood’s home, where she had sought refuge, Alice had wandered, through the tempest, to the “Holm,” to beg of Abel—for charity—a place to die in.

The next day John struggled through the thickly-falling snow to the village, for medical aid; but only to return as he went, for, to make matters worse, our sole physician, Doctor Wildey, was sick himself, and could not come. However, I am one of those who never give up to trifles, and with Jane’s aid I hoped to be able to meet the emergency which I saw was at hand. And so mine were the first arms that received Alice Vernon’s child. She, the mother, lay for hours in a death-like stupor, from which I thought she would never waken again. Jane, worn out with fatigue, had fallen asleep in her chair, and I was sitting with the newborn child on my lap, soothing it as I best could, when, in a faint voice, Alice called me to her side:

“Do you know me, dear?” I asked, as I stood by the bed.

"Dear, kind Miss Henrietta," she murmured, and I could read a thousand questions in her eyes.

"You must not talk now, Alice. I'll tell you all when you get strong again. In the mean time, here is a young lady who wishes to make your acquaintance." And laying the babe by her side, I turned away, for I could not look on unmoved at the young mother's sorrowful joy, as she first saw her child. Presently she said, in a faltering voice:

"Let me see its face, please." And as I held the little one toward her, she kissed it and cried, passionately:

"My child, my child!—who will care for you when I am gone?"

"You must not talk so. It only excites you uselessly, and you and baby shall have many happy days together yet."

She made no reply, but shook her head despondingly.

"Pshaw! don't be foolish, darling. I am determined to adopt you both, if no one else will."

When I said this, Alice asked, eagerly:

"And will you protect my friendless orphan—my Henrietta? May I call her so?"

"It's an ugly name, child, but you are welcome to it. Now do go to sleep. I'm mother and grandmother, too; so you must obey orders."

With a peaceful smile my patient clasped her infant in her arms, and closed her eyes, as if in obedience; and leaving her to quiet, I woke my fellow-watcher, and putting her on duty, left the room for a few moments. Very few, indeed, for Jane called me back to the sick girl, saying:

"Miss Alice says, please come immediately."

When I reached the bedside, I could see that even in so short a time a great change had taken place. There was no mistaking the mark of death upon her brow. The sufferer was leaving all earthly cruelty, wrongs and cares forever. As I took the child from her straining grasp, she whispered:

"Love it—my child. Ask Abel to forgive me."

Then her mind wandered, and she spoke of "my William," and "how could he leave his own Alice?" Of "father," and of "wandering in the storm"—all her expiring energies breaking forth in one sad wail, "my child! my child!" And Alice Vernon was dead.

I had written my letter to Abel, telling all that had happened, and was busily engaged with the baby, when Michael Vernon came into the house, stamping the snow from his boots and bringing in a plenty of cold air with him. He stood in silence, looking from me to the child, as if wondering what such a piece of furniture was doing in that place.

"Good-morning, Mr. Vernon. Be seated," said I.

"Good-morning, Miss Alison. Severe weather, this, we are having. I didn't like much the idea of coming out; but John said you wished to see me particularly," he remarked, as he drew his chair up close to the fire, and rubbed his hands until I thought he'd surely take the skin off.

"Thank you. Yes; I have something to say to you which will not bear delay, otherwise I should never have trespassed so much on your kindness as to—"

"Don't mention it, Henrietta. You know I would do any thing to add to *your* pleasure and comfort." And he sighed with such a lackadaisical, woe-be-gone air, that I could not resist smiling, even under such serious circumstances.

"You are very kind indeed, Mr. Vernon—very kind. I should not have troubled you to come had Abel been here. But as it is, I was compelled to inconvenience you."

"Abel? Ah, yes—when did you hear from him last?"

"Three days since. He is doing well."

"I am glad to hear it—I knew he would. What a little mite of a baby, Henrietta," he exclaimed, leaning over and looking at the little red face (to see who it resembled, I know).

"Yes. It is the child of a young friend of mine. Poor little thing, its mother was very destitute, and I have

taken them to stay with me a while. I want company at times."

"You might have it always if you wished. But 'blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy,' and the Lord will surely bless you for your charity, sister."

"You approve of mercy, then, Mr. Vernon? The truth is, I thought more of pleasing Abel in this matter than of any thing else, so I don't claim any credit for it. And it was on this very subject that I wished to consult you."

"My advice and prayers are always at your service." As he spoke, he hitched his chair toward mine until they almost touched. "You know we might have been relatives if the Lord had not seen fit to lay *that* sorrow upon me."

"Poor Abel! No one will ever know how he has suffered. My boy has too tender a heart for this world's trials by far. Have you heard from Alice—your daughter—since she—"

"Daughter! I have no daughter. When the wanton fled from my roof to the arms of her seducer, she was no longer mine. I cast her off. But do not speak of *her*, if we are to remain good friends."

"She was your only child, Mr. Vernon—your only child."

"So much the more shame to her for acting so. I tell you, Miss Alison, and I swear it by all that is high and holy—I, her father, whom she has disgraced before God and man, would, had I the power, call down upon the head of that girl such curses as—"

I could listen to this no longer. And rising from my seat: "Stop! Come with me," I cried; and taking him by the hand, led the way into my room—the chamber of death—up to the bed. Muttering threateningly to himself, he passively followed.

"What do you see?" I said, pointing to the silent occupant of the couch.

His voice trembled as he answered:

"Some one—dead. Is it the mother of this child?" And in reply, I turned down the sheet from off the marble face, exclaiming:

"Look and see! and in her presence

Vol. I.—28.

and that of her orphan child, curse her if you will."

He gave one wild, startled look at his dead daughter, and groaned:

"Oh, God—Alice! And I turned her off to die in the snow. My God! My God!" And, as if pursued by the angel of vengeance, he fled from the victim of his cruelty, and dashed madly out of the house.

We buried our dead. I was the only true mourner who followed Alice Vernon to her grave; and after the last rites were performed, I returned to the "Holm" and my little "Etta," renewing in my heart the promise made to the dying mother, that the orphan should be my child in love.

Seventeen years later, and I had become a spectacled old lady, and my adopted daughter a very lovely young maiden. As for Abel, these years had changed the slight, heart-broken youth of twenty into a handsome, dignified man, a thriving lawyer, and our honorable representative in Congress. But all the changes could not make me like our city residence as well as the dear old "homestead." It had been "Etta's" first winter in society, and great was the sensation she caused in the gay world when she stepped out from the school-room into the maelstrom of fashionable life. The scepter of belleship was at once placed in her hands. Abel had been absent most of the season attending to his duties as a lawmaker, and only knew of our Etta's triumphs through my letters. It was long before I could understand why he seemed at times to shun her presence, though never failing in affection toward her. Her striking resemblance to Alice—increasing, too, as it did, with each year—accounted for it, and for his absenting himself more and more from home on business affairs or in mingling in the war of politics.

Etta was a bright, beautiful being, and, as Harry Gray said, "no one could help loving her." Harry was a great favorite of mine, and one of Miss Etta Alison's most assiduous admirers. Poor fellow! how he strove to win her love; and I

thought, at times, had almost succeeded. Certain it was that the two seemed on most excellent terms. But when I spoke to Etta on the subject, she only shook her fair curls, and with a saucy smile said, "I'm o'er young to marry yet," and vowed that she had no idea of "becoming mistress anybody, for some years, unless, indeed, you are tired of me, auntie."

"As if I could ever tire of you, my sunbeam," I would reply. At which she, with a kiss, used to laughingly say:

"I mean to be a dear old maid like you, auntie."

And that was all the satisfaction I could get. She always called me "auntie," and Abel "cousin," until after her return from school; when, though I retained my name of affection, he became to Etta "Mr. Alison;" and, strange to say, the colder the title she gave him the better he liked it.

But, however absent in mind and person my brother might be, there was no lack of company in the house; for the gentlemen gave our door-bell but little rest during the hours of the day in which it was allowed by the code of "etiquette" to visit. If no one else was in the parlor waiting to see Miss Etta, there was the inevitable Harry Gray, at all times ready as an escort. I have read of *knighly* devotion, but I believe his was of the *all-day* kind. Handsome, rich, and devoted, he had my best wishes, if that were any advantage. But, alas for human hopes, his was "Love's labor lost," and I sympathized deeply with him when, in despair, he bade me "good-by," on his last visit at our house previous to his departure for Europe.

"What is the matter with Harry Gray, Etta?" I inquired, as soon as the lover had retreated after making his adieux.

"I'm sure he's looking well, auntie," replied 'miss,' evasively, from the depths of an easy-chair, where she was ensconced, pretending to be much interested in a new novel.

"Um—I know, now. You've been treating him badly."

"I treat Mr. Gray badly?" cried Etta, opening her large blue eyes in astonishment. "I! Oh, no, I like him too much

for that. Besides, I am never guilty of treating any one so, I hope."

"Perhaps! But I will bring you to the confessional, young lady. Put aside your book and answer me truly."

Etta closed the novel, and pursing up her little mouth, sat with hands crossed and eyes demurely fixed upon the carpet, awaiting my inquisition.

"Now, Miss Etta, I wish to know if Mr. Harry Gray did not meet with a disappointment?"

"May be so, auntie. We are all liable to such things."

"Ah! You wish for the question direct, then? Well, did not the said Harry propose matrimony—lay his hand, heart, fortune and good-looking self at your feet?"

The fair penitent blushed and hesitated considerably as she stammered: "I suppose—he—did; but then—"

"You refused all of these?"

"I could not accept him, auntie."

"And why not? You have always appeared to like him better than any of the other admirers who follow in your train."

"And so I do—I like Harry Gray exceedingly."

"And rejected him?" I cried, in surprise.

"Yes, auntie, I was compelled to do so."

"And why, Etta?"

Instead of answering my question, she came to me, and throwing her arms around my neck, with face hidden on my bosom, whispered:

"It is my only secret from you. I may tell it some day, but not now—not now."

"Keep it, darling, as long as you wish. I doubt it is no very dangerous one."

And we were standing so when Abel came in with an open letter in his hand. It was from Doctor Wildey at C——, and called us to Michael Vernon; for he wished to see his daughter's child before he died.

The "Holm" house looked lonely enough as we went by it in the cars. The railway passed through the old fields where I was wont to play the farmer, and

the whole farm was divided into town lots. Many were already occupied with cottages of that peculiar style of architecture which may be denominated "Swiss railroad dépot order." Though the changes had enriched us greatly, still it made me sick at heart to view them. Mr. Vernon's place, too, had been sacrificed to "mammon," and it was through a lane bordered with a score of new white frame dwellings that Etta and I walked to his house after leaving the cars. We were alone. Abel was to come out in a day or two to escort us back to the city.

Many years had passed since I entered Michael Vernon's doors, nor had we exchanged even the ordinary greetings since the day when he fled from the presence of his dead daughter; and it was with a strange feeling of curiosity that I followed the old woman who ushered us into the "best room." Etta clung tremblingly to my arm, and as we crossed the threshold I felt a shuddering thrill pass over her of fear. How could she look forward calmly to meeting that tyrannical old man—that cruel father, who had driven his child from him in her dying moments, and for so long ignored her own existence. For she knew her mother's history—only, of Abel and *his* loss I had not deemed it necessary to speak.

"Won't you let me bring you even a cup of tea?" asked the old housekeeper, after we had taken off our wrappings. Upon our declining this, as we had all other refreshments, she added: "Well, then, I might just as well tell the doctor you've come, I guess, or he'll get into a regular tantrum."

As she turned to leave us, a laughing voice exclaimed:

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones, for giving me so amiable a character. However, Miss Alison knows me better than that, I hope."

And before I could distinguish who spoke, my hand was tightly grasped by my good old friend and physician, Doctor Wildey.

"And *this*, I suppose, is the young lady?" he cried.

"Yes, my adopted daughter, Miss Etta Alison, doctor."

"Great heavens! what a resemblance to—well, well; Mr. Vernon has been asking for you continually since I wrote, so I am glad you came immediately, as I thought you would."

As we went through the dark passageway leading to the "sick room," I asked:

"Is he very ill? Is there no hope?"

The doctor shook his head, and replied in a low voice:

"Past all physic. He may live a week—may die in an hour; in fact, is dying now, slowly, but none the less surely."

We stood in the dying man's presence. Could that gaunt, hollow-eyed, gray-haired specter, lying on the bed, be the strong, iron-willed Michael Vernon of my earlier days? His eyes were closed when we first entered the room, but at the noise we must have made he fixed his gaze on me, and with his attenuated hand beckoned me to draw near. When I leaned over his pillow, he said:

"Thank you, Henrietta. I knew you would not fail me. God bless you for it. I am going, old friend, and would make atonement if I can."

"You owe me no thanks, Michael. It was duty brought me to you."

"And pity—and forgiveness?—say forgiveness," he continued.

"From me, Michael, you need none. Pity? Yes. My child must say the rest, and I thank God that you ask it."

"The child! Alice's child—where is she?" he asked, excitedly.

"Here," and I drew Etta forward toward him. As his look fell upon her lovely face, he shrunk back in terror.

"Alice! Good God, it is my daughter!" he cried, cowering beneath the coverlet in horror.

"No, Michael, not Alice. She is with the glorified. But this, Michael Vernon, this is *her* child, and my own best beloved."

I told Etta, as she knelt by his side, to speak to him.

"Grandfather!"

At the sound of her voice he turned his head and looked longingly into her eyes, now swimming with tears, and slowly placed his right hand upon her head :

"Then you, too, forgive me, my child?" he faltered.

"From my heart, grandfather," Etta sobbed—and Michael's face was lighted with joy, as he exclaimed :

"May the Lord God of Israel bless you ever."

For a while the silence that followed was unbroken, save by our sobs, and the labored breathing of the sick. How long we would have remained so there is no telling, had not the doctor abruptly ordered us away, saying that "excitement would injure his patient." And then I supported my half-fainting Etta to her room. That, too, was a sacred spot to her, for it had been her mother's. From it she had taken her fatal flight to bask awhile in the light of a false love, and then come home to die, without leaving a clue by which to trace her deceiver. Those were sad, solemn days we spent at Vernon farm. Michael was never at rest unless Etta was in his room, and we only left it when the minister came to pray with him, or the doctor issued an order to that effect.

So passed three days, and then Abel came. It was nearly dark when he arrived; but, late as it was, Michael sent for him, and they had a lone and long interview. Mr. Vernon would have no one else present, so my child and I awaited Abel in the parlor.

Etta, worn out with excitement, had sobbed herself to sleep on the sofa, and I was sitting before the fire-place, the few smoldering coals in which served but to cast a dim twilight over the room, and thoughts—gloomy, sad thoughts—of days long gone by, were chasing each other through my mind, when my reverie was broken by hearing a step near me; and Abel strode across the floor, throwing rather than seating himself in a chair. I caught one glimpse of his face, wretched and pallid, as he hid it in his hands and groaned. Something terrible must have happened to produce

such an effect on one usually so calm and unmoved. What could the old man have said to so agitate him!

"Abel—dear Abel! What distresses you?" cried I.

But no answer, save a deep sigh, did he make.

"Oh, my boy, do not give way to sorrow for the dead past; that belongs to God; the future is ours. Be a man, Abel! the strong, true-hearted man you have always been; and do not let vain shadows and old associations affect you. What could Michael say to excite you so? Tell me—did he speak of Alice?"

He shuddered, then answered in a hoarse, strained voice:

"He said nothing unkind—nothing."

"Why, then, are you so distressed?"

"It is at my own folly, sister; but I will get over it."

"Abel, this is no new thing. For months back you have been changed toward us—Etta and I—and I have wondered, yet waited in vain, to learn why. I now ask the reason. We are all that are left to each other—you, the child, and I—and our happiness should not be wrecked for a trivial cause."

I could not see his features, but knew he felt the force of my appeal, and awaited an answer in silence.

At length he spoke:

"Sister, it is just and right that you should know all; even though my weakness lead you to despise me. Michael Vernon has been urging on me marriage—me, Abel Allison!"

"And why not, Abel? If you can find a suitable wife, I think any might be proud of having such a husband."

"He urged on me to marry—whom, think you?"

I could only shake my head in token of ignorance.

"Be astonished, then—*our* Etta!" And he drew a long breath as he said it.

"Ridiculous! Our Etta! Why, she is but a child, and you—"

"I am nearly thirty-eight, you would say. Oh, if she had only married young Gray, or any one."

"Why, Abel!" I was almost dumb with astonishment, and began to think him at the least insane.

"Yes, any one. How could I speak to Mr. Vernon on the subject? Every word was torture to my soul—for, sister, I am nearly mad. I could say nothing; coward as I was, I felt I loved her."

"God help you, my poor boy, for I can not."

Like him, I felt the utter hopelessness and desolation of his passion.

"Yes, it is all in vain—and I—" He shook with agony as he spoke.

A dark shadow appeared to glide around the back of his chair, and he heard a sweet, well-loved voice saying:

"Abel, dear cousin Abel!" And two little hands were placed in his. He did not move, but sat like a statue. Then, in a soft and pleading tone, I heard her say:

"Will you not speak to your own little Etta?" And as his strong, loving arms drew her to his heart, unnoticed I stole out of the room. What a fortunate thing it was that I forgot Etta was asleep on the sofa—and Abel did not know it at all.

Now I knew Abel's secret, and why Etta would not marry Harry Gray, and approved highly of both.

When they were formally engaged, I tried vainly to find out when Miss Etta first began to love my brother. Abel, though, acknowledged that he had been fascinated ever since his first introduction to her "ladyship."

Michael Vernon lingered on through the week, and having seen Abel and Etta kneeling hand in hand before him to receive his blessing, departed in peace, and died with the setting of sun on the seventh day. As I have said, the railway speculation enriched him greatly, and so Abel married an heiress.

Alice Vernon's legacy, though, is our greatest blessing. Neither Abel Alison nor Henrietta, his wife, have any more secrets from each other or the old maid.

ASSASSINS AND THEIR WORK.

CATHARINE DE MEDICI.

FLORENCE, that wondrously beautiful Italian city, where the cultured tourist lingers most lovingly, and from which he parts most regretfully, has given to the world many a name which will endure to the end of time. Here dwelt Dante, framer of immortal verse; Michael Angelo, whose marvelous genius lives alike in painting and in sculpture; Galileo, mightiest and first of astronomers; Americus Vesputius, Machiavelli, Boccaccio, Cosmo; and here was born that most depraved and monstrous of women, that greatest and most heartless of assassins, Catharine de Medici. For every other assassin that the world has known, some palliating word may possibly be said; for her, none! The murderer of William of Orange was animated by a fanatic zeal in religion; but Catharine de Medici cared nothing for religion. Charlotte Corday was gentle to whom she loved, and a vestal in her purity; Catharine de Medici loved no one, and rioted in luxurious vice. Fawkes and his fellows were men of honor and credit; with her honor was a bagatelle, a nothing. Even Booth believed himself serving the purposes of his friends, and striking at tyranny; Catharine de Medici served no one but herself, cared for no one but herself, and held in her brutal breast no single throb of human sympathy. Her assassinations were many, and occurring at frequent intervals; but in the single massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, her terrible genius wrought the most gigantic crime of this description known to history. To beautiful Florence belongs the fame, or infamy, of having been the birthplace of her whom we may truly term the greatest and most heartless of assassins.

The year 1519 saw the infant born, who, during the seventy years of her dreadful life, displayed such demoniac wickedness. Of her childhood we know nothing especially noteworthy; but it seems impossible that one so devoid of all gentle human attributes could even in her childhood have been innocent and artless.

Florence, in that day, was under the brilliant but despotic government of Lorenzo de Medici, Catharine's father. She was reared among the scenes of that dazzling and demoralizing period, when liberty that had been bought with bloody and desperate strife—amid the clangor of arms and the pealing of shouts for freedom—when the busy hum of industry was drowned beneath the tumult of clanking steel and the tramp of mail-clad battle-steeds—when an enthusiastic people gathered about the unfurled gonfalon, every heart nerved with the determination to live or die in the defense of their down-trodden rights—when the polished citizen and the wild robber of the Apennines crossed their flashing knives fraternally, to swear destruction to their oppressors; that dazzling period, we say, when liberty, *thus* bought, had been tamely and ignominiously surrendered, after two centuries, and an effeminate and enervated people submitted, without a cry or a struggle, to the revival of the old oppression, in the sway of Lorenzo de Medici. But never did oppressor more cunningly conceal chains beneath garlanding flowers. Lorenzo was intellectual, cultivated and immensely wealthy. He drowned the cries of expiring liberty beneath strains of enchanting music. The minds of the people were diverted from any remembrance of their degradation by a round of the most dazzling delights. Poets sung voluptuous strains, and sculptors rendered in speaking marble the loveliness that has outlived centuries. Entertainments of the most gorgeous description were provided for the young, and munificent academies and libraries were founded and maintained to please their elders. The rudest of the populace were welcomed to dramatic entertainments whose splendor the world has never outrivaled; while in the magnificent palace of the Medici, the wealthy and the learned feasted and made merry, with sparkling wines and delicious viands and lovely women; surrounded by the noblest paintings and the most beautiful statuary—Michael Angelo, with his pencil, and Politian, with his inspired verse, celebrating the glories of the scene.

Amid these surroundings the little girl, Catharine, moved, while her father lived; and afterward, under the equally despotic but less hypocritical reign of Alexander de Medici. She had only reached her fourteenth year when the reigning pope, her uncle, negotiated her marriage with the French Henry, Duke of Orleans; and the Italian girl left Florence forever, to take up her abode in France.

It was in the year 1533 that this baleful spirit took its place in French history. From this earliest moment, she began the practice of that studied hypocrisy whose clear purpose was the obtaining of dominion over the people of France. Her position was a comparatively humble one in that court. Henry, her husband, was the second son of the French king, Francis the First; there was little prospect that he would ever attain to the throne. Her husband's mistress, Diana de Poitiers, and her father-in-law's mistress, the Duchess d'Etampes, were both women of more influence than was Catharine; but the wily Italian flattered and courted them both—bitter haters of each other as they were. By and by the elder brother died, and when the king soon after followed him to the grave, Catharine's husband became king. Still Catharine bided her time, and pretended to care nothing for affairs of state; and her husband's mistress shone in public as the virtual queen. It was not until she had reached her fortieth year, that the wily Italian woman believed she saw her way clear to the power for which she thirsted. Her husband was accidentally killed at this time, and her son, Francis the Second, became king of France.

Francis the Second was a feeble, sickly youth, with little mind and less energy. His mother believed she could sway him easily; but, alas for her calculations—he was submissively fond of his beautiful young wife, Mary, Queen of Scots, whose influence over him was supreme. Mary, in her turn, was under the influence of her maternal uncles, the Cardinal Lorraine, Le Balafre, and Francis, Duke of Guise—all good Catholics, but caring nothing for Catharine de Medici and her wishes. Finding herself balked in her

ambition, the queen-mother renounced the Catholic faith and espoused the cause of the Protestants—or Huguenots, as they were called in France, and by which name they are known to history.

In this day and country, those who are not intimately familiarized, by the study of history, with the terrible religious wars of the fifteenth century, must find it difficult to enter fully into the feelings of the combatants in those dreadful internecine conflicts. The intelligent Catholic of to-day can not comprehend the feeling which made the heretic of the fifteenth century such an object of abhorrence to those of the older faith. The Protestant of to-day is equally unable to realize that feeling which made a Huguenot father prefer that his daughter should die at his feet a Protestant, rather than that she should be exposed to the influences of a Catholic convent, which he sincerely believed to be nothing less than "a gate of hell." Religion was in that day, throughout Europe, merely a gage of battle. Under its name, the intensest civil wars were waged. At the moment of which we speak, the eyes of all the other European nations were upon France; and the contest was not one of principle, in any true sense—it was for a form of religion, and for the substance of political power. It was not for religious freedom, in its purity, that the Huguenots fought. Had they succeeded in gaining power, there is no reason to believe that they would have extended to the Catholics any greater degree of toleration than the Catholics, in their day of power, extended to them—indeed, there is every reason to believe that they would *not* have done so. Their fanaticism was hardly less furious than that of the Catholics. When they obtained the temporary opportunities of victory in battle, the Huguenots leveled Catholic churches with the ground, destroyed images and paintings the most dear to the hearts of the Catholics, and covered all the outward manifestations of the Romish religion with contumely.

The Huguenots had been steadily growing in numbers for many years previous to the coming to France of Catha-

rine de Medici. During her husband's reign they had accumulated in sufficient force to be animated with hopes of obtaining political power in the nation. At the time when Catharine, in a fit of jealousy, and for her own base purposes, announced her espousal of their cause, the Huguenots were led by various members of the royal family and the French nobility, conspicuous among whom was the brave and virtuous Admiral Gaspard de Coligni—one of the few men of note in the history of that time, whose names have come down to us unsullied with the vices of the period. Catharine's efforts were at once turned to the bringing about of a revolution that should place her over the French people as ruler; to seize the boy-king, Francis, her son, and Mary, his wife, and shut them up in prison; to slaughter such others of the royal family as stood in her way; and to form a Huguenot council of regency, of which she should be the head. The Huguenots assented to this scheme, but before it could be carried out it was crushed, and many Huguenots suffered death. Thereupon, Catharine deserted her new allies, and returned again to the Catholics, with a shameless faithlessness quite characteristic of the woman.

The result of her return to her former allegiance was ere long made apparent. Her son, Francis, the king, whom she could not control, suddenly died. That his mother was guilty of his death, we have no doubt; he died from the effects of a subtle poison, dropped into his ear under pretense of curing the ear-ache, to which he was subject. Charles the Ninth, her next son—also a boy in years—now became king, and Catharine de Medici became, to a certain extent, the sovereign of the realm, for over this son she had unbounded influence.

The course which this most unnatural mother now adopted, to effect her purposes and extend her sway, was worthy of the wicked brain which prompted it. She set herself deliberately to work to ruin all her children at heart, to dull and stultify every moral principle which nature had planted in their breasts. She led them one continuous round of sensual

delights, and converted her palace into the semi-semblance of a brothel, and a scene of riotous debauchery. The result was such as she intended it should be. The health of her children was undermined, their frames enfeebled and sown with the seeds of dreadful disease, rendering them listless, dawdling creatures, devoid of energy and life. Their morals, also, became as thoroughly undermined as their physical constitution; vice had no hideous mien to them—crime was not abhorrent—bloodshed was viewed almost with indifference, and religion was looked upon as a mere pretense and pander.

The picture now presented in the royal household shows us the two prominent figures of our story thus: Charles the Ninth, the young king, a man of not remarkable cruelty of character, possessing such good traits as might enable him to be characterized as a "good-hearted fellow at bottom," but of feeble will—saturated with the weakness born of sensual indulgence. From him, standing alone, it is impossible for the candid historian to believe the monstrous crime about to be perpetrated could ever have issued to performance. But his Mephistopheles stood at his elbow, in the shape of his own mother, Catharine de Medici. She was now over fifty years of age; and all her bad passions were at their height. While leading her son through every conceivable avenue of pleasure that could enervate and demoralize him, she poured into his ear a continual stream of corrupting counsel, with a view to creating in his breast a terror of the Huguenots that should lead him to seek their destruction in a spirit of self-protection.

The Duke of Guise, a Catholic, and the Admiral Coligni, a Huguenot, were the two leading spirits of the hour. Of both these men, Catharine was jealous and fearful. She therefore pretended friendship for them both, and laid her plans for having them both destroyed. She induced the Duke of Guise to attempt the assassination of Coligni, intending to afterward cause the duke to be hung for the murder—thus ridding herself of both at one blow. The assassina-

tion was attempted; Coligni was shot in the street, while passing the duke's residence, and badly wounded; but he was not killed. He was borne to his own house, where he speedily received a visit from the young king, who expressed his sympathy with the sufferer and abhorrence of the deed. But Coligni was doomed. The hour of the monster massacre was at hand.

But, to make our narrative complete, we must now go back a few days.

It was on the morning of the 17th of August, 1572, that a brilliant assemblage was gathered at the church of *Nôtre Dame*, in Paris. In front of the church was a wide platform, covered with rich carpets, in whose velvet depths the foot sunk luxuriously. High overhead loomed the massive towers of the celebrated cathedral, while festoons of gayly-colored silks, and gilded banners and pennants, floated and waved in the balmy summer air. The housetops were thronged with people, eager to witness the ceremony at hand, while in the street and in the church, at olden balconies and windows, "fair women and brave men," the pride and fashion of the French capital, were gathered together. The Huguenot and the Catholic met on a common footing that day, and many a heart rejoiced in that hour which seemed so full of promise for the cause of peace and toleration. For this was the wedding-day of Henry of Navarre, a Huguenot, with Marguerite, a Catholic, the daughter of Catharine de Medici, and the sister of King Charles.

The marriage took place in the presence of the assembled multitude, a Catholic bishop officiating; and then the royal cortège returned, amid the strains of music and surrounded by the perfume of flowers, to the palace it had left. Now commenced one long round of gayety in the French capital, in honor of this seemingly auspicious event. Huguenots and Catholics, so recently battling fiercely in the conflicts of civil war, now met in the grand saloons of the royal family, and mingled in the festive dance. The evenings of day after day saw the city brilliantly illuminated, and a gorgeous pageantry of display was beheld on every

hand. Until the evening of the 23d the revel was prolonged. That evening, Coligni, as he left the scene of festivity to return to his lodgings, was fired upon and wounded, in the manner just described.

What pen can picture the consternation of the unsuspecting Protestants on learning that their beloved leader had received this treacherous blow! From all parts of the kingdom they were here gathered in great numbers, having been invited hither by the king—the king at whose elbow Mephistopheles held ceaseless vigil, in the shape of Catharine de Medici. It is easy to believe that there were some mutterings of vengeance among the Huguenots; but for the most part, they felt simply consternation and bewilderment—doubting, hoping, fearing in the same hour.

Now was the time for Catharine de Medici's diabolical genius to display itself. She brought to bear upon the weak and vacillating king, her son, the terrible engines of her wicked will. She made him believe that there was a design upon his life entertained by the Huguenots now in the city; he ran in his terror to see the wounded Coligni and promise him protection; but his fiendish mother again beset him and gave him no peace. She pictured to him his own head swinging in the avenging hands of a fierce Huguenot, and chilled his coward soul to its depths. She taunted him with cowardice in fearing to shed the blood of his foes. Frantic at last, the young king (but twenty-two years old at that time) finally cried out the fatal words: "Kill them all, then—kill them all—let not one Huguenot remain to reproach me!"

It was enough. Catharine immediately communicated with the Duke of Guise, and preparations for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day were speedily made. The city was already closely sentinelled; no Huguenot was permitted to leave on any pretext. The doomed people were helpless and unarmed, in this hour of their fancied greatest security. The Catholics were instructed to wear white crosses on their hats or breasts, so that they might not be confounded with the Protestants in the dim

light of the streets at night. Certain houses throughout the city were directed to be illuminated, to afford some extra light on the occasion and add to the visible horror of the scene.

It was nearly midnight of the 24th of August, 1572—St. Bartholomew's day—when the Duke of Guise, on horseback, surrounded by a number of the Italian guard, with certain followers of his own, gathered in a street of the French capital, arrayed in the brilliant costumes of the period, and armed to the teeth. As soon as all was ready, the cavalcade moved away. Drawing up presently in front of the residence of Admiral Coligni, the duke sent a portion of his force into the house, under the leadership of a German named Behme. They came into the presence of the wounded admiral, who met them with calm dignity, and demanded the meaning of this intrusion. For an instant the murderers hesitated; but for an instant only; the brutal German, crying out, "*This is our errand!*" plunged a long boar-spear into the stomach of the doomed man, and the others at the same moment struck him down with their swords. The Duke of Guise, sitting coolly on his horse in the street, cried out to his men to throw the body out of the window. They obeyed, and the bloody corpse came tumbling to the ground. The duke got off his horse, and wiping the gore from the face of the murdered man with his handkerchief, said, "Yes; it is he;" and then, spurning the lifeless form with his foot, remounted and rode away with his followers, to commence the greater work of blood before them.

Catharine de Medici and her cowardly son were waiting, at their palace of the Louvre, the *signal* which, as previously arranged, should announce to their listening ears the death of Coligni, and the commencement of the terrible work of death—the tolling of the great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Out on the still night air came the booming of the bell high in its stone tower; and at the signal there poured forth into the streets the horde of fanatic murderers who executed the will of the

demon woman. The houses of the Huguenots were broken into, and their screaming inmates dragged forth into the streets and ruthlessly butchered. Others were hewn down in their night-garments as they ran out of their chambers, and their bodies were flung from the windows to the pavement below. Women and children were chopped to pieces in their beds, and the white sheets crimsoned with gore. The flaring torches in the streets lighted up a scene of pandemonium, miles on miles in extent. The pavements all over the city were slippery with blood. Corpses lay in heaps all about, with gashed necks dripping sanguinary tears—both sexes and all ages piled in indiscriminate slaughter. The voice of weeping and wailing—of shrieks of anguish and groans of despair—of wrangling, tiger-like struggles, and shouts of "*Vive Dieu et le Roi!*"—all in one horrid Babel rose up to the shuddering skies, where the stars looked down in mocking serenity. Flying frantically hither and thither, the defenseless Huguenots sought in vain for shelter. They were dragged from hiding-places with yells of exultation, and pierced with gleaming daggers.

All the vilest elements of Parisian life—the dregs of scoundrelism and crime—rose to the surface of that raging sea, and reveled in murder, robbery and rapine. Not only were the staunch adherents of Protestantism destroyed, but others—themselves Catholics, but not active participants in the massacre. The coward who had quarreled with another, seized this hour of bloody indulgence in which to murder his antagonist with impunity. The thirst for blood at last pervaded all classes—women murdered women, their rivals in beauty—children murdered children—members of families fell upon each other, and sought, in the license of the moment, to encompass private ends and execute private vengeance. The father fell before the knife of his son—the sister was cut down by her own brother. Horror never supped her dreadful fill more completely than during this raging of the demon long pent up in the bosom of Catharine de

Medici—now let loose in all its indescribable fury.

The massacre lasted throughout several days. It was not confined to Paris, but extended into all the principal cities of the kingdom: Meaux, Orleans, Lyons, Troyes, Bourges, Rouen, Toulouse, Bordeaux—wherever Catharine's will could reach, and the executioners be found. In some quarters, the Huguenots were in a majority; in some, the local authorities spurned the royal mandate, and would not imbrue their hands in innocent blood. In one case the Catholic bishop (of Lisleux) openly gave his protection to the Huguenots throughout his diocese; and no fact is better established in history than that great numbers of Catholics abhorred the hideous deed, and not only that, but struggled earnestly to save all they could from massacre. Certain it is that the Catholics of to-day thrill with an indignation as sincere as that which stirs in Protestant breasts, in contemplating this massacre. Catholic historians also claim that no priest of their church united in these bloody orgies. Whether this be true or not, every candid student of history must freely admit that political motives were at the base of the crime, and religion was used but as a pretext by the infamous chief-instigator of the massacre, Catharine de Medici. She cared no more for the Catholic religion than for any other. With her, all religion was a fiction.

The inevitable result of all assassinations followed this one: failure to accomplish the result anticipated. The Huguenots multiplied rapidly in numbers and in power. The French court reaped only a harvest of infamy. Other nations expressed their sympathies with the Huguenots, and their abhorrence of the French Catholics. The French ambassador received open and marked insult from the queen of England, who turned her back upon him when he was ushered into her presence. Persecution of the Huguenots grew less severe from that hour forward; and in 1598 the edict of Nantes was put forth, securing to the Huguenots their liberties thenceforward by solemn pledges.

It is impossible to give a correct statement of the number of Huguenots who fell in this massacre throughout France. It has been estimated at as high a figure as one hundred thousand souls. The more common estimate is in the neighborhood of thirty thousand. The lowest estimate we have seen is that of the Catholic historian, Lingard, who places the number at fifteen hundred.

Catharine de Medicis lived seventeen years after the St. Bartholomew massacre, and retained her diabolical spirit to the very last moment of her life. But her son, King Charles, became the prey to remorse the most terrible, and openly showed his brutal mother the depth of detestation and abhorrence in which he held her. Her influence over him was gone, and as a result, he was destined to be the next victim of her terrible genius. She was an adept in the use of poisons, and alchemy had been her favorite study throughout her life. It has been seen how she destroyed her son Francis, by causing poison to be dropped into his ear. The manner in which she caused the death of Charles was even more subtle and more dreadful.

Charles was passionately fond of the then popular amusement of hawking. Catharine, therefore, procured a work on hawking, which she knew her son would read if it were placed in his way. The leaves of this book she caused to be lightly stuck together by a thin gluten, and this gluten was impregnated with poisonous matter. Her scheme worked as she intended; Charles found the book and proceeded to read it. In order to separate the leaves, he would moisten his fingers on his tongue, and thus the poison in the gluten entered his system and did its work—slowly but surely. He died within two years of the great massacre, sweating blood from every pore, and crying out in bitter, utter remorse. It is the remembrance of his dreadful death, and his agony of repentance for the crime into which his mother had driven him, that bids us speak as gently as we may of this weak and miserable man. The piteous plaintiveness of his cries to his nurse can not be rendered in-

to any English words that will do them justice. "Ah, *nourrice!*"* he would cry, "my dear, my good nurse! What blood, what murders! Oh! what bad counsels have I followed! Oh, Lord God, pardon me and grant me mercy!"

It is but meet justice to this young man's memory, to allude to the stories current among certain historians, to the effect that Charles, with his own gun, united in the great massacre, and fired from the windows of the Louvre upon certain Huguenots who endeavored to escape by swimming the Seine. We can find no reliable authority whatever for any such belief; and the *crasse* of the occasion calls for no such belief. It is on better authority, however, that the following story is received: When the Duke of Guise was about departing with his followers for the house of Coligni, he received a note from the frantic king, countermanding his order for the massacre—which the duke, remarking, "It is too late," placed in his pocket, and so galloped away.

Catharine now trusted that, Charles being dead, her hour of supremacy had come, for her younger son, Francis, possessed a spirit kindred to his mother's, and with him as king she could rule at will. But there was another son—Henry the Third—whose claim to the throne was first, because he was the elder. True, he was absent in Poland, of which country he had been made king through his mother's efforts; but Poland was not France, and as soon as Henry heard that Charles was dead, he ran away from his Polish subjects and returned to Paris, where he claimed and mounted his throne. So Catharine was disappointed again, for she could not sway Henry to her will so easily. She succeeded, however, in again plunging the country into war. But the consequence of this was not as she desired. The only marked result of the war seemed to be the covering her old rival, the Duke of Guise, with glory and power. Upon this man, the brutal assassin-leader of the St. Bartholomew massacre, the next blow of Catharine's assassinating hand was now to fall.

* "Nurse."

The Catholic populace almost idolized this formidable man. They would have been willing that he should have mounted the throne of France by force, expelling Henry and his mother, or killing them. Indeed, some authorities say that a plot of this kind was on foot. Be this true or not, it is certain that Catharine, playing upon Henry's fears, made him believe it true; and the arrangements for the assassination of the Duke of Guise were accordingly made. He was invited to meet the king in his cabinet, at an early hour in the day. The duke came at the appointed hour, tall and majestic in mien, and parted the curtain leading from an anteroom into that where the king sat. At that moment, as previously arranged, one of the king's body-guard ran the duke through the body; and at the same moment others of the guard fell upon him. He sunk down dead, and Henry, coming out to look at the body, spurned it with his foot.

Catharine de Medici at that time lay sick in her bed. Henry himself carried to her the intelligence that the Duke of Guise was dead, and they need no longer fear his attempts to usurp the throne.

"It is well," said Catharine, without evidencing even the lightest touch of emotion, either of pleasure or of sorrow; "now look to your throne, or you may find it less safe under you than you think. Be vigilant and resolute, or you lose all."

With these words this stony-hearted old woman dismissed her son. Twelve days later she died, without remorse or any sign of repentance for the crimes of her long, dark life.

From first to last, this miserable creature, to whom human life was a bagatelle, and with whom the thirst for power out-balanced every other interest of existence, was doomed to disappointment and defeat. Like all assassins, she imbrued her hands in blood in vain. Even the son whom she left upon the throne was assassinated in his turn soon after his mother's death. And it is a sufficient comment on the part religion played in the political contentions of those days to

state that the dagger which let out the life-blood of this Catholic king, was wielded by the hand of a Catholic priest, avenger of the murdered Duke of Guise!

WAITING.

SHE had gazed from the window long,
Down the dim and crowded street;
She had listened with ear down bent
To the tread of the passing feet.

She had watched the last flush die out
From the cold, gray winter sky,
And the first pale star looked sadly
down;
She had greeted it with a sigh.

Like a flash, in the street below,
The lamplighter sped along;
And, solemnly faint and low,
Came the notes of an old street
song.

They were singing a well-known lay,
She often had sung to him,
Long ago in the country home;
And her eyes with tears grew dim.

But she turned from the window away,
And glanced round the home-like
room:

"Tears, tears, must not greet him, of foolish
heart;
I know that he soon will come!"

And so, womanlike, with a half-breathed
sigh,

She shuts out the dreary night,
Draws close the curtains and tends the
fire,
Till the little room glows with light.

She is kneeling before the hearth,
Little wife with an anxious face;
For the wearying thought comes back
again,
He is late; time wears apace.

And the firelight gleams on the soft
brown hair,

And kisses the rounded cheek;
Deep thoughts are thronging the woman's
heart,

What a woman's lips fear to speak.

"I love him ! I love him !" she whispers
low ;

"He is all the world to me ;
But ah, husband mine, thou must never
know

How this frail heart worships thee !

"Yet I often think when I'm waiting
here—

Watching and waiting alone—
What if the world steal away his heart,
Which is now my own, my own ?

"For, what am I but a simple girl,
With only my love to give ?
And yet, he tells me, I am more dear
Than aught that this world can
give !

"But when, as to-night, he is late—so
late,

My heart sinketh faint and low ;
But all these fancies, my best beloved,
Thou must never—ah ! never know !"

Little she dreams of the loving eyes
That are watching her from the door ;
And how deep, deep, in her husband's
heart

The love groweth more and more.

Till, as he watches her kneeling there,
She seems, to his fancy quaint,
Like the guardian angel of his home,
A woman or yet a saint.

Saint and angel, she is to him
Fond, loving woman beside ;
More fair and dear as the trial-tried
wife

Than the day she was his bride.

"What, Nelly—musing ?" A hand is
laid

On the fair and down-bent brow ;
And stands beside her the watched-for
one—

Ah ! where are her sad thoughts
now ?

All vanished—fled, at the well-known
voice,

At the clasp of the fond embrace ;
And the firelight falls on no fairer
sight

Than the young wife's happy face.

DORA DEAN'S TRIAL.

PART I—LEIGHTONVILLE LIGHT.

IT was a pretty little village, nestling
down among the hills of the Empire
State. Such a village as you can not
find in any land but our own. On three
sides, high hills, spires of the Adiron-
dacks, lifted their heads, covered with
verdant grass in summer weather, but
looking dreary enough when winter had
given them another covering. On the
other side lay the great lake—they would
call it a sea in England—Ontario. For
Leightonville was something of a port,
and strove with all its might to rival the
great city, further down along the shore.
These battles with the giant would look
strange to our friends across the water,
but in America we are used to seeing
great cities spring up as if by magic. A
village *now*, and in ten years is a swarm-
ing mart, aping the manners of the
great seaports, founded years ago. The
wise heads of Leightonville would point
to Chicago, St. Louis, and the like, as
examples of mushroom growth, and ask
why *they* might not do the same ?

This Yankee trait has been the mak-
ing of our nation. What *has* been done
once, may be done again, and we are as
likely to do it as another. So thought
Leightonville, and labored to that end,
with steady faith that it would some day
reach the goal.

You enter the town by a narrow pass
in the hills, over a railroad, which, if the
anathemas of poor, oppressed mankind
could blast, would long ago have sunk
into the earth, and never have left a sign.
A slow, staid, never-to-be-hurried road—
one which gave pleasure to those who
desired the worth of their money *in rid-
ing*, and sadly angered those unfortunate
wights whose *business* called them on.
Many were the expressed intentions to
get out and walk, offers to run against
the train for a dollar, and much the
"chaff" poured upon that enduring man,
the conductor, as he passed through the
train, which he bore with a sturdy equa-
nimity hardly to be surpassed. It had
been asserted, but was hardly believed
by the unfortunates who were compelled

to travel on the road, that, once upon a time, a train came up to the dilapidated station *on time*. The story is, however, vouched for by some of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, but with the sad addenda, that both the engineer and his assistant were *non compos mentis*, having imbibed freely from some smuggled brandy before starting. However this may be, it is known that the two men were discharged upon the spot, not on account of their wandering from the path of sobriety, but for breaking over "established rules," in bringing in a train on time.

The people of Leightonville were, for the most part, seafaring men, who took their sustenance from the bosom of the great lake. They had many small craft, in which they made a thriving trade with the Canadas. As their trade grew, they built a lighthouse, at the expense of the town, for the safety of their craft in dark nights.

It was an odd structure, unlike the finished lighthouses of to-day. A stranger would have taken it for a church or school-house, from its style. It stood upon the western point, at the entrance of the little bay. The lower part was nothing more than an ordinary wooden house, strongly built, to be sure, but still nothing but an ordinary dwelling-house, in which lived the old light-keeper, Richard Dean. Above this, a tower ran upward, twenty feet high. He had a history, that short, weather-beaten, hale old man, who kept the Leightonville light. He had served his country well as a midshipman, in the lake service, during the struggle of 1812-14, and now, at sixty-five, he served mankind still. A more faithful man never served his fellow-men.

He was not alone in the old house, though his wife long ago had gone down into the dark valley. A daughter was left him, who, at twenty, was held up for a model by old and young in the town. "She had been a faithful daughter all these years," her old father would say, with trembling lips, "God bless her." And every one who knew her was ready to join in the blessing.

Richard Dean had gone up to the tower on the housetop, and stood looking out over the lake. It was a November afternoon, and the sky was clear and blue, almost down to the horizon. Not quite, though; for, close to the place where sky and water seem to meet, a gray, lead-like line showed itself, and the ragged edge of a cloud was lifting slowly into view. Such things are nothing to an inexperienced eye, or to those accustomed to sneer at fresh-water sailors, but, to Richard Dean, who knew all the mysteries of the inconstant element, that gray line and ragged cloud had each a tongue to tell him of coming peril for those upon the waters.

"Ay, ay," he muttered. "Just so it looked in '47, when the Dreadnaught went ashore on Point Peninsula. I know it—I know it. God has written his own signs in the sky, for the aid of the poor sailor, and I should be but a poor scholar if I could not read a page like that. I am getting old, but I warn all men to beware of this night! See how the clouds lift yonder, and the ragged edge aways like a curtain in an open window. Eh, what's that?"

A light step, and cheerful voice, singing the words of a good old song:

"I'll do my ain best a gude wife to be,
For said Robin Gray is a kind mon to me,"

roused him from his soliloquy. He turned to meet his daughter, Dora Dean. A beautiful face, framed in a mass of nut-brown hair, looked smilingly at him from the stairs leading into the lantern. It was beautiful to him—it was beautiful to others; for it was not given her to mask her soul, which was pure as her face.

God had lent you such a face as he gives to his angels, Dora Dean.

"It is I, father," she said. "Why do you tarry so long up here all alone?"

"Come here," he replied. "You ought to know the lake. Can you see any thing wrong there?"

Her quick blue eyes swept the horizon for a short space, resting longest upon the ragged cloud and the deep-gray line, as if she understood its meaning.

"There will be a storm," she said, slowly. "When will it come?"

"Before morning the spray will be flying high above the lantern where we stand. What will you do?"

"I shall stay here."

"You ought not, my dear. I have thought, sometimes, that the old house could not stand a hard storm again, though it has borne up against many a one before now. In some of our great blows it must go. There is no doubt of that, for the timbers were cracked by that storm in '52. You had better take the boat and go over to the mainland, and stay with some of your friends until the blow is over, and then come out to me."

"And you?"

"I am an old man. It matters but little how soon I go. If it is God's good will that I go to-night, I could not be better prepared, if I had lived a hundred years. Never fear that when the time comes for Richard Dean to go, he will not be ready."

"Father," said Dora, turning her bright face up to his, "you can not send me away from you. There is no danger I would not brave for your sake. I have been with you in many a storm, and I should feel safer here than if you sent me ashore."

"Why?"

"Because, if it began to blow I should take the boat and come to you, and I might get swamped."

"But there is danger, Dora."

"What is danger, dear father? Is there a man who walks the earth who is not in danger? Is there a creature in Leightonville so walled in, so secure, that it may not die to-night? Is there any comparison between the danger you *suppose* probable if I stay here, and that of the hundreds of brave fellows upon the lake to-day? Don't talk any more of that, dear father; and don't try to send me ashore or I shall rebel."

The old man smiled, for he could not long combat the opinions of the girl who had ruled his home from the time she could speak until now. She passed her white arm over his sturdy shoulders, laid

her soft cheek against his, and stood gazing over the blue water. From time to time a schooner swung round from her moorings, and went sweeping out of the little harbor into the lake, where she would shake out her sails, and spread them for a distant flight. The songs of the sailors, as they tramped up and down and tugged at the braces, came floating up to the pair in the lantern of the lighthouse:

What care we for the rushing breeze?

It only fills the sail:

What care we for the lightning's flash?

What, for the sounding gale?

"They are happy, now," said Dora, a sad look spreading over her lovely face. "Do they not know that the timbers of their craft may be strewed along shore before the morning? Is that the 'Flying Cloud,' dropping down from Miller's wharf?"

The old man looked up the bay, to behold one of the largest vessels in the harbor casting loose, while the sailors strained at the windlass with a "yo-heave-ho!" without which it seems impossible for a sailor to work at the lever.

"What can possess Tom to go out to-day?" said the old man, anxiously. *He* certainly ought to know better."

"He isn't going out yet, father," replied Dora.

"How do you know that?"

"I saw Archie Dale last night, and he told me. They drop down to Conway's wharf and take in the rest of their lading. But they go out after six. I wish they would not."

"Tom Dale ought to know the lake. Perhaps he will change his mind when he looks at the sky."

"If he has made up his mind, nothing can turn him."

"No, not even an earthquake. I'm going down to see him, though, and tell him what I think. Does Archie go out?"

"Yes," replied Dora, softly, with downcast eyes and a little flush stealing into her cheek, like the bloom upon a peach-blossom. "At least, he said so last night; but you don't know when to-

believe Archie Dale. He tells such *awful ones* sometimes."

"I'll go down and see. If my words have any effect, old Tom Dale won't go out to-night. But I know the obstinate dog won't mind me. Have supper when I come back."

PART II—OUT OF THE DEEP.

RICHARD DEAN was right. Old Tom Dale was too obstinate for him, and was fully determined to go out that night, and all the persuasions of his friend had no effect. While the two old sailors talked and almost quarreled over their opinions, Archie took a boat and went over to the light. He found Dora singing over her work, utterly ignoring his presence until he spoke, as maidens are apt to do who know how to manage that too-inconstant creature, man. Even then, she greeted him in a half-serious manner, as if he were a sort of necessary evil.

"Oh, you have come, have you, Archie Dale? I wonder you honor your friends by a visit at all."

"Now, Dora—"

"Don't, Archie? I know what you are going to say. You had no time. You had time to see Nettie Hill."

Archie, handsome young fellow that he was, was fain to plead guilty to the charge of having time to see Nettie, but pleaded in extenuation that he had gone upon business.

Here Dora's nose took the elevation ascribed to that of Miss Flora McFlimsy—forty-five degrees.

"Business, indeed! As if I would take *such* an excuse! Archie, do you remember the merchant of Venice? You give reasons for every thing, but like those of Gratiano, 'they are like to grains of wheat hidden in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.'"

"You are too hard upon me, Dora. Don't you know I am going out to-day?"

"If one may believe you, yes."

"You don't care, then?"

"For what?"

"For me."

"You are wrong, Archie. I could not possibly get along without you."

Archie's face brightened, and he made a step toward her, but she put him back, laughingly, telling him to wait for her reasons.

"What are they?"

"You are *such* a capital study, Archie. You change like a thermometer. I can always tell when you get a new sweetheart, by the color of the hair upon your left-hand waistcoat buttons. Ha! ha!"

"Confound it!" cried Archie, "what's the use of talking that way? Here I am going out to-night, and who knows whether I ever will come back alive? Now, when I come to see you, all I get is chaff about Nettie Hill."

"You won't go out to-night, Archie?"

"Must do it."

"But, there is going to be a storm."

"I know it. But the 'old man' is firm as the rocks at Mile Point. He *will* go. Your father is down yonder on the dock, almost ready to fight him, because he won't hear reason, and that only makes him worse."

"But *you* won't go, Archie?"

"Won't I? You just wait and see. I don't care much how hard it blows."

"You know what you are trying to do *now*, Archie Dale. You *can't* think of going out to-night, and you *do* want me to say something foolish in regard to you. But I won't. So there, now!"

Archie was in earnest now. He came closer and laid his hand upon her arm. She saw the change in his face, and hers changed as well, for she knew what was coming. Trust a woman for that. There is not one upon earth who needs that a man should say, "I love you," with his mouth, whose eyes have spoken out his heart's secret for many days. Yes, Dora knew that Archie loved her, and she loved him quite as well, though she never had confessed it. But, he had taken a bad time. She was a little angry at him for his shortcomings in visiting Nettie Hill, the daughter of a retired captain. Not but that Nettie and Dora were good friends; but, confess it, girls—you don't like to have your lovers spend long evenings in the parlors of your dearest

associates, especially when alone. There is no harm, perhaps; but then, you know, you don't like it, and that is enough. That is *our* philosophy, and it ought to be yours, ye sons of men!

Archie took Dora's hand and looked into her blue eyes. If he could have read them rightly, he would have seen, under the pique so plainly shown, that she truly loved him. Then he would not have gone out in the blaze of that November afternoon and wandered down the long point away from the town, because he could not bear to meet the jests of his comrades yet. He had a true, bold, loving heart, and all its treasures were given to Dora. She had not quite refused him; but, when he attempted to speak, she kept up such a storm of badinage that he was obliged to go away with his love unspoken. While she, inconsistent creature, ran away to her own room to take the refreshment known among females as a *Real, Good, Hearty Cry* (for the apathetic reader in capitals). In this interesting business she was engaged when her father returned. He looked at her red eyes, and wisely refrained from saying any thing, for he had seen Archie enter the house and go away again. But he was far from guessing the truth, for he supposed she had been weeping because her lover was going into danger. While he, down upon his face upon the shore of the lake, a mile out of town, was fighting the battle with his strong young heart. He had known her so long—had known her so well—and now! He almost prayed that he, at least, might die in the coming storm.

"Will the 'Flying Cloud' go out?" she found courage to ask.

"Yes. Of all the obstinate mules I ever met, old shipmate Tom Dale is the most so. If we had been forty years younger, I think I should have thrashed him. What did Archie say about it?"

"Not much," said Dora, turning her head away.

"He will stand by his father, through thick and thin. There is not a braver man in the town than Archie. Where can I find a hammer and nails?"

She told him.

"I want you to help me. There is something loose in the railing on the outside of the light, and I must fasten it or we shall have #giving way next. I want all ship-shape for a storm. It kept me restless, the last time, rattling against the glass."

They went up together and passed through a little door which led out upon the wooden platform surrounding the tower. Here Dora liked to sit in pleasant weather, looking dreamily out to sea. Archie had been with her there, very often, and her thoughts naturally reverted to him, and she turned her eyes toward the schooner, lying at the wharf above. The cranes were busily at work, and the last cask of her cargo was being hoisted aboard.

"They will be off in twenty minutes," said Dean. "Let us see them go."

Dora would have escaped, but she dared not go with her father's eyes upon her, and when they had fastened the broken rail, they sat down upon stools, which stood upon the platform, and waited.

It was not longer than Dean had said, when the schooner was ready to sail. She dropped down-stream slowly, under a flying jib and gaff-topsail, and Dean hailed old Tom, who stood at the heel of the bowsprit.

"Ahoy, there! Old Tom?"

"Ay, ay! Dick."

"Go ahead, for an obstinate old donkey!"

"Thankee!" was the only reply vouchsafed by old Tom Dale.

"You will come back before morning."

"Not I."

As the schooner swept through the channel, Dora caught sight of Archie. He had taken the wheel, for there was a dangerous place in the channel just here, and he knew the bottom well. She hoped he would look up, but he did not; he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the old man who stood at the bow.

"He didn't look at me," she murmured. "Why did he not?"

She looked again at the sky. The

ragged cloud was rising higher still, and the gray line had widened perceptibly.

"Come in, my daughter," said the father. "Don't you see that the wind is rising?"

"I will come soon," she replied. She stood there until the sails of the "Flying Cloud" had lessened to a speck against the gray line, and then went in and closed the door. Dean trimmed the burners of his lamp while she made his hard bed. When it was dark, he lit the lamp and told her to bring a book she had been reading. It was one which interested him, because it was a sea tale. He lay down upon the couch, and listened dreamily while she read of the strange haps of Amyas and "Salvation Yeo," in their search for the "little maid."

"It is a strange tale," said Dean, "but one that goes to the heart of a sailor. These were the men to defend thrones. They never knew fear."

"Are you never afraid?"

"My dear, fear is more powerful than love. You remember the wise saying of that king who read upon the tombstone of a fallen warrior: 'Here lies a man who never knew fear,' and said: 'Yet he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.' It is not of involuntary fear like this, sudden trepidation, arising from an unexpected cause, of which I speak. But these men possessed a deliberate, manly courage, which made them brave all dangers."

"Is it courage which sends Captain Dale out on such a night as this?"

"Partly that; and partly his bull-headed obstinacy. There is more manhood in the act of Archie going with him. Hark. It is coming thicker."

She listened and heard the dull sough of the wind, rising in greater violence.

"Pray for the wanderers upon the water to-night, and then lie down and sleep. I will wake you if any danger comes."

They knelt by the side of the rude bed, and prayed for those who go down into the sea in ships. Her heart was crying out against her. What if he were to die, before she had given a sign to tell

him that she loved him. She lay down upon the hard couch, and, listening to the rising wind, fell asleep. Her father woke her after many hours. It was almost morning, but the light was blazing fiercely, rendering the gloom and the clashing of the riven waters all the more vivid and terrible.

"I have heard guns," said he. "A schooner has tried to come in, and has gone ashore below."

"The crew!" cried the girl, clasping her hands.

The solemn reply of the old man was:

"God have mercy on their souls. They are gone before this. There is the gun again."

Dora had been straining her eyes outward, and saw the flash of the gun.

"Can they get in?" she asked, in a hushed voice.

"I fear not. There is some hope for them, however. If they float further down, they are doomed. Five minutes will decide their fate."

Terrible minutes. Three of them passed, and the ship was in the scope of the night-glass, which Dean held in his hand. He turned the lens upon the coming vessel, and his face became ghastly under the glare of the lamps. The schooner was that of his old friend, Tom Dale!

Dora's eyes were upon her father's face, and she caught the glass as he dropped it. All the petty slights she had put upon Archie came upon her in that dreadful moment. Then she would have given worlds to have been sure that he knew her love. But now! Ah, the pang was keen at that thought.

She did not faint. All the force of her will was brought to bear at once, that she might at least see him die. The ship was now in the circle of light cast by the lamp, when the topmast broke at the cap.

"Great heaven," cried Dean, "she is gone."

The weight of the topmast was dragging her down, when a light form, which she well knew, sprang into the rigging of the foremast, followed by a single

sailor. While the latter cut away the ropes which held, Archie knelt upon the cap and cut away at the splinters which still bound the broken topmast. It parted; and as the schooner felt herself relieved of the weight, she righted so suddenly that the young man was hurled from his perch, and fell into the hell of boiling water underneath. The "Flying Cloud," enveloped in a cloud of blinding spray, flew through the narrow opening into the harbor.

Dora saw her lover fall, and sprung down the narrow stairway before her father could stretch out a hand to stop her. She flung open the door, holding on to a post as a wave swept over her. She saw her lover, struggling feebly, hurried in by the next wave. In a moment he was cast at her feet. Loosening one hand, as the receding wave would have borne him away, she grasped him by the coat. The wave went back, and she dragged the now senseless body past the corner of the house, which broke the force of the next wave.

Dean came out, white even to the lips, and helped her to carry him in. She had saved him, then, and, if she had followed the orthodox fashion, ought to have fainted at once. But she didn't. On the contrary, she gave her father great aid in bringing him back to life, wiping off the blood which flowed from a gash in his forehead, which he had received from a spike upon the pier.

The touch of her soft hand revived him, and he opened his eyes with a gasp. He saw the kind faces of the two bending over him.

"Saved," he said. "Why didn't you let me go?"

"No, no, my lad. Not yet. You are safe for a many years, I hope. Take care of him, Dora. I must lock the door and see to my light."

For some moments there was no sound but the soft splash of the water with which she bathed his forehead. At last she spoke:

"Do you know how brave you are, Archie?"

"I?"

"You saved the schooner."

"Thank God!" he said, fervently.

Another pause.

"I was mad this morning when you were here," she said.

He turned to her with a new light in his eyes. She met his gaze steadily.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, Archie. I never knew how much till I thought I had lost you."

"Do you trust me, then, dear Dora?"

Her answer was to put her hands in his and lay her cheek against his own. Nettie Hill would never become Mrs. Archibald Dale.

TO MADGE.

THINE eyes are windows—windows
of the soul—

With curtains of white satin o'er them
hung,

Bordered with black silk fringe, long,
glossy, rich,

Upholstered, as it were, without re-
gard

To the expense. I see a shining light
Kindling within them, touched off, it
may be,

By a perfumed 'parlor match,' and now
I scan

The elegant apartment it reveals:

A warm, delicious room, well carpet-
ed;

With velvet divans, where thy graceful
thoughts

May lounge at ease—'pictures of me-
mory'

Hang on the walls in golden fancies
framed.

And now I see, just in the cosiest
nook,

Beside the polished grate, where love lies
heaped,

Like glowing anthracite, in lumps pro-
fuse,

And where hope's gas-light shines, I see
—a guest!

Ah-ha! Now you detect my stealthy
glance,

And let the curtains down, you cruel
Madge.

CHARGE OF THE FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,

AT WINCHESTER.

THE services rendered by our cavalry in the war for the suppression of the rebellion have been generally acknowledged; yet many thrilling incidents have been suffered to go unrecorded, because unwitnessed by reporters for the public journals, and are treasured up only in the memory of those who participated actively, and who, seldom quitting the saddle even for a day, had little leisure to perform the duties of chronicler of events.

"Cavalry," said General Morgan, of revolutionary notoriety, "are the eyes of the infantry." But, in the late war, a cavalry corps constituted something more than a corps of observation. Frequently the only purpose served by the horses was that of rapid transportation from one point to another. The surface of the country did not often permit a mounted engagement, and the command most familiar to a cavalryman's ears, on going into action, was, "Prepare to fight on foot." In this manner, although carrying weapons of shorter range, and frequently without support, our cavalry often were pitted against infantry, and not unfrequently were employed to carry intrenched positions. Always in advance, or on the flanks of the infantry, often absent for a week from a base, with no supplies save those gathered from the enemy's country, the life of a cavalryman was a succession of perilous and exciting adventures.

The operations of Sheridan's cavalry, during the last year of the war, were confined almost entirely to one State. During that period, every section of Virginia was visited with fire and sword; her fairest fields were drenched with the blood of heroes—horse and horseman had slaked their thirst in every considerable stream in the State.

The incident about to be described occurred in the Valley of the Shenandoah, which, before the rebellion, was the "Eden of America," but at the war's termination, was a desolate waste, with

scarcely a barn, storehouse, mill or fence, to relieve the monotony of the scene.

Harper's Ferry and Staunton—its northern and southern termini—are connected by a magnificent pike, over which large armies with immense trains of artillery and army wagons passed, in alternate advance and rapid flight, during four years of war, but could not ruin.

Along this road, through the small towns, strode Lee and Jackson in front of their legions, with head uncovered, while the rustic population—decrepit old men, women, and children—flocked to gaze upon the sturdy chieftains with an admiration amounting almost to adoration.

Over this same thoroughfare the discomfited Confederates hurried back from Antietam and from Gettysburgh, while every house along the route was converted into a hospital for the wounded.

By the side of this road, under the hospitable shade of a tree, or close by the stone wall on either side, sleeps many a brave soldier, never more to waken at war's alarms—the untitled heroes of the conflict which decided the national fate.

Never before, during all the war for the Union, was cavalry employed more effectively, nor on so grand a scale, as at the battle of Winchester, which occurred on the 19th of September, 1864. Let us briefly recall some of the incidents of that terrible engagement, which resulted in a disastrous defeat to Early, but left four thousand of our dead and wounded on the field.

Long before daybreak the reveillé had sounded in the Union camps in the vicinity of Summit Point, and, after a meal hastily dispatched, Sheridan's entire army was put in motion—Winchester being the objective point. At daybreak, Sheridan having crossed the Opequan river, engaged Early with three corps of infantry (Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth). Wilson was sent to operate with his division of cavalry, on the left flank, while Averill's guns could be heard, indicating his approach from the north. The first cavalry division was held in reserve, and drawn up in column of brigades, on the heights to the eastward of, and over-

looking Bunker Hill, the men being ordered to dismount and "stand to horse." During this interval of temporary inactivity, a word concerning the commander, and the composition of the division, may not be inappropriate. General Merritt, at the commencement of the war, held, I believe, the rank of captain in one of the regiments of United States cavalry. Shortly afterward, upon recommendation of Major-General Pleasanton, he was commissioned Brigadier-General of volunteers, and before the close of the war was advanced to the grade of Major-General of volunteers. During the many hotly-contested cavalry engagements, from Upperville and Aldie to Five Forks, he was not accustomed to view the progress of the battle from a distance, but plunged into the *mêlée*, encouraging his men by actual presence, and would not hesitate to place himself at the head of a single squadron for a charge, even when commanding a division. By his coolness and intrepidity in action, he won for himself an enviable reputation, and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of General Sheridan.

Of the three brigades composing the first cavalry division, the first was composed entirely of Michigan troops, armed with the Spencer carbine, and commanded, at that time, by the gallant Custar, late Major-General of volunteers. The records of the provost-marshal's office tell what service has been performed by those hardy sons of the West, under that dashing officer. The Indiana brigade was made up of the First New York dragoons, the Fourth, Sixth, Ninth New York, and Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry. Its commander, Colonel Devin, had been brevetted Brigadier-General of volunteers, a few days before, for gallantry at Front Royal. This brigade bore its share of hard fighting, and has an honorable record. Among the officers brevetted General, for distinguished services, should be mentioned Colonel Alfred Gibbs, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas J. Thorp, of the First New York dragoons, and Colonel Charles Fitzhugh of the Sixth New York cavalry. The third brigade was composed chiefly

of United States cavalry—men trained to the use of the saber from youth. It is a notable fact that the regular regiments of this brigade furnished a large proportion of the general officers of note in both the Union and Confederate armies. It had at the time under notice, as a reinforcement, detachments of the First Rhode Island, Second Massachusetts, and Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry; and was commanded by Colonel Lowell of the Second Massachusetts, who fell a month later in the memorable battle of Cedar Creek.

During the long hours of morning the dismounted troopers reclined on the ground in front of their horses, gayly chatting and smoking, or cooking coffee, giving little heed to the ever-increasing roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, which, though it could not intimidate, too plainly indicated the desperate nature of the conflict. The sun had reached the meridian, and still the din of battle did not recede. At three P. M., the situation was not materially improved. Though our infantry fought with the utmost heroism, every inch of ground was so stubbornly contested by the enemy that even our wounded could not be removed. A Southern journal, commenting on the battle at this stage, observed: "Our army had, up to this time, successfully resisted the onset of the Federal infantry, besides inflicting severe punishment; and would, without doubt, have been successful, had it not been for the cavalry—the flower of the Yankee army."

At this critical moment, Merritt was ordered to charge with his whole division. "To horse!" was sounded, and the Opequan was quickly left behind. As soon as the open country was gained, the command was rapidly deployed in line of battle. Fortunately, the conformation of the country was favorable to cavalry movements, for with the exception of a few ditches and dilapidated stone walls, which could easily be cleared at a leap, there were no longer any obstructions. Steadily the line moved forward in the direction of Bunker Hill, with pace rapidly increased from a walk

to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, while the formation was as carefully preserved as though the men were passing in review. The long line of horsemen, stretching across the plain from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, presented a magnificent spectacle, which, of itself, contributed wonderfully to inspiring the individual with that confidence which numbers always beget. In front of the line rode the division and brigade commanders, while battle-flags and guidons were gayly floating in the breeze, and bugles continually sounding the "advance."

Directly, above the clatter of hoofs, and the jingling of scabbards, rung out the General's command, caught up and repeated by regimental and squadron commanders—"Draw-saber!" It is difficult to conceive of the electrifying effect which this command, and its simultaneous execution, has upon the mind of the individual. Man and horse are suddenly wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, while every instinct of self-preservation is absorbed and lost sight of in the feeling of exhilaration induced by riding at a pace continually accelerated, until it reaches its climax in the *charge*. A quarter of a mile in advance, Rosser, Lomax, Imboden, McCausland and Vaughan were hurriedly forming for a counter-charge.

As they made their appearance midway on the field, haughtily flaunting their colors, I heard an officer of ours remark to his men, "We shall soon witness the annihilation of the rebel cavalry;" but, this was not to be; for, after the first shock of battle, they disappeared from our sight as does the morning mist before the rising sun, nor halted until night and darkness had overtaken them many miles from Winchester.

As soon as the advancing column came within range, Early turned upon it his available artillery, and shot and shell were rained almost continuously from redoubts on Bunker Hill, emptying many a saddle of its rider; but all the efforts of the Confederate commander to check the onset or break up the formation of the Federal cavalry were powerless. His

own cavalry had ingloriously fled, and his artillery also was compelled to limber up and hastily decamp, to avoid capture, though not without the loss of several pieces, which were pounced upon by men of the regular and the Michigan brigades.

Now, the entire division was hurled with irresistible force upon the left flank of the enemy. Then ensued a scene which language can but feebly portray, and which may well be called the carnival of death.

Suddenly, upon the vision of the Confederate infantry, flashed four thousand sabers, while the solid ground was shaken by the tread of the approaching column. I marvel exceedingly that then and there no effort was made to resist the charge by forming the hollow square, with its wall of bayonets; nor do I remember that it was resorted to under similar circumstances, during the war, although every regiment in either army was drilled in the evolution. A panic seized upon the opposing host; they left off harassing our tired infantry, and, from a combative force, were quickly converted into a crowd of demoralized fugitives. The living mass surged backward, like waves driven before the wind.

To a foot-soldier the sight of hostile cavalry is always sufficiently appalling; and, unless sheltered by breastworks, or, if the artillery fails to demoralize the horses and destroy the formation, he does not wait to be trampled under foot, but uniformly seeks safety in flight. On the part of Merritt's men, there was a feeling of supreme exultation; as, rising in their stirrups, they rode straight at the doomed horde, dealing blows lustily about the head and ears of the devoted wretches.

Conspicuous in the charging body could be seen a tall officer (a returned prisoner of war), mounted on a handsome black charger, with the visor of his cap reversed, smarting under indignities endured while in captivity, wielding his saber remorselessly—the impersonation of a fiend. Under the excitement of the moment, the veriest coward was surprised into the performance of prodigious feats of valor. The gallant behavior of a soldier who hitherto had

served in the humble capacity of cook, attracted observation. Encountering a Confederate colonel, punctilious about surrendering to a private soldier, he felled him to the earth by a well-directed blow, which pierced his skull. A color-sergeant shared a similar fate at his hands. Scores of the Confederates threw themselves on the ground, and in piteous tones, sued for their lives. Some stood as if transfixed with terror, still grasping their muskets; while others skulked behind a friendly bush or stone to avoid being crushed. Here a single cavalryman might be seen hurrying to the rear a squad of prisoners, their eyes dilated with terror, their lips covered with foam from utter exhaustion; there a trooper proudly winning a Southern battle-flag—a trophy of his own prowess. In their anxiety to secure prisoners, many of the men passed by these trophies, the capture of which is regarded as highly honorable. In this manner, the different regiments of the second brigade gathered up more by far than their own number.

A long score of wrong and injustice was on that day wiped out in blood; for, when the sun went down, not every sabre, I ween, was sent home to its scabbard bloodless. Only a few men were missing from my own regiment at night, and the bodies of these were found and buried on the most hotly-contested ground, by those who followed after, for that purpose. The rout of the enemy was signal and complete. As the whole Union army pushed on through Winchester, in hot pursuit, the stripes and stars were exposed from many a window, while ladies waved their handkerchiefs from balconies in real or feigned congratulation. Darkness alone interrupted the pursuit.

The ground over which the battle raged presented a sad spectacle of the horrors of war. Thousands of dead and wounded of either army were strewn about promiscuously, and a corps of surgeons and attendants laboring unremittingly for four days could not minister to all the sufferers before the wounds of some had become the habitation of loathsome worms. It is not my purpose, in

confining this article to the first division, to detract from the dearly-earned laurels of the other cavalry divisions, nor to ignore the hard fighting of our infantry, which was well attested by a long list of casualties.

In conclusion, we may add, that Early never recovered from the bitter defeat sustained at Winchester. His army was beaten in every subsequent engagement, until the remnant of it was captured by Sheridan's cavalry at Waynesboro', the Southern General himself barely making his escape by a precipitate and solitary flight through one of the gaps of the Blue Ridge.

KNIFE-EATERS.

EVERY one knows that the itinerant jugglers who profess to swallow knives, never perform that feat in reality, but deceive the eyes of their visitors by dexterity of hand and skillful choice of position. There are, however, several authentic cases of knife-swallowing on record; and the deplorable consequences that have uniformly resulted, are alone sufficient to expose the chicanery of the jugglers. The most remarkable case of this kind, perhaps, that ever occurred, is that of John Cummings, who swallowed at various times, within a few years, upward of thirty clasp-knives. The following particulars respecting Cummings' insane feats are abridged from a communication by Dr. Marcet to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

In the month of June, 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, about twenty-three years of age, being with his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his shipmates, about two miles from the town of Havre de Grace, he and his party directed their course toward a tent which they saw in a field, with a crowd of people round it. Being told that a play was acting there, they entered, and found in the tent a mountebank, who was entertaining the audience by *pretending* to swallow clasp-knives. Having returned on board, and one of the party having

related to the ship's company the story of the knives, Cummings, after drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was taken at his word, and challenged to do it. Thus pressed, and though (as he candidly acknowledged in his narrative) "not particularly anxious to take the job in hand, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly," he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, "it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife," it was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator "whether he could swallow more;" his answer was, "all the knives on board the ship;" upon which, three knives were immediately produced, which were swallowed as before; "and by this bold attempt of a drunken man" (to use his own expressions), "the company was well entertained for that night." In the course of the two ensuing days he was relieved of three of the four knives; but the fourth, as far as he was aware, remained in his stomach, though he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this great performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the space of six years.

In the month of March, 1805, being then at Boston, Massachusetts, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance; upon which a small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

This time, however, he paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized the next morning with constant vomiting, and pain at his stomach, which made it necessary to carry him to Charlestown hospital, where, betwixt that period and the

28th of the following month, he was again so fortunate as to be relieved of his burden.

The next day he sailed for France, on board a brig, with which he parted there, and embarked on board another vessel to return to America. But during her passage, the vessel, which was probably carrying on some illicit traffic, was taken by his majesty's ship, the "Isis," of fifty guns, and sent to St. John's, Newfoundland, where she was condemned, while he himself was pressed, and sent to England on board the "Isis." One day, while at Spithead, where the ship lay some time, having got intoxicated, and having, as usual, renewed the topic of his former follies, he was once more challenged to repeat the experiment, and again complied, "disdaining," as he afterward said, "to be worse than his word." This took place on the 4th December, 1805, and in the course of that night he swallowed five knives. Next morning, the ship's company having expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, he complied with his usual readiness, and "by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of some good grog," he swallowed that day, as he distinctly recollects, nine clasp-knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterward assured, by the spectators, that he had swallowed four more, which, however, he declares he knew nothing about, being, no doubt, at this period of the business, too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance we have to record; it made a total of at least thirty-five knives, swallowed at different times, and we shall see that it was this last attempt which ultimately put an end to his existence.

On the following day, 6th December, feeling much indisposed, he applied to the surgeon of the ship, Dr. Lara, who, by a strict inquiry, satisfied himself of the truth of the above statement, and, as the patient himself thankfully observes, administered some medicines, and paid great attention to his case, but no relief was obtained. At last, about three months afterward, having taken a quantity of

oil, he felt the knives (as he expressed it) "dropping down his bowels;" after which, though he does not mention their being actually discharged, he became easier, and continued so till the 4th of June following (1806), when he vomited one side of the handle of a knife, which was recognized by one of the crew to whom it had belonged. In the month of November of the same year, he passed several fragments of knives, and some more in February, 1807. In June of the same year he was discharged from his ship as incurable; immediately after which he came to London, where he became a patient of Dr. Babington, in Guy's Hospital. He was discharged after a few days, his story appearing altogether incredible, but was readmitted by the same physician, in the month of August, his health, during that period, having evidently become much worse. It was probably at this time that the unfortunate sufferer wrote his narrative, which terminates at his second admission into the hospital. It appears, however, by the hospital records, that on the 28th of October he was discharged in an improved state; and did not appear again at the hospital till September, 1808, that is, at an interval of nearly a year since his former application. He now became a patient of Dr. Curry, under whose care he remained, gradually and miserably sinking under his sufferings, till March, 1809, when he expired in a state of extreme emaciation.

In a later number of the same scientific journal in which the preceding account appeared, another case of knife-swallowing was related by Dr. Barnea, a respectable physician of Carlisle, under whose eye the circumstances occurred: William Dempster, a juggler, twenty-eight years of age, of a high complexion and sanguine temperament, came to Carlisle in November, 1833, with the intention of exhibiting some tricks by sleight of hand; and on the evening of the 17th of the same month, when in a small inn in Botchergate, with a number of people about him, whom he was amusing by pretending to swallow a table-knife, while in the act of putting the knife into his

throat, he thought some person near him was about to touch his elbow, which agitated and confused him so much that the knife slipped from his fingers and passed down the gullet into the stomach. Immediately after the accident he became dreadfully alarmed, was in great mental agony, and apprehended instantaneous death. The knife, when given to him, measured nine inches in length, and had a bone handle, which went first down into the stomach; the blade, which was not very sharp, was one inch in breadth. Medical assistance was soon procured, and several attempts were made to extract the knife; first, with the fingers alone, then with a pair of short-curved forceps, and afterward by a pair of very long forceps, made for the occasion, but without success. The knife, indeed, could not be reached by any of these means, and nothing resembling it could be felt externally on the region of the stomach. His mind continued much depressed, though he had very little pain or uneasiness. He was encouraged by the medical attendants, and directed to be removed as quietly as possible to his lodgings, and to take nothing that night except a little cold water. He had some sleep, and next morning said he felt occasionally pain in his stomach; twelve ounces of blood were taken from his arm, and some medicine given to him. He afterward complained of pain in the left shoulder, shooting across the chest to the stomach, and the blood-letting was repeated. A hard substance, which was believed to be the handle of the knife, could now be felt very distinctly, by pressing the fingers very gently on the umbilicus; slight pressure gave him considerable pain, although his suffering was much less than could have been expected; his health became gradually impaired, and his strength reduced. He was able to walk about a little in the day, and could sleep in the night on his back, but could not lie on either side. He took some diluted sulphuric acid for two or three weeks, which was discontinued, as he thought it increased the pain in his stomach. His bowels were kept open; the evacuations were of a dark ferruginous

color, which probably arose from the decomposition of the knife; the pulse was very little affected, being generally between seventy and eighty in a minute. His diet consisted of soup, gruel and tea, taken in small quantities. When the stomach was empty of food, the handle of the knife could be distinctly felt, extending from above downward, by placing the hand very lightly on the abdomen, a little above the umbilicus; but a single cup of tea, or a little food of any kind, distended the stomach so much that it entirely disappeared. He was frequently squeamish and sick at his stomach, and sometimes felt a severe twisting pain in that organ.

The case being a remarkable one, and of very rare occurrence, the patient was visited by a great number of medical men. All the professional men in Carlisle were consulted respecting him; and that nothing might be omitted that could benefit this unfortunate man, his case was stated to Sir Astley Cooper, of London, Mr. George Bell, of Edinburgh, and a few others. As the great length of the knife would prevent the possibility of its passing the pylorus, or making the turns of the intestines, and it seemed improbable that the patient would live sufficiently long for it to be dissolved in the stomach, various means were suggested to extract it; for although Dempster had survived the first shock of swallowing the knife, and there was no risk of speedy destruction of life, the action of the gastric juice, or of any medicine that could be given, it was supposed, would be so slow, particularly upon the blade of the knife, that it was deemed advisable to extract it, if possible.

Another plan of treatment is that which was proposed by the surgeons of the Carlisle dispensary, and was also recommended and sanctioned by one of the first surgeons in Europe; it was, that an incision should be made into the patient's stomach, and the knife extracted. The annual report of the Carlisle dispensary contains the following observations concerning Dempster: "The surgeons of the dispensary were unanimously agreed as to the best mode of treating this ex-

traordinary case: they were of opinion that nothing but an operation could save the patient's life, but he could not be persuaded to submit to it." He remained in Carlisle until the 28th of December, when he left it with the intention of proceeding to his friends at Hammer-smith, in the neighborhood of London. It is proper to remark, that his journey was neither recommended nor sanctioned by the medical officers of the dispensary; it was contrary to their advice; they apprehended dangerous and fatal consequences from it, and anxiously wished him to continue in Carlisle. What they apprehended did in reality happen. This unfortunate man was prevented from pursuing his journey further than Middlewick, in Cheshire, where he died on the 16th of January; inflammation and gangrene of the stomach having been produced by the irritation of the knife and the jolting of the conveyance in his journey. As Dempster died at a considerable distance from Carlisle, no authentic account of the dissection has been published.

A case very similar to the above occurred in Prussia in 1685, of which a very interesting account, written in Latin, by Dr. Daniel Becker, of Dantzic, was published at Leyden in 1686. An incision was made into the stomach, and the knife extracted. Previous to the operation the patient was to make use of a balsamic oil, called Spanish balsam, which they supposed would alleviate the pains of the stomach, and facilitate the healing of the wound. At the fourteenth day after the operation, the wound had healed, and the patient was restored to the best of health.

These cases may be warnings to jugglers how unsafe it is even to pretend to have such power as that of swallowing knives, since poor Dempster, in the midst of his imposition, was made the unwilling verifier of his own professions. They may at the same time tend to suppress the unwholesome and unnatural craving which the public evince for spectacles of this nature, by showing that there must either be in every instance deception, or else that the miserable

creature whose performances they look upon is sacrificing health, and even life, to pander to their vicious appetite. There are many sights presented to them in the same way, but of a very different character; some of them being not only entertaining but instructive. To these no possible objection can exist. All of those, on the contrary, where a claim is laid to the performance of unnatural feats like knife-swallowing, ought either to be scouted as impostures or shunned as abhorrent to the common feelings of humanity.

UNDER A SHADOW;

OR,

HOW DARK EYES DIDN'T WIN.

MRS. KOLE OYL'S party had progressed onward to its culminating point, which was supper. When the splendor of this was somewhat on the wane, a curious circumstance occurred, causing a novel sensation amid the brilliant atoms forming the luminous ring about the main center of attraction, the table. It was whispered about that Miss Marshall had taken too much wine—that she was, in fact, *tipsy*. If any one of the twenty young gentlemen standing about with champagne-glasses in their hands, had been observed in a state of semi-intoxication, it would have excited little attention. People in Mrs. Kole Oyl's set were accustomed to excuse the frailties of the scarcer sex; if it would only furnish the requisite amount of whisker and silk waistcoat, and partners for the *Lancers*, a little softening of the brain and a little indiscretion in the use of stimulants could be very graciously overlooked. It was not a thing entirely unknown for the cheeks and eyes, if not the manners, of some of the dashing married belles, to betray a flush which the heat of the rooms would not account for—there are always ill-regulated meteors and comets in the most heavenly best-society—but, it was something new for a young lady to be guilty of actual intoxication at a party. And of all things, that it should be Miss Marshall! that

"Fairest, coldest wonder,"

who never even polkaed, nor wore *décolleté* dresses; who was almost as much wondered at for high moral courage, and for seeming to have some purpose besides pleasure, as she was admired for her beauty. The first feeling, as the whisper went round, was one of profound astonishment; the next, with those who had envied her, was that of mirth and triumph. Indeed, those who were the most pained by the sight could not be insensible to its ludicrousness. Miss Marshall had left off the heroic, and was playing high comedy. All those in her vicinity, who could hear what she said or see what she did, were convulsed with laughter. It was as good as if Mrs. Kole Oyl had added theatricals to her entertainment. She had taken a hollow pyramid of macaroons, decorated with spun-sugar which streamed abroad like golden hair, from the table, placed it jauntily on her head, and, crowned with this fool's-cap, and with a wine-glass for a scepter, mounted a chair, where she

"Played such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As made the angels weep."

Of course, nothing 'naughty,' which would not have been tolerated. She always had a reputation for wit, and had sped, rarely, a shaft of satire, when the folly or sin which drew her aim was too annoying to be allowed to remain unmolested. Now, this gift of satire suddenly developed into a quiver-full of the most stinging arrows, which she shot at this and that of her 'friends' with the most pitiless skill. People's faults and peculiarities, which their acquaintances had only discussed behind their backs, were the subjects of her ridicule. She even descended to mimicry, so perfect and so droll, that, while the victims were enraged, all the rest of the throng could not help being vastly amused. Some minds were divided between a wish to steal away, lest their own failings should be the next under consideration, and a wish to remain and enjoy the discomfiture of their neighbors.

Miss Wilkes, a rich old maid, whose utterance was slightly affected by a new set of artificial teeth, retired, in high dudgeon, to the dressing-room. Mrs.

Squashington, who talked bad grammar, and wore red velvet, was mortally offended. Mr. Diddler went to take a sly look in a mirror to see if he really had such a fascinating smirk. The personalities were of the most unforgivable character, but uttered with such inimitable spirit, as if in the very recklessness of fun, and with such girlish archness, that the laughter continued unabated. One might have persuaded himself that it was only mirth gone mad—only a wild excess of youthful levity—were it not for an occasional thickness of utterance, or incongruous silliness, with now and then that stupid droop of the eye betokening intoxication.

Yes, Miss Marshall was deeply under the influence of wine!

"To behave in such a manner, and in my house!" said Mrs. Kole Oyl. "But then, you know, Mr. Thornton, it won't hurt *me*."

"Of course not," said Mr. Thornton, who was leaning against the casement of a window and gazing fixedly at the remarkable display which had disturbed the smooth sweep of the current of commonplace. His reply was satisfactory, and his hostess did not observe the pallor of his face. She had no idea that the young gentleman to whom she had expressed herself, was engaged to the young lady who was thus disgracing herself and friends. Of all her guests there had been none whom the hostess was more anxious to secure than Mr. Thornton; he was rather unattainable, and enough distinguished by fortune and family to make his presence in her parlors something of a triumph. In her heart Mrs. Kole Oyl did not care who was tempted into excess by the profusion of her table; that part of her entertainments she made it a feature to have seductive, in lieu of her power of excelling in any other loftier sphere; but, she did not wish to have Mr. Thornton's good taste offended.

That gentleman remained pale and quiet, gazing at the strange exhibition. He was as proud as Lucifer, and his pride had been the first means in fixing his affections upon Miss Marshall. She

was so beautiful and yet so reserved, highly accomplished yet averse to display, so dignified for so young a girl, that his first admiration led to reverence, and then to love. A young lady who never allowed men to put their arms around her waist in the waltz, and who dared, in the face of fashion, to veil the exquisite beauty of her shoulders and arms—reticent of her wit and charms, yet peerlessly graceful and self-possessed,—was the maiden of all whom it would suit him to woo for his wife.

He had wooed her, and won her promise, not a fortnight since. The head which never had stooped to any other shoulder, had stooped to his; the hand which had never lingered in any other's had lingered in his. His love had exulted, gloried in the thought of the goodness and sacredness of its object.

Now he beheld her, degraded past forgetting, making herself conspicuous in a most unwomanly manner, guilty of a frightful weakness, the center of a surprised and laughing assemblage. He groaned, like a person trying to throw off a nightmare. No one heard him, fortunately—the attention being directed in another direction. He looked about to see why the friends of Miss Marshall did not take her away, and prevent her condition from being so publicly proclaimed. Then he remembered that she had told him, earlier in the evening, that her mother was prevented, by a severe headache, from acting as their chaperone, but that her cousin Annie and herself had come together in the carriage, and the coachman was to call for them at one o'clock. He saw Annie, standing, like himself, a little apart from the crowded circle, gazing at her cousin with a sort of fascinated, intensely riveted stare, as if too much astonished to move or speak. Her eyes never left their fixed, singular gaze upon the face of the girl, who now provoked a fresh burst of merriment, by taking off the pyramid of macaroons, shaking it, and setting it back saucily on her head, after the manner of clowns at the circus; then drawing her face down to the intensest gravity,

asking if she did not resemble Mr. Thornton.

"My God! if that had been my *wife*!" He caught his breath, as if cold water had been dashed over him.

Then and there, in his heart, he disowned any further acquaintance with Miss Marshall. That beautiful face would have tempted some men to forgive almost any fault, but he could not forgive. Making his way to Miss Kirkland, he spoke rather sternly:

"Why do you not get your cousin out of the rooms, Annie? Persuade her to go up-stairs, if possible."

"Oh, Mr. Thornton," replied she, turning toward him that dark, peculiar face, which he had never liked, "I was so overcome, I didn't know what to say or do. What *will* her mother say when she hears of it? She never liked to trust her out alone; but to-night she was bent upon coming (because *you* were to be here, I suppose), and *this* is the consequence!"—with an air of great distress.

"You do not mean to say that Helen is in the *habit*—"

"No; oh, no! I did not intend—I would not, for the world, be the first to awaken your—oh, dear! what am I saying? Yes, Mr. Thornton, I will coax her up to the dressing-room."

At that moment Miss Marshall put her hand to her forehead with a bewildered air; the spectators thought it part of the performance, but she stepped down from the pedestal, removed her crown of sweets, and pressed forward to her cousin's side.

"Annie, what have I been doing?"

"Amusing your friends, Helen; shall we go up-stairs?"

She answered with a laugh so silly that Thornton turned away from the vacant, foolish countenance, with disgust too deep for words.

Annie took her by the arm and hurried her up to the dressing-room, where she sunk into a stupid slumber upon the bed, from which she was with difficulty aroused when the carriage was announced. The hostess herself came up and helped her on with cloak and hood, summoned Mr. Kole Oyl to conduct the

ladies to their carriage, and did what she could to conceal the lamentable state of the young lady. But gossip had seen enough, and too much. Miss Marshall was the favorite topic the rest of that night, and for the next 'nine days.' The name which had been spoken only with admiration and respect, was mentioned in that blasting whisper which withers whatever feminine reputation it breathes upon. Mr. Thornton was obliged to hear a great deal more than he wished. Any allusion to the subject in his presence made him writhe with hidden pain, until he ceased to go out, confining himself to his business or his boarding-house.

A fortnight passed, and he had not yet called upon Miss Marshall to give her a formal release from their engagement. He could not; he was tortured by love more than pride. When he tried to call up contempt to wrestle with affection, he could only picture her as on the evening of their betrothal, giving herself to him regally, with infinite love and sweetness, yet with the reserve of the purest maidenly dignity. From that later vision of the vine-crowned revel, he turned away with shudderings. One morning he received a note, directed in the hand he knew so well; it was a brief request from his affianced that he would call on her that afternoon at four o'clock. He determined to go, and make this the opportunity for severing the tie between them.

At four o'clock he was ushered into Mrs. Marshall's parlor. Helen was alone. She arose to her feet when she heard him enter, and came toward him. Her face was pale, and her eyes showed that she had been weeping.

"You, too, Ernest, believe it!"

The sad reproach of her voice made his own tremble. At that moment, as he looked at her, she seemed his own Helen again—the incomparably best and most noble woman he ever had beheld. His glance fell before her mournful, searching gaze; he felt as if *he* were the guilty party instead of she.

"If you refer to that unhappy evening at Mrs. Kole Oyl's party, Helen,

how can I doubt the evidence of my senses?"

"By trusting the evidence of your soul, Ernest. You have said, that in soul and spirit we were one. Were the words idle? They must have been—false and idle—or you would not have turned from me at the first appearance of a fault. Do you know, for all this long, wretched fortnight, I never dreamed what kept you from me? I never guessed the story which *my friends* were delighting over. I saw that something was wrong; I questioned my mother, Annie, others; but I found no one cruel and kind enough to tell me, until Miss Wilkes called here yesterday. *She* is never averse to hurting people's feelings. Some remarks she dropped caused me to ask her to oblige me by telling me what actually occurred wrong at Mrs. Kole Oyl's, and she laughed maliciously, and inquired if I really did not know that the story went that I was *drunk* there—that I made a terribly silly spectacle of myself. Tell me, Ernest, is it so?"

"You certainly behaved very strangely, Helen—in a manner entirely contrary to your usual character."

"Yes, she told me—that I stood up on a chair and made speeches—that I ridiculed every one, herself among the rest. Well, Ernest, *you, too*, believed me intoxicated!" No words could describe the pathos of reproach with which she uttered the last sentence. "I tell you, truly, that I did not touch wine, nor any beverage except a cup of coffee, on that evening. Ay! since my friends are so easily persuaded of my evil propensities, I will swear it on this book of God, that I touched no wine that night!" She reached out her hand, and laid it on the Bible which occupied a little table by her side. "What was the matter with me, or what did occur, I do not remember. I have tried hard to recall it, but it slips from me, before I can seize it. I must have been ill. I was not well the day of the party. I had a severe headache, in common with mother, but Annie cured it by magnetism, and I felt bright enough when we started. She tried to cure

mother's, but she has not the same power over her as over me, which truly is wonderful."

"Did you take any medicine?"

"Not a drop of any thing. No, Ernest, I can not even conceive what was wrong with me. That I must have acted strangely I can no longer doubt, since you all assure me of it. The most cruel thing of all to me is that you, too, put that construction on my actions. Ah, me! I wish I knew what influence I was under that fatal evening. Ernest, do you think there can be any—any *insanity* developing itself in me? If you think so, speak it out, I beseech you!"

She was paler than ever, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks. His heart yearned toward her as she stood there before him, distressed and imploring. The tears rushed into his own eyes.

"Because, if you do, I would like to tell mother. It would be best. Perhaps something could be done for me. Do you remember, Ernest, it was only a few weeks ago that Miss Sinclair became insane? She was so young, so amiable—and her own friends did not suspect it. She is raving in the asylum now."

Unable longer to control himself, he took her in his arms, pressing her tenderly, again and again, to his bosom, kissing the fair white forehead which should circle only a noble brain.

"What put such a dreadful fancy in your head, my darling? No, no, I beg of you, do not mention any thing so appalling. Your words and actions were quite too consecutive and sensible; your madness had too much method in it. No, no! your burlesque and mimicry were not at all those of a diseased brain; far from it! They were characterized rather by a sharpness quite acute, but not precisely of your natural order. I do not believe, come to reflect upon it, that even were your wit exalted and excited by wine, it would be of *that* style. *I think I read the impress of another mind*—a mind we are both of us well acquainted with. Sit down, Helen, you are pale and worn;—here, by me, on the sofa. You will sit by me, will you not,

if I have been cruel to you for the last two weeks?"

The light of happiness which had been quenched in her eyes, was relit. She sat by him, quiet and contented, while he, holding her hand tight as if to keep her with him, relapsed into a brown study. He had chanced upon a train of suspicion which he was following up carefully in thought. While they sat thus in silence, Cousin Annie came, unaware, into the room. She started upon perceiving Mr. Thornton; their eyes met; he held her glance with his own for a full moment; then her black lashes drooped, and a slow blush, which she tried in vain to keep down, crept up into her thin, dark face. She laughed, however, saying, with a slight sneer:

"I did not know you lovers were here, or I would not have intruded."

"You know, Annie, that *you* never intrude, even upon us 'lovers,'" said Helen, affectionately; but the young lady refused to be seated, and went out of the room, humming a gay air.

"I am sorry Annie has such a disposition," remarked Helen, after she was gone. "She is too sensitive. We try all we can to make her feel at home. I love her as a sister, and wish her to feel as if she really were such, with equal rights and privileges. But, she persists in calling herself dependent, and in making herself unhappy about it. I wish she were not so sensitive."

"You are mistaken about its being sensitiveness, Helen—at least, of a noble kind. It is envy. She has a rankling, jealous disposition."

"Oh, Ernest, how *can* you speak so? I know she is not *very* affectionate—at least, she does not love me as I do her; but you must remember how much she has had to make her bitter and suspicious. It must be hard to be poor, as she was, before mother adopted her—"

"And homely. If she were as beautiful as you, my Helen, she would be less bitter, I assure you; I read her plainly."

"She has always said that you did not like her, and I'm so sorry about it. I would wish you to be good friends. I

think she admired you very much; indeed, Ernest, if you'll never breathe it, I'll just whisper that I believe you could have gained her love if you had solicited it. Now she is cold to you, because she fears you do not like her."

"I have always treated her with the most courteous friendliness, for your sake, Helen. She is a girl of talent; I admire her talent more than I do her disposition. But I must go, now. Stay to dinner? Thank you, not to-day; I am coming again this evening. Be bright and cheerful, my darling, and I will promise to blow away this cloud which has darkened you—blow it all away with a breath. If you, your mother, and Annie, will all be at home this evening, I would like to call with a friend."

He kissed the inquiring look from her face, and went away.

That evening Mrs. Marshall and the two young ladies awaited, in the well-lighted room, back of the long parlor, the arrival of the expected company. Helen had chosen this room, as being retired from chance callers, as she inferred from her lover's manner that something connected with the recent unpleasant affair might be brought on the carpet. What it could be—what revelation could be made, or explanation given—what 'breath could blow away' the memory of her remarkable state and behavior, she puzzled herself in conjecturing. As for Annie, thinking that Mr. Thornton's friend might be some one of the other sex worth pleasing, she had dressed herself carefully, smoothing the heavy braids of her black hair, and relieving the sallowness of her complexion with warm tints, until she looked almost handsome.

Those keen black eyes betrayed nothing of their inward disappointment, however, when the servant admitted Mr. Thornton and Mrs. Kole Oyl. Mrs. Marshall and her daughter were surprised; for, although they attended Mrs. Kole Oyl's grand parties, and she theirs, yet there never had been any of that intimacy which warrants a social evening visit. That lady laid aside her hood and cloak, took the comfortable chair offered

her before the glowing grate, and the circle were soon in animated conversation. Only Annie Kirkland experienced an unaccountable, uneasy sensation. She was more audaciously gay and glittering than usual, seeming in the highest spirits, flinging all kinds of sparkling sallies at Mr. Thornton, who sat opposite her, and who gave her all, and more, attention than she coveted. It was the consciousness of his eyes continually upon her, which made her so restless; this restlessness she endeavored to conceal by brilliancy.

For once, the subtle, mastering spirit had met its master. Strive as she might, she could not keep up the flow of gayety; she gradually sunk into silence, oppressed and anxious. The rest of the circle were all unconscious of the influence at work; but to one who could have read the inner consciousness of those present, it would have seemed like the hawk floating high and silent in the heavens, ready to swoop down upon the serpent, in its turn busy charming the innocent dove.

Mr. Thornton, always a good talker, touched lightly on many themes, until at length the company found themselves interested in some suggestions he made about spiritualism—and from that to mesmerism.

"By the way, Miss Marshall, did you not tell me that your cousin dispelled your headache, not long ago, by mesmerism?"

"Yes. She can nearly always cure it."

"Has she strong mesmeric powers?"

"I think she has. What do you think, Annie? You obtained an influence over me very readily, though I believe mother has proved more stubborn. Your success with her has been only partial."

"Did Miss Annie ever attempt any thing further with you than to dispel headache? Did she ever obtain any power over your will?"

Helen blushed and hesitated.

"Not until quite recently. She wished to experiment upon me, and I allowed her to put me to sleep several times. With a few passes she could put me to sleep, and I would awaken at the time

she willed. We never experimented much, as I do not approve of it. Not long since—I think it was the day before your party, Mrs. Kole Oyl—she stopped me as I was walking across the floor. She was behind me, at the other side of the room. I could not tell what was holding me, until she laughed and willed me to go on. I did not like any one, even Annie, to hold such power over me as that, so I begged her to exercise it no more."

"No," said Mr. Thornton, solemnly, "*free will* is God's great gift—it is as sinful as it is dangerous for us to yield up this noblest of our privileges. Who would be the slave—the *mental*, worse than the bodily slave—of another? But you told me, did you not, Miss Helen, that your cousin cured your headache the afternoon of our friend's party?"

"Yes, and that was the last time. I wished to go so much that I begged of her to charm my head into better behavior."

"Well, Miss Kirkland," said Mr. Thornton, rising to his feet and looking her steadily in the eyes, "I know not what evil purpose you had in bringing such unpleasant notoriety upon your friend and cousin; but this I know, and now assert before these witnesses—that it was your will, controlling that of Helen's, which caused her singular conduct at Mrs. Kole Oyl's. I watched you upon that occasion. I saw the steady, concentrated look you kept upon her. It would have been natural that you should have been distressed and nervous—that you would have gone to her and taken her down from the chair. Instead of that, you remained motionless, *directing* her words and actions. The moment I spoke to you—forced you, by my earnestness, to attend to *me*—the spell was broken; your victim left off her play, came to you and asked you what she had been doing! You partly regained your control of her, causing her face to resume its silly expression; and, when you got her to the dressing-room, you plunged her into a mesmeric sleep which you were kind enough to allow to pass for the stupor of intoxication.

"Mrs. Kole Oyl, having a deep interest in this young lady, who has promised soon to become my wife, I have traced this matter up, and this is what I have made of it. You have only to look in the face of Miss Kirkland to be assured of her guilt. Whatever power she has over others, she has not power to repress the blush of shame. Nature, there, is stronger than her will. You will not need the assurance of Miss Marshall, when you recall her manners and character, that, upon that unfortunate evening, she did not touch wine at all. It was not until yesterday that she understood the nature of the charges being made against her. Her mother did not understand them, and Miss Annie chose not to explain them. She has suffered much through the mischief-loving—or shall I say malicious?—experiments of one who ought to have been the last to cause her any pain—and I need not ask, Mrs. Kole Oyl, that you will do what comes in your way in righting this wrong with your friends. If you are merciful enough to represent it merely as the fun-loving freak of a thoughtless girl, I am willing to let it pass for that. Mrs. Marshall must inflict her own punishment."

Annie Kirkland burst into tears of mortification and thwarted revenge. It is probable that Mr. Thornton understood her motives better than any other person, as he was not only unusually quick in his reading of character, but had perceived that the preference she had once plainly shown for him had changed to dislike upon his avowal of love for her cousin.

Annie retired to her room, without an attempt to deny the charge; and after a pleasant hour of conversation, Mr. Thornton escorted Mrs. Kole Oyl home, satisfied that her gratification at being the first to publicly announce the engagement, would be sufficient inducement for her to labor to restore things to their usual order.

And he was not in error. Mrs. Kole Oyl was only too eager to report the engagement, and, after a few days, the pretty Miss Marshall's shadow passed away forever.

MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

I AM an old miner. Not one of the now-a-day Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old forty-nine California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new-fangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners engaged, in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few expletives of rather forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and, picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone causing my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter-form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. It was written with pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leave me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree, twenty-five paces due north of this, a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of

"ANDREW INDUS."

I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine

document, and read it over and over again. Thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners, to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log, and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," and I immediately undertook to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances, a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on my shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and on looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly berated me for having neglected the preparation of their supper. As an excuse, I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of my finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last, Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there *has* been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination, we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined that we would commence digging the next morning.

Morning came and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to

dig down, for, as he said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine, by following it up, than by digging down in any one place. The result was, that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day, Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at least "make grub," while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but, as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search, that I had become utterly regardless of almost every thing else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping; mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging, my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust; and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated dust.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and, from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to

my mind was, how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read, a dozen times, statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forgot the figures. How much I would have given then to be able to recall them! The next thought was, how can I proceed to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant! I racked my brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect. Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment, the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to admit the air, and perhaps make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl out through it? Even if I only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my assistance. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it, by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite close and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish from want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed

with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then, placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water! At first it was swallowed up by the earth, but I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough for me to place my head in it and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back, I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found that it was the one we had been in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my comrades, I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned," said Jack, as he shook me by the hand, "I'm glad you're safe, old fellow—the more so, as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the summer to get you to go into a tunneling operation, and you have only laughed at us!"

"Yes," said I, wondering what would come next.

"Well, when you found that letter, Bill and I made up our minds that we would go into the job with you; not in the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt.

This we have done; and, my boy, we have never made less than three hundred dollars any day since we commenced."

"Then you think the bag a humbug, do you?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and I intend to go on looking for it."

"Now, what's the use of being foolish," quoth Bill Jennings. "We've got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild-goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Be that as it may," said I, "I intend to follow it up."

Bill and Jack conferred together a while, and then the former said:

"Well, Ned, we might as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunneling."

"And the 'blazed' tree," said I, "how about that? The 'blaze' is certainly two years old."

Jack hesitated. "Why, you see," said he, "we found that tree, and wrote the letter to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this?" asked I, showing him the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag, we found about three thousand dollars. Jack never would own up, but always insisted that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that the letter and it had no connection with each other. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We never could ascertain any thing about Mr. Indus, so we divided the money among us.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE greater the complexity of a piece of machinery, and the more labor it is called upon to perform, the more rapid will be its wear and tear. This applies to human life as well as to mechanism. The derangement of its component parts—its springs and wheels, will also be

in the ratio of their complication. Thus do we find that the brute creation are less subject to those affections that abridge their days than mankind. Their life is natural, except when under the sway of domestication: ours is artificial; and high civilization tends to render it still more unnatural than it would most probably have been in a simple and patriarchal existence. Endowed with more acuteness of sensibility than animals, we are rendered more susceptible of the extremes of pleasure and of pain; and our voluptuous enjoyments are perhaps more prejudicial than our sufferings. Had not the Creator wisely granted us the faculty of reasoning, we should have been the most wretched of all organized beings.

The tenure of life depends upon the sum of vitality originally deposited, and the extent of our drafts upon this capital, which we too frequently exhaust by untimely expenses. Experience has proved that under ordinary circumstances, man can live six or seven times longer than the years required to attain puberty. This epoch is placed at our fourteenth year. This calculation would therefore yield from eighty-four to ninety-eight years of age. Our own imprudences, and the disorders resulting from them, are more hostile in abridging this period than nature, all-wise and all-bountiful. Indeed, when we reflect on all the excesses to which we expose our frail and complicated being, as if we were resolved to try by every possible experiment how far it possesses the power of resisting destructive agents, we can only marvel in beholding so many instances of longevity. In this wasteful existence how many valuable hours do we not lose? how many real enjoyments have we not deprived ourselves of? When compared to the immensity of time, life is but an idle span. Let us deduct even from old age the years of infancy, the years of caducity, and the years of sleep,—alas! what remaineth of our many and our energetic days? Maupertuis calculated that in an ordinary life man could scarcely enjoy more than three years of happiness, mixed up with sixty or eighty years of misery or insipidity; and yet how miserable are we at the thought

of quitting this short-leased tenement, though every wretchedness renders our abode a constant scene of uneasiness! It has been computed that out of about nine hundred millions of human beings that are scattered over the globe, it is more than probable that we could not find nine thousand individuals blessed with happiness, even taking happiness in its most limited sense—content. Were it not for the terrors of futurity, it is more than probable that our existence would lose much of its value. Socrates termed philosophy “the preparation for death;” the same may be said of our existence.

Happily for man, life is a dream, all is illusion; sufferings alone are positive; Pandora's box is its best illustration. Could we have slept away our existence in constant visions, we should have lived as long as in a waking state. When we contemplate the flocks of human beings scattered like cattle on the face of the universe, with scarcely more intellect than the beasts of the same field, we might ask for what were they created? doomed to all the horrors of sickness or of war, victims of their own follies or the ambitious projects of others! As far as regards this life, it is worse than idle to seek a solution of the problem. In these inquiries we too often seek to guess that which we can never know, and to know that which we can never guess! We all complain and murmur like the woodman in the fable, yet are loth to accept the relief we loudly call for.

The longevity of the first races, and the patriarchs, are records foreign to the investigations of natural history; we must seek for more recent examples. Haller had collected the cases of many centenarians, amounting to sixty-two, who had reached from 100 to 120; twenty-nine from 120 to 130; and fifteen from 130 to 140. Few instances are authenticated beyond this period: yet we find one Eccleston, who lived 143 years; John Effingham, who attained his 144th; a Norwegian, who counted a century and a half; and our Thomas Parr would most probably have passed his 152d year but for an excess. Henry Jenkins lived to

160; and we have on record the case of a negress, aged 175. The Hungarian family of John Rovin were remarkable for their longevity: the father lived to 172, the wife to 164; they had been married 143 years, and their youngest child was 115; and such was the influence of habit and filial affection, that this child was treated with all the severity of paternal rigidity, and did not dare to act without his *papa's* and *mamma's* permission.

By the calculations of Sussmilch, out of one thousand individuals, only one attained 97; and not more than one lived to the age of 100, out of one hundred and fourteen thousand. In the census of Italy, taken under Vespasian, there were found fifty-four of 100, fifty-seven of 110, two of 125, four of 130, and three of 140. In China, under Kien Long, in 1784, there were only four individuals who had attained their 100th year. According to Larrey, there were at Cairo thirty-five persons who had exceeded their century. In Russia, in 1814, out of eight hundred and ninety-one thousand six hundred and fifty deaths, were three thousand five hundred and thirty-one from 100 to 132. In a register of deaths in Paris, taken in 1817, there were found in twenty-one thousand three hundred and ninety-two, nine from 95 to 100, and the general proportion of centenarians in that city is one to three thousand.

What are the circumstances most favorable to longevity? This question is not easily answered; for we find in instances of advanced age that some individuals have led a most regular and abstemious life, while others have indulged in various excesses. These observations, however, are by no means calculated to form a conclusive opinion, as the constitutional vigor and peculiar idiosyncrasies of individuals differ widely. It is probable that a regular mode of living is the most likely to prolong our years, whatever may be that regularity in a comparative point of view. A sober man, who commits occasional excesses, is more likely to suffer than another man who gets drunk every night, provided that these excesses do not differ in regard to

the quantity or quality of stimulus. In these melancholy instances the excitement is constant, and the indirect debility which it may produce has scarcely time to break down the system ere it is again wound up to its usual pitch, to use the vulgar expression, "by a hair of the same hound." The principal attribute of life that renovates for awhile its moral and its physical exhaustion is *excitability*, and a constant *excitement* is therefore indispensable, to serve as fuel to the consuming fire. This was to a certain degree the basis on which Brown founded his doctrine. He traced a scale of life like that of a thermometer—health in the center, death at each extremity: one scale ascending from health was graduated according to stimulating agency, the other to debilitating causes; and therefore the system was to be stimulated or lowered according to this gradation. It would be foreign to the question to point out the absurdity of this theory, although we must admit its ingenuity and to a certain extent its correctness. The chief practical objection to it was the diversity of constitutions and idiosyncrasies, and the different action of stimulating or depressing agents in health and in disease; the effects of alimentary and medicinal substances being totally different in these several conditions.

According to habit, a certain sum of stimulus is requisite to keep up the necessary excitement; and this sum can not be immediately and suddenly withdrawn in weak subjects without some risk; in health, perhaps, the experiment may be safely made at all times, and under any circumstances, although it might be wiser to operate the change by degrees; and it must moreover be recollected, that a habitual drunkard is in a morbid condition, and must be treated accordingly.

Six causes chiefly exert their influence upon life:

1. Climate and soil.
2. Difference of races.
3. Complexion and stature.
4. Period of development during gestation, and of subsequent growth.
5. Mode of living.
6. Moral emotions, occupations.

Climates that are moderately cold are more favorable to long life. This observation equally applies to the vegetable kingdom; and trees that have scarcely attained their full growth in northern regions are drooping in the south. There also we find beasts and birds resisting the inclemency of the weather by the thickness of their coats and plumage, or a layer of grease; while many animals burrow in the earth to seek a state of torpor and insensibility, until restored to active life by a more genial temperature. Dryness of soil is another source of health and life; and the hardy mountaineer's existence is seldom abridged by the diseases that visit the inhabitants of damp and swampy regions. Sterile plains are more salubrious than regions covered with a rank and exuberant vegetation, or highly cultivated grounds, from many obvious reasons. The humid earth is not turned up, and decayed vegetable substances are not acted upon in a deleterious manner by the solar heat. When we consider the various causes of disease that must abound in crowded and corrupt cities, we might imagine that mortality would be much greater than in the country; yet observation has not proved this difference to be as material as one might expect; at least as regards disease, the sad effects of poverty and starvation not being taken into account. Various reasons may be assigned for this apparent anomaly. In cities a more regular state of excitement prevails, and man's constant occupations scarcely give him time to attend to slight ailments, that, under other circumstances, might be aggravated. Moreover, intermittent fevers and visceral affections are more frequent in the country; and farmers are exposed to more constant damp and severer revolutions in the atmospheric constitution than citizens. The mortality among men is greater in cities than in women; the latter do not enjoy so long a life in the country. March and April have been found the most fatal months. They are periods of atmospheric transition from cold to a higher temperature, and must therefore prove trying to the weak and the aged. The end of autumn is

also deemed a sickly period; and the equinoxes have ever been considered critical, the solstices much less injurious.

In regard to the variety of races, it has been observed that those people who soonest attain pubescence are the shortest-lived. Precocious excitement must bring on premature old age. Negroes seldom attain an advanced period of life; and the progress of years is more rapidly described in their features and their form than in Europeans who have migrated to their clime. The negroes of Congo, Mozambique, and Zanguebar, seldom reach their fiftieth year. In northern latitudes longevity is more frequent: this is observed in Sweden, Russia, Poland, Norway. Some writers have looked upon the established religion of a country as influencing the duration of life; and Toaldo asserted that Christians are shorter-lived than Jews. To this observation it may be remarked, that Jews are in general a very sober, industrious, and active race, circumstances that must materially tend to prolong their days. Moreover, by their legislation they are very careful in the choice of the meat they consume. In Catholic countries fasting may be taken into calculation, not from the effects of abstemiousness, which would be more favorable to health than injurious, but the sudden return to feasting and gormandizing, by way of revenge, when the fast is over. Shrove Tuesday and Easter Sunday are noted in red letters in the gastronomic almanac; and the suppers that follow the midnight masses of Christmas generally require the apothecary's aid on the following morning.*

In regard to conformation, very tall and spare subjects are seldom long lived; and the same observation applies to the stunted and diminutive. A well-set body, with a broad and deep chest, a neck not over-long, with well-formed and firm muscles, generally hold forth a fair prospect of old age.

Dr Caspar's views of longevity are not

* The advocates of fasting have calculated that in one hundred and fifty-two hermits who had lived eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-nine years, the average age was seventy-three years and three months.

only highly interesting, but, if correct, may lead to many important conclusions. He maintains that:

1. The female sex enjoys, at every period or epoch of life, a greater longevity than the male sex.

2. The so called climacteric periods of life do not seem to have any influence on the longevity of either sex.

3. The medium duration of life has, in recent times, increased very greatly in most cities of Europe.

4. In reference to the influence of professional occupations on life, it seems that clergymen are, on the whole, the longest, and medical men are the shortest lived. Military men are nearly between the two extremes, but yet, proportionally, they more frequently than others reach very advanced years.

5. The mortality is very generally greater in manufacturing than in agricultural districts.

6. Marriage is decidedly favorable to longevity.

7. The mortality among the poor is always greater than among the wealthier classes.

8. The mortality in a population appears to be always proportionate to its fecundity—as the number of births increases, so does the number of deaths at the same time.

Quetelet has very justly observed that the laws which preside over the development of man, and modify all his actions, are in general the result of his organization, of his years, his state of independence, the surrounding institutions, local influence, and an infinity of other causes, difficult to ascertain, and many of which, most probably, never can be known. Still if we admit the fact, our well-being, in a great measure, rests in our own hands, as the progress of our intellectual attainments may gradually enable us to improve our condition in most of the points to which we have alluded; and Buffon has observed "that we know not to what extent man may perfect his nature, both in a moral and a physical point of view."

Still the laws of our organization, and which regulate life, appear to be beyond human speculation; and it has been

observed that, under ordinary circumstances, we are ruled by a harmonizing system tending to equalize society despite its institutions.

Poets are the shortest-lived; next to them, authors on natural religion, dramatists, and novelists. May not this circumstance be attributed to the fervor of their imagination and to their unequal mode of living? A species of madness is the attribute of genius. Many authors on natural religion may come under the denomination of monomaniacs. The jealous irritability of poets and dramatists, —and next to them in the scale of vanity we find musicians—may also contribute to wear them out, and bring on various chronic diseases, by digestive derangements; more especially as their habits of living are seldom regular, fits of sobriety alternating with bouts of merry-making. Moral philosophers, painters, and sculptors, whose average life appears the longest, follow more sedentary pursuits; and, although artists in general can not boast of remarkable discretion in their mode of living, the nature of their profession requires much steadiness. It is moreover to be observed that, in the preceding calculation, historical painters have chiefly been noticed. Would the same calculation apply to the lighter branches of the art? It has been remarked that actors generally attain old age, notwithstanding the fatiguing and harassing nature of their profession. This may be attributed to the constant excitement of a similar nature to which they are subject, as well as to their continued exposure to the sudden transitions from heat to cold, which renders them less susceptible of the variations of temperature that affect those who can avoid these vicissitudes. Any person who would expose himself to the constant checked perspirations to which dancers are liable, would infallibly pay dear for the experiment; and those who have had occasion to witness the fatigues of their exercises, marvel at their not being constantly attacked with pulmonary inflammation, and the many maladies that result from similar exposures. On the very same principle, troops when engaged upon active

service do not suffer from the inclemency of the weather, although saturated with wet by day, and sleeping under torrents of rain by night. So long as they are marching with an object in view, this excitement supports them, even against hunger; but the moment this excitement ceases, let them halt in tranquil cantonments, or commence a retreat under unfavorable circumstances, that moment the invasion of disease is observed. The chief source of health and long life is an equibrious state of the circulation. This condition a moderate mental excitement tends to maintain. Depression, on the contrary, will produce a languid flow of the vital stream, congestion, and chronic diseases.

On the same principle, good temper and hilarity are also necessary to prolong life. Violent passions must tend to occasion dangerous determinations, while the inward gnawings of offended vanity and pride corrode every viscus, and lay the seeds of future mental and bodily sufferings. Apathy and insensibility are, unfortunately, the best sources of peace of mind, and as Fontenelle observed, a good stomach and a bad heart are essential to happiness.

Conformation materially affects our existence; and this circumstance may in a great measure be referred to temper, and the wear and tear that it occasions in ill-conditioned individuals. Little people seldom attain the longevity of stronger individuals; and it is also a well-known fact that diminutive persons are generally spiteful and malicious. As providence has bestowed destructive venoms on reptiles, so has it gifted these insignificant members of society with obnoxious qualities, to make amends for their want of physical power in the strategies of attack and defense. The same observation holds good with the deformed; but here we have a moral cause for this sourness of disposition. They too frequently are objects of ridicule, contempt, or pity, sentiments the most humiliating to mankind. In childhood they are not able to partake of the bolsterous and active sports of their companions; they have not the power to resent an injury, and the more

powerless we are, the greater is our thirst of revenge. Hence does tyranny degrade, and renders its victims cruel and vindictive. The deformed, moreover, find it necessary to improve their intellectual faculties, which in aftertimes fill their quivers with keen shafts of retaliation. In this study they also have more leisure, and they apply to their books while their comrades are at play. This very study adds to their sense of inferiority; they can never hope to share the warrior's laurels, or, what is perhaps still more painful, the myrtle of successful love. Their only chance of success in either of these careers is by kindling wars by their intrigues, or winning a woman's heart by intellectual superiority—two very improbable events. Thus they gradually envy men who are looked upon by the world as their superiors, and hate women for the preference they show to those privileged individuals. In general we find these ill-shaped beings bitterly sarcastic whenever woman's name is mentioned. Pope, perhaps from these very reasons, was inexhaustible in his abuse of the sex.

The intellectual superiority of hunchbacks has also been attributed to their physical condition; and it is generally believed that with them the circulation of blood in the brain is more rapid than in well-conformed subjects, and this increased action is supposed to contribute materially to the vivacity of the imagination, and the quickness of apprehension. Another circumstance is said to increase their mental powers, and that is, their continence, considered both by the ancients and the moderns as a source of intellectual energies. Minerva and the Muses were virgins; and in this and other fabulous traditions, we find the ancients illustrating in their mythologic allegories many physical facts and observations. Our Bacon had made the same remark; and Newton and many other great men, considered the passion of love beneath the dignity of science. Continence and abstinence were deemed by Horace as indispensable privations in the cultivation of genius. In the deformed both are to a certain degree natural, or at least can not

be lost sight of without endangering life. The digestive powers of the deformed are generally weak; and this debility has ever been looked upon as a concomitant of superior intellects.

The common expression of a child being too clever to live, is unfortunately founded on observation. Scrofulous and sickly children are in general remarkable for the quickness of their intellects; and Rousseau maintained that a man who could meditate was a depraved animal. It is a fact that the perfection of one faculty can seldom be attained but at the expense of others. The more our faculties are generally called into action, the less perfect will they be individually.

The influence of the mind upon our health is as evident as the influence of our health on the duration of existence. This corollary explains the shortness of life of the diminutive and the deformed, unconnected with such physical defects of organization as might impede the due exercise of their organs.

The fable of Prometheus is a strong illustration of the pernicious effects of intemperance; and by Darwin and other physiologists, has been considered as comparing the celestial fire that he purloined, to the artificial inspirations of excitement that ultimately preys upon the liver and the other viscera like a voracious vulture. A much deeper philosophy is concealed in this theogenic allegory. Prometheus was the son of Japetus; brother to Atlas, Menœtius, and Epimetheus, who all surpassed mankind in fraud and in guilt. Prometheus himself scoffed the gods, and violated their shrine. Heaven and Earth had formed his father, who had united his destinies with Clymene, one of the Oceanides. Thus Prometheus and Epimetheus arose from the very cradle of the universe; and their very names signify foresight and providence, the prevalent characteristics of all mortals, that either tend to promote or retard the progress of human reason and human happiness. Prometheus strove impiously to possess himself of divine knowledge, and created man with a base amalgam of the earth and the bones of animals, vivified by the celestial

fire he had obtained. Jupiter, indignant at his audacity, commanded Vulcan to create a beauteous tempter in the form of a woman, on whom every attractive gift might be conferred; and Pandora was sent upon earth with the fatal present of the father of the gods, the box that contained all the evils and distempers that were destined for mankind. The foresight of Prometheus resisted her charms; his improvident brother opened the dreaded casket. Have we not here an illustration of the vanity of science, that aims even at divine attributes, and whose votaries, like Prometheus, would endeavor, if possible, to deprive wisdom of her power, and break down the boundaries of human intellects? His punishment describes in energetic language the endless and consuming studies of the learned, whose very viscera are corroded in lucubrations too often fruitless, and not unfrequently injurious to themselves and others. Hercules alone could relieve him from his torments—and does not Hercules in this allegory typify the power of reason, that enables us to release the mind from the trammels both of ignorance and vanity, separated from each other by a gossamer partition? Prometheus, who could resist the most powerful temptations—beauty and talent combined—dared Olympus to seek for that wisdom which would have doomed him to everlasting sufferings, had not strength of mind and powers of reflection destroyed his merciless tormentor. Can we be surprised that the ancients consecrated games to this beautiful allegory?—games that are still carried on in our days; but alas! where every vain competitor pretends that he has reached the goal with an unextinguished torch!

MY EVERY-DAY PATHS.

II.

I AM no traveler. I never journeyed five hundred miles in any one direction, and therefore Chimborazo and the Alps are, in my mind, only entitled to that shade of reality that makes the thin difference between the myths of

old and the testimonies of tourists. Likewise, I have not yet grasped the full knowledge of many minor eminences known to fame; and Mount Parnassus stands in much the same category with the "Hill of Howth," that so looms before the common memory of Erin, and the Hill of Difficulty in the Pilgrim's Progress.

Nevertheless, my dear Leda, there is a hill that I *do* know. There is no mystery to be found for me on any of its thousand slopes, save such as nature everywhere produces; and there is hardly a square foot of its surface that has not, at some time, been the chosen spot for my midday lounge, my morning stroll, or evening reverie. This is the hill that looks down on me, on the west of my pond.

I repeat it—I do know my hill. When I look out, it is oftener to see it than any thing else; in fact, I see it more than any thing save my family group at home. As I cast my eye from my window across my pond, its huge outline rises on the other side, and good-naturedly tells me that I must spare a patch of my horizon in that direction, since it can not well move to please me, and if it could, it would only be to cut off the view from some one else, whose claims might be as good as mine. And truly, Leda, I can not find much fault; besides, I think the exchange of horizon for hill gives me no small profit. So I sit and look at my hill instead, as its somewhat long and undulating shape swells up between me and the west, and its kind and paternal-looking visage, covered with a thick beard of woods, and benetted with paths and lines of gray rock, that seem like the wrinkles that time and ripe experience have stamped on it—this kind old visage looks down upon me again, and responds freely, as I think, to the mute appeals for sympathy and friendly counsel that I put up to it. But sometimes we can not speak to each other well at a distance, and I imagine it beckons me to come nearer. Then I go and loiter along its flinty base, or climb up its steep sides, or throw myself down under the shade of some spiry-topped cedar,

and then we talk together till my hill and I are mutually satisfied with each other. I have learned many a lesson of prudence and patience through these hours of quiet communion; and I am not without a suspicion that I am a little better for having pitched my life-tent where I have.

When I look along my hill to its southern extremity, I see, perched on its dizziest brow, up against what, from my low point of view, seems the middle heavens, a small but rather pretentious-looking villa, whose white buildings, tricked out with piazza and ornamented gables, glimmer like architectural ghosts in the moonlight, or seem to quiver in fear before the tempest that batters the walls on a stormy day. This villa is one of the little handbooks of wisdom that my hill holds up every day for me to read a chapter out of. For I have seen those buildings, dear Leda, when they had a different look; when the house was adorned with an embattled cupola, and this again with many lightning-rods, and the barn with ventilator and vane. But time and the elements destroyed the vane and bent the lightning-rods, and the cupola was taken off by a new owner as a useless thing, and the whole gained a humbler look than it ever had before. And now, when I look upward to catch the moment of moonrise by the gleam on the white walls, or when I settle the place of some city fire in the dark night by like means, or when the sun sinks just behind it in winter, and makes its whiteness turn black in shadow—at these times I am reminded of the unwise man that built it, and inhabited it just long enough to prove his folly—of the desolate air of the tenantless spot long afterward—of the succession of new-comers, better and worse, who one after another lighted their evening candles to cheer my night-view from the window, and then went away again like shadows, I know not whither—of the hermit-like cow-keeper that herded his kine in the chilly barn for a winter, and warmed himself at a stick-fire in the house chimney, whose smoke crept out now and then on the frosty air in cloudy mockery—I

think of all these, and then of the stout, honest-looking laborer who one day came and assumed title and possession, lighted the fires anew, swept and garnished the neglected walks, and dug and tilled the vagrant slopes and borders, offering up munificent burnt offerings of cumbrous boughs to the spirit of industry—and my heart grows warmer within me, dear Leda, while I think I hear my great old hill indulging in a subdued and heavy laugh that dies out in its deep caverns, like the surges of some subterranean river. I was saddened when the wind destroyed the watchful vane; for it was the only one to be seen from my window, and I like such a sentinel to warn me of the coming of Boreas and Zephyr. I was sorry when they tore down the cupola, for it had given a kind of castellated look to the house, essential to the dignity of its desolation. But I do not mind them now; I think the genius of home dwells there, and that is more pleasant to contemplate than either of the others.

A great many things make me believe that this old hill is my especial friend. One is the great, heavy, strong-sinewed hand that it holds out to me every time I go near, as if to recognize and salute me. Few but myself see any thing there but a massive rock, piled with huge fragments, and tangled over with vines and lichens; but to me there is all this and a great deal more. Very often, when I have too little time to go and visit my hill in a close and intimate way, I go across the valley to take hold of this bulky hand, and, as I can not shake it, to climb up into it, to sit a moment in its broad palm, or venture out on its clenched fingers, and playfully challenge it to dandle me as I perch there. When the early suns of spring set the snow rivulets at work on the mossy ledges, I go with my children to look for the vernal saxifrage that starts between those ancient stony fingers, Leda, with petals white as the snow that has just left them; and a little later, when the school-children come trooping up to the hills with their songs of May-day, and the sun sends the Twins to bed before him, I go over

and find great bunches of columbines in its grasp, with nests of ants busily unbarring their winter-quarters, and blue flies complacently buzzing here and there under the southern shelters. And thus, day by day, all through the season, this stern old hand reaches me out some inviting object to call me over to its side, there to hold a brief interview with its owner; and how often I go, and how long I tarry, are things the hill and I know best about, after all.

It is no new thing for me to resort to the bosom of this friend for encouragement. Ah, my dear Leda, I remember a bitter, bitter day, long years ago, when I strayed over the broad rounding of my hill—I hardly called it mine then—till I came to an open space, where the farmer had once done something at cultivation. But he had forsaken his field, and its abandoned look, so suggestive of fallacious hopes and wishes defeated, tallied so strongly with my own emotions, that the wave of melancholy rolled over me more irresistibly than ever. I cast myself down by an old gray stone, and throwing my arms around it, buried my face between them. I did not weep; my nature was too unyielding; but the hollow sound of empty and deceptive expectations rung in my mental ear like a passing bell, and when my soul turned, anxious and fainting, to my prospects in the future, I saw lying, like a dull, unbroken, misty cloud, all along that inner horizon, the sneers and cold rebuffs of a world that I knew had all it cared for without looking after me. How long I clung to that gray old stone I can not say. One of the best human friends I ever had was with me, but he was noting the fitness of that old field for cultivation. Then he returned from his search, and began to rally me on my dejection, the thing, perhaps, which of all on earth he knew least of. I thought it strange that a heart as honest and kind as his could prompt to words so harsh and comfortless; but I could bear them. I had learned a little wisdom and much of cheerfulness, as I lay upon that gray stone, and now his rough call to get up and not be "silly" had less that rankled

in my feelings as it pierced them, than just before. It will be long before I forget that stone; it was a forest altar, where I seemed unconsciously to pray for strength, and as unconsciously to receive it. I came away; and for years afterward I struggled and endured, but still with the under-current of faith setting strongly upward; and now, as I go leisurely up the slope of my hill, I often look about for that old stone, but I can not find it. May be the grass and thick lichens have disguised it, or it may have been torn up when the roadway was opened that now winds to the summit of my hill. I wish I could find it. I would offer a stated sacrifice there, of crumbs and seeds for the hungry wood-birds and timid squirrels, that it might become a sacred spot to the famishing and weary-hearted. The fable of Antæus was verified in me; and though I am no giant, nor kin of the Titans, the earth was not the less my mother, nor more slow to confess her affection then and thereafter.

But do not think, my Leda, that my hill deals as kindly with all who go there. It makes a difference whether the errand be one of mammon or not. I have found a venerable block of granite lying quietly under the shade of a thrifty pine, and a long, rusty line down one of its sides tells how the quarryman came one day and frightened the Spirit of Peace with the monotonous clank of his vandal hammer. It tells how he pierced the uncomplaining stone with many holes—how he drove home his score of wedges to rend the furniture of this forest sanctuary—and then, when the firm rock refused to yield, how he awoke to the truth that nature was not all subject to him, and had avenged herself for the sacrilege. The wedges are still firmly fixed; the hand that drove could not withdraw them; and now, as day after day corrodes them, their salient points, like warning fingers, admonish the intrusive that no such folly can ever be welcome there.

Still, such admonitions can not be heard by all, nor do such as hear always obey. No doubt, one day there will

come another quarryman, whose hammer shall be heavier, and whose drill shall pierce more deeply, and there shall be a half-hour's clang of steel, and a crash and a sulphury smoke, and then rough men will bear away the fragments of the old rock, round which the rabbit has gamboled and the quail folded her whirling wing—where the ant has mined and the sparrow has builded, and the wood-spider hung her silken meshes between sun and shadow. They will take away the dead and hoary rock, which for centuries has washed in the summer dews and garnished his wintry beard with icicles; before whose face the flowers have bloomed, and the sweet huckleberries and coral rose-hips have year by

year been laid up for a testimony—they will take it away with careless words and build it into some contemptibly proud structure of men as thoughtless as they. But the spot will not perish, and injured nature will mourn what can not be repaired. No, no, my dear Leda, in your tenderness remember, the red, and yellow, and brown leaves of autumn will fall there, and the snow shall winnow down there more soft and feathery, the rill that rattles down the hill in spring-time shall pass there with a hush on its music, and even the storms of the equinoxes will pause and mingle a hoarse regret in their turbulence, for the things of the wood will remember the stern old rock that perished, and so shall I.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE success of the London Art Union induces frequent expressions of regret that a similar institution does not exist in the United States. That our people are art lovers we have but to attend a few picture sales to attest. Not only in "wealthy circles" but everywhere, East, West, North and South, are evidences, even in the humblest village, of the love for art as art prevailing here. To heighten this love, to develop this taste, to send broadcast good paintings, engravings and art literature, should be the earnest desire of our educators. Why, then, is it that the plan of the London Art Union is not suggestive of a similar institution on this side of the water for the advancement of the "Art idea?" We know that we have had one or two or three attempts to found such an institution; but, their very failure was owing to the non-fulfillment of public expectations regarding them, and they flourished just long enough to prove how eagerly a good work would be sustained. What we need is for the law to legalize the Art Union, as the British Parliament has done, and to prescribe such rules for its government as will protect it from becoming a mere engine for working up

the fortune of some man or set of men. Give us no "Association of Artists," which is only too sure to end in selling poor pictures to the institution at high prices; but, rather organize a corporate body composed of men of taste, influence and integrity—give them power to operate the Union to the fullest extent, in annual distributions, in the publication of engravings, periodicals and books—power to open public galleries, exhibitions and schools of design—and we would have, in ten years' time, an institution of great beneficence.

The titles of modern works of fiction are becoming odd enough to satisfy the most eager curiosity hunter. A good plain name, or phrase expressive of the character of the romance no longer answers; the author racks his brains to discover something simply odd—the more singular the better. We, hence, have among recent popular novels such titles as these: "What Money Can't Do," "Too Much Alone," "Sans Merci," "Beyond the Church," "Unconventional," "Quits," "At Odds," "Matins and Muttons," "Against the Stream," "Snooded Jessamine," "The Uttermost Farthing," "It May be True," "Running the Gantlet," "Won by a Head,"

"Can you Forgive Her," etc., etc. This will give place, doubtless, to the mysterious title, wherein the reader's attention will be arrested as the circus-goer is by the astounding concatenation of syllables which announce the feat of riding six horses at one time, or of leaping in mid-air after the trapeze. What's in a name? is a *very* pertinent question to a novel publisher and author. A good novel with a *dry* title is a poor investment, while it is equally true that a poor novel with a "taking" name is a good venture. Hence, we suppose, we can not complain at the use of odd and whimsical titles, since they seem necessary to the success of the book.

The first few gleams of the warm April sun suggest thoughts of green things, and shadows of trees, and the 'kindly fruits of the earth.' We have a sweet nook of a home in the country, where the shadows and growth are all our own; and never cease to wonder why so few people have homes as pleasant as ours. It is not that such places are not attainable. It is a fact, which we have demonstrated fully, that even those of small means can secure a plot of ground and a neat house in localities convenient to the city. Why more people don't go to the country for homes is a mystery which we have not been able to solve. That any sane human being should prefer the close quarters, the foul air and the evil associations, so almost uniformly inseparable from 'cheap' lodgings in town, to the delicious freedom and comfort of a suburban cottage we can not believe. That any mother should prefer the streets as a play-ground for her children to the green sward of the hills we conceive impossible. It must be, therefore, that false ideas prevail regarding country life—that it is conceived to be full of discomforts—that it is away from society—that it is *less* life than it should be; but, we speak from our own knowledge when we say, banish all such ideas at once—they are absurdly, wickedly untrue. Life in the country is the truest, sweetest, purest life; it yields the greatest amount

of happiness with the least outlay; it produces more comfort with the least trouble; it adds to length of days, to the wealth of purse and affections. What more can be said? If this be true, then it is but superfluous advice to add: *Get out of the city!*

Why is it that the War Department is so negligent in laying before the country the official reports of the commanders of its late armies? Burnside's report of his operations with the army of the Potomac never saw the light until produced, a few weeks since, by a New York journal. Hooker's report of his command of the same army has not yet been printed. So with numerous other very important papers which the public has the *right* to see and read. The War Department, during the last four years, has ruled with an arbitrary hand; but, now that peace is officially declared we can see no propriety in Mr. Stanton's further exercise of his peculiar prerogatives to suppress the publication of documents whose matter is necessary to give us correct views of past events. Let us see the "secret archives" of the War Department opened and the key thrown away!

The favorite summer resorts, we are informed, already are so bespoken by the pleasure and health-seeking crowd which annually bursts from the cities like a flood, that there bids fair to be a sad dearth of accommodations for visitors. Every hotel and cottage and boarding-place in the well-known centers of summer attraction are taken possession of by advance applicants, and every place of minor resort that we can hear of—Schooley's Mountain, Lake Mahopac, Richfield and Sharon Springs, etc., etc., are overstocked with names already booked for rooms. And still the cry is, where shall we go? Certainly this is the proper time to point out the absurdity of going to the crowded hotels of fashionable summer resorts. To occupy a small room in hot weather, to lead a life full of the fever of excitement, and to be literally robbed by the cormorants called landlords, hackmen and "servants"—are evils of magnitude which can only

be abated by the exercise of common sense in the choice of a summer residence. If those who wish for relief from labor, and want rest, would go to the beautiful towns of the interior—to Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, etc.—what a delightful return would they have for their time and money! If men who fritter away two or three thousand dollars in a season at Saratoga or Newport would but use half that sum and take the overland trip to Denver city, and see and enjoy the strange, wild, exhilarating life of the West, how much more like *manhood* would it appear! We regard the *sights* of this country as worthy of every person's special attention; and he or she who fritters away precious time, money and health in running to "fashionable" centers every warm season, is lacking either in good sense or in a healthy appreciation of what constitutes real happiness. The Lake Superior region, the St. Lawrence River, the shores of Maine, the hills and valleys of Minnesota, the magnificent trip over the plains—all offer sources of summer enjoyment which are too transcendent to be overlooked; and we can but adjure those who express disappointment in not having obtained rooms at Long Branch, or Cape May, or Newport, to try and spend at least one season in a sensible way.

There is, for the month, a dearth of new books. One or two novels by American authors are announced. Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett" is, perhaps, the most noticeable. It is, like the author's previous work of fiction, "Hannah Thurston," a society study, having in it more of the elements of a satire, or an exposure of local traits, than of a story proper. Mr. Taylor sees human life microscopically; and he sees only certain phases of life at that. Possessed of a real love for the beautiful in the outward form of things, he seems to lose that love when it is made to bear on mental or moral attributes. Hence, he may write a dozen novels, yet never will he create an interest in them as stories; nor do we conceive he can create much interest in them as social photographs, for the reason that he *sees too much*.

There is, in every life, its ugly side, and in every social circle a *class* ugliness which one not particularly forgiving is apt to castigate. Mr. Taylor is not a satirist in the technical sense of the word; and he is not intolerant in his likes and dislikes; but he is, nevertheless, a plain talker against mental habits, social infirmities, and local peculiarities which impress him disagreeably. His last two novels are but little else than a rescript from life which he does not like. That such books should become popular is as impossible as it would be for the record of a dissecting table to become favorite reading. Though immeasurably behind Thackeray in his keen insight of human nature and his artistic quality as a story-teller, we are glad the "Story of Kennett" and "Hannah Thurston" were written, giving us, as they do, something *sui generis*.

A new literary venture is announced: "The Galaxy—an illustrated magazine of entertaining reading." It promises well.

Strong efforts have been made during the last few weeks to induce Congress to act upon the question of an international copyright. Petitions largely signed by publishers and authors have gone forward. The fact that two leading American (New York) publishing houses opposed, and do now oppose, a foreign author's right to a copyright here, is evidence enough that such a right ought to be guaranteed; but, the potent influence of these opposing publishers has, hitherto, prevailed to prevent the passage of an International Copyright Law, and the prospect of justice to home and foreign authors alike seems as distant as ever. The *Round Table* has labored with commendable zeal to awaken interest in the question; but well understanding Congress and Congressional tactics, we realize only too well how the influence of one or two men can prevail over the honest wishes of the many. When the two firms named want an international copyright law we shall probably have it—not before—that is our opinion.

A correspondent writes us a very indignant note of protest against the vice prevalent at Washington. The hotels, he says, are but vast drunken bazaars; the streets are lined with "doggeries" and gambling saloons, and frail women infest every avenue with unheard-of effrontery. It may all be true; but, does our correspondent know of a capital in the *civilized* world which is not infested with bad characters and bad influences? If so we should like to know where it is located. Washington is bad—very bad; so is New York, if you seek for the bad. Washington is just what you seek for, we are inclined to think, neither better nor worse than any other city where great promiscuous crowds gather. The stories of the corruption existing among all classes there are simply absurd, and the scandal regarding the character of the female employees of the Departments is purely monstrous as a libel. Let our correspondent be consoled with the reflection that bad as are New York, Washington and Chicago, they are not as bad as London, or Paris, or St. Petersburg. That ought to be a consolation.

A proposition has been made to the New Jersey Legislature to appoint a historian—his duty to consist in a detailed narrative of the formation, rosters, and service of each regiment from that State—the services of individuals and officials in promoting the objects of the war, etc. It is an important proposition, and we sincerely trust it may suggest similar action by other Legislatures. The history of the late war has been written by various professed historians, but, with two or three exceptions the books produced may be pronounced *worthless*. If each State could name a thoroughly competent, painstaking writer to ferret out the story of each regiment and battery, and to tell it with perfect candor and truthfulness, the future historian of the great contest would have at his command most reliable data for a thorough treat-

ment of the military features of the war. It is the duty of States to see that their war archives are well preserved. By writing them up for publication they at once assume a permanent form and an interest which can but well repay the cost of publication. New York State has appointed its "Bureau of Military Record," to gather and preserve the data for its military history, its trophies, etc. What she has done let others do.

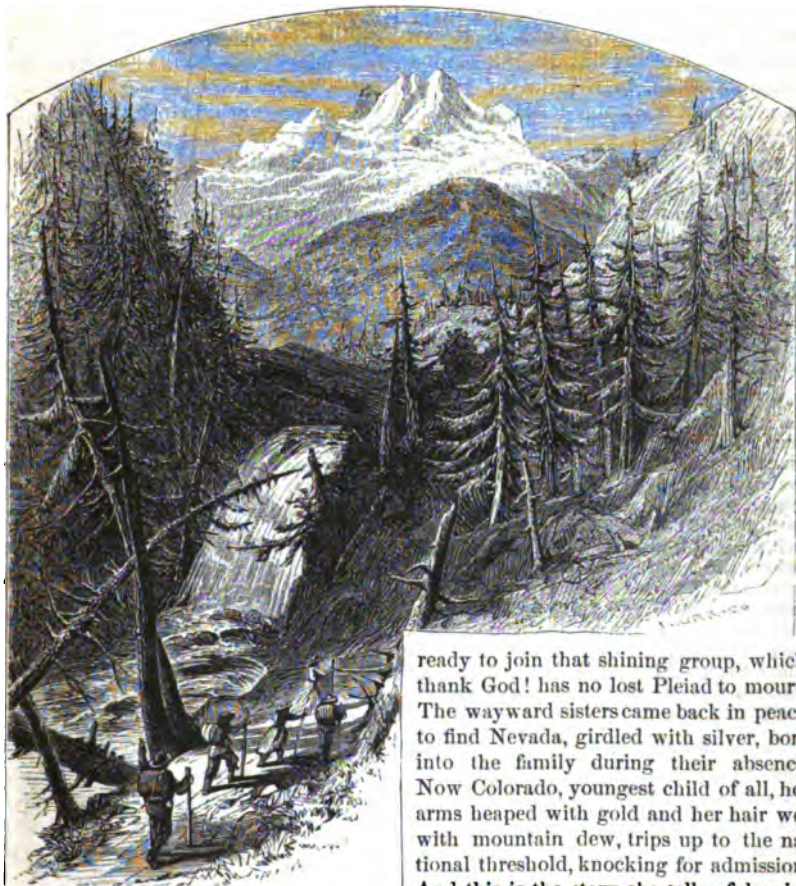
A queer item of news is chronicled by a late number of the London *Athenaeum*. Home, the celebrated Spiritualistic *medium*, whose "performances" with "the spirits," a few years since, threw Europe into a maze of wonder and awe, is to take to another class of performances—that of man-of-all-work on the theatrical boards. His first appearance will be at the Princess theater, London. Has Home, like most other sensation *mediums*, from the Fox girls up to himself, deserted the spiritual for the temporal—the super-sensible for the common-sensible? If so, let us hope he will, after awhile, rewrite his "Autobiography," and admit us to the Green Room of his ghostly magic, telling us just how many fools he made, how much money he coined, how much his side ached with laughter over his successes, etc. If Home is as honest as Barnum, he will yet tell a story which will make some people cry, but more to laugh over his gigantic traffic in human credulity.

The negro race is bound by its works to prove how untrue is the common libel on its want of capacity to advance, intellectually. Among the late items of news from Rome is the good progress of Miss Edmonia Lewis, a negro sculptress, whose genius has become recognized in the great Art capital where ignorance and a vicious prejudice are not permitted to override a just appreciation of talent. She is the child of a pure-blooded Indian mother and a full-blooded negro father. Her career as an artist will be watched with much interest.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1866.

OUR NEW STATES AND TERRITORIES.*



CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK.

COLORADO.

IN 1861, when old members of the American constellation were passing under eclipse, a new star began to glimmer faintly among the nebulae of our western skies. Now, rounded into form and full high advanced in the heavens, it is

ready to join that shining group, which, thank God! has no lost Pleiad to mourn. The wayward sisters came back in peace, to find Nevada, girdled with silver, born into the family during their absence. Now Colorado, youngest child of all, her arms heaped with gold and her hair wet with mountain dew, trips up to the national threshold, knocking for admission. And this is the story she tells of her infancy:

From earliest explorations by white men, the vast region of sand and alkali,

* This series of papers by Mr. Albert D. Richardson is illustrated from photographs and sketches taken on the spot. From his recent visit to the Rocky Mountain States and Territories, Mr. R. returned with a large amount of valuable data and illustrations, which he will freely use in the preparation of his articles for this magazine.

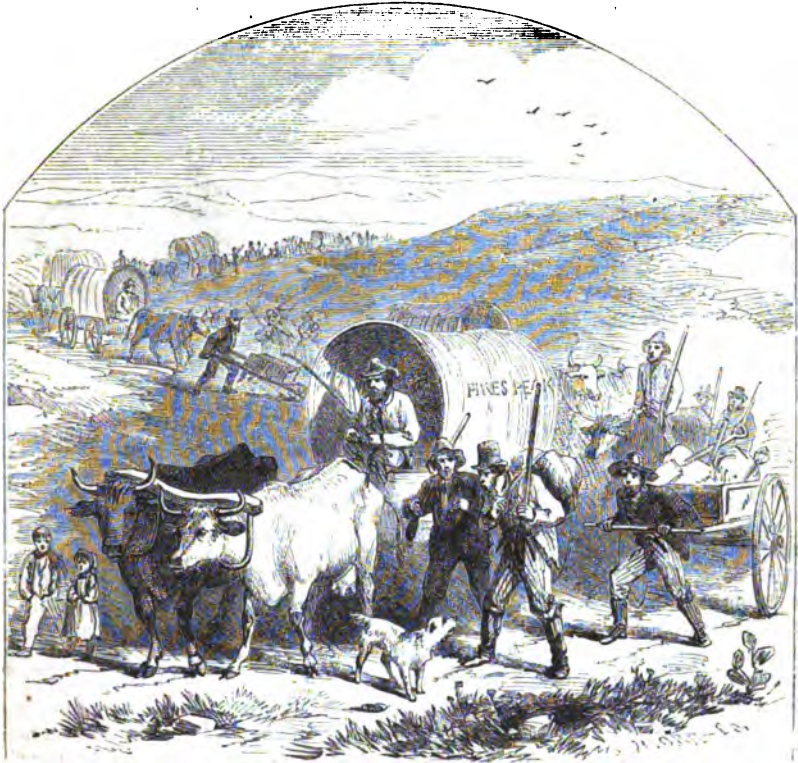
sage-brush, grease-wood and cactus, extending from Western Kansas to the Sierra Nevadas, and from the British Possessions to Northern Mexico, was called the "Great American Desert." Its boundless wastes, often sweeping for hundreds of miles in dreary sandhills and plains, destitute of water, trees and grass, were peculiarly repulsive, and believed to be utterly unproductive. But the Rocky Mountains, crossing this whole tract from north to south, in a series of ranges sometimes a thousand miles in width, were more alluring. Their deep-green forests of pine and fir, their flashing streams and lovely vistas of greensward, inclosed by vast walls of rock, with snow-covered summits, were a pleasant relief to the eye long wearied by desert wastes. There were early traditions of gold and other treasures. A book published in Cincinnati nearly fifty years ago, says :

"These mountains are supposed to contain minerals, precious stones, and gold and silver ore. It is but late that they have taken the name Rocky Mountains; by all the old travelers they are called the Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of crystal stones of an amazing size, with which they are covered, and which, when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a great distance. The same early travelers gave it as their opinion that in future these mountains would be found to contain more riches than those of Indostan and Malabar, or the golden coast of Guinea, or the mines of Peru."

These surmises excited little notice, for the "early travelers" believed every mountain of the New World an Eldorado and every stream a Pactolus. The first statement which appeared worthy of serious attention was made by Colonel William Gilpin, of the United States army. This gentleman, a close observer and a zealous student of the natural sciences, crossed the continent with a party of Oregon explorers, and afterward with his command, during the Mexican war. In 1849, in a public address at Independence, Missouri, as the result of all his observations, he asserted the abundant existence of gold, silver and precious stones throughout the Rocky Mountains.

But his hearers voted him an enthusiast, and for ten years longer the only white inhabitants of the remote mountains continued to be trappers and traders. Like all men in constant peril and among strong excitements, the trappers found a strange fascination in their dangerous career, though the rifles and arrows of bloodthirsty savages made it a very gantlet of death. They adopted the dress and habits of the aborigines, buying one or more squaws to lighten their labors, and "rear their dusky race." Kit Carson, who asserts that the happiest days of his life were spent among the trappers, gave me a striking illustration of the wonderfully healthy air of the mountains. "Our ordinary fare," said he, "consisted of fresh beaver and buffalo-meat, without salt, bread or vegetables of any kind. Once or twice a year, when supplies arrived from the States, we had flour and coffee for one or two meals, though they cost one dollar a pint. During the winter, when visiting our traps twice a day, we were often compelled to break through the ice, and wade in the water up to our waists. Notwithstanding these hardships and irregular habits, sickness was absolutely unknown among us. I lived ten years in the mountains, with from one to three hundred trappers, and I can not remember that, during the whole period, a single one of them ever died from disease." In that golden age of the trappers, beaver-skins commanded eight dollars a pound, and every stream and cañon was rich in game. Now, beavers and otter are almost extinct, and the few remaining trappers, like true Conservatives, sigh for the good old times which were, and return not.

In the autumn of 1858, several young men who went out from Lawrence, Kansas, six months before, returned with the report that they had found rich deposits of gold near the base of Pike's Peak. They told very extravagant stories; but their words and performances were no more kin together than Iago's; for all the dust they could exhibit had been brought home in quills, and would not have purchased their week's board. But,



HO FOR PIKE'S PEAK:

their reports were swollen by "the well-known proclivity of lumps to increase in size the further they roll," and gold—talismanic word!—stirred the hearts of the mercurial population of the frontier. Several hundred persons immediately started for Pike's Peak—among them a persevering printer, who, with precisely ten cents in his pocket, trundled his complete outfit of clothing, provisions and mining tools in a wheelbarrow, seven hundred miles from Kansas City to the base of the mountains!

Early the next spring, the plains assumed the appearance of a densely populated region. Vague and unreliable as was the intelligence from the alleged mines, a line of daily stages was established from Leavenworth at an expense of eight hundred dollars per day. All the great thoroughfares leading westward from the Missouri were now thronged with wagons; and by night, the smoke of ten thousand camp-fires

curled to the astonished clouds. Some emigrants drew their entire supplies in handcarts, to which they had harnessed *themselves*; others bore them packed upon their backs—domestic Atlases, with their little world upon their shoulders.

Some who started too early had hands and feet frozen. Others consumed all their provisions before one-third of the journey was accomplished, and were fed for weeks by those more bountifully supplied. Thousands took an unexplored route, up the Smoky Hill River, where grass and water proved woefully scarce, and fearful suffering prevailed. The road was lined with cooking-stoves, clothing and mining tools, thrown away to lighten the loads. In the absence of grass, many emigrants were compelled to feed flour to their weakened cattle. Some wandered off upon the desert, in the hope of finding a shorter route, and nearly perished with hunger. A few died from

starvation, and one emigrant from Missouri actually subsisted for several days upon the body of his deceased brother, and when found was a raving maniac.

But, on the Platte route, journeying was pleasanter. Let us try to picture it. Ascend the nearest bluff, and you see the great smooth road, perhaps for twenty miles, one continuous procession of men and wagons. There is something grand about this mighty crusade, pressing steadily to its goal. Poverty and wealth, culture and ignorance, age and infancy, man's ambition and woman's love, all are here, and all marching to the music of Whittier:

"We cross the prairie as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea;
To make the West, as they the East,
The empire of the free."

At night, you sometimes pitch your tent within half a mile of a thousand of these hopeful pilgrims. Come to this encampment, and see how kindly frontier families take to a roving life. The long, heavy wagon, its roof covered with white cotton cloth, stands a few yards from the road. The tired oxen graze upon the neighboring prairie. Three or four white-headed children are playing in the vicinity. The husband is milking the family cow; the wife is cooking a supper of griddle-cakes, coffee and bacon, at the camp-stove; the hens are cackling sociably from their coop; and the old family dog wags his tail approvingly, but watches, with solicitous care, the baby creeping about the door of the tent.

Two hundred miles out, you leave the last farming settlements, and human habitations almost cease; but every day you encounter that mercantile establishment known by the pretentious name of "Grocery," which, like the gallows, is an inevitable outpost of civilization.

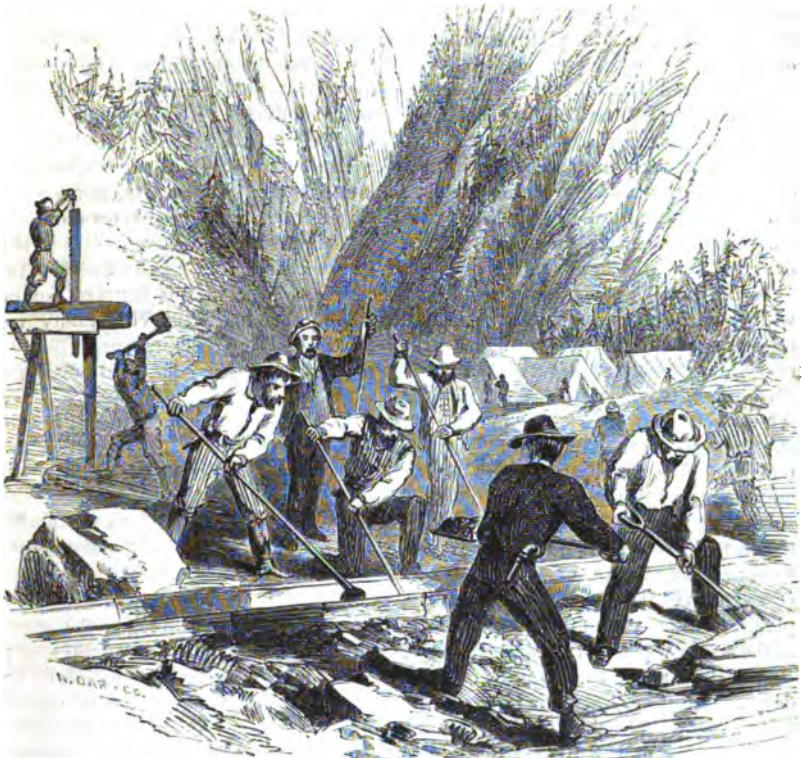
Three hundred miles out, the emigrants struck the Platte River, and continued up its south bank four hundred miles further, to their journey's end. In its valley, from two to ten miles wide, tall grass sways gracefully in the wind, and the wild helianthus turns its laughing face to the sun; but on each side is the "Great American Desert," with its arid



GROCERY.

soil, stunted shrubs, withered grass and brackish waters, often poisonous for cattle and men. At times its rivers are deep enough to float a man-of-war; but during most of the year, their beds need sprinkling to keep down the dust. Sometimes they sink, through quicksands, abruptly into the earth, and run under ground for twenty or thirty miles, when they again gush up as suddenly as they disappeared.

The emigrant could cross the plains aristocratically by stage coach, democratically on foot, or respectfully with a horse or ox-team. In most cases he traveled respectfully, and in from thirty to sixty days accomplished the seven hundred miles. It made him realize how the railway condenses life; for the locomotive would have annihilated the distance in thirty hours. But he was thankful to reach his goal; for the road by which he came had been passed over successively by Oregon pioneers, soldiers, Mormons, and California emigrants; and was dotted with graves thicker than mile-stones. Yet he found a novel and pleasant experience. He had felt the wild pleasure of buffalo-hunting among the largest herds and grandest pastures in the world; had shaken a rattlesnake from his blanket at night; had smiled to hear every lady on the road apologize for her uncouth appearance, and had learned the occult mysteries of cooking his own breakfast. He had fished in the Platte, philosophized among the prairie-dogs, hobnobbed with the Indians; had his tent blown down and his clothing drenched



SCENE IN THE GREGORY GOLD DIGGINGS, MAY, 1859.

by a midnight storm; and hungered and thirsted daily for the newspaper of civilization. After many monotonous days upon the naked prairie and the dreary desert, the resinous odor of the pines rose like sweet incense to his nostrils; and the Mecca of his pilgrimage—the Mother Mountains, as the old Spaniards called them—loomed up grandly before his charmed and astonished eyes. He passed through Denver City (of which something hereafter), crossed the Platte and Clear Creek; climbed the abrupt mountain wall, over roads like the roof of a house, and reached what was then known as the Pike's Peak gold-diggings, though seventy miles from the great mountain whose name they bore.

Meanwhile, the first extravagant reports proved to be based on anticipation, not experience. The prospectors had found "the color"—not paying placers, but infinitesimal quantities of shining

dust, and nothing more. Of the few men engaged in mining, not half a dozen were realizing one dollar per day. But, on the sixth of May, 1859, John H. Gregory—an old Georgia miner—struck rich deposits of gold in the heart of the mountains, upon the head-waters of Clear Creek; and from that discovery dates the history of Colorado, as an ascertained gold region.

Just one month later, in company with Horace Greeley, I first saw the pioneers hard at work in the hot ravines, at gulch or placer mining.

The dirt is shoveled into a long wooden trough, or sluice, and stirred with hoes, while a stream of water pours through it, washing it away, and leaving the heavy gold-dust to sink to the bottom. When the gold is imbedded in quartz, and can only be obtained through crushing the rock to powder by machinery, the operation is called quartz-

mining. As yet, however, there were no quartz-mills within a thousand miles of Colorado.

The new mines were a busy scene. Some fifty log cabins had been erected; tents and "camps," covered with pine boards were very numerous; hundreds of workmen were busy at the sluices; lumber was sawn out by hand, and the mountains rung with the sounds of ax, hammer, saw, pick and spade.

In the evening the valley was lighted with scores of camp-fires, casting the shadows of the tall pines and firs in every direction, and throwing a lurid glare upon the swarthy faces of the miners. Some were cooking in the open air, some taking their evening meal, upon tables of pine bark, and others sitting upon logs or reclining upon the ground, smoking and talking. From one camp issued the lively notes of a violin; and from another "Home, sweet home" floated forth upon the evening air, in a low, plaintive voice, which told that the heart of the singer was with dear ones far away.

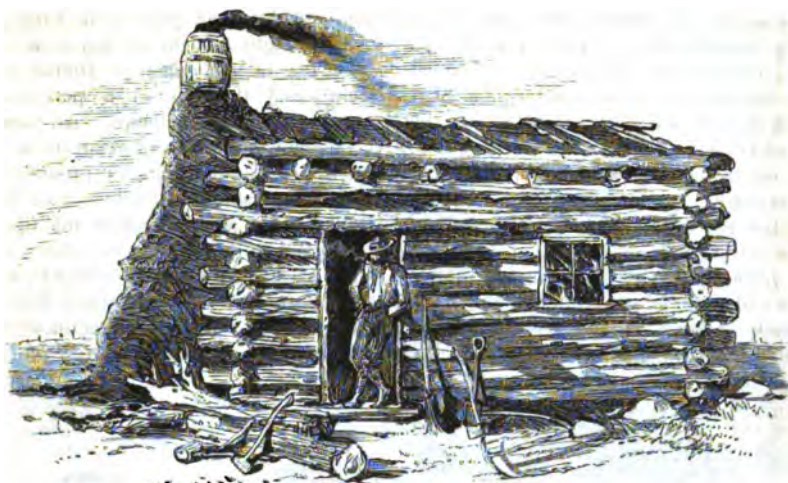
A walk through the diggings on Sunday morning, revealed nearly all the miners disguised in clean clothing. Some were reading and writing letters, some ministering to the sick, and some enacting the part of every-man-his-own-washer-woman—scrubbing away at the tub like so many laundresses. Several hundred men, in the open air, were attending public religious worship—the first, perhaps, ever held in the Rocky Mountains. They were roughly clad, displaying weapons at their belts, and represented every section of the Union, and almost every nation of the earth. They sat upon logs and stumps, a remarkably attentive congregation—while the clergyman, upon a rude log platform, was preaching from the text: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." It was an impressive spectacle, that motley gathering of gold-seekers among the mountains, a thousand miles from home and civilization, to hear the "good tidings" which are forever old and yet forever new.

After spending a few days in the mines, we returned (forty miles) to the

valley, where a young city was springing up. Making governments and building towns are the natural employments of the migratory Yankee. He takes to them as instinctively as a young duck to water. Congregate a hundred Americans any where beyond the settlements, and they immediately lay out a city, frame a State Constitution, and apply for admission into the Union, while twenty-five of them become candidates for the United States Senate. True to this instinct, the people of this unfledged community were already making a State constitution, and months before, they had laid out Denver City.

It was a most forlorn and desolate-looking metropolis. Of the two or three hundred rough log cabins which composed it, more than half were unfinished and tenantless. There was not a single frame building, nor half a dozen glass windows in the town. If my memory is faithful, there were just five women in the whole gold region; and the appearance of a bonnet in the street was the signal for the entire population to rush to the cabin doors and gaze upon its wearer as at any other natural curiosity. The men who gathered about our coach on its arrival, were attired in slouched hats, tattered woollen shirts, pantaloons of buckskin, and Indian moccasins; and had knives and revolvers suspended from their belts.

Of course we took lodgings at the first-class hotel—an enormous wooden structure with walls of logs, a floor of mother earth, and windows and roof of cotton cloth. True to the national instinct, the *habitués* of its great drinking and gambling saloon, which occupied nearly the whole building, demanded a speech. On one side the tipplers at the bar silently sipped their grog; on the other, the gamblers respectfully suspended the shuffling of cards and the counting of money from their huge piles of gold and silver coin, while Mr. Greeley, standing between them, made a strong anti-drinking and anti-gambling speech, which was received with perfect good humor. The hotel proved unfavorable to literary pursuits. So, according to



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

the custom of the country, we "jumped a cabin"—i. e., selected the best empty one we could find, moved in our effects and took possession.

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
The parlor splendors of that festive place."

It was twelve feet square, of hewn pine logs, new and smooth, the cracks within chinked with wood, and outside plastered with mud. A great fireplace of adobe (sun-dried brick) occupied one corner. A single chair of elders, fresh from the woods, with the bark still on, a little table of same material, and the rare luxury of a mattress, resting upon slats, laid across from one log to another, constituted the furniture. The roof was of baked mud, upon a layer of split logs and grass; the floor of hard, smooth earth. No window invited adventurous burglars; and the solitary door, which swung upon wooden hinges, opened to the touch of no key but a pen-knife. We extemporized a shelf, from which a few books looked down with a bewildered air, carpeted the ground with coffee-sacks, and did we not take our ease in our inn?

A few days later, the owner of the cabin came down from the mines, and looked in upon us quite unexpectedly; but observing that the nine points of the law were in our favor, he apologized

humbly for his intrusion (most obsequious and marvelous of landlords), begged us to make ourselves entirely at home, and then withdrew, to jump the best vacant cabin he could find, until the departure of his non-paying tenants. We design exhibiting him at the Paris Exhibition, as the politest gentleman in the known world!

A thousand Arapahoe Indians were encamped in the heart of the town. The Noble Savage is long ago extinct, if he ever existed outside of Cooper's novels. The Indian is organically treacherous, cowardly, filthy and cruel. But one Arapahoe chief, known as the "Little Raven," was the nearest approximation I ever met to the Ideal Indian. He had a fine, manly form, and a humane, trustworthy face. To spend an hour in our cabin was his custom always of an afternoon; and, though his entire ignorance of English was only equaled by my utter innocence of Arapahoe, we held pleasant communion together. Our conversations were carried on by signs and the very few words we had in common. The tongue was weak, but the gesticulation was eloquent.

Usually, by some means, we could make each other comprehend; but twice or thrice we became, as the actors say, hopelessly "stuck." Then my visitor sent for one "Left Hand," a linguist;

for as Day and Martin, the great blacking manufacturers, "kept a poet," so the chief of the Arapahoes maintained an interpreter. Left Hand spoke English fluently, having acquired it from the traders in boyhood; and was soon able to extricate us from our conversational quagmire.

Let me report from memory one of our interviews:

Little Raven enters my domicil, salutes me with a cordial grunt and a shake of the hand. I place him in the only chair the cabin affords, perching myself upon the

table; fill his long pipe with Virginia tobacco; light a cigar on my own account, out of deference to Indian etiquette; and then ensues a period of solemn and smoky silence. An occasional remark is ventured about the weather, the Utes, the mines, etc.; gradually we become communicative, and at last familiar. He studies one of my maps with great curiosity and attention; inquires earnestly for the whereabouts, upon it, of the home of the Great Father at Washington; and asks other questions which show how vague stories of the



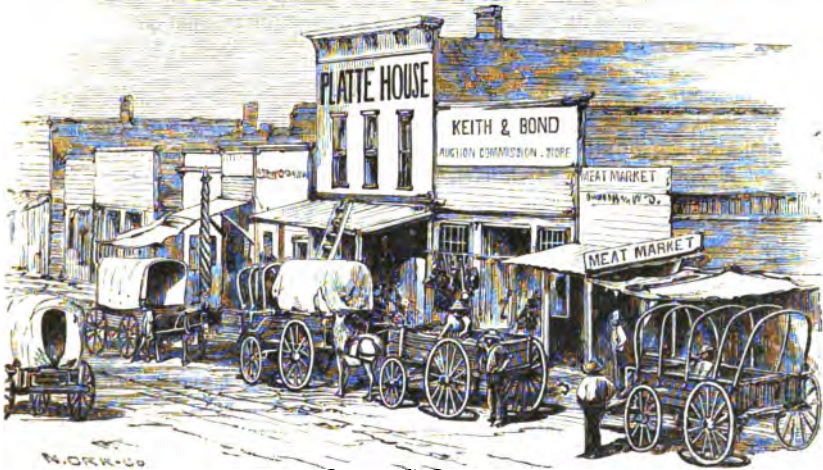
1880.—EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS.

wonders of civilization have thrilled his simple heart, as fabulous tales of the wealth of the Western world thrilled the Spaniards of old. At last he folds the map and commences interrogating me on personal matters:

"Who is my companion?" nodding at Mr. Greeley, who, sprained by the overturning of a coach, is an invalid upon our mattress. I reply that he is a mighty chieftain, named the Gray Goose Quill, endeavoring to explain that his realm is purely intellectual and spiritual, but giving up in despair when the Raven interrupts me, to inquire how many horses he owns!

"Where is my lodge?" I signify that it is by the great waters, many sleeps away; at which he gazes on me in wonder, slightly tinged with that incredulity which civilized persons sometimes manifest at the tales of travelers. "How many squaws and papposes have I?" When I have replied with due humility, he exultantly assures me that he is the happy husband of seven squaws, and the proud parent of ten papposes! The comparison is odious; he evidently feels his social superiority.

"How many horses have I?" Sorrowfully I admit that I can lay claim to no solitary piece of horseflesh. The



1900.—BLAKE STREET, DENVER.

Raven points triumphantly to his thirty sleek ponies grazing on the neighboring sward. As one's wealth and position in Arapahoe eyes depend solely on the number of his wives and horses, I feel that the Raven is becoming directly personal, and inferentially abusive. So I place *him* in the witness-box, and become questioner myself.

"How many revolvers has he?" He shrugs his shoulders, and describes the number by a pantomimic cipher. I produce Colt's new patent, which he examines with great curiosity and admiration; handles cautiously as if it were an infernal machine; and shows a childish satisfaction, not unmingled with terror, as I discharge the five barrels in rapid



1900.—SAINT CHARLES STREET.

succession. "How much," he ventures to ask, "did it cost?" I mention an almost fabulous sum, and his respect for me is visibly augmented. Even the Indian, you perceive, is moved by the almighty dollar—or, rather, by the almighty half-dollar, for that is the only denomination of specie in which he will receive payments.

I follow up my advantage: "How many locomotives has he?" A mournful shake of the head is his only response; and while I convey to him such crude ideas as I may of the fiery, untiring monster, which will carry me further in one sleep (day) than his fleetest horse can bear him in ten, he manifests intense interest; and signifies that he has heard of the prodigy before, but never saw him. The impression left upon his mind, that I am the personal and individual owner of several of these monsters, I am careful not to dissipate; and thereafter he treats me with the profound deference due a "big Injun," and a fit associate of the Arapahoe king! And so, the topics of the day exhausted, with another cordial hand-shaking, he takes his departure. Alas for Little Raven! Immortality did not hedge the king. A year later he was killed in battle with the Utes.

In 1860, I again spent the summer at Denver. It was fast assuming the features of civilization, boasting daily mails and expresses, the approach of the telegraph, fine brick blocks, and three daily newspapers. There was the conflict which seems inevitable in all new countries, between the desperadoes and the quiet, industrious citizens. No civil laws were yet in force; robberies and homicides were frequent; and about once a month, the people organized a vigilance committee, and after a fair trial, either hung or banished the leading criminals—a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. But, they never punished an innocent man, and succeeded in rendering life and property reasonably secure. By opposing the party of the desperadoes, the "Rocky Mountain Daily News" had incurred their intense hostility, and subjected its conductors to several murderous attacks. Its

editors never went out without converting themselves into walking arsenals, and their "Sanctum" was always prepared to undergo a siege; the compositors worked at their cases with shot-guns standing beside them; and rifles and revolvers were used for paper-weights on the editorial table.

The streets were a busy scene, presenting every possible style of architecture, and crowded with busy men in all costumes, from broadcloths to breech-cloths.

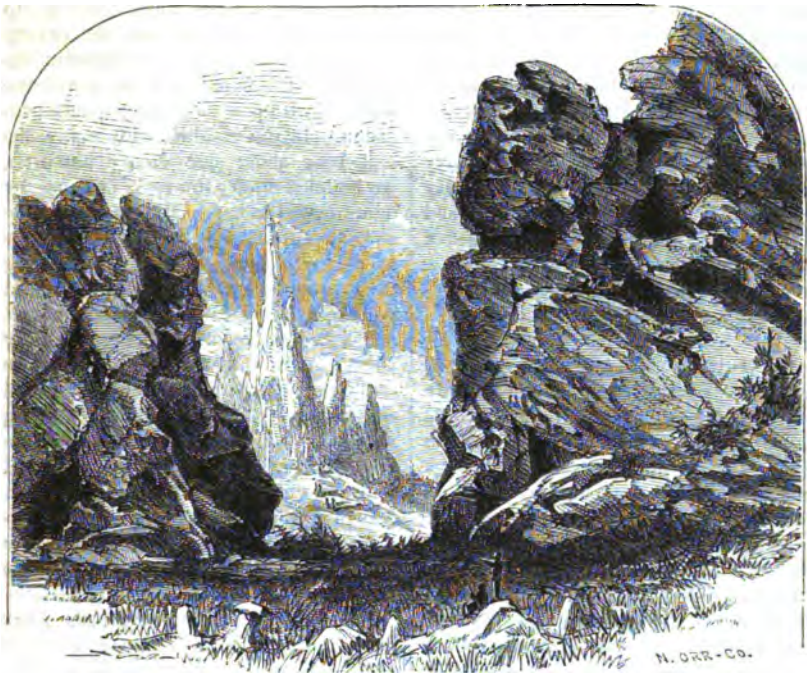
Like all new towns, Denver was a city of magnificent expectations. Two or three thousand acres having been laid out in streets, corner lots were offered for sale, in localities as lonely and desolate as any other part of the Great American Desert.

The mountains, at the nearest point, ten miles from Denver, afford a view unequaled upon our continent. It is most striking at evening. Then, beyond the city, the shining river and the green prairie, rise the grand peaks:

"All ablaze
In the last flash of sunset."

Seventy miles to the south, Pike's Peak, like some old castle, "majestic though in ruin," lies dim and soft against the sky. Forty miles to the north stands Long's Peak, distinct, rugged and corrugated—its feet wreathed in pine, and its head crested with snow. A dark, irregular, variegated wall sweeps grandly between them, at the verge of the sensible horizon, and beyond, on either side, merges into the dreamy, debatable ground, between earth and heaven.

It reveals every hue, from the dark, rich green of the nearest hills, to the unsullied white of the Snowy Range—every form, from the long, flat summit of Table Mountain to that perfect cone, waiting to impale the dying sun. Gaze on it daily for months, and you shall never look twice upon the same loveliness; but find it an endless variety—a perpetual intoxication of delight. Here, at the door of our rude cabin has Nature painted for us such a picture as never greeted the eye of monarch in his palace. Last night,



SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

that furthest mountain was arrayed in fiery, dazzling glory, too terrible to look upon. Now it is clothed in a pale, unearthly light, and you feel that it belongs to another world. View it again. Does it seem that you could ever reach it by mortal means, or even clothed in mortal body? No; you can only think of the Celestial City as it burst upon the vision of the pilgrim Christian, or the Sabbath evening pictures of heaven opening to earth, which you received in childhood, upon your mother's knee.

Some sixty miles south of Denver, on the road to Pike's Peak, is a remarkable region of natural monuments of stone, which assume various fantastic forms. Upright shafts of rock are standing, over a tract twenty miles in length. Some crowning the summits of hills, look like immense castles built with perfect symmetry by human hands. But most have the size and shape of grave-stones and monuments, and thickly stud the ground for hundreds of acres. Standing in the midst of pine groves, they give the pre-

cise effect of a well-shaded cemetery filled with memorials of the dead. Near Colorado City they culminate in an immense gateway of solid rock, known as the entrance to the Garden of the Gods.

"Colorado," signifying red, was probably applied to the river from which the Territory is named, on account of the reddish earth which the Spanish explorers found along its banks. Several early attempts were made to organize the new Territory, under the successive names of Jefferson, Idaho (Shining Mountains) and Tahosa (Dwellers among the Mountains). But the people did not accept them, and until Congress had baptized the region as Colorado, it was universally known as "Pike's Peak"—one of those happy alliterations which stick like burs in the public usage. The mountain is well worthy to name a noble State. Though not the highest, it is probably the grandest of the whole Rocky Mountain range.

In August, 1860, I climbed it with a party of five. Our starting-point, at the

base, was higher above sea-level than the *summit* of Mount Washington. We were each provided with a stout cane, and a tin drinking-cup. The two ladies of the company wore the Bloomer costume and broad-brimmed hats, while the unhappy trio of men bent under their heavy packs of provisions and blankets. My own weighed twenty-seven pounds; and I thought it twenty-seven hundred before my journey was ended.

Our route was along the gorge or valley of a mountain-brook, whose precipitous rocks are utterly impassable for horse or mule. It abounds in gems of beauty—"pocket editions of poetry in velvet and gold." One of them would cause the heart of an artist to sing for joy. The stream, first appearing in view under a natural stone bridge above us, comes leaping down in a cascade of snow-white foam, torn into sparkling braids and fringes by the jutting rocks, and is then lost among the huge boulders at our feet. An irregular mass of granite rises upon one side more than a hundred feet; and on either bank, the singing waters are shaded by the tall pines and the blue-tipped firs. Between and beyond their dark branches, a gray, cone-shaped hill, bare of tree and shrub, rises in the background, against a wonderfully blue and pellucid sky.

A violent shower soon recalled us to the practical. All the afternoon we sunk knee deep into the steep, gravelly hill, clutching desperately at friendly bushes, to keep from falling backward, and climbed sometimes upon hands and knees, over wet, slippery rocks. At four o'clock, cold, footsore and weary, we encamped; and supper was prepared and eaten before a glorious fire of tree-trunks. Then, for two or three hours, the deep woods resounded with laughter and song. But long before midnight we all slept, lulled by the whispering pine and the murmuring brook, and watched over by the mute and loving stars.

The second day's journey was through an almost boundless waste of rocks piled on rocks. A cold, violent rain set in, and at noon, drenched and shivering, we encamped under a shelving rock, and

with difficulty kindled a fire. The storm continued without cessation for twenty hours; and our rocky roof, unfortunately sloping the wrong way, showered the water down upon us in melancholy profusion. In the evening, with many dismal jests about our dreary situation, we huddled under the rock, and one by one dropped asleep. My own latest recollection of that Procrustean bed extends to eleven o'clock, when I was wooing the drowsy god, with my feet in a mud puddle, a sharp rock piercing my ribs, and a stream of water pouring down my back. At midnight, my friends all arose—for the air had grown very chill—and sought our great log fire. Wrapping myself again in a wet blanket, and creeping as far as possible under the rock, I soon slept soundly. At daylight, when I awoke, they were still out in the driving rain, sitting before the fire in gloomy contemplation, like Marius amid the ruins.

The third day the storm ceased. After five hours' climbing among slippery rocks, we dined luxuriously in a raspberry patch, as our provisions were almost exhausted. Night brought another storm of rain and hail; and when we camped, the wild eyes and flushed faces of the ladies excited serious apprehensions of fever and delirium.

On the fourth morning the ice was lying thick about our camp. At five o'clock we continued the march, and in ten minutes, abruptly left the dense forest behind, and stood upon the bare mountain-side with no green thing about us except beds of velvet grass among the rocks. The summit seemed very near; but we toiled on and on for hours, up the sharp ascent. The thin air made it impossible to go more than a hundred feet without pausing for breath; but in the grand scenery we forgot our fatigue and remembered our weariness no more. The sky assumed a deeper and richer blue; and the fields of snow and ice began perceptibly to enlarge. Even here, the flowers bloomed, and hundreds of tulip-shaped blossoms, of faint yellow mingled with purple, opened their meek eyes beside the freshly-fallen snow! It was

worth all our toil to see the cheek of June, with its purple flush, nestle among the silver locks of December.

It became difficult to avoid falling asleep during our brief pauses, but we pressed steadily on. At last, just before noon, passing two banks of snow which have lain unmelted for years, perhaps for centuries, we stood on the highest point of Pike's Peak, thirteen thousand four hundred feet above sea-level. The ladies of our party—one a native of Boston, the other of Derry, N. H.—were the first of their sex who ever set foot upon the summit.

The view was indescribably grand and impressive. Eastward, for a hundred miles, our eyes wandered over the dim, dreamy prairies, spotted by the dark shadows of the clouds, and the deeper green of the pineries, intersected by the faint, gray lines of the roads, and emerald threads of timber along the streams, and banded, on the far horizon, with a girdle of gold. To the north, we could trace the Platte for seventy miles, while far to the south, swept the green timbers of the Arkansas, and then rose the Spanish Peaks of New Mexico, a hundred miles away. Eight or ten miles distant, two little gem-like lakes nestled among the rugged mountains, revealing even the *shadows* of the rocks and pines in their transparent waters. Far beyond, a group of tiny lakelets glittered and sparkled like a cluster of stars.

To the west, the South Park, and other amphitheatres of rich floral beauty—gardens amid the utter desolation of the mountains—were spread thousands of feet below us; and beyond, peak after peak, until the pure, white wall of the Snowy Range rose to the infinite blue of the sky. The north, south and west was one vast wilderness of mountains, of diverse forms and mingling colors, with clouds of fleecy white sailing airily among their scarred and wrinkled summits. We looked upon four Territories of the Union—Kansas, Nebraska, Utah and New Mexico; and viewed regions watered by four of the great rivers of the continent—the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande and Colorado—tributaries, re-

spectively, of the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California.

Upon the north side, a colossal plow-share seems to have been driven fiercely down from the summit to the base, its gaping furrow visible seventy miles away, and deep enough in itself to bury a mountain of considerable pretension. Such enormous chasms must the armies of the Almighty have left in Heaven, when, as told in the royal verse of Milton, to overwhelm Lucifer and his companions,

"From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills with all their load,

Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands."

After spending two hours upon the summit, we reluctantly commenced the descent, for living without eating was rapidly becoming an interesting experiment. The stars were out when we camped, kindled a fire, and went to bed, or rather to blanket.

The fifth morning, sore and weary in every joint, we devoured our last provisions—a morsel of meat and a table-spoonful of crumbs apiece; but ample cups of tea, the best stimulant in the world, measurably revived us. After journeying five or six hours, we began to experience, not the gnawings of hunger, but that irresistible faintness which the Irishman so exactly described as "a sense of goneness." Endeavors to think of other matters were fruitless; in vain we sought to

"Cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast."

Late in the afternoon we reached Colorado City. My companions, with haggard cheeks, lack-luster eyes and worn faces, seemed but dim shadows—faint suggestions of their former selves. The ladies had each lost eight pounds, to an ounce, in less than five days! No lasting inconvenience was experienced from the trip, except the most ravenous and uncompromising hunger, which continued, at intervals, for the next two weeks.

In the summer of 1865, with "the

Colfax party," I had the pleasure of glancing once more at Colorado. On the way thither I encountered, many times, an old acquaintance, who still pervades the plains, but does not venture as frequently as of yore into the towns and diggings. The reader will readily recognize him from mention in Mr. Pope's verse. Behold his portrait.



LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

James the First, whom the Duke of Sully wittily characterized as the wisest fool in Europe, used to say that old friends are agreeable and comfortable, like old shoes; but we found our old friend, the poor Indian, neither polite nor affectionate. Within a few days the savages had attacked several coaches, in one case killing and scalping all the passengers. A few months before, they had burned every house and barn along the road for three hundred miles, stolen the cattle and murdered about eighty persons. The ranches of this devastated region were now quite deserted by women and children; a few soldiers were on duty at each mail-station, and four cavalymen escorted our vehicle.

The Indians ordinarily assault private trains rather than coaches, as their chief purpose is to obtain cattle, horses and

mules. Sometimes, exasperated by thefts and murders (most Indian wars are originally traceable to outrages by reckless white men), they thirst for blood, and simultaneously attack ranches and settlements hundreds of miles apart. They seldom appear in the night, but usually pounce down upon dwellings or travelers, just before dusk or soon after dawn, with loud yells running off the stock, and perhaps applying the torch and scalping-knife. Their own agility and their fleet horses baffle soldiery; and expeditions sent in pursuit are usually fruitless. In Idaho, last November, a party dashed into a United States fort, and took away the Government horses in the very faces of the soldiers. Ambuscades and sudden attacks are their only modes of warfare; a hundred would not meet ten well-armed Americans in an open, fair, daylight encounter. The only exceptions I remember are the Idaho Snakes or Shoshonees, who sometimes manifest great bravery.

The cost of fighting them, and even of maintaining our military posts on the plains during peace times, is enormous. Last year, between April and October, the United States quartermaster, at Leavenworth, sent westward thirty-three million pounds of freight, employing fourteen thousand mules and three thousand horses. This season he will use more than two thousand wagons. The expenditures of the Government for Indian wars during the last twenty years would have built and stocked a first-class double-track railway to the Pacific.

We obtained glimpses of only one or two buffaloes; for these old denizens shrink from the great thoroughfares which have lately invaded their magnificent domain. Benton's theory, that they are geographers and roadmakers by instinct, seems well founded, for the best routes across the continent are along their old trails. Once they roamed the entire Pacific slope, and ranged from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Champlain. That stern policeman, Civilization, constantly circumscribes their limits, bidding them "Move on," and hundreds of thousands are killed annually, often from

sheer wantonness and curiosity. Every emigrant desires to boast of shooting a buffalo, and their whitened skulls, perforated by bullets, make every road a Golgotha.

Even now, they abound on great tracts of the desert, away from the thoroughfares, and are estimated to outnumber all the domestic cattle in the United States. Six years ago I traveled for two hundred miles among hills black with them in every direction, as far as the eye could reach. At a distance, they dot the sward like whortleberries in a New-England pasture. Our coach, one of the first on the plains, was often compelled to wait while great herds crossed the road directly before us, for in running they make the ground tremble, and terrify the most rheumatic horses and mules into dashing off with them, quite beyond the control of bit or spur. The antelope and the buffalo are antipodes; one is incarnate grace; the other clumsiness itself. The antelope gallops airily over the hills with an elasticity surpassing the fleetest race-horse; but the buffalo, with huge head and enormous shaggy neck, canters lumberingly along, as if he belonged to some other sphere. His tough forehead, flattening a bullet as a stone wall would do, and his strong neck, form a natural battering-ram, almost justifying the belief that if a buffalo had taken the place of the traditional bull which attempted to butt a locomotive off the track, he would have met a happier fate than his brave but indiscreet taurine half-brother. A blow from the head of a calf two months old will prostrate the strongest man; and an enraged bull, with perfect horns, is devoutly to be avoided. A gentleman of my acquaintance, riding in a desert valley, encountered several thousand stampeding buffaloes; and his mule, with characteristic perversity, refused to budge an inch, but stood broadside to the approaching herd. Under the horns of the first buffalo he dropped dead upon the spot, almost without a single kick. His rider, stunned by the shock, fortunately fell close beside the mule, and so escaped being trampled to death. In a few

seconds, recovering his consciousness, he saw that several of the ponderous brutes had already leaped over him; and drawing his revolver he fired six shots in rapid succession. The reports and smoke broke the herd into two columns, and in a few minutes, with saddle and bridle upon his shoulder, my friend was walking briskly toward the road, vowing that he would never, never, never ride a mule again.

The antelope still abounds, the best living illustration of the poetry of motion. Miles away, when his earth-colored body is quite indistinguishable, one sees his white tail fluttering in the breeze like a shred of linen—a perpetual flag of truce to human enemies. Rifles and shot-guns have made him shy and difficult to approach. Old hunters are wont to stick a ramrod in the earth with a handkerchief flying from it, and then conceal themselves among the grass or sand-hills. The antelope, drawn by a curiosity fatal as mother Eve's, circles nearer and nearer, until he falls by the cruel bullet. From a close view, his liquid eyes suggest infinite pathos and more than human tenderness. He is easily domesticated, and naturally tame. Once, on a lonely mountain trail, a few miles from the base of Pike's Peak, a long herd, in single file, walked across the path before me, within a stone's throw. Some were beautifully spotted with white, and all exquisitely graceful. Sitting upon my horse and stopping for them to pass, I counted one hundred and twenty-seven. Antelope meat, tender and toothsome, though less savory than the flesh of the black-tailed deer—the richest game upon our continent—is still in great demand through the Far West. In the early times of Colorado, it was found daily upon every table.

But enough of these reminiscences, into which my leisurely pen, no longer driven by the clamorous demand of the daily press, wanders so easily. In these papers, prepared after my journey is ended, I essay to group more facts and maturer observations than a hurried daily record allows.

Last summer we found Denver a city of

four thousand people, with banks, schools, daily newspapers, daily mails, the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph, public and private buildings which would do credit to any eastern city—in short, with all the appliances of an old civilization, among the quickened intelligence, the enlarged ideas and warm hearts of the frontier. And all this in six years!

Themistocles, at a feast, invited to play upon some musical instrument, replied: "I can not fiddle; but I know how to make a small town a great city." If this be genius, America must be its native heath, when not only small towns, but lonely deserts like this spring into great cities with the growth of Jonah's gourd. How it would have surprised the old explorers could their prophetic souls have looked forward to this! The youth of a community, like that of a human being, has its sharp trials; and Denver has not been exempt. For three months at a time, hostile Indians have cut off all communication with the east; and once, at midnight, without warning, a freshet converted the dry bed of Cherry Creek into a deluge, sweeping away many

buildings, and drowning several persons. In a little more than two years, the Pacific Railroad will tap Denver, and we found it full of promise as a great city of the future.

But the most noticeable change was in the mountains. In the vicinity of the original Gregory Diggings, now known as Black Hawk and Central City, is a population of ten thousand, with most substantial improvements, heavy machinery, large trading-houses, theaters, newspapers, churches, and stage and telegraphic communication with the outside world.

Quartz mills, containing in the aggregate two thousand stamps, have been erected in the Territory. Hitherto, difficulties have been experienced in separating the gold from the pyrites of iron with which it is found associated; but several processes for obviating this trouble are now nearly if not quite demonstrated successes.

Colorado, the child of yesterday, is destined to add a vast amount of the precious metals to the treasures of the world, and soon to become a rich, prosperous and loyal State in the American Union.



BLACKHAWK, COLORADO—THE ORIGINAL GREGORY DIGGINGS.



EXAMINING THE LETTER.

THE DEAD LETTER.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

THE reader can now understand why it was that I turned cold with excitement as I sat there in the dead-letter office, holding the time-stained epistle in my hand. Every word burned itself into my brain. Obscure as it was—non-committal—directed to an unknown person of a neighboring village—I yet felt *assured* that those vague hints had reference to the sinful tragedy which had occurred October 17th, 1857. Here was placed in my hands—at last!—a clue to that mystery which I had once sworn to unravel. Yet, how slender was the clue, which might, after all, lead me into still profounder labyrinths of doubt and perplexity! As I pondered, it seemed to break and vanish in my fingers. Yet, I felt, in spite of this, an inward sense that *I held the key which was surely to unlock the*

awful secret. I can never rightly express the feelings which, for the first few moments, overpowered me. My body was icy cold, but my soul stung and stirred me as with fire, and seemed to rise on 'budding wings' of flame with the conviction of a speedy triumph which was to come after long suffering. I arose, clutched my hat, and went forth from the Department, to return to it no more, for the present. Half the night I sat in my room, at my boarding-place, looking at that letter, on the table before me.

Before I proceed further with its history, I will give, in a few words, the brief, monotonous record of my life, since I was driven—driven is the word you must use, Richard, haughty and sensitive though you may be—from the friendship and presence of the Argylls, and from my prospects of a long-cherished settlement in life. I made the visit to my mother. She was shocked at the change

in me, and grieved that I withheld my confidence from her. But, I did not feel in a confiding mood. The gentleness of my nature had been hardened; I was bitter, sneering, skeptical; not from my own mother would I accept the sympathy which my chilled heart seemed no longer to crave. Only one thing saved me from utter loathing of humanity, and that was the memory of Mary's face, as she had sought me at parting. In those sweet eyes were trust and love; the tears which streamed down and fell upon her bosom, the quiver of the lip, the sobs and fond words, attested to the sorrow with which she had beheld my banishment.

Of course my mother was surprised to hear that I had left Blankville, with no intention of returning to it; that the long-understood partnership was not to be entered into. But, she did not press me for explanations. She waited for me to tell her all, patiently; ministering to my health and comfort, meanwhile, as a widowed mother will minister to an only son—with a tenderness only less than that of heaven, because it is yet, perforce, of earth.

Before I had been at home a fortnight, the unnatural tension of my mind and nerves produced its sure result—a reaction took place, and I fell sick. It was in the softer mood which came over me, as I was convalescing from this illness, that I finally told my mother all the dreadful story of the influences which had broken up my connection with the Argylls. Her grief for me, her indignation against my enemy or enemies, was what might have been expected. I could hardly restrain her from starting at once for Blankville, to stand before her old friend, the friend of my father, and accuse him, face to face, of the wrong he had done her boy. But, out of this I persuaded her. I asked her if she did not see that the wrong was irreparable? I could not forgive it. It did not admit of being talked about; let the cloud drop between them and us; our paths were henceforth apart. To this she finally yielded; and, if there could have been any balm to my wounded pride and still more deeply

wounded affections, I should have found it in the enhanced, touching, almost too-perfect tenderness with which my parent sought to make up to me that which I had lost.

For a few weeks I abandoned myself to her healing attentions. Then I set myself resolutely to find work both for hands and mind. My mother was not without influential friends. As I have said, my fortunes were somewhat nipped by my father's untimely death, but our family and associations were among the best. We had a relative in power at Washington. To him I applied for a clerkship, and received, in answer, the situation I was filling, at the time when that dead-letter came so strangely into my hands.

It may be thought improbable that I should abandon the profession for which I had studied with so much zeal. But, the very memory of that zeal, and of the hopes which had stimulated it, now gave me a dislike to the law. I required both change of scene and of pursuits. The blow dealt at my heart had stunned my ambition, also. To one of my temperament, aspiration, acquisitiveness, all the minor passions and pursuits of life are but steps leading up the hillside, to the rose-crowned summit, where love sits smiling under the eye of heaven. And I, being, for the time at least, blasted prematurely, was no more myself, but was to myself like a stranger within my own sanctuary. I went into the dead-letter office, and commenced my routine of breaking seals and registering contents, as if I had been born for that business. I was a rapid worker, quiet, and well-thought of by my associates, who deemed me a little cold and skeptical, a trifle reserved, very steady for so young a fellow, and an efficient clerk who thoroughly earned my salary. That was all they knew of Richard Redfield. And in those days, I did not know much more about myself. The months had worn away, one after the other, with a dreary coldness. In the summer I struggled through the suffocating dust; in the winter I picked my way through the disgusting

mud, to and fro, from my lodgings to the office buildings; that was about all the change which the seasons brought to me, whom once the smell of spring violets filled with pungent delight, and the odor of June roses made happy as a God on Olympus.

Half the night, I sat brooding over that brief revelation, so precious to me, yet so loathsome. The longer I pondered its words the less vivid grew my hope of making any triumphant use of it for the detection of the two guilty persons—the one who wrote it, and the one to whom it was addressed. I might lay the letter before Mr. Argyll, but he might not feel, as I did, that it had any connection with the murder, neither was there any thing to prove but that the missive might have been directed to *me*. Indeed, Mr. Argyll might well inquire how I could pretend that it should have reached me through the routine of the dead-letter department, after all this stretch of time—very nearly two years!

This was a matter which puzzled me exceedingly. In the ordinary course of affairs, it would, if not claimed, have been forwarded to Washington three months after its reception at Peekskill, and have long ago been consigned to the waste-basket and the flames. The hand of an overruling Providence seemed to be moving the men in this terrible game. At that hour I recognized it, and felt a solemn conviction that, sooner or later, the murderer would be checkmated. It was this assurance, more than any evidence contained in the letter, which gave me hope that it would eventually be the instrument of punishment to the guilty. I remembered the vow I had once made to my soul, never to rest in the peace of my own pursuits, until I had dragged the slayer of the innocent into the awful presence of Justice. That vow I had neglected to fulfill to the uttermost, partly because of the injury which had been done to my self-love, and also because the circumstances which had attached suspicion to me, in the eyes of those interested, had made it dangerous for me to

move in a matter when all my motives were misconstrued. But now that Fate had interposed in this singular manner, in my behalf and in that of Truth, I took fresh courage. I was fully startled from my apathy. That night I wrote my resignation to the Department, gathered up my few effects again, and the next morning found me on the way to New York.

My first purpose was to consult Mr. Burton. I had not seen him since that day when we parted in Blankville; I only knew, by accident, that he was still a resident of New York, having casually heard his name mentioned in connection with a case which had brought some detectives on to Washington only a few weeks previous.

I had never forgiven or understood the part he had played in that last interview with the Argylls. I remembered the assurance he had given me of friendship, but I did not believe that he had shown any friendship for me, in that consultation with the relatives, or the results would not have been so disastrous to me. Nevertheless, I felt a confidence in him; he was the man for the emergency, and to him I would take the letter. I thought it quite probable, that in the multiplicity of new interests, the circumstances which had once brought us so much together had faded from his mind, and that I should have to reawaken his recollection of the details.

On the morning after my arrival in New York, I consulted the directory, and finding that Mr. Burton still resided in Twenty-third street, I called at the house at the earliest admissible hour.

While I was handing my card to the servant, his master came out of the library at the end of the hall, and hastening forward, shook me heartily by the hand. His joyous tones were better evidence of his pleasure at seeing me, than even his words, which were cordial enough.

"I heard your voice, Richard," he said, "and did not wait for you to be ushered in with the formalities. Welcome, my friend;" his expression was as if he had said—"Welcome, my son."

He led me into the library, and, placing me in an arm-chair, sat down opposite me, looking at me with the well-remembered piercing shafts of those steel-blue eyes. After inquiring about my health, etc., he said, suddenly:

"You have news."

"You are right, Mr. Burton—else I should not have been here. I suppose you are aware that I have been a clerk in the dead-letter office for the last eighteen months."

"I was aware of it. I never intended to let you slip out of the numbered rosary of my friends, and lose you so entirely as not even to know your whereabouts."

"Day-before-yesterday this letter arrived at the office, and I chanced to be the clerk who opened it."

I handed him the missive. He examined the envelope attentively, before unfolding the sheet within; and as he continued to hold it in his hand, and gaze at it, one of those wonderful changes passed over his countenance that I had remarked on some previous important occasions. His practiced intelligence seized upon the date, the post-office marks, the hasty direction, and made the contents of the letter his own, almost, before he read it. For some moments he pondered the outside, then drew forth the letter, perused it with one swift glance, and sat holding it, gazing at it, lost in thought, and evidently forgetful of my presence. A stern pallor settled gradually over his usually placid face; at last he looked up, and seeing me, recalled his surroundings to his recollection:

"It is sad to be made to feel that such creatures live and flourish," he said, almost despondingly; "but," as his face brightened, "I can not say how glad I am to get hold of this. It partially explains some things which I have already found out. The chance which threw this document into your hands, was a marvelous one, Richard."

"However simple the explanation may prove to be, I shall always regard it as Providential."

"All things are Providential," said my

companion, "none less, and none more so. Causes will have their effects. But now, as to the writer of this—I am glad I have a specimen of the villain's handwriting; it will enable me to know the writer when I see him."

"How so, Mr. Burton?"

"Because I have a very good picture of him, now, in my mind's eye. He is about thirty years of age, rather short and broad-shouldered, muscular; has dark complexion and black eyes; the third finger of his right hand has been injured, so as to contract the muscles and leave it useless. He has some education, which he has acquired by hard study since he grew up to be his own master. His childhood was passed in ignorance, in the midst of the worst associations; and his own nature is almost utterly depraved. He is bad, from instinct, inheritance and bringing-up; and now, our blessed Redeemer, himself, would hardly find good enough in him, to promise a hope of ultimate salvation. It is curious that he should ever have seen fit to study, so as to acquire even the smattering of knowledge which he has. He must have been led into it by some powerful passion. If I could decide what that passion was, I might have a key to unlock the gate into some other matters."

I stared at the speaker in astonishment as he rapidly pronounced the above analysis of the personal appearance and character of the writer.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"I do not know his name, and I have never met him. All the acquaintance I have with him, I have made through the medium of his chirography. It is sufficient for me; I can not mistake,"—then, observing my puzzled and incredulous look, he smiled, as he added: "By the way, Richard, you are not aware of my accomplishment in the art of reading men and women from a specimen of their handwriting. It is one of my greatest aids in the profession to which I have devoted myself. The results I obtain, sometimes astonish my friends. But, I assure you, there is nothing marvelous

in them. Patient study and unwearied observation, with naturally quick perceptions, are the only witchcraft I use. With moderate natural abilities, I assert that any other person could equal me in this art (black art, some of my acquaintances regard it,) by giving the same time to it that a musician would to master an instrument."

"I do not know about that, Mr. Burton. I guess it would take a mind of the singular composition of your own, to make much out of an art with no rules and no foundations."

"It has its rules, for me. But as proof is better than argument, show me any letters or scraps of writing you may have about you. I would like to satisfy you, before we proceed further, for I do not wish you to feel that you are working with a crack-brained individual, who is riding a hobby at your expense."

I emptied my inside coat-pocket of its contents, among which were several letters—one from my mother, a note from my uncle in Washington, an invitation from an old college-chum to attend his wedding in Boston, and two or three business epistles from casual acquaintances—one, I remember, an entreaty from a young man, to get him something to do in that magnetic center of all unemployed particles—Washington. Of these, I revealed to him only the superscription and signature, with, perhaps, some unimportant sentence, which would, in no way, of itself, betray the characters or pursuits of the writers. I need not describe my surprise when, in each instance, he gave a careful and accurate description of the age, appearance, habits, profession and mental qualities of the person whose hand-writing he had examined.

I could hardly credit my own senses; there must be some '*hocus-pocus*' about it, as in the tricks which jugglers play with cards. But my respect for the earnestness of my companion's pursuits, and the indubitable nature of his proof, did not allow me to doubt any length of time. I became a believer in *his facts*, and I give these facts to my readers, at the risk of

seeing the plain, sensible nose of the majority turned up with an expression of skepticism, mortifying to me. Mr. Burton's character is a real one, and the truth of his wonderful achievements will become history.

The terrible interest of the subject which had brought us together did not permit us to spend much time in these interesting but irrelevant experiments. We discussed the past and present. Mr. Burton assured me that he had never, for a day, lost sight of the case—that his interest in it had deepened, rather than lessened; that he had not been idle during all this long period; but that he had already gathered up a fact or two of some importance, and had been on the point of sending for me, once or twice. He had refrained, waiting for some lights to culminate, and "now, he was glad enough to get hold of that letter."

He informed me that Leesy Sullivan was living quietly in the city, subsisting mostly upon donations from himself, she being too far gone with consumption to exert herself much with the needle. The child was with her, healthy and pretty.

I made no inquiries after James Argyll, but he told me that the young man came frequently to the city; that, for a while, he had seemed dispirited, and gambled desperately, but that lately he was looking and behaving better.

"It is my impression," added he, "that he is about to marry one of his cousins—probably the youngest. And as to his bad habits, I caused him to understand, indirectly, that if they were not reformed, he should be convicted of them, before his uncle. This I did (after I became convinced that he would marry one of the young ladies) out of compassion to the family."

My head drooped on my hand. It was long since I had any tidings of the Argylls—death could hardly have created a more barren space between us. Yet now that I heard the names of the girls mentioned, a flood of old emotions broke over me, beneath which I struggled, half-suffocated. Keen pain shot through my

heart at the idea of Mary, that innocent, most sweet and lovable girl, becoming the wife of a man like James. I felt as if it ought to be prevented, yet how could I interfere? Why should I wish to? I recalled the hour when she had flown to me—had said, "*I believe in you, Richard, I love you!*" and I knew that I had put a construction upon the tearful, passionate words of that last avowal, which was, after all, not warranted. I had feared that she did really love me, and that, in the last moment of sorrow and trouble, her feelings had betrayed themselves to her own comprehension—and I had felt a hope that it was not so. My own unanswered passion—my lonely, unmet life—had taught me sympathy; and I was not so utterly selfish as to have my personal vanity tickled with the idea that this young creature loved me, who did not love her, except truly as a sister. Yet now, when hearing that James had turned from Eleanor to her, I felt a pang of pity—a wish that she might rather have loved me than him whose cold, deceitful bosom could never be a safe shelter for a woman as affectionate as Mary. With this regret I felt a triumph that Eleanor had remained unassailable on the sublime and solitary height of her sorrow. It was what I expected of her. I gloried in her constancy to the dead. I had loved her for this noble beauty of her nature, and should have been disappointed had the test found her wanting in any of the attributes with which my worship had invested her. She had done me a wrong too cruel for me to complain about; but I would rather, still, that she should wrong me than herself.

Lastly, Mr. Burton assured me that he had tidings of the five-hundred-dollar bill which had been stolen from Mr. Argyll's desk. This was, indeed, important, and I showed by my looks how deeply I was absorbed in the particulars. That bill had come into the hands of Wells, Fargo & Co., about six months after the robbery, having been sold for specie to their agent in California, and forwarded to them along with the other sums which

they were constantly receiving. At least, he had taken it for granted that it was the same bill, it being one of the two which left the city of New York the week of the robbery; the other he had traced to St. Louis, and ascertained that no possible suspicious circumstances attached to it.

Wells, Fargo & Co. had given him every assistance in their power to discover who had sold that bill to the California branch of their house; but an answer had been returned from there that the person who disposed of it was a stranger, on his way to the mining regions, whom they had never seen before or since, and whose name they had not taken. The clerk who transacted the brief business with him, had no distinct recollection of him, except that he was rather a thick-set man, with an unpleasant expression—doubtless one of the 'hard-cases' so frequent in the precincts of San Francisco.

Of course, it was clear to us two, who sat in company with the dead-letter, that the five-hundred-dollar bill was a part of the sum referred to by the writer; that it had come out of Mr. Argyll's desk, and that it was blood-money paid for a murder; and the receiver was this person who, in the letter, so explicitly declared his intention of fleeing to California. We were much excited in the presence of these bold facts. In our enthusiasm, then, it seemed easy to stretch a hand across the continent and lay it upon the guilty. We scarcely realized the long and wearisome pursuit to which we were doomed—the slight clue which we had to the identity of the individual whose deeds were yet so patent to us.

At this revelation of conspiracy, my mind eagerly searched about for the accessory, and again settled itself upon Miss Sullivan. It did seem to me that she had thrown a glamour over the usually clear sight of Mr. Burton; so that I resolved to keep a separate watch which should not be influenced by his decisions.

While I was thinking of this, Mr.

Burton was walking about the floor. Suddenly he stopped before me, and looked into mine with those vivid eyes, so full of power, and said, as confidently as if a vision had revealed it to him :

"I have now made out all the meaning of the letter. In the first place, it is written '*by contraries*'—that is, it means just the opposite of what it says. The contract *was* fulfilled. The price was expected, the emigration decided upon. The bright day was a rainy night; the picture taken was a human life. And—don't you see it, Richard?—the old friend was the hiding-place of the instrument of death, after which the accomplice is directed to look. That instrument is the broken tooth-pick. It was secreted in the pocket of the old friend. Now, who or what is this old friend? Richard, didn't Leesy affirm she saw a man descending from the old oak tree at the right of the Argyll mansion, on the evening of the murder?"

"She did."

"Then *that* is it. I want to know no more. The arms are the arms of that old oak. Unless it has been removed, which is not probable, since this letter was never received, the broken knife or dagger (of which I have the point which was taken from the wound), will be found in some hollow, on the left side, of that oak."

I gazed at him in astonishment; but he, unconscious of my wonder, sat down, with a relieved, almost happy, expression.

CHAPTER II.

OUR VISITS.

So engrossed were we by our plans, which we were laboring to get into shape, that we forgot the passing hours and the demands of appetite. It was long past the lunch-hour when a servant appeared to ask if he should not bring in the tray, having waited in vain for the usual summons. With its appearance Lenore came in, the same lovely, sylph-like little creature, but looking rather less

fragile than when I saw her last. At the sight of me, her color went and came—one instant she hesitated, then approached and gave me her hand, with a smile and kiss. Her father had already told of her having made two or three visits to the Argyll mansion within the time of my absence; and I attributed her blushes upon meeting me, to her frank heart accusing her of the disparaging thoughts she had entertained of me. The subtle influence of James had doubtless, without any necessity for putting the idea into words, warned her against me as a bad man; but now, as she looked at me, she was sorry for what she had felt, and disposed to renew her old friendship.

Before lunch was concluded Mr. Burton fell into a reverie, which he ended by saying:

"We must have the assistance of Lenore, if she can give us any."

I felt reluctant to see the child placed again in that unnatural trance; but other considerations were even weightier than our fears for the shock to her nervous system; and after she had chatted a while with us, and had sung for me, Mr. Burton subjected her to the experiment. It had been so long since he had exercised his power over her, that it required a greater effort than on the former occasion which I witnessed, to place her in the desired condition. He, however, finally succeeded perfectly. The dead-letter was placed in her hands, when we observed her shrink as if a serpent had glided over her lap; but she did not throw it down, as she seemed moved to do.

"What do you see, Lenore?"

"It is too dark to see. A lamp shines across the walk, and I see a man dropping the letter in the box. He is muffled up so that I can not tell about his face; he steals up and goes off again very quickly."

"Follow him, Lenore."

"It is too dark, father. I am lost in the streets. Oh! now I have overtaken him again; he walks so fast—he is short

and thick—he looks as if he were afraid of something. He will not pass the police-officer, but crosses the street, and keeps in the shadow. Now we are at the ferry—it is the Fulton Ferry—I know it well. Oh, dear! the water rises and the wind blows—it is getting morning, but it rains so—and the water is so wild I can not make my way on to the boat."

"Don't be discouraged, my child. I would give much to have you follow him across the river, and tell me at what house he stops."

"The wind blows so," continued Lenore, pitifully; "all is dark and uncertain. I have missed him—I do not know him from others."

"Try again, my darling. Look well at the letter."

"All is dark and uncertain," she repeated, in a vague tone.

"It is useless," exclaimed Mr. Burton, in a burst of disappointment; "it has been too long since the letter was penned. The personality of the writer has departed from it. If she had only been able to pursue him to his haunts, our investigations in that vicinity might have richly repaid us."

Finding it impossible to get any more information from the child, she was relieved from her trance, stimulated with a glass of cordial, and sent up to take a siesta before the hour for dinner. Scarcely had she left the library before I sprung to my feet, exclaiming:

"Good heavens, how easy!—and here I have never thought of it."

"What is easy?"

"To ascertain who is the John Owen who calls for these letters at Peekskill. Of course—why, what a fool I am!"

"I am afraid you will not find it so easy. People carrying on a correspondence for such a purpose, do not come forward openly for their letters—and this was a good while ago—and it is quite possible this may be the only missive ever sent, through the mail, to that address—and this, evidently, was never called for."

"At least, it is worth inquiring into," I added, less triumphantly.

"Of course it is. We wish, also, to ascertain how the letter came dragging along to Washington two years, nearly, behind its time. I propose that we start for Peekskill by the early morning train."

To wait, even until morning, seemed too tardy for my mood. But as it was now four o'clock, and I had no right to ask the detective to resign his dinner and his evening comfort, I made no objection to the time. And, in truth, the time sped more swiftly than I expected; we had still so much to discuss. Dinner came—and the hour of retiring followed—before we had matured our course of action. We were to go to Peekskill and learn all possible about John Owen. If we gained no important information there, we were to go on, in the evening, to Blankville; to enter, under cover of the darkness, the lawn of the Argyll house, and secure the broken knife or dagger, which, we believed, we should find secreted in a certain oak upon the premises. This we wished to do without the knowledge of the family, for two reasons: the smaller one of which was, that I did not wish my visit to be known, and the larger, that we both were certain we could prosecute our plans more successfully if the friends knew nothing of our efforts. Then, if we still failed to discover the accomplice, we were to sail for California.

The reader may see that we were set upon the accomplishment of our purposes by the willingness with which we gave time, money, and mind to our object. I had first proposed the visit to California, avowing my intention to make it, when Mr. Burton had surprised me by offering to be my companion. This was a sacrifice which I could not have asked or expected of him; but he would not allow me to view it in that light, saying, with pleasant preemption, that Lenore needed a sea-voyage, and he had been thinking of taking one on her account. He would make it a pleasure tour, as well as one of business, "and then," with a laugh which would have

been satirical if it had not been so frank—"he was afraid my mission would not be so successful, if undertaken alone." And I had answered him that I realized my own inefficiency, as compared with his talent and experience—all I had to encourage me was the devotion with which I undertook my work—to *that*, alone, I trusted to insure me some reward. But if he really were willing to go with me, I should feel almost elated.

We were at Peekskill the next day in good season. We found the same postmaster in service who had been in the office at the time the dead-letter arrived there. When Mr. Burton—I lounging carelessly in the background—showed the envelope and inquired how it had occurred that it had been forwarded to the Department at this late hour, the official showed a little embarrassment, as inferring that he was about to be taken to task for a neglect of duty by some indignant individual.

"I will tell you how it happened, Mr. Owen," said he, "if you're the person addressed on that envelope. You never came for the letter, and before the expiration of the time required by law for forwarding it to Washington, it got slipped into a crack and was never discovered till about a fortnight ago. You see, our place, here, wasn't just the thing for an office; it never did suit, and this month, I finally had new boxes and shelves put in, and the room fixed up. In tearing down the old fixings, several letters were discovered which had slipped into a crack between the shelf and wall. This was one of them. I thought, 'better late than never,' though at first I had a mind to throw them into the stove. I hope, sir, the loss of the letter hasn't put you to any very great inconvenience?"

"It was of some importance," answered my companion, in a commonplace tone, "and I'm not sorry, even yet, to have recovered it, as it settles a matter I had been in doubt about. My man must have been very negligent; I certainly sent him for the letter. Don't you re-

member a young man, a coachman, coming for my letters?"

"He never came but twice, to my knowledge," answered the postmaster, giving a glance of curiosity at the speaker. "I wondered who it was they were for—not being any one that I knew—and I know mostly everybody in the district. Traveling through our town, perhaps?"

"Yes, I was a stranger, who merely passed two or three times through your village, stopping on business. My usual address is New York. That coachman was hired at the next village to drive me about the country a few days. I have nearly forgotten him. I would like to call him to an account for some of his conduct which was not satisfactory. Can you describe his personal appearance?—though, I suppose, you could not have taken any particular notice of him."

"It was evening on both occasions of his calling. He was muffled up about the lower part of the face, and his cap pulled down. I couldn't tell you a thing about him, indeed, except that he had black eyes. If I'm not mistaken, he had black or dark eyes. I think I remember of their looking at me very sharp through the window here. But it was evening, and I shouldn't mind the circumstance at all if I had not wondered, at the time, who John Owen was. It's likely the fellow was a rogue—he looked kind of slippery."

I, listening apart to the conversation, longed to ask if this muffled driver was small and slender. for I was thinking of a woman. While I was studying how to propose the question to Mr. Burton, he continued:

"A smallish fellow, if I remember rightly? I really wish I had his name."

"Can't say any thing more about it," was the reply of the postmaster. "I couldn't answer if he were large or small, white or black, except as to his eyes, which were about all I saw of him. If you want to find out about him, why don't you go to the livery-keeper who

furnished your team to you? Of course, his employer could tell you all you want to know."

"That *would* be the most sensible course," answered the detective, with a laugh. "But, my good friend, it is considerably out of my way to go to S—; and I must leave on the train up, in half an hour. After all, the matter is not of so much importance. I had a curiosity to learn what had kept the letter so long on its travels. Good-day, sir."

It never entered the official's thoughts to inquire how we came in possession of a document which had not been returned from the Head-Letter Department—at least, not while we remained with him—though he may afterward have puzzled his brains over the affair.

As we did not wish to arrive in Blankville until after dark, we had to leave the cars once again, and get off at a little intermediate station, with half a dozen houses clustered about it; and here we whiled away, as we best could, several tedious hours, whose dreariness was only partially soothed by the influences of such a supper as could be obtained in the small public-house attached to the depot.

As the sun drew toward setting and the night approached, a fierce restlessness thrilled along my nerves. That peace—if the dullness and sluggishness of my chilled feelings could be called peace—into which I had forced myself for many months, was broken up. The mere fact of my nearness to the spot which had once been so dear to me, overpowered me with strong attractions; the force of habit and of memory was at work; and when, at twilight, the train stopped and took us up, my mind leaped on before the iron-horse, and was at the end of the little journey from the commencement. Upon arriving at Blankville, we descended from the rear car and walked up toward the village without approaching the depot, as I was afraid the lamps might betray me to some former acquaintance. It was a mild evening, early in September, and I had no excuse for muffling up; so I pulled my hat down over my eyes,

quite sure that I should escape recognition, in the dim moonlight, which, overblown by light, thin clouds, transfused the western sky. We walked about, in quiet parts of the village, until ten o'clock; and then, the moon having set, we approached the Argyll mansion, along the well-remembered street. I know not if my companion guessed my disturbance, as I passed the office and came up in front of the lawn, black beneath the starlight, with the shadows of its fine old trees. The past was not half so dead as I had got in the habit of believing it—life is sweet and strong in the heart of youth, which will endure many blows before it will cease to beat with the tremulous thrill of hope and passion.

A bright light was shining from the windows of the parlor and several of the other rooms, but the hall-door was closed, and every thing so quiet about the premises, that I did not believe I ran any risk in entering the gate and seeking out the monarch oak—a mighty tree, the pride of the lawn, which stood quite to one side from the central avenue which led up to the front portico, and only some thirty feet from the left corner of the mansion, which was, at times, almost touched by the reach of its outermost branches. We advanced together through the darkness, it being the understanding that, should any accident betray our visit, before its purpose was accomplished, I was to retreat, while Mr. Burton would boldly approach and make the excuse of a call upon Mr. Argyll. My familiarity with the premises and my superiority in the art of climbing, made the duty of ascending the tree devolve upon me. While my companion stood on guard beneath, I drew myself up, carefully making my way through the night, out along the 'second branch to the left,' feeling for the hollow which I knew existed—for, in my more boyish days, I had left no possible point of the grand old tree unvisited. Not five minutes had elapsed since I began my search, before my fingers, pressing into the ragged cavity of the slowly-decaying limb,

touched a cold object which I knew to be steel. My hand recoiled with an instinctive shudder, but returned immediately to its duty, cautiously drawing forth a slender instrument of which I could not make out the precise character. Upon raising my head, after securing the object of our anxiety, my eyes fell upon a scene which held them fascinated for so long a time that the patience of my friend at the foot of the tree must have been sorely tried.

The windows on the side of the parlor looking to the left were both open, the chandeliers lighted, and from my airy eyrie in the tree, I commanded a full view of the interior. For a time I saw but one person. Sitting by a center-table, directly under the flood of light from the chandelier, was one of the sisters, reading a book. At first—yes, for a full minute—I thought it was Eleanor!—Eleanor as she was, when the homage of my soul first went out toward her, like the exhalation of a flower to the sun—as young, as blooming and radiant as she was before the destroyer came—the dew upon the lip, the light on the brow, the glory of health, youth and joy upon every feature and in every flow of her garments, from the luster of her hair to the glimmer of her silken slipper.

"Can it be?" I murmured. "Is there such power of resuscitation in human vitality as this?"

While I asked myself the question, I was undecided. I saw (and wondered how I could have been mistaken for an instant), that this beautiful woman was Mary, grown so like her older sister, during the months of my absence, as to be the almost counterpart of what Eleanor had been. When I left her she was a girl, half-child, half-woman, bright with the promise of rare sweetness; and now, in this brief summer-time of fifteen months—so rapid had the magic culmination been—she had expanded into the perfection of all that is loveliest in her sex. A thoughtfulness, caused, probably, by the misfortune which had befallen the house—a shadow from the cloud

which enwrapped her sister—toned down the frolic gayety which had once characterized her, and added the grace of sentiment to her demeanor. I could not gaze upon the fair, meditative brow without perceiving that Mary had gained in depth of feeling as well as in womanly beauty. She wore a dress of some lustrous fabric, which gleamed slumberously in the yellow light, like water shining about a lily; as she bent above her book, her hair clustered about her throat, softening its exquisite outlines; so near, so vivid, was the unconscious *tableau-vivant*, seen through the open frame of the window, that I imagined I heard her breathe, and inhaled the fragrance lingering in her curls and handkerchief.

While I gazed, another figure glided within range of my vision. Eleanor, as I beheld her in my dreams, colorless, robed in black, young still, beautiful still, but crowned, like a queen, with the majesty of her desolation, which kept her apart from sympathy, though not from adoration. Gliding behind her sister's chair, she bent a moment to see what volume had such attractions, kissed the fair face turned instantly with a smile to hers, and passed away, going out into the hall. I had heard her low 'good-night.'

Then, almost before she had vanished, came the third figure into the picture. James, approaching as if from some sofa where he had been lounging, took the book from Mary's hand, which he held a little, saying something which brought blushes to her cheeks. Presently she withdrew her hand; but he caught it again, and kissed it, and I heard him say:

"Oh! Mary, you are cruel with me—you know it."

Not until I heard him speak, did it rush upon me that I had no business to be there, spying and eavesdropping. I had looked at first, unconscious of the circumstances, like a wandering spirit lingering by the walls of Eden, gazing upon the beauty which is not within his sphere. No sooner did I realize my position than I began to descend from my



IN THE OAK.

eyrie; but James had drawn his cousin from her chair, and the two approached the window, and stood there, their eyes fixed, apparently, upon that very point in the giant oak where I crouched, suddenly fear-blasted, with the square of light from the window illuminating the limb where I lay concealed. I had crawled from my first resting-place, and was about jumping to the ground, when their presence transfixed me, in the most

dangerous possible predicament. I dared not move for fear of being discovered. I was paralyzed by a lightning consciousness that should I then and there be betrayed, I would be the victim of a singular combination of *circumstantial evidence*. Found lingering at night, like a thief, upon the premises of those I had injured; stealthily seeking to remove the evidence of my guilt—the weapon with which the murder was committed, hidden

by me, at the time, in this tree, and now sought for in order to remove it from possible discovery—why, I tell you, reader, had James Argyll sprung upon me there, seized the knife, accused me, nothing on earth would have saved me from condemnation. The probabilities are, that the case would have been so very conclusive, and the guilt so horribly aggravated, that the populace would have taken the matter in their own hands, and torn me to pieces, to show their love of justice. Even the testimony of Mr. Burton would not have availed to turn the tide in my favor; he would have been accused of seeking to hide my sin, and his reputation would not have saved him from the ban of public opinion. A cold sweat broke over me as I thought of it. Not the fear of death, nor of the horror of the world—but dread of the judgment of the two sisters took possession of me. If this statement of my critical position, when the trembling of a bough might have convicted an innocent man, should make my reader more thoughtful in the matter of circumstantial evidence, I shall be repaid for the pangs which I then endured.

The young couple stepped out upon the sward. I did not trouble myself ~~about~~ what had become of Mr. Burton, for I knew that he was in the shadow, and could retreat with safety; he, doubtless, felt more anxiety about me.

"Draw your scarf up over your head, Mary," said James, in that soft, pleasant voice of his, which made me burn with dislike as I heard it—"the night is so warm, it will not harm you to be out a few moments. Do not deny me a little interval of happiness to-night."

As if drawn forward more by his subtle will than by her own wish, she took his arm, and they walked back and forth, twice or thrice, in the light of the window, and paused directly under the limb of the tree, which seemed to me to shake with the throbbing of my heart. A beam of light fell athwart the face of James, so that I could see its expression, as he talked to the young creature on his

arm—a handsome face, dark, glowing with passion and determination, but sinister. I prayed, in my heart, for Mary to have eyes to read it as I read it.

"Mary, you promised me an answer this week. Give it to me, to-night. You have said that you would be my wife—now, tell me how soon I may claim you. I do not believe in long engagements; I want to make you mine, before any disaster comes between us."

"Did I promise you, James? I really did not know that you considered what I said in the light of a promise. Indeed, I am so young, and we have always been such friends—cousins, you know—that I hardly understand my own feelings. I do wish you would not overpersuade me; we might both be sorry. I never believed in the marriage of cousins; so I do not think you ought to feel hurt, cousin James."

He interrupted the tremulous voice with one a little sharper than his first persuasive tone:

"I am surprised that you do not feel that I regard you as already betrothed to me. I did not think you were a coquette, Mary. And, as for cousinship, I have already told you what I think of it. I know the secret of your reluctance—shall I betray it to you?"

She was silent.

"Your heart is still set on that scoundrel. One might suppose that dread and loathing would be the only sentiment you could entertain toward a traitor and—I will not speak the word, Mary. You took up swords in his defense, and persisted in accusing us of wronging him, against the judgment of your own father and friends. I suspected then, by the warmth of your avowed friendship for him, that he had, among his other *honorable* deeds, gained my little cousin's heart, for the pleasure of flattering his self-love. And I shall suspect, if you persist in putting me off, when you know that your father desires our union, and that my whole existence is wrapped up in you, that he still holds it, despite of what has passed."

"He never 'gained' my heart by unfair means," said the girl, speaking proudly. "I gave him what he had of it—and he never knew how large a part that was. I wish he *had* known, poor Richard! for I still believe that you are all wronging him cruelly. I am *his friend*, James, and it hurts me to hear you speak so of him. But that would not prevent my being your friend, too, cousin—"

"You must not say 'cousin,' again, Mary. I'm worn out, now, and half mad with my feelings—and it makes me desperate. One thing is certain: I can not stay any longer where you are, if you continue so undecided. I want a final answer to-night. If it is unpropitious, I shall go away to-morrow, and seek for such poor fortune as may be mine, in some other part of the world."

"But what will father do without you, James?"

There was distress and a half-yielding cadence in Mary's voice.

"That is for you to think of"

"His health is failing so rapidly of late; and he leans so much upon you—trusts every thing to you. I am afraid it would kill him to have all his hopes and plans again frustrated. He has never recovered from the shock of Henry's death, and Richard's—going away."

"If you think so, Mary, why do you any longer hesitate? You acknowledge that you love me as a cousin—let me teach you to love me as a lover. My sweetest, it will make us all so happy."

But why should I try to repeat here the arguments which I heard?—the main burden of which was the welfare and wishes of her father and sister—mingled with bursts of tender entreaty—and what was more powerful than all, the exercise of that soft yet terrible will which had worked its way, thus far, against all obstacles. Suffice it, that when the cousins at last—after what seemed to me an age, though it could not have been twenty minutes—returned through the window, I had heard the promise of Mary to become the wife of James before the beginning of another year.

Never was a man more glad to release himself from an unpleasant predicament than I was to descend from my perch when the two figures had vanished within the house. My fear of discovery had become absorbed in my keen shame and regret at being compelled to play the eavesdropper to a conversation like that which I had overheard. Moving a few paces into the shadow of the trees, I whispered—"Burton."

"Got yourself in a pretty scrape," was instantly answered, in a low tone, as my friend took my arm and we moved forward to the gate. "I didn't know but we should have a tragico-comedy upon the spot, impromptu, and highly interesting."

"I almost wonder that you are not too greatly out of patience with waiting to jest about the matter."

"I've told you my motto—'learn to wait,' Richard. The gods will not be hurried; but have you the knife?"

"Ay!" was my grim answer; I felt grim, as I grasped the treacherous, murderous thing which had wrought such deadly mischief. The sound of shutters drawn together startled us into a quicker pace; we looked back and saw the lower part of the house dark—hurried forward, and without any molestation, or our presence in Blankville being known to a single acquaintance, took the night train back to New York, which we reached about two, A. M., and was at Mr. Burton's house, ringing up the surprised servants, shortly after.

It was not until we were in the library, with the doors closed, and the full blaze of a gas-burner turned on, that I took from my pocket the weapon, and handed it to my companion.

Both of us bent curiously forward to examine it.

"This," said the detective, in a surprised and somewhat agitated tone, "is a surgical instrument. You see, it is quite unlike a common knife. It corroborates one of my conclusions. I told you the blow was dealt by a practiced hand—it has been dealt by one skilled in anatomy

There's another link in my chain. I hope I shall have patience until I shall have forged it together about the guilty."

"There is no longer any doubt about the dead-letter referring to the murder. You see the instrument is broken," I remarked.

"No doubt, indeed," and Mr. Burton went to a drawer of a secretary standing in the room, and took out the little piece of steel which had been found in Henry Moreland's body.

"You see it is the very fragment. I obtained this important bit of evidence, and laid it away, after others had given up all efforts to make it available. How fortunate that I preserved it! So, the wedding is to take place within three months, is it? Richard, we must not rest now. A great deal can be done in three months, and I would give all the gold I have in bank, to clear this matter up, before that marriage takes place. Should *that* once be consummated, before we are satisfied with our investigations, I shall drop them forever. A doctor—a doctor"—he continued, musingly—"I knew the fellow had half-studied some profession—he was a surgeon—yes! By George!" he exclaimed, presently, leaping from his chair as if he had been shot, and walking rapidly across the room and back.

I knew he was very much excited, for it was the first time I had heard him use any expression like the above. I waited for him to tell me what had flashed into his mind so suddenly.

"The fellow who married Leesy's cousin, and ran away from her, was a doctor—Miss Sullivan has told me that. Richard, I begin to see light! day is breaking!"

I hardly knew whether his speech was figurative or literal, as day was really breaking in upon us two men, plotting there in the night as if we were the criminals instead of their relentless pursuers.

"Three months! There will be time, Richard!" and Mr. Burton actually flung his arms about me, in a burst of exultation.

OUR ENTRANCE INTO RICHMOND.

AMONG the great military exploits of the world, the closing campaign of General Grant will ever be looked upon as a marvel. History instances but few in which so many men have been surrendered, so wide a country conquered or so great a power broken in an equal space of time. It is true that every battle since Gettysburg had tended to the general result; but on the first day of April, 1865, General Lee, as Commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, directed the movements of large and well-organized armies, numbering at least two hundred thousand men. In less than two months after, there was not an organization armed in hostility to the Government.

It is generally known that, at the commencement of the campaign, the forces confronting the rebel chieftain south of Richmond and Petersburg formed two distinct divisions—the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General Meade, and the Army of the James, commanded by General Ord. Sheridan had been transferred from the Valley, and in March, with his gallant riders, lay quietly in camp, on the left of the Union lines. The Army of the Potomac extended, with many windings, from the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run; while General Ord's command guarded the Bermuda front, and, north of the James, held the line captured on the 29th of the previous September, running from Cox's Ferry across Chaffin's farm to the east of the New-market road, and then retiring until the right rested on an arm of the James river, near Deep Bottom.

On the 24th of March, at City Point, General Grant wrote out the orders for his lieutenants. The original intention of sending Sheridan, with a roving commission, against railroads and bases of supply—a duty which he, better than any officer in the army, knew just how to execute—was very wisely changed, after his troopers had moved out as far as Dinwiddie Court House, and that other plan substituted, the successful accomplishment of which sent such a thrill of delight through the land.

There are many qualities which go to the making up of a great soldier. It is one of General Grant's chief merits that he knew *when* as well as *where* to strike. In military history, the most skillful combinations have sometimes come to naught by an error in judging when the proper hour arrived for the commencement of a battle. The delay for a single day at Chattanooga of the order for Sherman to attack, and for Hooker to move among the clouds, would have lost to us the brilliant victories at Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. The blow, too, at Richmond, was delivered at the opportune moment. A short time after the surrender, the writer was informed by General Henry Heeth, who commanded a division in A. P. Hill's corps, that a plan of operations had been resolved upon at a council of war in Richmond, which was about being put into execution when Sheridan came thundering on the right flank of the rebel army at Five Forks. In accordance with this plan, it was the intention of General Lee to have abandoned the Confederate capital under the cover of night, and, by rapid marches, attempt to join General Johnston as he approached the boundary of North Carolina, and with their combined armies fall on Sherman in hopes of crushing him before General Grant could get up to his assistance. A few days of delay would have seen this resolution of despair attempted by the rebel chief—with little prospect of success, it is true, but it is easy to see how the war might have been prolonged by it.

During the night of the 27th of March the Army of the James was suddenly transferred to the south of Petersburg—one division of the Twenty-fourth and several regiments of the Twenty-fifth Corps being left to hold the lines north of the James, under the command of Major-General Weltzel. On the first of April, General Sheridan turned the enemy's right at Five Forks, which was followed by the grand attack along the whole line on the morning of the second. General Grant, at Meade's Station, in telegraphic communication with every corps commander in the army, directed

with unerring judgment over a field twenty miles in extent the storm of battle that was hurled like an avalanche against the Confederate right, left and center.

The various successes were telegraphed from time to time to General Weltzel, and by him published to the regiments in his command.

It was very natural to expect—remembering the burst of cheers from camp to camp that always followed the reading of those saber-flashing telegrams which Sheridan sent to us from the Valley, in the autumn of 1864—that, with the announcement of victories which must result in the immediate fall of Richmond, and, sooner or later, in the fall of the rebel government itself, there would scarcely be a limit to the demonstrations of joy and gladness on the part of our soldiers. On the contrary, there was an entire lack of enthusiasm, and not a round of cheers. Nor was this difficult of explanation. There is nothing more calculated among soldiers to induce a feeling of thoughtfulness and solemnity, and to banish those lighter moods which are characteristic of army life, than to be compelled to remain within hearing of a battle-field where companions in arms are engaged in deadly conflict. To the novice in war, the sound of artillery may be the cause of a pleasing excitement; but to the veteran soldier, it is like the tolling of church bells at the loss of friends most dear. But never before had I noticed this effect so apparent. From early morning, officers and men, attracted by the noise of battle that reached their ears from the direction of Petersburg, were collected together in little knots and companies, lying on the sunny slopes of the fortifications. That a great battle was being fought was generally known. It was a still day, and universal quiet reigned about us. Everybody seemed content to keep his own thoughts, nor sought much to communicate with his neighbor. A few soldiers were seated on their blankets in the sun, penning a reply to their "last" from home; but this seemed rather a task than a pleasure, and ever

and anon the pen would slip from the paper, while the mind that guided it was lost in reflections that, perhaps, never found expression. Even the couriers, who usually galloped about so briskly, fell in with the pervading spirit, and, for once, allowed their horses to move along at will. A similar quiet prevailed in the camps of the enemy. Soldiers in gray were sitting singly or in squads on the parapets that frowned opposite to our own. The usual talk and bantering between the pickets ceased, and the regular exchange of coffee and tobacco was postponed by a mutual but silent consent, until the great contest was decided, to which either party was listening with almost breathless suspense. It was not strange that, when summoned from reveries such as the surrounding circumstances were calculated to inspire, the soldiers forgot to hurl their caps in air and hoarse their voices with the notes of victory. It is not natural to the deepest feelings to seek expression through boisterous signs.

But General Grant was not disturbed by the almost magical results that everywhere followed the communication of his orders. In his first dispatch, announcing the success of the gallant Sixth Corps, he directed General Weitzel to attack along his front on the least indications of weakness; and in succeeding communications urged the importance of action from his position, if a fair opportunity presented itself. The last dispatch, received in the latter part of the afternoon, informed General Weitzel that Field's division had been sent from the north of the James to the assistance of Lee's hard-pressed forces, and contained an order for him to attack at daylight the next morning. It was added that the enemy would endeavor to retreat under cover of night.

The second of April was a day of intense interest and anxiety to those who were fully aware of the magnitude of the events that were transpiring about them, and divined what the morrow might reveal. With evening there was no further intelligence from Petersburg. The sullen boom, however, of artillery, at long in-

tervals, indicated that the conflict had not ended in that quarter. The closest watch was ordered along the line. At midnight a sentry reported a bright fire; but the direction being toward the Chesterfield Court House, it was not considered indicative of any movement. A few hours later, two deserters from the Twelfth Virginia battalion were brought to General Devens' head-quarters, who reported that the enemy were then retiring from our front. A staff-officer at once rode to the various brigades with orders for them to be placed under arms, and then to the line of pickets to make them ready for a move.

It was a warm, still night. A soft wind, touched with the perfumes of earliest flowers and the first buds of spring, was moving gently from the west. The sky to the zenith was free from clouds; but toward the horizon a bank of smoky mists had settled down, as is usual in that climate during the later hours of night. The long lines of fires marking the position of the sentinels that were standing guard for the safety of the army, were burning dimly at the approach of morning. Every thing beyond was hid in obscurity. The report of the rebel deserters had passed along the line, and every soldier was standing with musket leaning against the ground, peering into the gloom, with every faculty strained to catch some note in confirmation of the glad tidings. The deep bay of a watchdog, as if disturbed by some unaccustomed visitor, was occasionally heard in the distance; save that, all else was still. Presently a bright fire was observed in the direction of Richmond. Soon other fires appeared, which, spreading rapidly and increasing in volume, quickly lighted up the whole northern circle of the heavens. To the northward flames appeared in every direction. Then the line of the James river was marked by the burning of the Confederate fleet. No words can adequately picture the burning fleet and town. The scenic display was equal to the catastrophe in the greatest tragedy of history. While we were standing, almost speechless, wondering at the scene, just to our

left, a huge volume of smoke like an illuminated balloon shot high into the air, followed by an explosion that shook the earth under our feet. The echoes rumbled heavily along the banks of the river, and died away in the distance. The iron-clad, Richmond, had blown up. This was followed by other explosions of greater or less magnitude, and in a few moments the James river fleet, which had been so long the pride of the citizens of Richmond, was no more. In the earliest gray of morning the pickets were advanced over the space that had separated the two armies, and, being piloted through intricate abatis and hidden torpedoes by a rebel deserter, the heavy line of fortifications that had so long held the Union troops in check was soon in our possession. An hour later the pickets of the Twenty-fifth Corps advanced and occupied the works in their front.

It was about six o'clock when the order was given for the advance to Richmond. The division of the Twenty-fourth Corps took the Newmarket road, while the Twenty-fifth Corps marched by the Osbourne pike. It was a refreshing march in the pleasant hour of a most delicious morning. The men moved forward with a quick step and light hearts. The green fields on either side furnished a delightful contrast to the district in rear of our encampments, pulverized into dust by the constant passage of our innumerable trains. The road was dotted here and there with beautiful farm-houses, which were generally closed, with no evidences of life about them—not even a dog to utter a protest against our pollution of the "sacred soil." Stragglers in considerable numbers, from the fleeing army, were gathered in—some on their way to meet us, others quietly waiting our approach by the sides of the road. The first one that I remember of meeting saluted us with the financial question: "What do you pay, now, when deserters bring in their guns and equipments?" and then added, perhaps for the purpose of gaining a favorable reply: "I guess the Confederacy is about played out, at last."

On a hill just by the inner line of defenses, we gained our first sight of Richmond—a sight, too, that few will ever forget. The city was wrapped in a cloud of densest smoke, through which great tongues of flame leaped madly to the skies. A few houses on the higher hills, a spire here and there, half-smothered in smoke, and the hospitals to the east, were the only buildings that could be seen. Added to the wild tumult of the flames, ten thousand shells bursting every minute in the Confederate arsenals and laboratories were making an uproar such as might arise from the field when the world's artillery shall join in battle. But just on the verge of this maelstrom of smoke and fire, the cattle were grazing undisturbed on the opposite hillside, and a farmer was plowing in the field, while the cinders from his burning capital were falling at his feet!

The troops were halted for a short time in the valley near Rocketts, which is a mere suburb of Richmond, and separated from it by a range of hills that swing round the southern part of the larger town, breaking off abruptly at the river-bank. It is the port of entry to the Virginia capital, and conveniently located about a mile and a half from Shockoe Hill. Though forming one of the wards of the city, it still sustains a certain kind of independence, and is very generally recognized as an "institution" by itself. It is such a place as generally springs up for the accommodation of shipping.

No little merriment was created among the soldiers, as they were lying scattered about on the ground for a moment's rest, by our enterprising newsboy, who went dashing through the column on a little mule, neither turning to the right nor left, shouting at the height of his voice, in the peculiar intonations of the trade: "Here's New York 'Herald,' 'Times' and 'Tribune!'" and in a moment was out of sight, entering Richmond with the latest news from all parts of the world several minutes ahead of the Union army.

As we passed through the broad and dusty street of Rocketts, it was heart-rending to witness the condition of the

inhabitants. The windows and doorways were filled with women and children, gazing blankly at the passing pageant—poor, suffering, helpless beings, on whose heads the sins of others had fallen all too heavily. White rags were floating from poles raised on the top of some of the houses; while others sought protection by pinning handkerchiefs on their window-casings. Occasionally a woman would wave her apron in welcome, but the great majority seemed anxious to preserve a strict neutrality. One middle-aged woman, however, a little more demonstrative than the rest, stepped from the doorway of her house toward General Devens, as he was passing by, and said:

"Glad to see ye. We're all about starved our way. Hope you've got something for us to eat."

There was one exception to this general appearance of indifference at our arrival, which ought to be recorded. I remember an aged man—past his three score years and ten—his long, gray hair flowing down his neck and stooping shoulders, who stood by the corner of a street, leaning on a staff, greeting us, amid his streaming tears, with a "God bless you" that was easy to be recognized as coming from a loyal heart.

The news of our approach was of course known in Richmond; and, as we turned around the hill, already alluded to as giving a sort of independence to Rocketts, we were met by a delegation from the Loyal League that had come out to meet and greet us. The temptation to remain behind and share in the general plunder of the city was great, but the feeling of gratitude in the breasts of the freedmen was greater, and there they were in strong numbers, ready to extend to us such a welcome as king or conqueror never knew. From the colored population of Richmond we received such a reception as could only come from a people who were returning their thanks for the deliverance of their race. There was something peculiarly affecting in the exhibition of feeling manifested by these unlettered children of Africa which seemed to communicate itself to all.

As soon as the column turned into Main street the bands were brought to the front, and then, with all the regularity of a parade—colors flying and every musician doing his best at Yankee Doodle—we marched through various streets, between wondering crowds of people of all classes and conditions, to Capitol Square. The troops were fronted on Governor street, and there stacked their arms. The sound of those Union muskets rattling on the pavements of Richmond, as they dropped to an 'order arms,' is still ringing in my ears.

The square was a scene of indescribable confusion. The inhabitants fleeing from their burning houses—men, women and children, white and black—had collected there for a place of safety, bringing with them whatever was saved from the flames. Bureaus, sofas, carpets, beds and bedding—in a word, every conceivable article of household furniture, from baby-toys to the most costly mirrors, were scattered promiscuously on the green. As the flames approached, and as if in anticipation of the destruction of the whole city, the sick and infirm had been hurried from the houses, and, attended by a few friends, were lying on their extemporized beds in the more secluded parts of the yard.

The wind, increasing with the conflagration, was blowing like a hurricane, hurling cinders and pieces of burning wood with long tails of flame, over the houses to distant quarters of the city. The heated air, dim with smoke, and filled with sparks and the innumerable particles that float from off the surface of so great a fire, rendered it almost impossible to breathe. At every gust the crowd turned to escape its fury, as men turn to escape the fury of a driving snow-storm. Rising among the trees in the center of the square, amid this carnival of ruin, stood the great statue of Washington, against which fire-brands thumped and rattled, little respecting the majestic form of the Father of his Country.

The citizens were entirely helpless. A committee of respectable gentlemen had remonstrated against the burning of the

military stores, as sure to bring destruction upon their city; but the remonstrance was disregarded. As the last Confederate troops filed across Mayo's bridge, all attempts at government ceased. The civil authorities made no efforts to preserve order. It is not probable that the mob would have respected an authority that had no longer the power to enforce its decrees. The doors of the buildings containing the army supplies were first thrown open, and there at once commenced a contest for the bread and flour. The colored men, quick to assert their freedom, entered into the struggle, and, for the first time in their lives, were unmindful of stepping on a white man's toes. Hunger, too, sent crowds of women into the street, who strove with each other to obtain a share of the few "loaves and fishes" which Mr. Davis left as a legacy to his dear people. After rifling the public store-houses, the mob commenced their attacks on the buildings that were in danger from the fire, and, retreating slowly as the destructive element approached them, left only naked walls to be consumed.

As is usual in the breaking up of governments, the doors of the jail and prison had been thrown open, and all the convicts set at liberty. The better part of the community was paralyzed at the magnitude of their calamity. There was no one to take charge of the few fire-engines in working order, and the flames leaped on from house to house in triumphant glee. Men living in places of no immediate danger remained at home, to protect their own property from being burned by the cinders, falling in every part of the town. Those who were already houseless looked on in utter dismay.

Such was the condition of Richmond when the Union troops stacked their arms in front of Capitol Square. General Weitzel remained constantly on duty at the State House. General Shepley was appointed Military Governor, and General Devens assigned to the command of the city troops. These experienced officers at once applied themselves to their important duties. The fire-engines

were sought out and placed in the hands of our "men in blue," who worked as earnestly to save the city of Richmond from destruction as if they were performing a like duty for their native towns. A police was organized, and within an hour every street was under the protection of a Union sentinel. The printing presses were brought into use, and by noon circulars had been prepared announcing the rules which were deemed necessary for the temporary government of the inhabitants. Not a soldier was allowed to come within the corporation limits, excepting those detailed for its special protection. The men seemed to understand that they were called upon to sustain the character of the American soldier in a new sphere of duty; and right nobly did they do it.

By night the fires had been subdued. In accordance with orders, the citizens remained in their own or their neighbors' houses. The streets were silent and deserted. The stars shone out bright from the bending blue. From the Governor's mansion we could look over the wide expanse of ruin. The whole valley stretching west of Franklin street to the river, embracing the whole business portion of the town, seemed like a lake of liquid flame, agitated by a gentle wind. The spectral walls, edged here and there with tufts of flame, fluttering in the breeze, were all that remained of the great shops and warehouses that once adorned the beautiful city that sits at the head-waters of the James. There were many sad hearts, no doubt, about us, and many happy ones, too; for the silken folds of our Union banner were rustling once more above the Virginia capital, and Richmond was sleeping securely under its protecting power.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

I FIRST met Mrs. Hentz at Columbus, Georgia, in 1850. It was at church, and I well recollect the interested look with which each regarded the other. I was a stranger, fresh from the North,

and she the most exquisitely dressed lady I ever met South. Our acquaintance ripened, after this, as we both boarded at good Judge S——'s.

At this time Mrs. Hentz was in the zenith of popularity and maturity of mental strength, which remained undiminished until her death. She was the observed and admired of all—the elegant and accomplished woman, whose presence had an indefinable charm that never was forgotten. She was rather above medium light, with a well-developed figure, a very little inclined to *embonpoint*, but whose every motion was grace itself, impressed with the most gentle dignity. Her arm would have done for a sculptor's model—it was perfect, and her habit, as was then the custom to wear short sleeves, revealed it in all its perfection. Her physiognomy was fine, though she was then in middle life. I think she must have possessed rare beauty in her youth. The chief glory of that expressive face was her eyes, whose deep violet kindled and darkened as thought and feeling held sway. Character was written in every line, and emotion. Her broad forehead, Grecian nose, firm, sweet mouth, air *distingué*, made up a *tournure* that is seldom met.

It was remarked by many that Mrs. Hentz must have great personal vanity, as she seldom appeared in demi-toilet. It was her custom to dress in the morning for the day, which her position as a teacher made perfectly proper. Her profusion of ornament gave me a similar impression; but a few moments spent in her presence, under the charm of her conversation, dispelled it most utterly. Unless it was that perfection of vanity which is entirely unconscious, self had no part in her thoughts. Her elaborate toilet was worn to please her husband, who was a Frenchman, and whose lover-like devotion to his accomplished wife was the theme of much remark. He was the courteous and refined gentleman on all occasions, and, withal, possessed of much talent and culture, as his "History of Spiders" amply testifies. Mrs. Hentz seemed to reciprocate the strong devotion of her husband.

She was suffering much, during that summer, from ill-health—her physical strength yielding to the constant wear of mental toil; for besides her duties as teacher, she accomplished a large amount of writing—her prolific pen adding many tales to our light literature.

She seemed, also, oppressed at times with great sadness, which was ascribed—and, no doubt, with much truth—to pecuniary embarrassments. Hers was no exception to the usual lot of genius to struggle with the actualities of life, of which none are more bitter than poverty. Want of gold may depress talent, but necessity chills it.

She told me she had taught in several States, but felt most attached to Georgia. "I love the noble, generous-hearted Southerners," she said. The distinguished and courteous respect they so cheerfully bestowed upon her, captivated her ardent nature, and drew forth the generous devotion of her own soul. This was before the South was tinctured with secession. Had Mrs. Hentz lived, it is not difficult to tell on which side her sympathies would have been enlisted.

After the publication of "Marcus Warland," a work highly "Southern" in its principles, the citizens of Columbus presented her with two hundred dollars, for the contribution of such a work to the cause of negro slavery. The hero of that work is made to convince the most bitter opponent of slavery that the slaveholder was justified. I never heard Mrs. Hentz express any opinion on that subject personally, as that topic was perfectly tabooed in Southern society.

But, she was very kind and considerate to her servants, doing many little kindnesses that some of far less culture would have thought degrading. She was, in consequence, very much beloved by them, and their fidelity and devotion has called forth many a beautiful episode in her writings.

Mrs. Hentz was particularly endeared to the pupils under her charge, and for whom she seemed to have a maternal solicitude. She inaugurated in Columbus, the celebration of May-day festivals, crowning of the May Queen, etc., after

the old English custom, arranging and writing for each character in a very ingenious and poetical manner. Her name will be linked in Southern households. Those who shared the privilege of her instruction and companionship will keep her memory green.

She preserved, amid all the vicissitudes and sorrows of life, a tender, youthful heart, quickly alive to joy or grief. There is truth in the adage that "genius never grows old," in soul, at least, it obtains. It was said, while Professor Hentz was in South Carolina University, that Mrs. Hentz won the deep gratitude of the students by her delicate attentions, and care for their happiness. "I used to feel so sorry for those stranger youths." She received numerous expressions of their regard, which cheered many a sad moment in after life.

I was, myself, the recipient of more than one expression of interest as a stranger. How freshly comes to me now, my sensations on inhaling the potent fragrance of the first Cape jessamine I had ever seen, sent me in a bouquet, plucked by her own fair hands! My reverence for talent, my admiration of her most perfect character, made the gift highly cherished and never to be forgotten. It is, to me, one of those youthful memories which are "burned in the heart."

In conversation Mrs. Hentz was quite unassuming, charming her listeners by her purity of expression and her clearness of thought. She disliked any thing like podantry. A certain friend of hers, a profound judge of the law, and an "M. C.," could not lay aside the technicalities of his profession in common conversation. "Oh," said Mrs. Hentz, "I dread to converse with him, for I feel as if I must have my dictionary at my elbow." She was a most graceful listener, winning your inmost thoughts by her appreciative manner. She never offended, by a look or word, even the visitor whose conversation was not agreeable.

Her love for the drama was decided, and her dramatic talent quite marked. "Constance of Werdenberg" had many admirers. She told me the first time she

ever attended a theater, was with her brother, when she was quite young. The play was Macbeth. "I was so entirely absorbed in that thrilling tragedy, and so impulsive, that I forgot it was not real, and exclaimed aloud several times. My brother was so mortified that he told me he never would take me again until I could control myself better."

She had learned the practice, in her varied experiences in life, of an irresistible frankness, a complete *winningness*, that took you captive at once. Popularity did not intoxicate, nor lead her into those absurd eccentricities which characterize so many endowed with talent. She was woman in her truest development; trusting in her God with childlike simplicity, she fulfilled her mission with unflinching integrity, profound humility and self-distrust—looking upward and beyond for the full fruition of her efforts here. If she drank of the nectar of life, she quaffed of its wormwood also. If she entered the temple of fame, she was also pierced on the way by many a shaft that the ignoble hurl at the superior and gifted.

Her last work, "Ernest Linwood," is mournful as a prophetic chant. Her soul there seems pouring forth its last burning thoughts with the agony of farewell to all it loved.

"Coming events cast their shadows before;"

and who shall say what mystic sense had revealed to her far-reaching spirit that a grave yawned beside her?

LOVE.

IF you are young and joyous,
 He wins you with a smile;
 If you're inclined to pity,
 He's sighing all the while.
 In spite of law and license,
 From Adam's time till ours,
 Love has still been roaming
 Among the sweetest flowers.
 They call her Fickle, Faithless,
 And fifty other names,
 But, ah! in every bosom
 The tenderest part he claims.

A FLIGHT INTO THE SKY.

I HAD been prostrated by serious illness for a long time, and had grown so restless at night that I could not sleep. At last my physician prescribed an extra dose of opium. The last object I saw when I retired was the summer moon smiling in the blue. Suddenly I felt myself borne upward, as with wings. Up, up I soared; the earth grew dim, and away toward the golden glory of the heavens I was wafted. Up, still up. The yellow globe which, at first, appeared of such dimensions that a warrior's shield could have blotted it, momentarily enlarged. As I approached nearer, features of mountain, valley, rock, tree, broke from the dazzling sheen. Still up I went, until a dark speck far below told the earth I had quitted. More clearly the landscape of the wondrous orb on which my eye was fastened came wavering into view.

Vaster and vaster swelled the moon, until it occupied the whole range of my vision. The nearer I came, the more the fearful crags of the immense mountains, and the levels of the enormous plains broke upon me. At length I hovered but a short distance above. No life, no motion appeared; an awful solitude reigned. No semblance of verdure could be discerned; all was one scene of desolation. Masses of rock, in comparison with which our Alps and Andes were mere molehills, loomed up, built entirely of ebony. The plains were of the same material, cloven into terrific fissures, crossing each other, the edges splintered like gigantic teeth, and depths lost in blackness. There was an icy, deathlike feeling in the gray air, too, which penetrated me through and through. Shuddering at the scene—a black, petrified world, which, however, bore an aspect of stately grandeur, I darted away. I soon became sensible, however, of a different influence. There was a softness which bathed me—a rosy sparkling in the space through which I glanced, while a delicious murmur filled me with delight. Below were, what I imagined at first, clouds of pearly white. They soon,

however, assumed shapes of entrancing grace, bearing a semblance to mortal forms, but a semblance intensely glorified, and wearing a more transcendent beauty than ever mortal wore. Softly and sweetly through the glittering air they glided, every undulation loosening long ripples of melody. Occasionally, with a gleam of silver light, they fanned the air with their transparent pinions, heightening the music to triumphal swells. Darting between them through the rosy space which glowed with the soft, rich tones, I hovered over a landscape of enchanting loveliness. Hill and valley, lake and stream were there, varying indescribably from those of earth, yet wearing a somewhat familiar aspect. Trees of wondrous shape and fruitage, marvelously beautiful, rose from carpets of flowers that seemed wrought of jewels flashing with every hue. The waters, too, gleamed as if composed of liquid rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The air was one breath of fragrance, one sound of melody. Naught of human shape could I descry, but, instead, birds of rainbow plumage sparkling among the gems of leaves, and articulating in music among themselves. Roaming over the hills and through the valleys, were the graceful forms of animals, more graceful than any ever seen on earth, conversing also in language the most musical. All was peaceful and beautiful, and a deep peace and sense of beauty tranced my inmost being. As I gazed, the voice I had before heard again sounded. "The scene of desolation thou didst first witness," it said, "was that portion of the orb whose soft silver hath so often charmed thee in thy native earth. The scene thou art now viewing is the side which never hath been witnessed on thy globe. The one is the emblem of a nature desolated by sin, the other, ever hidden from the earth, of a heart dwelling in the pure serenity of virtue. But on!—new wonders await thee!"

I darted away; on and on, until I found myself glancing amid a group of jagged and terrific masses; enormous crags piled one upon the other; interminable precipices, down which tumbled

seas in reverberating thunders and lightning gleams, until lost in blackest darkness; rivers of flame dashing through awful chasms and flinging up red showers of spray—all betokening universal ruin.

As through them I, shuddering, passed, the voice again sounded: "Behold a world shattered into fragments by a look from an angry God! What wouldst thou be in his offended presence? But on!"

Gladly did I obey; and far, far away I launched once more. Winged shapes, of ineffable beauty, occasionally passed me, shedding a radiance as they glided, some dazzling almost to blindness, and some a lambent luster. On and upward still, until another orb seemed drawing me toward it—a deep-red orb, which expanded and expanded, until it, too, filled all space. Over it I likewise hovered. All was one vast scene of crimson; not blazing, not glowing, but dull and sullen, yet of intense heat. The mountains were of live, solid coal; the plains—the seas heaving in enormous waves; the lakes, streams, cities, villages, dwellings, all composed of fire; cataracts were flashes of fire amid fiery rocks; trees spread out in fire with birds of fiery atoms; and amid all this, moved shapes like those of mortal birth, save that all were made of and garbed in fire; through the fiery eyes of each was seen a burning brain, and through the fiery breast a fiery heart. As horror-struck I gazed, the voice again sounded: "This is the planet that shows its lurid face to the eyes of earth, known to thee as Mars. Thou shrinkest from the touch of a fiery particle! What thinkest thou of dwelling in a world of fire, thyself burning but never consuming. Yet I tell thee that one of thy race which bears remorse within him, bears a burning brain and a fiery heart, torturing as the dwellers of that awful world. But onward!"

Along, along; the winged, mighty shapes still shooting past and crossing my way, leaving long tracks of splendor that made the space a web of flashing light. On, on; until another orb arose

before me. But, how different from the last, as close I glided over its surface. Hill and valley and sea and lake, river and forest still, but flushed with myriad tints caught from the sky above. And that sky—oh, never did mortal fancy picture such pomp of hues that there were gleaming. All the rainbows and sunsets of the earth, all the jewels blended in one dazzling dome, could not equal the illumination of colors that, kindled into inconceivable richness and brilliancy, glowed and melted, shifted and blended. No sun was there, but the radiance which poured from that magnificence lighted the world beneath it with a glory transcending our sunlight. Every change of the coloring produced music, and every ray darting downward was a separate tone, all mingled into one universal harmony. And upon that gemmed and rainbowed world moved towering figures of majestic beauty, so towering that the tallest of our race were as insects to their stateliness. On the brow of each glowed a diamond star, and round them flowed mantles of all the dyes that dwell in the amethyst and sapphire and ruby and topaz. Along they went; not stepping, but gliding as if borne by invisible wings across the scene, communicating with each other by the mute language of eye and gesture. How happy, how happy they seemed! And down, through the center of that gorgeous sky, and resting on that illuminated earth, and upward and upward from that sky, until it seemed a thread of light, and at last dwindled to a sparkle, glowed a glittering pathway.

Again the voice sounded: "View there the winged planet whose sparkling point is seen by mortals! Thy race wasteth brief and fitful worship to its Maker! Behold a world of immortals, who send, in that stream of golden light, their prayers, thanksgiving and praises unceasingly to God! But still away!"

Yes, away, away! I now entered a chill, gray region, pervaded by a feeling of solitude not to be described. Onward, far onward! The gray deepened into dusky gloom, with several dots of light in the mighty distance. Onward,

still onward! At length the outlines of a sphere broke upon me, with the lights now expanded into six feeble orbs, looking upon it. The sphere seemed like some dimly luminous monster, wavering and wallowing heavily through the space. "Thou art now," again sounded the voice, "looking toward the outskirts of the universe of which thy earth is a member. That staggering planet feels but feebly the influence of thy sun, but his majestic sky boasts that train of gorgeous moons thou seest. Behold, and mark the lesson that it teaches! None that God has created, no matter how haunted by evil fortune, but have their consolations. But on, for a more striking instance!"

I obeyed. The dusk deepened into darkness. Far off, at length, I saw a globe of ghastly light, cold and watery as our moon when fighting through a mist. It seemed a world almost forgotten in the unfathomable, overwhelming distance, toppling, as it were, on the verge of creation. "Thou piercest now," I heard again the voice whisper, "to the very edge, the utmost limits of thy system. That globe appears nearly if not quite desolate, for in truth the sun just claims it within his power. But look more narrowly."

I obeyed, and a cluster of small, glimmering orbs, fading and appearing, met my search. "These are the moons that light this far-away world."

Onward again; up, up, immeasurably up; until the voice directed me to pause. I did so; and lo! beneath I saw the universe I had left; the earth a dim nebula, and the sun a shining ball, moving majestically along, its motion seemingly directed toward a star far, far above me—one of a group of seven, which I recognized as the Pleiades. These, the voice whispered, were unknown systems; yea, clusters piled on clusters, leaning away against the purple space like spangled terraces, or reared aloft like sparkling columns, or scattered abroad like swarms of fire-flies; while here and there were nearer stars, blazing as if on fire, or paling as if consuming into ashes.

Up, up, still up; blank, dark, and icy cold. Far off, I would see a sparkle, a

light, a glaring star, a crimson circle dashing over the whole space a fierce, blood-red dye; a vast, red monster would then skirt the distance, drawing a train of unfathomable length, and dwindling again to a speck, would be swallowed in the gloom.

Wild, red figures then came staggering on as if tossed by a blast, while "Wo, wo!" went from them in tones of wailing.

On, on, still on I went. Shapes glowing in a white heat, and borne on pinions that rained fiery embers, darted by. Others reared crumbling ladders against crumbling heights, and others piling up embers scattered by frequent blasts; or, horrible to behold, gnawing their hearts unceasingly with their own teeth. Wild masses, writhing themselves into fearfully fantastic forms, shot near me; wild faces, seen by their own pallid gleam, would look with bursting eyeballs; great, black arms, tossing as if in agony, or reared threateningly over my head, would surge up and then away; vast hands would clutch at me until I almost swooned with affright.

At last I saw a sight that filled me with almost insane terror.

Near, so near I could almost touch it with my hand, suddenly arose a shape, if it could be called a shape, of enormous size and inky blackness, its outlines shadowy and wavering. Up, up it towered, with no motion save that of its ascent. At length the movement ceased, and what seemed its feet were stayed. There it stood, motionless and scowling, an undefined but most intense horror emanating from it. Quick flame then darted through it, until a fiery skeleton gleamed on a sable background. But a shaft of intense yet soft light shot from above; it touched the awful shape; down glided that shape into a black, fire-streaked gulf, which opened at its feet, down, down, until it was seen no more.

Again the voice:

"In those wild, red forms, with sounds of woe, you see punishment for sin. In those varied shapes behold the passions that agitate the human heart—ambition, wrath, envy and the greed for gold.

"In that shape of horror, you see sin, and in that shaft of radiance, divine truth, that conquers sin. But still away."

Up, up, still up toward the distant constellations. A golden tinge from them began to be diffused, deepening and deepening. I bathed at last in an effulgent sea, a boundless luster, and amid it I saw the constellations bearing the shapes whose names I knew on earth; their shapes distinctly marked, some by their varying hue, and some by more dazzling light. There beamed the Lyre in its soft, sweet blue, and there smiled Berenice with her glittering train; on his winged feet was Perseus, wielding his jeweled sword, while Andromeda beckoned him onward with her sparkling hand; Cepheus, the crowned, uptowered; and eager Boötes followed the wandering Bear. Away, as it were, upon the verge, I saw the trampling Centaur lifting his beamy shield, and there the mighty Argo, urging along its jeweled prow; while music ineffably sweet and stately filled all space; pouring from the Harp, pealing from Perseus and Andromeda, from Cepheus and Boötes; echoing from the Centaur's trample and from the glittering deck of Argo; music that seemed to waft me up, up amid the luster that glowed the more intense the higher I ascended. I seemed at length to be fused with the splendor, although still possessing my consciousness. I glanced by orbs in which stood shining shapes, seen, by their solid brilliancy, from the lesser splendor of their habitation, until I approached what seemed to me an illimitable city. Gates of pearl and jasper and all precious stones gleamed out from the general luster, with walls blazing in myriad hues.

The present vanished, and far down the ages I seemed to glide, although still remaining by the city. Brightening from afar, I saw a winged band, approaching, surrounding a dazzling figure whose majesty seemed to smite with corresponding grandeur the effulgent space around. On toward the city they came, and "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the King of Glory in!" pealed from the band in strains triumphal.

"*Who is the King of Glory?*" sounded from the gates, and the answer came:

"**I AM THE KING OF GLORY!**"

Up rose the mighty gates in tones of separate music, and far, far off within, winged shapes I saw, row upon row, until they blended in one golden blaze, and "Enter, thou that sittest on the right hand of God in the Glory of the Father," burst from the shining throng. "Perfect in sacrifice, and triumphant over death, hallelujah to thy name!" rung throughout the glittering space; hallelujah! hallelujah! through the shining city. The sound seemed to toss me like a bark in the billows. I tried to echo the resounding shout, but as my rapt being was feeling at its light the divine frenzy, a black veil dropped suddenly between me and the scene, and down, down, surging I fell. Still I seemed to hear the tones of the choral chant, and see the gleam of the jeweled pinions.

As headlong I went, the voice again whispered in my ear: "Thou who dreadest the least sacrifice for another's good, what sayest thou to the sacrifice of God himself, in the person of his Son, for the sins of thy wretched race! Ponder it, wonder and adore! But thy mission is not accomplished! A scene transcending far all thou hast witnessed lies before thee!"

I heard, and lo, as I had late been wafted into the past, I seemed now projected into the future. I felt, from some mysterious agency within me, that the destruction of the world was at hand, and "close, even to the very doors," was the judgment-day. I felt that the fiat had gone forth. Far in the boundless distance, I saw a red light, and I knew it was the dread messenger dispatched to wrap the earth in flames. Nearer and nearer it came; it enlarged until its lurid radiance filled all space; it darted past me; while in another quarter I saw a mighty shape, an angel made of light, with a brow of severe determination, touched by a divine sorrow, grasping a vast trumpet, and speeding toward the direction the fierce messenger had taken.

Maddening with horror, I, too, shot forward in pursuit. I passed in my turn

the messenger; I left the angel behind me. Before was the world, my loved, my native earth, seemingly unconscious of its doom. Oh that my voice could reach it! Oh that I could warn it of its fate! I darted down upon it; I struck it at my own home! I saw my friends and neighbors around me; all looking at the angry light that began to break upon the heavens. That wonder changed to dread as the light grew rapidly broader and broader; it appeared to burn away the sky; it filled the quarter, the half, the whole of the heavens. Naught was there now but a terrific crimson, flaming, scorching. Mountains, hills, plains, trees, dwellings caught fire. Men, women, children shriveled; horrible winds roared, lightened at last to one universal crash, as of the blending of myriad thunders. Again, I rise through the glare and smoke and torture of the elements. The moon, "red as blood," was staggering away; the ghastly stars were dropping wildly through the lurid space. Near me was the stately Angel, in the act of placing his trumpet to his lips. It sounded; it cleft the space in twain; it drowned the roar of the perishing world and the crashings of a splintered universe. I whirled within it like a feather in the blast. I was struck blind; I appeared blotted from the scene. But at last my consciousness returned, my sight again came. I looked below. Far away I saw a black, scorched-up atom, a cinder singing through the distance; while from the spot where the world once was, streamed faint shapes in myriads. I looked above. As I did so, the space burst asunder, and rolled away; and in the midst of golden glory I saw the same dazzling shape that entered the celestial city. Immediately behind and stretching far, far at either hand, were a countless host of radiant forms, with folded wings, extending back, back, until they blended in one flashing mass that melted into a glittering mist.

As the myriads from the earth streamed up toward the dazzling figure, at the waving of its either arm, they took their stations on its right hand or on its left, till none remained. An awful pause

then followed, till at another waving of the arms, those on the right entered into the shining ranks which opened for their ingress with triumphal bursts of melody. But those on the left appeared to shrivel away—oh, horror upon horror! shrivel away toward a red gulf which opened in the distance with mad flames leaping greedily from its verge, while a towering shape, glowing in fierce crimson, bounded from that verge and sped toward them. Oh, the piercing shrieks the victims uttered. I echoed those shrieks. I writhed, I leaped upward, and I—awoke!

MADELINE.

WHY so silent, Madeline,
Sitting by the stile?
Hast no song for me to-night,
Hast for me no smile?

Look up, sweetest Madeline,
See the moonlight quiver
Out upon the bleak old hills,
Down upon the river.

Twilight yet has hardly set,
And the stars of even
Seem to hide themselves, so bright
Smiles the queen of heaven.

Yet so silent, Madeline?
Never speak a word?
Why, thou wert, but yesternight,
Blithe as any bird!

Thou wert caroling a song—
Not one of the past—
For the words were "He will come,
Coming home at last."

Then the tears began to fall
Like the April rain;
While she answered, "Him I sung
Ne'er will come again.

"In the battle's wrath and smoke,
When the foe did flee;
He fell, *only one*, they say—
That one *all* to me."

Then I knew why Madeline,
Sitting on the stile,
Had for me no smile that night,
Had for me no smile.

THE STORY OF A NIGHT.

AS RELATED BY MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

HAMLET.

WE still had nearly twenty miles to go when a sudden glare of lightning, followed instantly by a terrific peal of thunder, made our horse swerve from the road so abruptly as to turn the vehicle completely round and snap the shafts; while he, well-broken creature, and gentle as he usually was, commenced rearing and plunging in the most violent manner.

What he saw then and there heaven only knows; but I have my own suspicions now, though, at the moment, this conduct seemed wholly unaccountable in such a reasonable beast, for you know, my children, there is almost as much difference, in this respect, between horses as men themselves.

Our good black horse had proven himself, heretofore, a steady thinker as well as goer, stopping sometimes resolutely on the borders of dangerous places, and always picking the best roads when left to his own judgment. As soon as "Caleb" was quieted, your grandfather led him back to the high-road, where he stood, with his head down, dripping with foam and trembling in every limb.

At this moment a tall, black man crossed the road, as if coming out of the thicket, and, speaking with a strong foreign accent, asked if he could assist us in our dilemma.

"Is there a house near here where we can obtain shelter for the night?" inquired your grandfather, for now the rain was falling in torrents, and twilight was fast closing in—the early September twilight.

We had intended traveling until midnight, had the weather been fine (as it promised to be when we left the Parsonage), taking advantage of the brilliant, full moon to light us on our way. Many a time had we thus journeyed from our own home to that of my mother, usually with our sleeping children around us;

but, to-night, only our baby slumbered on my knees—the rest having preceded us to her abode, with my mother herself, in her old, roomy Dearborn, driven by her own venerable hands, a day or two before.

Many a time, I say, had we thus journeyed, my children, and these were the happiest hours of my life—when peace seemed to fall over our own hearts, and the whole sleeping earth—when petty household cares were left behind and forgotten, and I had my husband all to myself, as I rarely had on any other occasion, for, children, he was a restless, eager man, even in his sacred estate, and when his feet were still, from going and coming, his brain was working and seething, and his pen flying like lightning across the paper.

It would have been presumptuous indeed for me to disturb him at such seasons; but oh! no tongue can tell how happy it made me when he would leave his work for a while, and come and sit down by his simple wife and discourse with her in his own strange, beautiful, inspired way, unlike any thing I have heard from any other man, enlightening my ignorance and making my path plain before me, both in this world and the next. At such times he seemed more eloquent to me than he did ever in his own pulpit—nay, than Mr. Milton or Mr. Young themselves, those great human writers, had ever done! You smile, my children, and perhaps you have cause, for this, indeed, may have been only his fond wife's partiality after all; yet there were *others*, wiser and greater than she, who thought the same.

It seems to me I linger purposely about the confines of my story, as one would naturally do about to plunge from the confidence of sunlit and well-known places into the gloom and shadow of a fearful cavern, or into a deep, untrodden forest.

Your grandfather had inquired for shelter for himself and helpless ones. He was answered promptly:

"Come with me, master," said the tall, black man, "and I will show you where you can find refuge for the night.

Ay, and welcome, also. This wood belongs to Madame Clara Francia—this is the old Staunton place.”

I started. “Can this be possible?” I said. “Does Clara Staunton indeed live here? Is her father—”

“Dead, all dead,” interrupted the black, with a mournful wave of the hand, as if anticipating whither pointed my questions.

“Father, mother, sisters—all gone. My mistress has returned to dwell here alone.”

There was something strange and even lofty in the black's demeanor that impressed me strangely. After a short discussion, held privately between him and your grandfather, it was decided that we would submit to his guidance, and remain all night under the roof of my old schoolmate. The broken shafts were bound up temporarily, while I remained in the vehicle with my baby, for, as I have said, the rain was driving down in one continuous sheet.

My husband was obliged to walk, of course, and lead the horse—exposed, as he necessarily was, by this procedure, to the inclemency of the weather. The tall black man stalked before to show the way, much of which led through a gloomy and tangled wood, that made our progress tedious.

I forgot to mention that the horse refused to be touched by the African, plunging and snorting whenever the servant laid his hand upon him; but we attributed this perverseness of “Caleb” to the color of our guide and to his strange attire. He wore a peculiar costume, consisting of a dark-blue robe or mantle, bound with crimson, high orange-colored boots, and a turban of the same color; so that he resembled a man I had once seen perform a part called “Othello,” in one of Mr. Shakspeare's plays, in the theater of Boston. But, this was when I was a very young girl, my children, staying with strangers for a season, and before I knew, as I afterward did, from my dear father, of the unpardonable wickedness of witnessing such representations.

As we drove along I could scarcely

realize that this tangled wood was the same handsome, heavily-timbered path through which I had once before driven with my father and mother, when we went to bring Clara Staunton to our school. I was a little child then, and she a tall, beautiful girl of fifteen, looking even older than she was (as I, perhaps, looked even younger than I was). I remember that she came with us unwillingly, and that her father had said to mine, in my hearing, though not in hers:

“If you control her, Mr. Craige, you will be the first human being who has ever succeeded in this task.”

And that my father had replied, in his own manner of mingled firmness and humility, with his beaming face uplifted:

“Mr. Staunton, with the help of God, I hope to be able to do justice to your child.”

She remained with us two years, during which there had been no cause of complaint against her in any way, and a strong attachment had grown up between the child who admired and the young girl who protected, after the fashion of such ties—durable on one part, forgotten, perhaps, on the other.

But this remains to be seen.

I remembered, later, that your grandfather had spent his vacation, at this season, in our family—he a college youth at the time, while she, also, abode with us, for she never returned to her father's house, not even for a day, though so near at hand, until she left us finally. Mr. Staunton recalled her hurriedly, in the middle of a session, I believe, for he had received a diplomatic appointment to South America and made haste to accept it, and to convey his whole family to Brazil. The pestilential climate destroyed them all, it seems, except Clara, who must have married there, judging from the name she bore. The old home had been left to solitude and ruin, ever since then. No one knew, in the neighborhood, that a member of the Staunton family had come back to inhabit the desolate homestead.

The information startled me, touching,

as it did, the electric chord of past associations. I was all eagerness, now, to see Clara Francia. Your grandfather seemed differently impressed. I remember that he walked with his open pocket-knife, which he had used to cut the rope for repairing the broken shaft. I say I remember that he walked with this open knife pointing toward the Moor, who strode in front of him, and that he never took his glittering eyes off the somber guide, not even to glance at me, until we paused before the great granite front of the mansion.

I knew from his muttered words, soon afterward, that his suspicions had been aroused by the circumstances that surrounded us.

The windows of the house were all closed. No ray of light escaped from any aperture, and we stood long on the damp marble pavement, under the colonnade, before the front door was opened from within, after various efforts, for the lock and hinges both seemed to have grown rusty from long disuse. It was opened by our guide, who had gone by another way to seek an entrance. A dismal hall yawned before us, into which he invited us to enter. We could only see the dim outline of his gigantic form as he stood within. After crossing the threshold we paused, your grandfather laying his hand on my arm, while he said to the guide:

"What would you have us do further?"

"Follow me, and I will lead you to Madame Francia," replied the black. "She expects you. She is waiting for you both."

"Not so! There is some error in all this," said your grandfather, between his shut teeth. "We have followed you far enough. Not another foot shall we proceed until light and assurance of safety are afforded us. Bid Madame Francia herself come hither."

"Tell her," I added, with beating heart, "that Amy Gordon—once Amy Craige—waits to see her."

The black man vanished noiselessly. In another moment *she* was with us. We heard no footfall on the bare, oaken floor,

no sound of rustling garments in the obscurity. We were unconscious of any presence until I felt her small, burning hand clasping mine, and heard her peculiar voice, with its deep, mellow, unmistakable tones, breaking the intense silence.

And now hear me, my children. Even at this distance from that fearful hour, it makes my blood creep coldly through my veins to recall, to relate, that strange delusion—if such it were—that possessed my senses. I saw her in that dim, imperfect light, rise from the floor, where a faint trace of day, streaming through the open door, yet lingered. I saw *her* with these mortal eyes, who came to me by no mortal means, emerge from the floor, slowly, noiselessly, as smoke rises from a smoldering brush-heap, until the tall, slight figure stood beside me, shaped into human presence from a film.

Before I had time to cry out, or retreat, she had clasped my hand and was speaking to me words of welcome, in her deep, low, mysterious voice.

"Amy Gordon," she said, "thou, thine infant, and thy husband, even, are welcome to my home, desolate as it is now, for the sake of the past. Arthur and Amy Gordon follow me."

We both followed—I first, he last, in silence and in semi-darkness, through hall and chamber and corridor, as it seemed—pausing abruptly at last, in obedience to her warning that we stood upon the brink of a precipitous stone stairway, which we must cautiously descend.

And here I think we would have turned on our steps, despite the darkness, for I felt my husband's hand clamp my shoulder nervously, and he murmured hoarsely some unintelligible words, probably of dissent, but that *she* had suddenly seized my infant, and so bearing it, commenced the perilous descent.

I uttered a sharp cry. She laughed derisively:

"Foolish mother," she said, "thy child is safe. Trust to the security of my steps, and beware of thine own. Clasp the hand-rail; lean on thy husband, and descend cautiously."

So, with that dear arm around me

for the last time in my life, we descended. Thirty and one (I counted them half-unconsciously) steep, rocky, slippery steps, and then we stood on a broad, secure platform, and the fond arm was loosened from my waist forever! But, at the moment, my whole thought was of my baby, and my eagerness to seize it made me rejoice that the time had come to leave my husband's side. How could I know that eternity was coming between us two at that moment?

At the very instant that we felt ourselves landed on this broad stone base, we heard the clang of an iron grating that seemed to fall above us; and, in another, a folding door immediately before us, invisible until now in the thick darkness, swung slowly, heavily open, and revealed a gorgeous and wondrous vision.

Room after room, in long and splendid vista, lay open before us—rooms large and long, but not lofty, connected with Moorish arches, carved in stone, and illuminated with dazzling glory! No windows appeared in these vaulted apartments, nor any opening for light or air, yet were they cool and even fresh to the senses, as if ventilated from without; and the artificial light, different from any thing I had ever seen before or since, seemed to come out in jets of radiance from the wall. Curtains of velvet, of satin, of tapestry, and of woolen materials of the richest dyes, completely covered walls of rough stone (at least I thought so then), for the cavern in which we were must, I knew, lie deep down in the earth, beneath the foundations of Staunton house itself, and extend far beyond them, if indeed it had reality at all.*

Shapes of white marble, and of bronze

* The strange confusion of my great-grand-mother's views on this subject will, from this time forth, strike the intelligent reader as they did all who heard her narrative.

There was, indeed, an eternal conflict in her mind between her convictions of reality and delusion, that perplexed her and others to the end of her life. So, it will be seen, at one time she asserts her certainty of the truth of what she saw—at another falls into the acknowledgment of the delusiveness of the whole matter; clinging, however, tenaciously through all, to the main facts of her narrative.

(the materials of which our busts of Shakespeare and Milton were wrought) stood ranged along the apartments, and many of these were of a ghastly nakedness that called the color to my cheek, unfit as they were to stand before any modest woman—strange and awful to Christian eyes.

There were arms, too, of every size and fashion, hanging along those walls, or leaning in stacks in the corners; and books, in splendid bindings, were piled at intervals on marble tables. I speak as if these things were realities, my children, and so shall continue to speak to the end, though I know now, perfectly well, that they were in some sort delusions, wrought by foul conjury and magic—spells of a witch and her familiar spirits, which, for some wondrous and uncomprehended end, were suffered to involve and triumph over the innocent and just.

Long before I had examined any of these matters in detail, I had secured my infant from the grasp of Madame Francia. The little babe, like its mother, was quiet and submissive from a bewildering sense of wonderment, I believe, if not from some strange spell. She had uttered no cry, though trembling with joy to feel herself again in my embrace; but for days afterward, the print of a small burning hand lay impressed on her arm, as a sign and evidence of what was over! Nor this alone!

I sat down on one of the embroidered ottomans, at the foot of a stone arch, and tried to recover my dazzled and scattered faculties. At first I had been alarmed, but now I was only amazed and bewildered by the strange beauty and savage luxury and novelty of all about me. I gazed around like a child; but my husband, from the first, seemed wholly at his ease, and if he felt astonishment he betrayed none. Indeed, it was always difficult to surprise him.

Madame Francia seemed to comprehend my feelings. She stood before me, smiling down in my face and on my quiet babe, as it drew its nourishment from my bosom. Her words, her manner, reassured me.

"A strange sight, dear Amy, is this for me to witness, who left you almost an infant yourself. And now you possess one of your own—are a wife, a mother!"

"Yes, Madame Francia, and happy in both privileges," I answered, looking up and meeting her piercing, beaming eyes, fixed upon me with an inscrutable expression.

"Why this formality?" she asked. "Call me Clara, as in old days, I beseech you."

"I can not," I replied. "Things are so changed."

"You mean that *I* am changed," she rejoined, flushing haughtily—"that I am no longer beautiful, innocent!"

"I mean not this," I said, with perfect simplicity. "Beautiful you certainly are; innocent, I trust in God, you have remained; yet, *something* seems to have arisen between us. You, yourself, can probably best explain what this is."

"Arthur Gordon!" He started at her words, from the inspection of the illuminated book open before him, with which he seemed to be busy. "Yours is a politic profession. Why have you not taught some of its precepts to this plain-spoken little country wife of yours?"

"She knows its better part perfectly," he answered, waiving, as it seemed to me he ought not to have done, a direct reply. "Her naïveté was born with her, and can not be separated from her nature now. But our creeds are several. She still holds to her old Puritanic teachings."

He had drawn near to Madame Francia, as he spoke; or rather, they had approached each other, and now stood close together, gazing into each other's eyes.

There was something in these looks which made my blood curdle—my heart stand still. It was as if two storm-clouds were meeting in the heavens, flashing forth upon each other sheet after sheet of electricity.

My children, the dark spell was working even then, and it was not long before I perceived that my husband's whole

attention was given to this evil enchantress; nor did he again shake off her powerful fascination during the whole period of my conscious existence beneath her unhallowed roof. Could her dark, brilliant beauty have had anything to do with this, or the splendor of her rich and strange attire, composed of velvet and gold and dazzling gems?

Or, was it, indeed, the memory of that past of which I had heard malignant whispers? I can not think so! I can not believe that a vowed soldier of the cross could be led aside by trifles or memories such as these. I must ever think that Satan employed these tools to entrap one of the elected Saints of Swedenborg into his own dark legions. I must ever believe that, as in the case of Job, he was permitted to do his own work, for a season, and to choose his own victims. Why, we understand not, and perhaps ought not to question; but the human heart will cry out, against our will, at times.

My children, you have seen the portrait of your great-grandfather—my own dear, sacrificed husband—and you know, of course, that he was the handsomest man of his day. [Laugh your laugh, Charlie Deane! The bad taste rests with *you*, if you do not recognize the truth of my assertion. You are a handsome fellow enough, great-grandling, and your grandmother was a beauty before you, and is now a blessed angel in heaven, no doubt, pleading, before the Most High, for mitigation of her father's sins; but, neither you nor she, Charlie, ever bore so lofty and spiritual a beauty, on brow or lip, as God had given to him. That grandmother was, as you know, or ought to know, my only daughter, Charlie Deane. The shadow of that night lay over her whole life, I think—with a sort of sweet mournfulness she could never shake away, and which became her beauty better, perhaps, than joyous spirits would have done. Something of this, too, descended to her only son, your father; but you, Charlie Deane, have broken through the cloud like a sunbeam, and are your own golden-haired mother over again.]

There, listen; I shall soon be done. You only disturb me; the rest are all attentive. Let my old withered hand go, and sit down in your place again. Kisses are for the young.

I had a motive in speaking, in this place, of your grandfather's graceful presence and distinguished beauty, for I think the evil eye of Madame Francia was charmed by it from the first; nor did she hesitate to let him see her sinful admiration. She laid the subtle snare of flattery for his feet. She told him that, in the courts of Kings, she had seen no gentleman of such a princely mien, or so fair of face and handsome of feature. She spoke of his genius, wasted in village life. She whispered many words I could not hear; but I think I caught my own name more than once, among unintelligible murmurings, spoken in accents of deep derision. At last she left him and approached me again; and when I looked around, my husband had disappeared.

I started up, almost fiercely.

"Where is Arthur?" I cried. "Why has he left me here? By what right do you divide us?"

"Be passive," she said, grasping my hand firmly in her own. "He will return. Amy, you are not as considerate of his comfort as I am. He walked before you in the rain, and he needs a change of raiment. This he can not obtain, he tells me, until he reaches your mother's house, whither his trunks have gone before him. I have bidden 'Cortez' to attend to his comfort in this respect, as in all others. A signal was enough; my servants understand me. Your husband will soon be here."

"Thank you," I said, gravely, passing my hand lightly over my forehead, as if to recall my wandering senses. "I fear I seem ungrateful for your courtesy, but many things perplex me."

"Amy, look here!" she said, placing her long white palm before me, on which two stationary lead-colored balls appeared, about the size of small bullets. "What do you see?"

"Two pellets of quicksilver, I believe, Madame Francia; nothing more."

She agitated her hand slightly; they ran together, and speedily formed one sphere.

"What do you see now?"

"The repetition of an experiment that has been familiar to me from girlhood, Madame Francia," I replied, coldly.

"Nothing more?"

"No, madame, nothing more."

"I have a way of communicating my meaning by symbols," she said, "which you will understand later. Know that human nature has its affinities as well as mercury."

I shuddered; my head dropped in my hand—that hand which she had loosened, as she spoke, from her burning grasp; the other sustained my baby. Tears streamed through my fingers. I felt as if I were in the power of a relentless demon, and could in no way emancipate myself or him until the charm was broken. And how could this be done? I prayed silently.

"Let her alone; she is a foolish little soul," I heard Madame Francia say. I looked up; my husband stood before me, magnificently attired, and radiant with smiles.

I thought I had never seen him look so stately. "I am comfortable now, dear Amy," he said. "I was chilled and wet, but by good fortune, our hospitable friend had this attire to lend me, and it fits me as if it had been intended for me."

"As perhaps it was," I heard her murmur.

"It is a garb that a nobleman might wear," I rejoined, gazing upon him mournfully; "but it ill suits Arthur Gordon, a holy minister, even if not orthodox, to sport such raiment. That embroidery and rich fur trimming looks very like a mockery, in my eyes, on my dear husband; and, Arthur, have you thought once of our poor 'Caleb'?"

"The horse is cared for," said Madame Francia, loftily, "and your chaise is by this time repaired; such were my directions."

"Then let us go on, dear Arthur," I entreated, "and accomplish our journey to-night. The storm has abated, I know,

by this time, and the moon is full ; why delay in this place another hour ?”

At this moment an exquisite strain of low music stole on our ear.

“That is my signal for supper,” said Madame Francia. “Do you suppose I would let such guests go fasting from my gates ? Eat and we will consult afterward about your departure.”

And, taking my husband's hand, she led him to a banquet-board—by this time revealed by the folding away of a great Indian screen by the hands of the tall black man.

“Follow us, Amy,” she said, “you and your infant. One must eat for two, this time.”

I followed them mechanically, and sat down with my disordered hair, my cotton gown, my woolen traveling shawl, and small, crushed bonnet—all so common and so mean—opposite to those radiant creatures, dressed like royalty itself.

Children, I could not eat a mouthful. My own heart rose up in my throat, and would have closed it against food, even had not the variety and the rich smell of viands to which I was unaccustomed, disgusted me ; for, in eating as in all else, my tastes were simple. Never had I beheld so sumptuous a table, such glass, such china, such vases of silver and gold, such fruits, such sparkling wines. I stared around me like one in a bewildered dream.

“It seems that one must eat for three this time.” It was my husband's cheerful voice that spoke. “Eat, Amy ; you will be strengthened. You look pale, my child.”

But I only shook my head, mutely gazing at him I loved, with tearful eyes.

“Dear Amy, your peculiarities have increased since I knew you, but you were always an odd little budget !” exclaimed the mocking lips of Madame Francia.

I rose from the table, offended. “Let her go !” I heard her say, as she laid her hand on my husband's arm to detain him, for he would have followed me. “She needs rest far more than food. Rest, Amy, on that broad blue

sofa before you, and take refreshment when you will.”

“Lie down on the blue sofa, my love,” said my husband, in an authoritative voice. “Nay, I request it, Amy,” seeing that I hesitated ; “if needs be, I command it ; you are nervous ; compose yourself to sleep, and when you waken we will go.”

“Do you promise this, Arthur ?” I asked, earnestly.

“Certainly,” he replied, laughing. “I *promise* any thing you require.”

“Then I will try and do your bidding,” I made answer.

Wrapping myself closely in my shawl, and drawing my baby to my breast, I laid down—as I had been told to do, by that imperious fiend and him she held in thrall—amid the cushions of the broad, blue sofa ; but I could not sleep. I could not even close my eyes, for there was so much to distract and excite me.

Once or twice I thought of rising and returning to the table, if only to serve as a restraint on the reckless conversation and wild mirth that prevailed between the revelers ; but my natural timidity restrained me. The pangs of hunger, had they moved me, might, indeed, have proved too strong for my irresolution even, depending on me for its nourishment as did my babe ; but I had eaten heartily of our own prepared lunch, just before our accident occurred, which circumstance I have ever considered an especial interposition of Providence in my behalf. One crumb from that accursed banquet-board must have destroyed me also, body and soul, sooner or later, even had it not choked me in the swallowing !

Behold how it fared with *him* !

Children, it costs me dear to tell this tale. That night the soft dove of happiness that had nestled so long in my bosom, fled away from me forever, and left my ark of life desolate indeed. In after years it pleased the Most High to restore to me some measure of peace, and even comfort of soul ; for, in the performance of duties, and the forgetfulness of self, and the forgiveness of injuries, these things will come ; but, I

tell you, my beloved, that sweet spirit called joy came back to me no more. The dove forsook my ark!

Your grandfather had a native taste for luxury, which I, in my simple fashion, had done my best to foster. No man in the State wore finer or whiter linen, nor more speckless clothing, while I went clad in cotton and coarse woolen, neither of the whitest nor the best. Nature seemed to me to have established this difference between us, and I observed it, humbly. Our school fare, plain and homely as it was, had always suited my palate well enough, but his craved delicate food, such as we could ill afford, but which was prepared, daily, for him alone, and served on the fine India china, of which a few pieces had come into our possession from some rich heritage of other years. The coarse delf trenchers, so easily cared for and replaced when broken, suited me as well, and from these I ate with his children. His enjoyment was mine. I asked no greater happiness than to minister to his pleasure. But this was idol-worship, and, as such, was visited by signal punishment, as you shall see, my children.

I saw your grandfather's eye flash and his color deepen as he partook of the rich viands and sparkling wines which Cortez poured continually into his ever-empty crystal goblet. I saw what glances that radiant demon bent on him, as her rich laugh came caroling on my ear, and how she pressed him to the banquet.

All this was revealed clearly to me as I lay, heart-sick and trembling, on the couch by the flashing light of that strange illumination, that came forth from the very walls—furnished, as I well believe it now to have been, from his ever-burning lake by the Prince of Evil himself.

But worse, far worse than any sight that met my eye, were the terrible words that filled my ear, and almost blasted me at first, but which, after a time, roused me to frenzy—me, even me, the poor, shivering, soul-crushed witness of so much horror and blasphemy.

Was that a woman's voice, that, with brilliant mockery, and sacrilegious jest,

held up the holy vocation of minister as a threadbare profession, the refuge of impotence, hypocrisy and cunning? Were those words that echoed these bad sentiments indeed from the lips of the pious and, some supposed, at times transfigured saint, Arthur Gordon, the guide, the pattern of his congregation? Did my ears deceive me when I heard Madame Francis relating the dark experience of her youth—when, bound to a man she hated, she traversed the seas with him and his pirate crew and accursed cargo, and learned, at last, to find wild pleasure in the hazards of the adventurous slave-trade?

Was it my husband who hung on these recitals (made with the joyous lightness with which an English gentleman would tell of a successful fox-chase), with a flashing eye and breathless interest?

When she told of a hunted family, in fierce pursuit of which she rode, clad in male attire, by her husband's side, through a trackless wilderness in Africa, and across a pathless desert, until they were trapped and taken in a jungle, not without bloodshed on both sides, to be bound and carried away to the slave-ships, and sold for gold—was it *his* hand that applauded her heroic daring, as he called it?—*his* cheek that flushed in sympathy with her fearful narrative?

Some dark spell must have fallen over me to make me believe that all this was real. But what meant her words, spoken at the end of this recital:

"Arthur, this gold is all for you. I have earned it sorely, and bestow it, now, in memory of our early troth, on the only man I have ever loved. Then link your fate with mine, and live *true* life at last."

What meant those words? Real or imagined, they brought me to my feet. I approached my husband—I stretched my arms to him—I cried aloud:

"Arthur, my Arthur, do not forsake me and our children; let us go home or let me die with you."

He arose from the table as I advanced to him, and, taking me by my hand, led me back silently to the sofa.

"Lie still," he whispered. "Every

thing depends on your self-command. This is but a farce I am enacting for our safety. It will soon be finished; then we shall find our opportunity to depart."

These words reassured me in one respect, yet filled me with apprehensions that had, until now, been vague and unformed: We were in danger—that was evident—in the hands of a maniac or a demon, and our lives might be the forfeit, and our helpless ones at home be left desolate; nor would any one know what doom had been met should that gloomy cavern close over us forever.

In obedience to what seemed now his reasonable request, I laid down again and composed myself to rest, as well as I could, on the blue sofa, where my babe already slumbered peacefully. I closed my eyes this time to shut out that horrible orgie, over which a deep stillness seemed suddenly to have fallen. A low breathing in my ear caused me to open them again. I looked up. Madame Francia was leaning over me. In another moment she was forcing me to swallow the contents of a vial which she held to my lips. Resistance was impossible. My reclining attitude, my parted lips, my unconsciousness of her intention or even approach, had placed me one and all completely in her power.

I dashed the vial aside, even as I felt its contents coursing through my veins, and uttered a hoarse, struggling cry. But her strong grasp was on me, and I could not rise or even stir; and, that moment, her terrible face became imprinted on my memory to depart no more—photographed, you would call it now, my children, after this new art, which does indeed seem strangely to partake of the principles of witchcraft, in my eyes.

There was a look of haggard despair in the face, that made it seem old and even hideous. The diamond band she wore across her brow slipped down and revealed the deep, purple mark of a saber-cut, which must have divided her forehead frightfully when it occurred.

She reached over me, as if to touch

my babe, but struggling with the death-like stupor that was fast creeping over me, I cried:

"Oh, not that! Spare her, I entreat you. Kill me, if you will, but spare my child and my husband, Clara, for the past's sake!"

"I have no intention of harming any one of you," she interrupted, "and there is my covenant, which keep always," and she threw over the child's arm her twisted bracelet, fashioned like a serpent, richly set with gems. This fearful effigy, with its ruby eyes and crest, was the only vestige that remained to prove, even to me, their witness, that all these horrors were not a dreadful dream, vivid of reality, and as transient as the sleep that engendered it.

"Thou and thy infant, for the sake of that appeal, are safe and sacred, even. But, Amy," she muttered, "from this hour the man thou callest husband is thine no more. He is mine, now and hereafter, body and soul—mine eternally!"

I shrieked with a shuddering sense of impotence, as the dreadful torpor crept, like a thousand writhing snakes, coldly, quietly, through my system. Then I passed, gradually, I suppose (but none the less irresistibly), into a state of total unconsciousness.

When I revived, the yellow, noonday, September sun was pouring into the open door of the large, empty hall, on the oaken floor of which I was lying.

The cries of my infant, mixed with the strange rattling of chains, and the final crash of some falling door or window, had aroused me, it seemed, from my long and deathlike stupor. Perhaps its term was over, and in anticipation of this, I was placed where these sounds would reach my ear, and probably suggest themselves as causes of this awakening. I sat up. I looked languidly around. I was alone.

Alone in more senses than one!

Weak and exhausted, I forgot every thing for the moment but my own condition, and, leaning my head on my supporting arm, I questioned of the circumstances that surrounded me:

"What had befallen me? Where was my husband? Where was I?"

Gradually, very gradually, returned the sense of what had occurred. Then, springing to my feet, with bitter tears and cries, and wringing hands, I called my husband's name till the old hall rung again. I called him to come to me in the holy name of God, for the love of Christ.

As if mocking my appeal, there appeared at the open door of the mansion, in the broad, golden sunlight, a most hideous old man. Bowled with age, deformed in body, palsied with disease, and clothed in the patched and soiled garments of indigence, he stood before me, and questioned of my need.

"What brought you here? Who are you?" he asked, in a squeaking voice, that sounded as if it came from a child's toy rather than a human being. "Who gave you leave to enter this deserted house, where I, alone, keep watch?"

"This house is not deserted," I cried. "It is the abode of demons, and we are in their clutches. My husband has been murdered or detained in the great cavern below the house, by Madame Francia. I accuse her as his murderer! Oh, if you are a Christian man, or even a fellow-being, help me to find my dear Arthur, and bring that fiend to justice."

"Poor lady," he said, shaking his head sadly; "I fear your mind wanders. There is no cavern under this house such as you refer to—not even a cellar. The basement ends it all, and, as to Madame Francia, she has been dead many years."

Again I shrieked, and falling to the floor, lapsed into unconsciousness.

I remember nothing more for many days. When I revived I was lying in bed; my mother sat beside me, holding my infant in her arms.

That hideous old man, with his discordant voice, had carried me safely to her house, in my little chaise, lying in the unconscious lethargy of brain fever. No one, at the time, had presence of mind to detain him. To questions he vouchsafed no reply, only laughing derisively. He had departed on foot, walking, my mother thought, with more alac-

rity than becomed his years. But, I *never* would give heed to the strange suspicions that possessed her when she heard my story (which she who knew me best firmly believed); nor will I repeat them now. No, *nevermore*!

There were not wanting many at first to assert that I was mad, and that Arthur Gordon would soon appear in person to refute my tale. That I was not indeed laboring under delusion no existing evidence appeared, then or thereafter, except that fearful jewel, with its symbol of sin and perfidy. The snake-like bracelet was found, encircling the infant's arm, with which Madame Francia's covenant was sealed, and to this day it remains in your family, Charlie Deane, as a warning, a reproach and a mystery.

My children, I was young then, with vivid feelings and affections. I had led an innocent and happy life. I had sinned only, I think, in making an idol of my husband, thus breaking that holy yet unreasonable commandment which commands us to worship God alone! Yet why, even for such offending, I, out of all women, should have been chosen as a mark and a sign of displeasure, remains to me, even in my cold and apathetic age, a dark and dreadful question of divine injustice. How it affected me then, I can scarcely make you understand. For a time my heart was turned to gall, and nothing but the extenuating mercy of God himself preserved me from the deadly sin of infidelity. It is so hard to kiss the rod that chastens, or love the hand that crushes us! But, things came right at last, in spite of Swedenborg!

The necessities of life alone aroused me from the black stupor which still brooded heavily over my senses, even though the fever itself was lifted away. Among others that presented themselves was this:

I was called upon to accompany the select-men of our village, and many more of Arthur's friends, for he was a popular man though a Swedenborgian minister, to Staunton house, and to point out the fearful place in which the scenes I have described had been enacted.

I confess that, when I went on this

errand—it was in the full confidence of penetrating the mysteries of that cavernous retreat, and in the faint hope even of finding my husband still alive in Madame Francia's hands, fearful as may have been his sufferings in the interval. Of these I shuddered but to think!

This hope alone nerved me to the effort. But, if ever the suspicion possessed me that I had been made the sport of demons and spirits of the unpardoned dead, this was confirmed when, after traversing the house from top to bottom, no stairway such as I had described was found to exist—no sign of cellar or excavation in the foundation could be found! Ten broad steps led down to the shallow basement, in which the offices and kitchen had been situated; no other stairway, save that leading to upper chambers, could be discovered, or ever had existed, as far as human eye could see!

After a weary day spent in this unavailing quest, the quiet crowd dispersed, and I was taken back to my mother's house by some who compassionated my distress. Many went away believing me incurably mad. Some supposed my husband had been struck dead by lightning in the forest, and that, in the long interval between his death and the search for him (for, it must be remembered, weeks had elapsed before I had power to relate my story), his body had been destroyed by beasts and the action of the elements. Others there were who listened with stern belief to my fearful tale, and thought with me that, through the agency of the evil one, Arthur Gordon, the good and gifted minister, of a pure though eccentric faith, beloved by all who knew him, had been removed.

As for me, I never went again to our once happy home. Other voices filled its chambers; another pastor, of a different persuasion, ministered in the white church to which it appertained. Other hands (oh! surely not more loving or happy) worked its little garden, gathered its fruit, or trained the vines around the columns of its rustic porch. But, in the meanwhile, our poor caged birds died starving, our poultry scattered, our faith-

ful dog went lean and famishing to another door for food, and chose for himself new masters. Our household goods were sold, and barely defrayed some little debts we owed.

I found myself penniless.

My mother offered me a shelter for myself and helpless little ones. It was gladly, gratefully accepted, and, with her aid, I opened a school and taught, as far as my limited education permitted me to do, the children of the village.

After a time my aged mother died, and, having no other child, left to me her little property, her house and garden, her furniture, her cow and small income—just enough to give us bread.

With my own exertions added to these possessions, I managed to live comfortably and rear my children as became their gentle birth. My own health was restored, and I was graciously permitted to taste again the cup of peace.

I had forgotten to say that, in consequence of my mention of Madame Francia, inquiry was instituted, and that a newspaper, bearing the date of five years back, was sent to me, giving an account, by an eye-witness, of her execution, and that of her husband, Emanuel, and their slave Cortez, for piracy and murder, on the garrote, in the public square of Havana. There were many thousand spectators of their punishment. "The black met his fate firmly," the witness stated, "but the Francias had to be forced to the scaffold, and such were the frantic struggles of Madame Clara, that an old *saber wound* across her forehead opened afresh and spouted blood!"

The account closed abruptly here.

Here ended my great-grandmother's story—told with such evident confidence in its truth that her hearers, for the time, were almost compelled to believe with her; yet bearing about it an inconsistency that seemed, on reflection, to be indeed the result, as she herself partly believed, of a delusion.

Yet her whole life had testified to the calm and beautiful order of her nature, and, even in her extreme age, she retained a simple dignity and sweetness of

manner, and a fair serenity of feature, that bore witness of early power and even loveliness.

The disappearance of her husband—never accounted for—and the presence of the serpentine bracelet, were the only facts that bore any relevance to the circumstances of her narrative. But, by means that need not be detailed here, I came later to the indisputable knowledge that her husband had lived his whole natural life—thereafter a short one—in Brazil, on the great estates of Emanuel Francia, with the wicked and extraordinary companion who had beguiled him from his allegiance to home and God.

He was never known, my informants stated, to leave those domains, and bore about him traces of profound suffering and melancholy, to the hour of his death. Nay, it was whispered that he was strictly detained there by the evil woman and the gigantic black, aided by a monk of the lowest order, and such satellites as he could command, who formed an external guard about the plantation.

Let us hope that Arthur Gordon was as wretched as he deserved to be.*

* * * *

After the death of my revered ancestress, I became, by legacy, heir to an old hair-trunk, containing a suit of her husband's clerical habiliments, and a bundle of his brilliant, erratic sermons!

Strange satire on his subsequent career!

The trunk was, in itself, a curiosity to a modern eye. The hair with which it was covered seemed to grow in tufts, as on some mangy animal, over its worn and moth-eaten exterior; and the simplicity of its hasp and hinges made it a question whether they were intended to invite or defy investigation. A seven years old child, with a nail and pebble, could easily have opened the one and removed the others in these astute times. Fortunately it had contained no trea-

asures, as these things are usually considered, though to her who bequeathed them to me, her favorite grandchild, its contents were probably possessed of inestimable value.

In my amused scrutiny of this heirloom, and partly from the habit of a roving, inquisitive eye, my attention was attracted to the ancient lining of the lid of the trunk, consisting, as it did, of newspapers half a century old, still retaining wonderful freshness of characters.

I smiled at the fossil remains of news there set forth—at the active sparring of political opponents long dead, with moldering stones above them—at the boastful advertisements of merchants, whose energies were dust and ashes now—at the notices of marriages, long dissolved on earth—of deaths which had lost all bitterness—of battles fought so long ago that the garment of enthusiasm had dropped away from their skeleton hideousness, and revealed them as they were, wholesale murders.

All these things saddened while they amused me; but there was one article under the head of "foreign news," that let in a whole flood of light over my great-grandmother's mysterious story, and I read it with an eagerness as fresh as though it had been written yesterday. It formed a contradiction of a report published recently in the same paper, and proceeded to state that later advices had assured the editors of the escape of Madame Francia, supposed to have perished on the garrote, and of the slave Cortez, implicated as an accomplice in the crimes for which they were sentenced. Emanuel Francia alone met his fate.

The singular bleeding of an old sabre-cut on the forehead of the female criminal had, for a moment, delayed her execution; during which temporary diversion of attention a band of men, disguised as sailors, had forced their way through the crowd and guards, freed and armed the black, and borne away the form of Madame Francia, insensible from loss of blood.

They had fought their way to the sea-

* Or may we, after all, have wronged him in our condemnation? May it not be just possible that, in order to purchase life and freedom for wife and child, he had surrendered his own, and bound himself by fearful promises that he was not permitted to break, to a living fiend? I struggle with my own convictions, in ever proposing such a possibility.

shore, and embarked, before they could be arrested; nor had any pursuit availed to trace their flight. The affair was one of great desperation and daring, reflecting severely on the public authorities of Havana.*

As if in further confirmation of her recital, some years later the old Staunton house was demolished to make way for a public asylum. The truth of my grandmother's narrative was thus placed beyond doubt. I still preserve, as a matter bearing on a family point of honor, the statement published at the time, of the mysterious peculiarities of this mansion, erected in colonial days.

In one angle of the building, built into and skillfully concealed by a projecting wall and a door opening with a spring, a rocky stair-case was found leading deep down into the cavern below the house, which, commencing beneath its center hall of entrance, might be traced for nearly a mile, sloping and narrowing as it led to the edge of the broad river.

Here, in a deep cave was an opening, unsuspected before, through which Madame Francia must have conveyed the treasures of her subterranean retreat, remnants of which were found by the curious discoverers of this ancient place of Puritanic refuge. Shreds of rich hangings still clung to the shiny walls, and piles of half-decayed books and carpets, and furniture, incumbered its damp, uneven floors. Tubes, used probably for the conveyance of gas from a great tank, labeled, in Arabic characters, "Naphtha," had been carried along the sides of the apartments, and from which the means for the illuminations that had so surprised my ancestress, must have proceeded—preceding, as these did, by half a century, the present mode of lighting cities and residences. How this knowledge had been acquired, or applied, it is vain to conjecture. Other appliances there discovered, seem

also to have been strangely in advance of the times.

The only article in good preservation was a sofa, such as my grandmother had described, covered with moldy blue tapestry, and placed on a small wooden platform. Immediately above this, in the hall of entrance, a trap-door was discovered, nicely fitted in the paneling of the oaken floor. The remains of ropes and pulleys showed the means by which the platform below, with its incumbering sofa, might have been readily raised to the level of this trap-door, and its occupant removed to the upper floor, as must have been the case with my grandmother, when she found herself with her infant in the empty hall, and heard the rattling of chains, as she awoke from her stupor. Madame Francia's sudden appearance in the twilight may also be thus accounted for, so mysterious at the time.

On the sofa that I have mentioned was found an infant's shoe, green with damp and time, yet singularly perfect in shape, and a glass vial of curious form, labeled, in small golden characters imprinted on the glass, "Essence of Lethæ." Could this have been "*Ether*," or "*Chloroform*," and was this fearful woman a manual of science as well as of wickedness?

These things are mysterious.

It is to be supposed that the old passion for Arthur Gordon had revived in Clara Francia's breast, on seeing him again, or that she had even caused Cortez to lie in wait for him, knowing his intention of passing down the road, and that the storm, the broken shafts, had been only the pivots on which turned his fate and hers who loved him with such purity and truth.

However it may be, the spirit of evil certainly seems to have had the ascendancy in shaping these destinies, and the truth of the old adage seems proven by their accomplishment:

"Let the devil get hold of but one hair of your head, and he will drag you to destruction."

I fear that one hair of Arthur Gordon's head had long been held in Satan's

* Madame Francia, it was subsequently ascertained, had been pardoned by the Emperor of Brazil for signal services rendered to one of the royal family; her estates had been returned to her, and she had dwelt in them to the end of her days.

invincible fingers, and that, too, with the full consent of the owner.

I, Charlie Deane, have not lived to man's estate without sundry hints of this inheritance of evil from the "good and gifted" Arthur Gordon, as my fond grandmother called him; but I hope the mild and milky stream that flows from other sources may yet have power to wash away those bitter drops that sometimes boil in my veins, and may still give place, in the end, to the crystal waters of purity, and repentance, and eternal life.

ASSASSINS AND THEIR WORK.

THE GUNPOWDER-PLOT.

THE stories of history make long strides in their onward movement. Often the opening chapters introduce you to characters, not one of whom will figure in the grand dénouement. In history, men are often nothing but puppets; the power that moves them first is transferred, in its course of growth, from generation to generation, and, perhaps, works out its tragedies in their children.

A full exhibit of the events which led to that most extraordinary crime known as the gunpowder-plot, would involve a long history of the religious wars which raged in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have given our readers one page of this in the story of William of Orange. Then, we found the oppressor wearing the colors of Catholicism. In the period and on the scene of the gunpowder-plot, the oppressor wore the colors of Protestantism. We will go back no further, in giving the story of the gunpowder-plot, than to the year 1687, which beheld the execution of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

It was the evening of the 7th of February, in that year, that Mary Stuart sat in her apartment in her prison of Fotheringhay castle, in England—a beautiful woman of forty-five, whose face bore traces of care and suffering, for her life had been no holiday journey through the years. Her solitude was broken by the entrance of two noblemen, who

saluted the captive queen with the respect belonging to her exalted rank, though they were the bearers of cruel tidings. They were the earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. Without unnecessary delay they informed Mary that they had been commissioned to inform her that her life would end on the scaffold on the following morning at eight o'clock. The intelligence came most unexpectedly, and the poor lady showed her surprise in her countenance; but, she did not turn pale, nor exhibit terror. On the contrary, she said to her visitors, with a sweet but plaintive smile, that she was prepared to die. "I could not believe," she said, "that my sister Elizabeth, queen of England, had consented to my death, or would execute sentence upon one who is not subject to the laws and jurisdiction of England. Nevertheless, since this is her will, I am content. Death will put an end to all my miseries, and I welcome its coming. That soul would be unworthy the felicities of Heaven, which could not support the body under the horrors of the last passage to those realms of bliss. I have only this request to make now: that you will permit my last moments to be consoled by the presence of my confessor."

To her great distress, the queen was told that this request could not be complied with; that no Catholic priest could be permitted to approach her; but that she should be attended by a Protestant divine, Dr. Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough. She refused to listen to this proposal, for she knew the character of this minister, and considered the proposal an insult to her faith. The Earl of Kent, with a brutality worthy of severe condemnation, upbraided the defenseless woman, pronouncing her a child of Satan, and declaring that he was glad she was doomed to death.

"Your life would have been the death of our religion," said he, with the coarseness of a thorough bigot; "your death will be its life."

The two earls took their leave; and, from that hour till the hour of her departure for the scaffold, the next morning, Mary occupied herself in the

preparations for death. Her manner continued cheerful to the last. Calling her servants about her, she pledged their prosperity in a glass of wine, and they all knelt down and pledged her in return. A tender and tearful leave-taking was undergone; and the servants left her to her lonely vigils. When morning came, she dressed herself in a rich robe of silk and velvet, remarking that she must not forget the respect due to her station. The sheriff entering her room, bade her follow him, which she did, with a guard at each arm. A scene of the most affecting description took place in the hall through which she passed, where her servants and adherents were gathered to bid her farewell. She addressed language of comfort and cheer to them, herself calm and composed, though sobs and lamentations filled the hall. Wishing to have some of her servants attend her to the scaffold, she was shocked by the further brutality of the Earl of Kent, who expressed a fear that they would perform some superstitious rite above her body, and dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. Mary's indignation was awakened, and she turned a withering glance upon the earl. "I am cousin to your queen," she cried, "and descended from the blood royal of Henry VII, and a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland." This outburst of royal pride secured her her wish, and four of her men and two of her maids accompanied her into another hall where a black scaffold had been erected and the grim executioners confronted her. The hall was crowded with spectators. Here, at the moment when the executioners were preparing to take hold of her, the bigoted Dean of Peterborough insulted her by coming forward and reading her a lecture on her heresy, in spite of her protestations, saying, in substance, unless she abjured the Catholic faith then and there, she would in a few moments fall into hell. Mary frequently interrupted his harangue, saying, "I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and in this religion I am resolved to die." The Earl of Kent also put in his word, on

observing her clasping a crucifix lovingly in her hands. At last this disgraceful scene was ended. Mary disrobed herself, smiling gently, and remarking that she was unaccustomed to undress before so large a company. Her servants burst into tears and lamentations, but she placed her finger on her lips, and enjoined them to be silent; gave them her blessing and asked their prayers; and then laid quietly down and placed her head on the block. A handkerchief was placed over her face, and the executioner struck her on the skull, inflicting a ghastly wound, but without shaking her brave spirit. Two fierce blows of the ax severed her head from her body; and the executioner, seizing the head by the hair, held it aloft, dripping blood, the face still in agonizing convulsions.

Thus did the oppressive spirit of the bigotry of that day make its victim of a beautiful, accomplished, and singularly amiable woman. The question of her guilt or innocence of complicity in certain crimes charged against her, is to this day a theme of discussion; but there is no question as to the fact that she really was executed because she was a Catholic. The memory of her sufferings was not likely to allay the fever of the Catholics' hatred toward the tyranny that oppressed them in England, and the rankling of this bitter wound added strength to the fury of the hour and the bad passions of the period.

Seventeen years passed. The Protestant queen who occupied the throne of England when Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded, was now dead, and she had been succeeded by James I, son of the Catholic queen whose execution we have briefly described. The Catholics still were chafing under the grinding laws enacted during Elizabeth's reign, and they hoped that James, the son of Mary Stuart, would exert his influence to soften the pains under which they travailed. By these laws any person over sixteen years of age, who refused for four successive weeks to attend a Protestant place of worship, was committed to prison. If, thereafter, he

persisted in "this evil course" for three months, he was banished from the country. If he refused to depart, or if he returned after banishment, he was put to death. Under these laws, and others of like severity, great numbers of Catholics were murdered, and others driven from their native land, while those who remained were compelled to practice an unwilling hypocrisy to save themselves from these dreadful punishments. The infamous Star-Chamber Court was also under full sway in the realm—a body of men appointed by the reigning monarch, and possessing unlimited powers of punishment by fines, imprisonment and the whipping-post. Another court, still more monstrous in its character, was known as the Court of High Commission. It had jurisdiction of the crime of heresy—a crime so indefinable in character that scarcely any one was safe. Further, there was martial law—a name whose terrors the people of our day can scarcely appreciate, so little has its exercise, during the late rebellion, interfered with the safety of society; but in that day, he who came under the suspicion of treason, as hundreds did on the slightest pretext, was executed in cold blood without even the barest formalities of trial, while hundreds of others languished in prison. In one period of Elizabeth's reign, martial law even hung numerous men in London who were not so much as suspected of treason, but were guilty of no greater offense than that disorderly conduct in the streets which we in our day should call "rowdism."

Besides these three courts, there was still another arbitrary body which laid no claim to be called a court, which had no trials, and inflicted no penalties, but which seized men wherever it chose, and threw them into jail on suspicion—in many cases loading them with chains and confining them in dungeons, where they suffered greatly. Sometimes the jails—of which there were many—were literally crowded with "prisoners of state." The horrible rack very commonly was employed to extort confessions. In short, the life of an unortho-

dox person was full of terrors, and the arbitrary executions of the French Revolution itself hardly more frightful in their license.

James I, having ascended the throne of England, therefore, at the death of Elizabeth, the Catholics entertained hopes that their liberties would be in some measure restored to them, and Elizabeth's iniquitous laws annulled. The memory of Mary's execution was still fresh in their minds, and they hoped that the son, remembering his mother, might espouse the cause of that religion which had been assaulted through her. They knew that the son was a Protestant, as his father had been, but they believed him tolerant toward the Catholic faith. In this they were disappointed; and it may be imagined with what despair they heard the new king express his determination to rigidly enforce all the laws that had been enacted against them. Their anger turned fiercely against James; for some historians declare that he had encouraged these hopes in the Catholics, before coming into possession of his crown. Be this as it may, the project of assassinating him was now entertained by certain Catholics, and there was little about his character to turn away the dagger. He possessed none of those amiabilities and excellences which we have portrayed as belonging to the good Prince of Orange, which ought to have disarmed all personal hatred. He was a very learned man, but a swaggering pedant, that most offensive of characters in literature. In his habits he was grossly intemperate, and with all his hatred of Catholic superstition, he was himself degradingly superstitious, and stood in mortal terror of witches. His appearance was burly and unprepossessing, and he was a tyrant and a coward to the depths of his nature.

The gunpowder-plot was the diabolical invention of a Catholic nobleman named Catesby. One day in the spring of 1604, he was conversing with another of his kind, named Percy, a descendant of an illustrious house, on the persecutions to which those of their religion

were still subjected, and Percy boldly proposed that they should at once set about effecting the assassination of King James. But Catesby informed him that he had a grander scheme in his mind.

"What good effect would result from his assassination?" Catesby inquired. "Do you not know that one of his children would immediately assume his place, and perpetuate these evils? Even if the whole royal family were swept away, it would not serve us. The nobility and the parliament are linked in one bond; they would raise another family to the throne, who would persecute us still, and seek revenge besides for the death of these. Percy, we must destroy not only the royal family, but the lords and the commons at one blow."

"But how is this possible?" asked Percy, eagerly.

"Listen! The first meeting of parliament will soon occur. There the whole number of our foes will be met together. We must take into our confidence some few stanch Catholic gentlemen like ourselves, and run a mine beneath the hall in which our enemies are assembled. Seizing upon the moment when the king is addressing the two branches of parliament, we will explode the mine and blow them all into a thousand fragments at the same instant—even while they may be meditating fresh persecutions against the followers of the true religion. Thus we shall make our triumph complete."

"It is a noble plan of vengeance, Catesby," replied Percy, delighted. "I am with you, heart and hand."

They immediately set about the selection of their fellow-conspirators, each of whom they bound to secrecy by solemn oaths, superadding thereto that most sacred of their rites, the communion service. The first whom they admitted to their confidence was Thomas Winter. Him they dispatched to Flanders, to secure the services of one Guy Fawkes, an Englishman by birth, but so devout a Catholic that he could not live in England. Fawkes was at that time serving in the Spanish army which the

Catholic tyrant Philip still maintained in that province of the Netherlands which had of late given him so much trouble in his efforts to do precisely what the Protestants in England were now doing—namely, to do away with religious freedom. Fawkes entered eagerly into the plot, when Winter broached it to him, and the two made haste to return to England. The conspirators knew their man beforehand. Fawkes was a person of most forbidding aspect—lean and, scowling—but one who had proved the quality of his courage in previous adventures, and whose zeal was beyond all question.

The spring and summer went by, and late in the autumn the conspirators began to put their plans into action. Percy hired a house adjoining the Parliament House, and caused a large quantity of provisions to be put into it. About Christmas, one by one the conspirators gathered, and then the house was shut up, the shutters closed and the doors fastened, to give the passers-by the impression that there was nobody within. Spades, pick-axes, etc., had also been provided, together with arms with which to defend themselves in case of a surprise. They were ready for death, if need be, and animated by a belief that they were serving the cause of religion, were full of the highest enthusiasm. Guy Fawkes alone remained on the watch, in the upper part of the house; the others, seven in number, descended to the cellar to commence their labors. The wall which they had to pierce was nine feet thick, and of a mason-work so hard and old that it was almost as impregnable as solid stone. They divided into two gangs, and while one gang worked the other rested, to eat or to sleep. They had in the cellar an ample store of baked meats and wine, and their enthusiasm continued unabated through the six weeks in which they picked away at the flinty wall. Gentlemen as they were, and all unused to work of this sort, they toiled like common laborers, though the sweat poured from their faces, and their hands were blistered with the unwonted exertion;

yet, though they scarcely rested day or night, they made no greater progress than a foot a week. The rubbish they put in bags and carried carefully out a back-door in the darkness of midnight, and digging deep holes in the soil of the garden, buried the contents of the bags where no eye could see.

Candlemas came—time of the church-feast so dear to the Catholics, but whose celebration was at that period prohibited in England. But five days now before the time at which parliament was to meet, and the wall scarcely more than half pierced! Despair began to creep upon the conspirators. It seemed impossible that they should get through the wall in time; but they labored on.

"Hark!" whispered Percy, breaking the silence in which they were pursuing their toil. He bent forward in a listening attitude, his hand raised to enjoin silence upon his companions. "What is that noise?"

All listened intently. It seemed to come from the opposite side of the wall on which they were at work, but what it meant they were at a loss to know. In some trepidation, they ceased their labors, and one of their number cautiously left the house and went into the street. He found by inquiry that a coal vault underneath the House of Lords was being emptied of its stores, the owner having resolved to sell off, and rent the vault to the highest bidder. Returning to his companions, he laid this fact before them, and they immediately resolved to rent the vault for their own purpose. But, unexpectedly, parliament was prorogued to the following October. This news was received with great joy by the conspirators, for now they would have ample time in which to perfect their arrangements.

They hired the vault, and, with great caution and at intervals, conveyed thither thirty-six barrels of gunpowder—enough to tear the building to its very foundation, and leave "no stone upon another." This formidable magazine was then covered with fagots and billets of wood, in such manner as to convey the im-

pression that the vault contained nothing else. Guy Fawkes was placed to watch over the vault, under the pretense of being the servant of Percy, who was supposed to own all this wood. The doors were thrown open boldly, and people allowed to enter freely if they chose, no one suspecting the fearful secret of that great honest-looking pile.

The long-awaited time at last drew near. The conspirators, secure in their preparations, gave themselves no concern as to the fatal cellar; they knew it was in the hands of a zealous dare-devil, who would not fail to fire the mine when the proper moment came. But they learned that there would be one of the royal family absent, at the opening of parliament, namely, the young duke, whose tender years kept him away. Therefore, it was arranged that Percy should murder him, or kidnap him, simultaneously with the bursting of the mine.

But this plot, which embraced so wide a sweep of revenge, involved also the lives of some good Catholics, who, ignorant of the approaching catastrophe, would be present as spectators, or attendants on the king, or as peers of the realm occupying seats in the house. This prospect, appalling as it was, had been softened by the specious assurances of Jesuit priests who had been admitted into the secret, and who showed the conspirators that the interests of religion demanded the sacrifice of a few innocent lives, in order that the guilty should be punished. The conspirators, who now numbered twenty, therefore determined to keep their secret inviolable, and calmly behold the destruction of their co-religionists.

Among these seemingly doomed Catholics was Lord Montague, a gentleman much beloved. Ten days before the expected meeting of parliament, a person in disguise put into the hand of a servant of this lord a letter, which the servant delivered to his master. "My lord," this letter said, "out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore, I would advise you, as you tender your

life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is past as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, into whose holy protection I commend you."

Monteagle perused this singular epistle more than once, in his inability to comprehend its hidden meaning. Had he been at once a coward and a rogue, he would have taken fright at its dreadful insinuations, and silently complied with its recommendations, leaving the scheme to be carried out in all its original horror. But fortunately for those who were to have been the victims, and fortunately for that page of history which would have been blackened by the record of this monstrous crime, he was not frightened; he half believed the writer to be some knave who sought to hold him up to ridicule. At all events, he took the letter at once to Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State, who, in his turn, took it to the king. The result was, that it was resolved to inspect all the vaults beneath the houses of parliament.

On the day preceding that on which parliament was to meet, the Earl of Suffolk, then lord chamberlain, commenced the search, with little serious thought that he should discover any thing. Nevertheless, he did his duty thoroughly. Pausing before the vault in which the barrels of gunpowder were concealed, he ran his eye over the pile of wood and fagots. Guy Fawkes, with his hat slouched over his eyes, stood in a dark corner, and the chamberlain accosted him:

"Who are you, sirrah?" he asked.

"I am the servant of Master Percy, my lord," said Fawkes.

"I like not your countenance, I promise you," said the chamberlain. "What name do you bear?"

"My name is Johnson, my lord," answered Fawkes.

"What doth Percy with such a quantity of fuel as this?" pursued the chamberlain. "He lives little in town. Nay, keep your answer," and he turned away, with his suspicions fully confirmed.

That night, as the hour of twelve sounded, Sir Thomas Knevet, a justice of the peace, with several stalwart attendants, suddenly made his appearance, and seized Fawkes at the door of the vault. He made a fierce resistance, but to no purpose; he was bound and taken to prison. The wood was torn aside, and the barrels of powder found underneath. In Fawkes' pocket were found the matches and torchwood with which he was to have fired the train leading to the mine.

Finding that all was discovered, Fawkes made no effort to shield himself from punishment, but loudly lamented that he had not had a moment's warning, so that he could have fired the powder and perished with his enemies. When brought before the council, his manner was firm, and even scornful. He had only words of regret for his failure to carry out the plot, and made no appeals for mercy. He stubbornly refused to disclose the names of the conspirators. He was told that unless he yielded, a death more horrible than that of the assassin of William of Orange, should be his fate.

"I can bear it as well as he," said Fawkes.

He was threatened with the most frightful tortures.

"I will suffer a thousand deaths before I will betray my companions," was his response.

He was put in prison, loaded with chains, and left in darkness and solitude for three days and nights, at the end of which time he was brought out for torture. His fierce spirit had been broken by his confinement, and when the dreadful rack was shown to him, he yielded,

and made a full confession. His fellow-conspirators had taken flight, but were pursued, and those who were taken alive were executed. Thomas Winter was one of these; but Percy and Catesby were shot and killed while fighting, they having, together with several adherents, banded themselves together in arms, and made a desperate resistance to their pursuers.

From an old and extremely rare pamphlet of thirteen leaves—"London, imprinted for Jeffrey Charlton; and to be sold at his shop at the great north dore of Powle's, 1606,"—we make the following extract, descriptive of the execution of Guy Fawkes: "Last of all came the great Devill of all, *Faulkes alias Johnson*, who should have put fire to the powder; his body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but yet, with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went hie enough to breake his neck with the fall, who made no long speech, but after a short seeming to be sorrie for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the State for his bloodie intent, with his crosses and his idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the block to the great joy of the beholders."

Thus perished the man who, had he been successful, would have lived in history as the most stupendous assassin the world ever knew. It by no means appears that he was of a specially blood-thirsty nature. Born among the quiet scenes of a Yorkshire rural neighborhood, he was a Catholic of the devoutest sort, and it was through his great devotion to his religion that he became a soldier under the banner of Philip of Spain, who in his day was looked upon as the firmest ally of the Pope. Like nearly all the assassins of history, Fawkes was a fanatic in the service of a faction; and it by no means follows that he was indeed "the great Devill of all," merely on account of his being the *hand* of the body of men whom he worked with. The burning in effigy of Fawkes, on the 5th of November in each year, was long thereafter a regular practice in England,

and was formerly a legal holiday in that country, though it is no longer such. In our own New England, the custom was also for some years common; and there are few whose ears are not familiar with the verses commencing a song that the boys were in the habit of singing as they bore the effigy through the streets:

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot."

As is almost invariably the case where assassination steps in to work out certain purposes, the gunpowder-plot reacted upon its projectors; and, so far from the penal laws against Catholics being ameliorated, their rigor was increased. Even had the plot been successful, there is no reason whatever to believe that it would have served the purposes of the Catholics. The Protestant people would almost inevitably have arisen in a vengeful fury, and a general massacre of Catholics throughout the kingdom would have ensued. It seems as if the actors in schemes of assassination were always completely blinded as to the true results which must follow their atrocities.

Justice will not permit us to pass by the other actors in this plot, and bestow the title of assassin on Fawkes alone of all the conspirators. Certainly to Catesby, Percy and Winter, if not to Rookwood, Digby, and others, we must in equity apply the same infamous name. They were no less fanatics, also, than Fawkes, and there had been nothing in the previous tenor of their lives to lead us to expect that such men would plunge themselves into the hideous gulf of crime. They were men of fortune, and much respected by those who knew them. Catesby, it seems, was a man of such general excellences of character as to have attached Rookwood and Digby to him so strongly that they declared they would lay down their lives for him in any cause. Their trust in the integrity of his purposes and the soundness of his judgment, was so complete that they needed no persuasion to enter into any project that he recommended to them. Of the other conspirators, similar good words could be said; and

Digby, notwithstanding his Catholic belief, was high in favor with the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, so recently dead. These things only serve to show, in a stronger light, the iniquities into which men may be led by the spirit of fanaticism.

The lesson which is borne home to us with stronger force, the more thoroughly we familiarize ourselves with these dark passages in history, is clear and emphatic. We learn that freedom, the basis of our republican institutions, is but an infernal delusion when it is not sanctified by religion. We learn that religion, the safeguard of our social system, becomes robbed of its purity and

beauty, when it is no longer wedded to freedom. Freedom, with no religious principle as its base, was the monster that raged and slaughtered its gory path through the French people in that revolution which the breath of a Marat helped to kindle; and such freedom was worse than any mere individual tyranny could ever be. Religion, without the grand principle of freedom for the rock of its foundation, was the fiend that wreaked its fury upon its opponents in the sixteenth century; and, now Protestant, now Catholic, perpetrated the most frightful murders, and counted its victims at the stake, on the scaffold and the gallows, by thousands.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

THE winter goes and the summer comes,
 And the cloud descends in warm, wet showers;
 The grass grows green where the frost has been,
 And waste and wayside are fringed with flowers.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
 And the merry blue-birds twitter and trill,
 And the swallow swings on his steel-blue wings,
 This way and that way, at wildest will.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
 And the swallow he swingeth no more aloft,
 And the blue-bird's breast swells out of her nest,
 And the horniest bill of them all grows soft.

The summer goes and the winter comes,
 And the daisie dies and the daffodil dies,
 And the softest bill grows horny and still,
 And the days set dimly, and dimly rise.

The summer goes, and the winter comes,
 And the red fire fades from the heart o' th' rose,
 And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
 And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.

The winter comes, and the winter stays,
 Ay, cold and long, and long and cold,
 And the pulses beat to the weary feet,
 And the head feels sick and the heart grows old.

The winter comes and the winter stays,
 And all the glory behind us lies,
 The cheery light drops into the night,
 And the snow drifts over our sightless eyes.

FARMER HOPE'S TROUBLE.

FARMER HOPE sat brooding over the kitchen fire: a few rays from the covered embers glanced out at him now and then, blinked, winked, and went to their ashen sleep again. When they did so the farmer stirred them up with his heavy boot.

A heavy, broad-shouldered man was farmer Hope, and as he stooped in his arm-chair, over the smoldering hearth, his muscular frame drooped with a ponderous weight, as if the heart inside of it were heavy to lift. A miserable drop, that should have been a tear, hung piteously at the end of his nose; for farmer Hope had worked out early and late this autumn, and the only thing he had got by it was a cold.

"Every thing goes the wrong way," said the farmer.

He might have said this to himself, but that grandmother Beck sat in the doorway, knitting. The last ruddy rays of twilight gleamed over the sloping corn-field that occupied the rising ground just beyond the house, and a broad band of somber crimson swept in across the porch and over the floor of the unlit room; the faintest sky-light was better than candles, grandmother Beck was wont to say—and more economical. Silent and soothing and solemn was the time, and, sitting erect in the doorway, the old lady occasionally varied her employment with an involuntary nod to the departing twilight. Roused from this peaceful mood by farmer Hope's gruff voice, the needles spasmodically started again, and vigorously rocking herself in her comfortable arm-chair, the old lady peered over her spectacles after the dropped stitch, till silence ensued once more, and farmer Hope brooded—grandmother Beck nodded. And I doubt not as much wisdom was contained in his patient recognition of her old age and acquiescence in fate and decrepitude, as in all his surly struggles and sharp defiance of destiny.

A sweet summer silence reigned in the room, for an instant; the katydids in the dewy shrubbery without chirped

their tender monotony, and the wondrous peace and spell of a country evening seemed to have settled softly down everywhere. Only the farmer was restive under this opiate of peace brooding in the atmosphere.

"Yes!" he repeated, slapping his broad hand upon his stalwart knee, in a way that started the knitting-needles with a sudden click, "every thing! I'm darned tired of it all. Here have I been working early and late, like a nigger-slave the whole blessed summer, and all these years along back—and it ain't come to nothing! Blamed if I don't drop the whole concern. A fellow may work and work, till his very soul's clean wriggled out of his body, and what does it all amount to? There's no getting along honestly in this world, old woman! It's all cheating and chaffering, and cheapening—and if you don't do like the rest, it's because you're too much of a fool to be a knave—an' folks 'ill tell you of it, too, as farmer Jones did me, when he carted off that last load of hay. It all turns out bad as far as I can see in this world, and as I don't know about the next—"

"Samuel!" said grandmother Beck, reprovingly.

"To be sure I don't," repeated the farmer, gruffly, stirring up with his boot the sulky embers, "know nothing about it. Whoever's got the charge up there manages things, I take it, pretty much as tyrants do here—or else, maybe His place is so far off from these parts they go wrong in spite of Him!"

"Oh, Samuel!" said grandmother Beck. "If deacon Gilbert should hear thee talking so!"

Grandmother Beck had been brought up among the quakers, but she had the profoundest respect for church dignitaries of any sect whatever.

"That for deacon Gilbert!" said farmer Hope, snapping his fingers. "He don't have any short crops to make long payments with; he—"

"Why, Samuel!" said the old lady, uplifting her wrinkled hands, from which the great ball of gray yarn rolled treacherously upon the floor, "surely thee's

not given over to—"Puss, taking advantage of theology, grasped at this instant the luckless ball, and broke at the same time the thread of grandmother Beck's discourse, "to—puss!"

"Believe a lie? Ay, to be sure—it's not a lie if I believe it," said farmer Hope, with a harsh laugh, "and I do believe it—you may stake your life on that. 'Tain't a lie that folks *do* live in this world to humbug and cheat one another, and them that does it the best gets off the safest, and no one above or below, 'pears to me, takes charge of things, and sets 'em right. 'Tain't done!" And farmer Hope set the heel of his boot energetically on puss' tail, who had taken refuge in the hearth to investigate the ball of yarn at her leisure. A yell from puss.

"The infernal thing!" cried the farmer, grinding his teeth as she scampered away.

Grandmother Beck rocked herself to patience. Farmer Hope rose up and stretched himself, and yawning took a candle from the high mantel-shelf. His tall figure almost reached the kitchen beams. Puss looked down upon him from aloft in the rafters, folded her tail calmly about her, and waited to see what would come of it.

"Had enough of it for to-night, at any rate," said he. "I'm off to bed. There's nothing for it, that I see, but to sell the old place; it's shingled with mortgages now, and I don't see as I'll ever pay 'em off."

"What will Lizette do then?" said grandmother Beck.

"Lizette may pick blackberries for a living!"

A merry laugh was heard outside, and a little, sunburned maiden sprang lightly upon the door-sill. There she stood poised an instant, looking within, like a curious bird that intends taking flight again. She was a graceful and gracious maiden, as pleasant to look upon as an apple-blossom in spring. The fading light seemed to concentrate in her tiny figure, as she stood in the doorway. Within, the house was dark and solemn—this little girl seemed to

bring the freshness and life of woods and meadows with her.

"Indeed, uncle," said she, "I'd like no better fun! Grand! I'd be out in the hills all day, instead of dozing and prozing over the school-books," and again she laughed that quick, fresh, gushing laugh: such a frank, free laugh, as, like other girlish things, women learn to put by in the prosaic sadness of their later years. As farmer Hope strode off to bed, he glanced at this blithe little laughter, and his gloomy eyes lit up for an instant. For she was the embodiment to him of all he knew that was loving and beautiful, and his heart, though he did not acknowledge it, took in the glad blessing of her beauty and freshness. Lizette was more to him than meadows or crops, or the old farmhouse itself, and dumbly the heavy-hearted man worshiped all beauty through the shape of his little Lizette, the child of his dead wife's sister.

But to-night he had no word, even for her; so, taking himself to bed, he left the old woman and her granddaughter to speculate upon what was the matter. But Lizette did not speculate long. She broke the silence that followed her uncle's departure, as she set the lighted candle upon the table, and hunted up her basket of patchwork:

"I really think I *could* do something, now!" she said, half to herself, "mornings and evenings when I ain't at school. My! Why, grandmother, all the girls in the factory pay their own board, and here I ain't any account at all! Don't pay for my salt even. Wonder if blackberries—"

But grandmother Beck burst into a laugh—a rare feat with her.

"La, child," said she, "set your poor little heart at rest. Your uncle's none so bad off as that. He's got to be unaccountable uneasy lately, your uncle has. But rubbing one's temper betwixt sharp words wears out the ill-humor, I've no doubt. Things haven't worked exactly right, along back, but if the worst comes to the worst—"

"Blackberries will be all gone," said Lizette, archly. "Well," she added,

after a thoughtful pause, "it isn't so foolish, neither. Old Mrs. Fleming is making up lots of blackberries for the hospital, and I've heard the girls say that some of 'em make lots of money just gathering 'em."

Lizette was silent for the rest of the evening, as grandmother Beck and herself pursued their mutual industries, interspersed on the part of the old woman with occasional profound obeisances to Morpheus, and on the part of the young one with thoughtful pauses, and absent drooping of the busy hands, as if some profound problem were being revolved in her mind.

The shadow was still upon farmer Hope's face the next morning, as he went out to his work—a painful and settled shadow. The only sunshine about this hard-working man, who had not a word to-day for his workmen or his household, lingered in his golden-tinged hair, which yet retained a certain youthful luster at variance with the grim lines on his face, and the morose dejection of his eyes under their shaggy eyebrows. He had grown gray in spirit, working out here in the sunshine and the sunny fields; and the fact that he was not outwardly gray-haired, only made his inner gloom more palpable.

It was a hot, autumn day; the heat lay down on pasture and meadow, like a great, silent, solemn dream. Not a bird chirped, not a leaf stirred. The men, scattered in the shadow of the hedges, or grouped here and there under some branching tree, were taking their noonday lunch; some of them lying lazily at full length.

Suddenly there rose to the heavens a fearful cry, which caused every man to spring to his feet. Across the field, hatless, coatless, heedless of the noonday sun, the reapers hurried, their ruddy faces turned only in one direction.

There, just beyond, over the rising ground, a white smoke rose heavily in the summer sun, curling away in sinister silence toward the welkin. Every one knew what that meant. Just over the slope then, in sight from the rising

ground, stood the old farm-house. On this silent summer day, without a note of warning, it was smitten, as if from the very heavens. The old place was on fire!

The dear old place! To every soul then hastening on, the ancient and sturdy farm-house that had looked over the brow of the hill as long as any of them remembered, took the aspect of a dear old friend whose life was in the power of an enemy.

Every man's face grew paler with passionate eagerness to reach and to save it; every nerve strained; every foot forgot its heaviness.

But one figure, stalwart and strong, strode on in advance of them all. His stern features worked into a strange emotion under the rude straw-hat shading his eyes. This fire-wreathed mass, over which whirled the passion-white clouds of smoke, through which every moment a piercing tongue of flame clove its way to the heavens—this lonely mansion, struggling silently with destruction, taking its last glimpses of the quiet, sunny fields, was not the thing he had hated last night, and almost cursed last night. It was the old homestead again, where his boyhood and youth had been spent, and for which he had lived and labored.

I think in that moment, as farmer Hope advanced swiftly toward the scene of destruction, he scarcely remembered his property that was being sacrificed; he scarcely thought of the inmates, who had fled, probably, from the flames, helpless and in terror; he only thought of his old love—the old, old house.

But as he approached over the slope of the cornfield that half surrounded it, a wild figure arrested his steps, her gray hair streaming in the wind, her wrinkled hands beckoning with imploring gestures. It was grandmother Beck.

"Lizette! Lizette!" she cried.

"What of Lizette?" said the farmer. "She's safe in school, isn't she?"

In hurried, broken accents, and with hands that eagerly dragged him forward, the old woman explained, that Lizette and her fellow-pupils had received an

unexpected half-holiday, and Lizette had come home and gone up in her room to lie down; she was not very well. Grandmother Beck was asleep herself when the fire broke out, and had made her escape through the kitchen. Lizette's room was under the pointed roof of the building, and just beside the great stone-chimney that took in almost one side of the house—and which was falling, falling, before their very eyes.

Farmer Hope did not wait to hear more. Shouting to the men who were hastening with ladders and buckets, he disappeared in the smoke and flame which surrounded the entrance. A great tongue of fire leaped fiercely across the doorway as he vanished.

Energetically, as for life, the neighbors worked; but in these lonely country districts such efforts are of little avail. A fire once breaking out in one of the old frame buildings, snatches up its prey and devours it before there is barely time to escape with life from its encroaching power.

As the farmer groped along in the blinding smoke and falling timbers, there was but one thought in his breast—to reach and to save Lizette. Lizette! the child asleep in the very arms of death. God! could he rescue this frail little life, he would never grumble again at the hardships through which *he* was passed. Over the great stone-chimney, from which plank and plaster had shredded away, writhed and hissed the hungry flames. They wrapped the doorway of Lizette's little room. Before it the passage-way yawned, a gulf of flames. Every timber had fallen in. With but one glance across the abyss, and a cry that rung out amid the crackle and crash of the falling building—a dumb, despairing cry that had no words to make it a prayer, he sprung across the chasm. His hand touched the latch of Lizette's door: it yielded to his touch, but the sudden weight of his heavy frame loosened the frail, decayed timbers that yet supported it, and, with a crash, it fell, dragging him with it down into the seething flames.

Helpless, scorched, scarce recognizable in the soot and blood that covered

his visage, farmer Hope was dragged, unconscious, from the ruins. And as they did so, the great stone chimney settled, with a heavy, fateful sound, down, down, upon the roof, which, yielding beneath the pressure, fell in with a crash; a sparkling fountain of flame sprung triumphantly upward, as the black roof shriveled from sight, and farmer Hope's old mansion was a total wreck.

"Lizette! Lizette!" he moaned, as the awe-struck crowd of neighbors gathered around.

At that moment, grandmother Beck, bending low over the prostrate figure, and dashing the cold water into his face, raised herself suddenly erect; her fixed and eager eye gleamed out from her disheveled hair, with a sudden, wonderful light. She pointed toward the meadow; there, breaking through the hedge, flying toward them with a breathless speed, a little figure appeared; it leaped, it flew across the field, sprung panting into the excited group, and flung itself, sobbing, upon the neck of the unconscious man, who lay like one dead, in their midst.

"Lizette! oh, Lizette!" he murmured.

"Lizette! oh, Lizette! where *have* you been?" cried grandmother Beck.

"Been for blackberries," said Lizette, with her quaint simplicity, and accustomed submissiveness to grandmother Beck. "Lost 'em all in the hedge, though, when I caught sight of the fire."

Lizette had, for once, practiced a little deception on the old lady, and feigned her illness and need of rest, in order to escape from question.

The old house was gone, but Lizette was safe. She had, as grandmother Beck shrewdly observed, "earned a living" by picking blackberries.

The last time I saw farmer Hope, his weather-beaten face was scarred with tokens of his struggle with the flames; but there shone out of it such luminous expression, such a spirit of cheerfulness, as I had never seen before; a token, also, which I think he brought from that

battle in which he was vanquished, but which a stronger hand than his forbade to be an utter defeat. With Lizette to inspire him, the farmer works sturdily to recover a home again. With the vanishing of his prosperity, has vanished his quarrel with fate; and, whatever disappointments befall him, he cheers himself with a little laugh about the day when Lizette went blackberrying.

PIO NONO AND ANTONELLI.

TOWARD the end of the sixteenth century, a comb-maker, Alberto Mastai, of Brescia, with whom the world did not go well, went to live at Sinigaglia. Fortune smiled on him in his new home; the comb-maker flourished and became so rich that he obtained the hand of a young lady of fortune, named Ferretti, and at the same time the rank of count. Such is the origin of the house of Mastai-Ferretti. Girolamo Mastai-Ferretti, descended from the latter, married a daughter of Count Sallazzi, and the issue of this marriage is Gian-Maria Mastai, born in 1792, now Pius IX.

From his infancy he seems to have been weak, subject to epileptic fits, and difficult to manage. When a boy, he was sent to the college at Volterra, presided over by the learned astronomer, Inghirami; but his chronic indisposition did not permit him to derive much advantage from that seat of learning. On returning home, however, his health greatly improved, and as he grew stronger he manifested a keen desire to enter the army. To fit himself for this profession, he devoted much time to athletic exercises, and soon became remarkable for his military bearing. Those familiar with the appearance of Pius IX, as seen in St. Peter's or the Sistine, will scarcely be prepared to hear that in youth he was noted for his dandy dress, appearing always in a semi-military uniform, wearing boots and spurs, and seldom seen without a cigar in his mouth. Being very handsome withal, a tolerable poet and good musician, he soon became an object of admiration to many, and of af-

fection to some, girls; but although more than one loved him, he aimed high and sought the hand of Elena, daughter of Prince Alban. This lady, who is said to have been extremely beautiful, at first encouraged young Mastai, but eventually married the colonel of a regiment quartered at Sinigaglia, whom she was in the habit of meeting frequently at the *reunions* in her father's house. The disappointment was so severely felt by young Gian, that to alleviate his misery he plunged into dissipation, drank deeply, and gambled largely. About this juncture Napoleon's career had terminated; Pius VII returned to Rome, and public affairs began to assume a tranquil phase. Accordingly young Mastai, who was leading a very unsettled life, was sent to Rome, where two of his uncles resided, who, it was believed, were in a position to be of service to him.

Arrived in the capital he engaged a very humble apartment, his allowance being only fifteen dollars a month. Nevertheless, so fascinating were his manners and so handsome his person, that he soon became one of the most fashionable young men in Rome, and was a constant visitor in the palaces of the highest nobles in that city. A successful player at the card-table, his winnings enabled him to live in a manner that made him the envy of less fortunate youths, and led to love adventures not yet entirely forgotten in Rome.

But though young Mastai was well pleased with the life he was leading, it was far from satisfying his parents, who naturally desired to see their son established in some honorable profession. Accordingly, as the military spirit still burned strongly in Gian-Maria, an attempt was made to satisfy it, to some extent at least, by placing him in the Guardia Nobile, which had been established immediately after the Congress of Vienna. His interest was sufficiently great to cause him to be enrolled as a candidate for admission in the corps, but a representation having been made to the secretary of state that he was subject to epileptic fits, his name was removed from the list of candidates, and he was

advised that he must not hope to be a Guardia Noble. The intelligence overwhelmed him with sorrow; his spirits became depressed; a dangerous illness supervened, on his recovery from which—due, as some of his biographers declare, to the intercession of the Virgin—he determined on devoting his life to the cause of religion.

Report says that he was led to this determination by the Pope saying to him, "Caro giovane, you are suffering from two cruel diseases—epilepsy and love. Be advised by me—*fatevi curare*—and you will be cured of both."

There are many still living in Rome who remember the sudden and extraordinary change in young Mastai. Discarding his fashionable costume, the neat boot and clanking spur gave place to thick shoes, the laced coat to a black soutane, and the jaunty step to a measured walk, with bent head and downcast eyes. At this period Mastai was twenty-four years old. Hard study followed, and finding that this, though pushed to excess, did not impair his health, but rather improved it—a change due more probably to an abstemious life—he conceived that God especially called him to the work of priesthood, and having obtained the necessary medical permission to enter the church, he was ordained. His religious zeal now rapidly unfolded. Ambition, too, that powerful mainspring of the human mind, prompted his natural gifts to the best account. Endowed with a peculiarly fine melodious voice, well remembered by those who have had the pleasure of hearing him read the offices in St. Peter's or the Sistine chapel, he studied elocution, practiced preaching extempore, and soon acquired such a mastery of language as to draw vast crowds whenever he ascended the pulpit. He was particularly brilliant in his *ferocius*—short, impassioned discourses, such as you may hear during holy week at the Gesù—and carried his congregations entirely with him. Women who had admired Mastai as a youth of fashion now hung on his impassioned words, and buzzed round his confessional; strong-minded men, too, became weak before

him. For he shook their souls by his pictures of the terrors in store for the wicked, and simulated purgatorial flames by plunging his hands in burning spirits.

But, gratifying as all this was, the youthful priest sighed for more active occupation and a more extensive sphere of usefulness. An opportunity was not long wanting. Pius VII having decided on sending a politico-religious mission to Chili, Mastai applied to be appointed secretary, and succeeded, though against the will of his family, in obtaining the appointment. The mission, headed by the Bishop of Civita di Castello, after a long and hazardous voyage, arrived at Buenos Ayres. The journey from that city to Chili was attended with great suffering, but, although the mission underwent many perils, they were productive of no other effect on the secretary than that of causing him to desire to remain in the country; one reason doubtless being that his health, so far from being impaired by the hardship and climate, was sensibly ameliorated. Indeed, he has been heard more than once to say, that he never enjoyed better health than during this period of his life; and so entirely did he enter into the spirit of the undertaking, that when his chief, discouraged by the ill-success attending his efforts to convert the natives, determined on returning to Europe, Mastai was for remaining in Chili at all hazards, preferring even possible martyrdom to abandoning a measure to which he had committed himself.

On Mastai's return to Europe, Leo XII filled the pontifical throne. This pontiff, naturally enthusiastic and energetic, testified his entire appreciation of Mastai's conduct by creating him Archbishop of Spoleto. The elevation seems to have had a very unhappy effect on his disposition. He soon became unpopular in his diocese, and eventually so disliked, that when Gregory XVI assumed the tiara, he was removed from Spoleto, and created Cardinal and Bishop of Imola. In his new see Mastai was less violent, his more placid conduct being due, according to some authorities, in a great measure, to the influence exercised over

him by the Abbess of Fognano, and subsequently by the Countess of Spaur. Many stories are current respecting Mastai's affection for this latter lady. That she had great power over him is pretty evident from the circumstance that one of Cardinal Antonelli's first actions when Mastai became Pope, was to banish that dangerous and fascinating lady from Rome!

Though Mastai's early life was not by any means uneventful, yet the Romans knew very little of him until he was elevated to the tiara. In grateful remembrance of the kindness of Pius VII, he assumed the name of Pío. Elected Pope on June 16, 1846, he has reigned twenty years this present June; and as his health is far from good, it is not likely that he will in his own person believe the proverb applied to the papacy, *Non videbis annos Petri*—no Pope since St. Peter having occupied the pontifical throne for twenty-five years. But it will be a consolation to many should his holiness die before 1871, as a general belief is entertained that, should any Pope reign for the same number of years as the Apostle who presided over the church, Rome will be immediately destroyed.

Such in outline has been the life of the great high priest of Rome, a man who, when he ascended the papal throne, was hailed by the liberal party with a frenzy of enthusiasm, but who soon, by his policy, became the champion of Ultramontanism and the oppressor of freedom.* In justice, however, let it be added, that Pius IX inherited an accumulation of difficulties, postponed and complicated by his predecessors; that he is a man easily led, and that to his ministers, and particularly to Cardinal Antonelli, more than to himself, may be ascribed the policy which has rendered Rome a blot on the fair face of Italy.

"L'Empire c'est moi," exclaimed the first Napoleon, conscious of his marvellous power. Cardinal Antonelli, conscious also of his power, though of a

very different nature, probably thinks, if he does not give utterance to the thought, "La Papauté c'est moi." Europe believes that the "Roman question," as it is called, turns almost entirely on the French occupation of Rome. That French bayonets have propped the papal throne since 1848 is certain, but there has been another force at work, which has silently assisted to a far greater extent than is generally supposed in perpetuating the good and the bad of the papal government. This emanates from Cardinal Antonelli, no ordinary man, of whom it is said in Rome that, living as he does above the Pope in the Vatican, he is in two senses superior to the Holy Father.

That Antonelli, unassisted by foreign military force, could have kept the latter upon his throne, is by no means probable; and conscious of the necessity which has hitherto existed for the presence of the French troops, he had great influence in causing them to be retained in Rome. That the Pope still exercises power over "the eldest son of the church," is certain,* notwithstanding any manifestations to the contrary arising from the recent Lyonesse ritual rebellion; and that this power emanates from the Pope, influenced by Antonelli, is equally true. Antonelli, in many respects, is indeed a second Mazarin.

Born of obscure parents at Sonnino, in 1806, Antonelli was early made familiar with scenes of violence and bloodshed. For Sonnino is notorious as having been the head-quarters of the most daring bands of brigands that have ever infested the country between Rome and Naples. The village, as well as its neighbor, San Lorenzo, harbored desperate ruffians, and more than once the heads of those gentry have decorated the top of St. Peter's gate in Sonnino, adjoining the house of Antonelli's father. When Pius VII returned to Rome, young Antonelli saw several of his father's acquaintances executed, who had often taken him up in

* When it was found that the hopes entertained of the Pope's liberal policy were visionary, the following line appeared on the walls of Rome: "Pio? no no—ma stai Ferretti!"

* It is curious to note, as confirmation of this, how M. About, who certainly is not scrupulous as to what he says against the Pope in his *Question Romaine*, acknowledges the power of the Vatican in France.

their arms. Such a spectacle had probably a wholesome effect on the boy; be this as it may, he wisely turned his back on his native village, and entered a seminary in Rome. This led the way to priesthood; but though Antonelli was ordained, he declined entering on the religious duties of his profession, preferring the more profane duties of a magistrate, for which his nominal calling did not disentitle him.

A large proportion, indeed, of the priests that you see in Rome have no church duty. The attributes of the priesthood are made inherent at ordination, but to exercise those appertaining to religious duties requires a second license. Thus you will constantly hear of *clerici senza vocazione*, and unless all the churches in Rome were open for daily service it would be quite impossible for the vast numbers of priests in that city to find employment. But these unattached ecclesiastics are considered to be as holy as duty-doing priests, enjoying the privilege of being held inviolate from the hands of the laity; and thus, though Antonelli is a civil minister, he is not the less a priest in the eye of the canon law of Rome.

Fortunately for him, Gregory XVI became his friend, and under that Pope he rose to be secretary-general and minister of finance. Professing liberal principles in accordance with those entertained by Pius IX on his accession to power, Antonelli was rewarded by receiving a cardinal's hat and being made secretary of state. Quickly, however, discerning the present pontiff's character, and well aware of his vacillation and weakness, Antonelli soon gained an ascendancy over him, and was the first to turn him from that liberal policy which had made the commencement of Pius IX's reign popular and hopeful. An opportunity now offered of strengthening this power by the Pope's voluntary exile to Gaeta, and during his sojourn there Antonelli drew the net closer round his not unwilling victim.

It has been said by an eminent diplomatist that Antonelli is "un amiable causeur noyant son idée dans une longue

phraseologie diplomatique." He is undoubtedly an able man; unhappily, however, his abilities are used for a bad purpose. All parties, excepting his own small circle, detest him cordially. "C'est un ministre," says M. About, "greffé sur un sauvage." Rather a fine savage, however, as those will say who have seen him assisting at the offices of the church. No cardinal dresses so well, nor wears richer lace or more splendid rings, than this cardinal-secretary.

He is enormously wealthy. Many of the public buildings in Rome, such as theaters and hotels, belong to him and to his brother, whom he has made governor of the government bank; and his landed estates are vast. He has also accumulated a large collection of treasures, principally minerals and gems, which would cause Christie and Manson's rooms to be crowded with dilettanti were they sold by auction. And who shall say that this may not be their fate some day? The Campana collection is in Paris. The Antonelli collection may yet find a home in London.

Thus prosperous, you may suppose that the papal secretary of state is a happy man. Not so. A grim skeleton abides always with him—death itself. Of this he is in constant terror, apprehending assassination in that form known to the Romans as "*accidente*," and especially dreaded by them.

Indeed, you have only to look at Antonelli to be sure that he is not a happy man. The saturnine countenance does not seem capable of being lighted up by a good, healthy laugh. A great reader of humanity declared, that "the man who can not laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem." Of course by this is meant a hearty laugh, the zenith to that nadir of the crafty, diplomatic smile, which lies on the face like the cold glitter of ice.

Lofty as are the apartments of the cardinal-secretary in the Vatican, they are still within ear-shot of the wail that goes up from oppressed Romans. Dropping metaphor, be sure that he is well

aware that just as the ripple is the parent of the wave, so the low murmurs that disturb the political atmosphere of Rome may be the prelude of the coming storm. Should it break, will he flee before it? To Antonelli, far more than to Pius IX, may the wrongs and oppression from which the Romans are suffering be ascribed; and should a day of reckoning come, this will be remembered against him. In the meanwhile, from his lofty eyrie in the Vatican, we can fancy hearing him exclaim:

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged Empire fall!—*Here is my space.*

HIS WITS ABOUT HIM.

I.

I CERTAINLY thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways, and said such peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulist state almost; that is, I don't quite mean that; but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do. And, as to his ever being surprised at any thing, I never knew him to show surprise on but one occasion in his life. What that occasion was, I shall naturally mention before I am done.

His name was Joseph Harrison, and he was a student at the academy in Sandford—one of the style of academies that seem to have nearly gone out of date now, where both sexes were taught under the same roof. I attended the Sandford school. The Principal's house was on the corner across the way from the academy, and he boarded a dozen or so of the students. I was one of these boarders.

I shall never forget the day Mr. Harrison came to the house to board. I was sitting on the second-floor piazza, studying. It was late in a summer afternoon. As he entered the gate I leaned over to look at him, and when he was just underneath, I chanced to drop my book. It struck him on the shoulder, and fell thence to the ground. He turned and looked at it quietly, and then poked it aside with his big cane.

What does he carry that big cane for? thought I; and why don't he pick up my book, or look up at me, or do any other thing a rational being would?

He rung the bell, and I saw no more of him till tea-time. He sat directly opposite me at the table. Would you believe it, he never looked at me once—nor, indeed, at any one else, it seemed—which was the reason, perhaps, why I looked at him more than I ever did at any other young man in my life—in the same length of time.

After tea, we gathered in the parlor, as we were in the habit of doing, and he was introduced to me. He bowed, and then, for the first time, looked at me—or rather, he looked *through* me—as if he saw something behind me, and my head were as transparent as glass. Then he smiled, and turned away.

I confess I was provoked at the manner of the young man. What amused him, I should like to know? When Belle Harrison asked me, afterward, how I liked her cousin, I said I didn't like him at all. She only laughed, and said she believed nobody ever did like him at first.

Somebody asked me to sing. I seated myself at the piano, and gave a song in my best manner—which I had been taught to believe was not an inferior manner, by any means. My voice is good, and I had received the best musical culture. What mysterious influence was at work upon me I did not know; for, if ever I thoroughly disliked a person in my life, I certainly disliked this Mr. Harrison; but, it is true, notwithstanding, that I *sung for him*; and when I turned away from the piano, it was with some special curiosity I anticipated his comments, if he chose to make any, or his manner and its meaning, if he chose to hold his tongue.

If you will believe it, the man was looking at a painting on the wall—looking at it standing up, with his hands clasped behind him, and his back to the company. Was there ever such a clown?

"What is the name of that beautiful song?" asked Orville Redway, a young

man from the village, who had been invited to tea, and now sat with us in the parlor.

I told it him.

"I must have it," said he; "it is exquisite." And he took out his lead-pencil to write on a card the name of the piece. He broke his pencil-lead. "Will some one lend me a knife?" he asked. "I have left mine."

Mr. Harrison heard the question, though he was still looking at the painting; and produced a large pocket-knife, which he handed to Mr. Redway.

"It's very sharp," said he; "be careful."

The first thing Redway did was to cut his hand. The blood spirted out in jets. He turned pretty white, but just gathered his hand in his handkerchief, and said it was "a mere scratch, of no consequence."

"Beg your pardon, sir," Mr. Harrison spoke; "it's of some consequence. You'll lose your life, if you don't look out. I'll fix you."

He took his own handkerchief and tied it loosely around Redway's arm. Then he took his knife, shut it carefully, put it under the handkerchief next to the arm, and began to twist it about. As the handkerchief tightened on the arm, the blood ceased to flow.

"Send for a doctor," said Mr. Harrison.

"A doctor?" uttered Redway. "Isn't this a good deal of fuss over a little cut?"

"A little cut," said Mr. Harrison, "when you cut an artery, is a big cut."

Dr. Miner was three doors off, and he came in a few minutes. He expressed great approbation of young Harrison's conduct.

Young Harrison, as unconcerned as a post, had returned to his inspection of the painting he seemed to admire so much. Mr. Redway soon went off with the doctor.

The knife lay on the table. Out of pure impudence, or some similar feeling, I took up this terrible knife, and accidentally cut the end of one of my fingers nearly off. I screamed loudly, for it

was a horrid wound, and the blood flowed copiously.

"Well, upon my word!" remarked Mr. Harrison. "Here's another!"

Another! How contemptuous the word sounded to me! I, Margaret Bailey Monroe, confessedly a belle, a beauty, and a lady of rare accomplishments, besides being heiress to a hundred thousand dollars—I was just "another!" Why didn't he call me a person, and done with it? . . . Well, what would he do with my frightful wound?

"Mix a little flour and salt and put on it," said he; "that will stop the bleeding. It is a mere trifle."

It may have been a trifle, but it was enough to make me swoon. Or perhaps I swooned out of downright vexation at the man.

When I recovered, he was gone. By-and-by, when Belle and I were alone—we roomed together—I asked her what Mr. Harrison said, and did when I fainted.

"He said," Belle answered, "'Lay her on her back, and leave her alone.'"

"Is that all he said?"

"No; not quite. Some one brought the flour and salt, and he put it on your finger, and said, 'There, tie a rag around it.'"

A rag!

I should certainly hate this young man. . . . After that he became such an object of interest to me that I could scarcely keep my mind off him an hour at a time.

I was not long in learning something of his history. It seems that a love of adventure had sent him on a cruise round the world, when he was a boy of about sixteen, both his parents being dead. He had been absent from his native country four years without interruption, and on his return had decided to go to the academy a short time to correct certain lacks in his education. This explained why a man of his advanced age should be attending school—for he was twenty-one if he was a day, Belle assured me. I myself was about seventeen. I was the only female student of German at the academy, and it

was on that account that Mr. Harrison manifested some degree of interest in me; I suppose, for he was almost enthusiastic in his admiration of that scholastic tongue. So I saw a good deal of him, after all.

The following winter, at a party at Mrs. Sand's, in Sandford, one bitter cold night, I chanced to be alone with Nellie Wells one moment in an upper chamber which was used as a cloak-room for the lady guests. There was a furious fire in the stove, and its sides were red-hot. Nellie was a very pretty girl, but rather dull. She wore a dress of some gauzy fabric, and going too near the stove, it took fire. I ran out of the room, screaming at the top of my voice:

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison! Oh, Mr. Harrison!"

He came quickly into the hall; saw me; was up the stairway with a bound; and as I was running back into the room, he went past me, pushing me aside rather rudely, and took in all with a quick, cool glance. Nellie had hauled a quilt from a bed that was in the room, and was trying to stifle the flames. He threw her on the floor, rolled her over and over in the quilt, like a mummy, and extinguished the flames at once—hugged her, too. She was not very badly burned, after all; and her face was not touched by the flames; so that she remained as pretty as ever.

"Remarkably sensible girl," said Mr. Harrison afterward, to a group that clustered about him in the parlor. "Most girls would have rushed headlong into the hall, screaming like"—he looked at me—"like mad," he added, with a quiet smile. "If I ever marry," said he, "which I probably never shall, I shall marry a sensible woman—a woman who would not set up a scream if our youngest should fall into a tub of hot water, but would pull the child out as quickly as possible, and send for a doctor."

Somehow, I was vain enough to think this sarcastic speech was intended solely to rebuke me. I knew I should certainly scream in such a case. It was my nature to scream, and how could I help my nature?

As for that poor little Nellie Wells, I hated her, and almost wished it had been my own dress that had caught fire—only I should certainly have burned to death before Mr. Harrison would have come and wrapped me in a quilt and hugged me.

From that day forward, some powerful influence was at work upon me. I struggled hard after that cool manner in danger which Mr. Harrison possessed in so eminent a degree. I even ventured, in the pursuit of perfection, to ask him how he could do it.

"I suppose," said he, "it is because I naturally have such an extreme terror of danger in every shape—such a lively sympathy with those in peril—that I feel very strongly the necessity for being calm when others are excited. I think that whatever excuse a lady may have for losing her wits—and that is, at the best, very little—a MAN has no excuse whatever. I always try to keep my wits about me."

"To be calm, then," said I, with the withering irony common to girls of from fourteen to eighteen, "one only needs to have his wits about him."

"Exactly," said he; "or, to change the sex, her wits about her."

"Just as," I added, "the secret of wealth is to get money."

"And to keep it," said he.

On one thing I was fully determined—he never should hear me scream again.

However, he left the school soon after; and I did likewise in about six months.

I had effected a great change in myself before I met him again.

II.

It was in the summer of the year which saw me pass my twentieth birthday, that we met at Niagara Falls. He was there with his cousin, my dear friend Belle Harrison, and I with my sister and mother.

On a certain day we all were taking a walk on Goat Island, when mother dropped her parasol, and it slid down the bank some fifteen or twenty feet, and out of reach. Mr. Harrison descended the bank after it, but though he used

proper caution, his foot slipped on the treacherous soil, as he was returning, and he slid rapidly down, to the very verge of the precipice. I expected nothing else than to see him go over, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks a hundred feet below; but though the three other ladies screamed loudly, I did not. You see, I was pretty thoroughly drilled by this time. However, as Mr. Harrison neared the edge of the precipice, he threw out his right hand—still holding the parasol in his left—and seized the upturned roots of a tree which leaned out over the chasm. The tree shook violently under the sudden shock, and the roots began to tear themselves out of the thin soil slowly and steadily, under the influence of this superadded weight. In a few minutes more, it would give way, and then Mr. Harrison would be killed. I know my face was pale, and I was terribly frightened; but I leaned forward and spoke to him:

"Tell me what to do."

"Take all the ladies' shawls, skirts, and any other articles of dress that you can spare, and which are strong; cut them in wide, strong strips; tie them firmly together and make a rope."

I obeyed as calmly as I knew he would have done, but none the less expeditiously on that account, be very sure. He continued speaking to me at intervals while I was doing his bidding, and he spoke as deliberately as if he stood in safety by my side.

"Your calmness is quite charming, Miss Monroe," said he. "Be sure and make the knots tight. I judge that this tree may be relied on with perfect confidence for ten or fifteen minutes yet. . . . Your rope is long enough now, I think. Tie a stone to the end, and let that end down to me. . . . That's it. All right now. Do nothing but hold fast and stand still, ladies, and I will come up to you."

He drew himself up, hand over hand, with extreme caution, and was saved. My mother's parasol was restored to her with a courtly bow; and he brushed the dust from his clothes and walked away with us. I walked by his side;

but he made no reference to the peril ~~just~~ passed.

That evening, however, as we sat on the piazza of our hotel, where it overlooks the river—how well I remember the rushing sound of the waters down below!—he said:

"We are alone now, Miss Monroe, and I can thank you for saving my life, without offense to the other ladies."

It was too dark, out there, for him to see the blush of delight that went over my face at these words. How much they meant, to me!

"I knew I was as good as saved," said he, "when I saw you standing with tightly-clasped hands and your under-lip pressed by your shining teeth, while Belle and the other ladies were trying to drown the roar of old Niagara with their shrieks. I never saw one of your sex before who had the control over herself which you manifested to-day. If I had seen such an exhibition anywhere it would naturally have awakened my admiration; but when it happened to be an exhibition in which my own life or death was concerned, you may imagine my feelings."

The tone in which he uttered these words was so tender and true!—it said so plainly that he would gladly devote all his future life to me! But, though tone and manner said this, his *words* did not say it; and I knew the reason. He believed me already betrothed.

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant who had been a school-mate with my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married. I loved my father, and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son. Young Willis had been a frequent guest with us, and many considered us already betrothed. He was an agreeable companion in the parlor—a good dancer, and all that; but I cared more for one look of Joseph Harrison's earnest, honest gray eyes than I did for William Willis' whole composition.

According to a previous appointment, Mr. Willis came to the Falls during our stay. He arrived on the evening of the day that witnessed Mr. Harrison's

narrow escape from death. He came out upon the piazza where we sat, that evening; and we shook hands. The gentlemen were slightly acquainted, but it was plain Mr. Harrison did not like Mr. Willis much; and with a playful "*Ich muss weggehen*," to me, he rose and went into the ball-room, politely offering his seat to Mr. Willis.

Several days passed. While actually in the position of a rival toward Mr. Willis, Mr. Harrison by no means permitted himself to act as if he were such. He was very courteous to Mr. Willis, and quietly yielded all preferences relating to me and my society. He seemed, however, to be studying us—weighing the evidence of regard between us—trying to form a conclusion as to the probable extent of our relations matrimony-ward. Oh, it *did* seem to me as if he might, so brave a man as he was—plainly put a few *questions* to me on the subject! I would quickly have assured him how little Mr. Willis was to me.

At last, I had nearly made up my mind to a desperate thing; nothing less indeed, than to seek the intercession of his cousin, my friend Belle. I would tell her how much I loved Mr. Harrison, and beg her to inform him in some sly feminine way, that I should *never* marry Mr. Willis, and that we were *not* "engaged." However, I neglected to do this, just one day too long.

It was a Monday—the last day of our intended stay at the Falls. Mr. Willis invited me to ride. I had no courteous refusal at hand, and I consented to go with him. Indeed, I had half promised him, some days before. There was a New York friend of his staying at the Falls, who had with him a favorite horse—a fiery, handsome animal—and Mr. Willis had repeatedly invited me to ride behind him. I could put off the ride no longer, of course.

I did not much like the vicious manner in which the horse, at starting, laid back his ears and bounded away; but I said nothing. We had not been riding many minutes, ere the animal chose to take fright at the flapping of

a line-full of newly washed clothing, in the dooryard of a house near the river-bank; and, taking the bit in his teeth, he ran away. Our road lay along the bank—safe enough, certainly, for a ride with a horse under control; but decidedly *not* the best place for a runaway, because there was a spot, not over half a mile distant, where the chances were frightfully great that we should be thrown over the precipice and killed. At the rate we were now going, we should reach that dangerous place very soon. William Willis, looking ahead, comprehended the danger, and his face blanched.

"Good God!" he cried, "*it's death!*"

With that he threw up the reins, and jumped out of the buggy, striking a rock, and breaking his collar-bone—as I found afterward.

As for me, I kept my seat. If it should become necessary for me to jump, then I would jump; but I was determined not to take that venture till it was imperatively demanded, by the imminency of the danger at hand. So long as there was a possibility that the horse's progress might be arrested, I held to that hope; because, when a horse is running furiously down a smooth road, there is no choice between jumping-spots, till the crisis is at hand.

While I sat, clinging firmly to the seat, and looking out sharply ahead, for the dangerous place must now be drawing near, a man—it was Mr. Harrison—sprung with astonishing agility at the horse's head, from among some trees at the roadside, caught the bit, jerked it back and out of the horse's teeth, and actually tore the animal's lips, so that blood flowed, so energetic was the action. There was no resisting the iron will, backed by the iron nerve. The runaway came to a stop. Mr. Harrison drew him to the side of the road, and examined the harness and buggy carefully.

"Nothing broken," said he. "A very narrow escape, Miss Monroe. I saw you coming, and had just time to get my wits in order. There, don't thank me; I didn't know it was you, and

should have done, just the same for any one else."

"But you are hurt?" said I, noticing that he limped.

"Yes, the horse trod on my foot."

"Oh, how unfortunate! . . . Shall I get out?"

"No," said he; "that is, it is unnecessary that you should. Sit still and get rested. He will run no more to-day, I promise you." He came around, and placed his lamed foot carelessly on a wheel of the buggy, and spoke in his usual calm tone. "When a horse has had a fine, lively run like that, he is inclined to be quiet for the rest of the day. You can drive him back in perfect safety. But, I did not know you were fond of taking drives all alone by yourself, Miss Monroe?"

"I was not riding alone," said I, "my driver jumped out."

"And left you?" said he, astonished.

"Yea."

"He ought to be horsewhipped! May I ask the coward's name?"

"His name," said I, "is William Willis."

Mr. Harrison stared, amazed.

"Willis! I beg your pardon, Miss Monroe." This very coldly. "I should not have spoken in those terms if I had known that your companion was your—" He stopped, and bit his lip.

"My *flancé*, you would say," I made quick response. "But he is *not* my *flancé*, Mr. Harrison. I would sooner marry a woman than such a coward."

I spoke with some heat, and he looked up at my excited face with his dry smile.

"Will you marry *me*, Miss Monroe?"

"Yea," said I.

And I did.

It was a queer place for a proposal, was it not? But my husband is not like other men. He always has *his wife about him*.

Here I had finished; but my husband, reading what I had written, made this comment: "Which few men do when they pop the question, my dear, *nicht wahr?*"

ART LINES.

I.—REALISTIC ART.

WHAT is art? Every one talks of it, and each one interprets it in his own way. Listen to the poet; whether he expresses himself through pallet or pen, art to him is contained in a single word—the *ideal*. Divine unity has engendered typic unity. It is to the single and perfect type of creation that he refers all things; it is to it that he reverts constantly in thought. Unwearied in seeking, and inspired in selecting, he unceasingly brings away spoils from nature. He interrogates, in turn, man and the animal, the tree, the brook, the sea, the sky, and asks of each the secret that God has placed within him, and which makes us thoughtful. To him, that physical and moral ugliness which man has delighted in imprinting upon the original type, does not exist. He stirs up the alluvium of vice deposited upon primitive creation, and extracts the creature of his dreams—that of divine thought. From the earthly chrysalis he disengages the butterfly, by which the poet finds the type of the soul, and, like the poet, the artist sings his song of praise.

This art is eclectic art—that of the ancients, the Greeks and the Romans; that of the Renaissance, represented by Raphael and Michael Angelo from different points of view—the first, that of love and grace, the second of strength and contention.

It is incontestable, that the further we depart from the *primitive* type, the more we modify it by the accumulated sum of our vices, the more are we constrained to veil it under garments hideous in the eyes of the artist, who no longer sees aught but deformed specimens of a type created beautiful. When an entire nation assembled to award the prize of plastic beauty, it is certain that Phidias must, in such an assembly, have found an ample source of inspiration. More than one Venus, more than one Niobe, must have been modeled from the beauty seen in these reunions, as the subjects

for the Hercules, the Discobolus, the Gladiator and the Wrestlers were found in the Olympic Games. At that period the human form needed not to hide itself and divert attention by vailing its outline under the grotesque objects which, in our day, compose a "fashionable costume." Fancy a hat on the head of the Hercules, or on the Antinous, or imagine them shod in our patent-leather boots. Apollo would have been ill at ease if called upon to tune his lyre in a dress-coat; Bacchus would have stained his Brooks' best pants with the juice of the vine; and Silenus would have been obliged to disrobe and remove his boots, in order to mount his steed. Men then were not perfect—far from it; but vice, less general, was neither so hypocritical nor so utterly base; it looked one in the face, and appeared in broad daylight; now it winks and seeks obscurity, *omen faustum*.

Thus Adam and Eve, after the fall, saw their own nakedness; and the Romans, after having imitated the vices of the Asiatics, borrowed their costume. At the present day we have, in all things, surpassed our predecessors, and our nameless vices wear a nameless garb.

Ancient art, the poet's ideal, has now but few disciples. David and Prudhon tried to resuscitate it at the end of the last century, and their fruitless efforts produced only a lifeless, unreal, though elegant and masterly art, as cold as marble, chilling as the aspect of stone itself. Artists reproduce what they see. Ancient art reproduced man as it *saw* him—nude or draped in the amphitheater or public streets. The Renaissance sought its type in the museums and galleries, and draped it with Oriental silks or the Venetian toga. Ingres is now the last of this school, and every thing induces the belief that it will die out, definitively, for want of aliment. Our customs oppose the laying aside of our modest drapery to return to ancient nudity, thus to facilitate the daily studies of our artists. It is equally impossible to revive the concurrence for the prize in plastic beauty; that exhibition, doubtless, would cause trouble in families and

arouse the police. It is these considerations that have given rise to the realistic school, and influenced Courbel, its chief.

But we should be greatly deceived did we think that, on the pathway from ancient to realistic art, there are not numerous and important halts. First there is that of the Renaissance and its different schools—the Roman, Florentine, Lombard and Venetian in Italy; the Flemish and French; then the Spanish and German school.

The Roman school has Raphael as its commander, and Giulio Romano as its lieutenant. The first is ideal, pure, calm and lovely—correct, sometimes even to aridity; the second is rigorous, ardent, wild, passionate, and full of animation—often exceeding the aim, but always exciting and leaving a remembrance of indescribable grandeur; the one is a stream, the other a torrent. Neither knew the true secret of color, and light was a mystery to them both. They both sought their inspiration more from the antique than from nature; and their art, essentially one of transition, brought all to a determined ideal type. No one has yet equaled Raphael in correctness of form and suavity of idea; few attain his richness in composition, but most of those who have succeeded him, surpass him in color and light. Perugino, who was Raphael's master, Sacchi, Fetié, Perrino del Vaga, Frederico Barrochi, and Carlo Marretti, are the principal painters of the Roman school.

The Florentine school is represented by Michael Angelo, whose genius was bold and wild in design, the greatest and most masterly that ever existed; lofty, sublime, intangible, but without natural ease, without grace or beauty of color. Still more ignorant than Raphael as to the last of these, and as to light, and having neither his art in grouping nor his calm suavity of manner, the inconceivable boldness of his conceptions, and the inimitable grandeur of his ideas, soar to sublime regions that Raphael never sought to attain, that he never conceived, and whither but a few chosen souls can follow. The first I have

mentioned, Raphael Sawzio, of Urbino, was the painter of home and of religion; Michael Angelo Buonarrotti was the painter of God and of the people.

Between these two men is Leonardo de Vinci, classed among the Florentines, and because of his talent, as a Roman, though really a native of Florence. He has neither the graceful sublimity of Raphael nor the lofty rudeness of Michael Angelo; but such as have seen the *Last Supper* of this great man, can not deny that he completes the artistic trinity of the Renaissance.

Rosso, Daniel de Volterre, Andrea del Sarto, Peruzzi, Selvati, Vasari, Passigian, and Pietro de Cortone, are the principal artists of the Florentine school.

The Venetian school may be considered to have first introduced *realism* into art; it first painted real flesh, real stuffs, and real skies.

The Roman and Florentine schools conceived and drew; the Venetian school painted.

It was Giorgione, the contemporary and emulator of Titian, who first found the secret of breaking up and of harmonizing tones so as to rival nature in brilliancy, and vanquish it in durability. The flesh of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese is still lifelike, while those who sat for it have long since returned to that vast, unending circulus, wherein all vanishes to reappear once more.

Titian is, nevertheless, considered, with Paul Veronese, as the sublimest expression of the Venetian school. This great artist invented nothing, perfected every thing, toned down the boldness of Giorgione's tones, and softened the scientific asperities of Roman and Florentine designs. With a tender and delicate brush, he blended color in using it, and brought semblance so near to reality that the wondering eye hesitates between them. Is it surprising that brute force, personified at that period in that king—*par excellence* a knight—Francis the First, should have stooped to pick it up?

No one has comprehended as did Paul Veronese, the grandeur, magnificence and splendor of composition. No one has, like him, inundated pictures with

floods of the warm and beneficent sunlight of Venice. No one like him has created harmony between man, architecture and the sky, placing each where it should be, and elevating thought toward richer and lovelier terrestrial perspective. His picture of the Marriage of Cana, not less than thirty-seven feet in length, ever will remain the masterpiece of the eclectic-realist school. The lightness of touch, the elegance of types, the majestic sweep of the draperies, the harmony and richness of color, the incredibly beautiful light spread over the whole scene, never since have been equaled, and probably will never be surpassed.

Sebastiano del Piombo occupies between Giorgione and Michael Angelo, a place corresponding to that which Leonardo de Vinci holds between the latter and Raphael. The pupil of both, his works have that vigor of conception and color in which his two masters were so great. This vigor, in his case, was sustained by knowledge, talent, and an admirable aptness as to tone. He considered himself able to compete with Raphael's Transfiguration, the masterpiece of the Roman school, and placed his Raising of Lazarus beside that picture. Public opinion decided in favor of the Transfiguration, but Sebastiano del Piombo, nevertheless, has qualities in color and design superior to those shown in the transfiguration—the real superiority of which lies in that ideality of conception which pervades the entire composition. The struggle between the two paintings was one between spirit and matter, between the æsthetic and realism. Reality, though sublime, was vanquished by the spiritual. This was the culminating point of the great art, and its virility dates from that moment.

We shall see realistic art, progressively freeing itself from the ideal, stride rapidly toward its decline.

Tintoretto himself maintained for a moment, upon his robust shoulders, the Venetian school, in all its strength and primitive splendor. His powerful pencil, the ardor and color of that soul of fire, which painted as it felt, and felt as genius feels, left innumerable masterpieces.

But, after him came Bassano, the Courbet of his day, the man who paints what he sees, and nothing but what he sees, and renders it faithfully. With Bassano a great stride was made, but not forward. Then came Muciano, Pordenone, Schiavone, Palma the elder, and Bellini. Although all these men had preserved a ray of the great masters of the Venetian school, they were far from being their equals, and their works remain as proofs that the decay in art was, thenceforth, a fixed fact.

While the Roman school reveals to us feeling, correctness and power in composition, the Florentine school gives us science and strength; the Venetian school, color, magnificence and the management of full light; the Lombard school completes the ideal of art by offering us delicacy and grace, united with beauty of tone. Correggio, like the ancients, drew his inspiration from nature alone; and what mind, what ease, what elevation, what coloring is his! What a high order of taste! How he captivates the heart by nobility and simplicity of expression! Original in his conceptions, never borrowing from others, and entirely natural, he is one of the four great masters who should be united to form the perfection of ideal art—Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian and Correggio.

The Lombard school has no originality, except through Correggio; and, although it has produced artists of the highest order, such as Domenichino, Carracci, Guido Reni, Albano, Parmigiano, Lanfranc, Michael Angelo, Carravaggio and Guercchino, all these artists belong to one, or several, of those Italian schools of which I have spoken.

Annibalo Carracci is the type of eclectic art; he is the artist who has, to the highest degree, assimilated to himself the essentials of those who have preceded him. Loftier than Raphael and less wild than Michael Angelo, he approaches, without, however, equaling, the coloring of Titian and the grace of Correggio.

Domenichino has a special power—the result of study, reflection, science and patience. His accurate designs, though of a high order, are, nevertheless, arid

and heavy. But, what vivacity, what force, power and correctness in expression. How varied are the attitudes of the head; how simple, yet how dignified! I have in my possession a Domenichino which I gaze at as I pen these lines, and, in spite of the correctness of the design, the dignity and grandeur of the attitudes, I ask myself whether Domenichino should not be classed among realists. *Mapp* will protest, I know; but let them contemplate Domenichino as I do every day, apart from his great mural paintings, or the large productions now almost black with age, and they probably will agree with me.

Guido Reni, a pupil of Carracci, applied himself to rivaling Raphael in grace and feeling, and succeeded; but wishing alternately to govern strength by feeling and feeling by strength, his color finally possessed neither.

Albano has affected grace; Lanfranc natural facility, needing study and labor; Parmigiano aims only at pleasing, and in that imitates Correggio. Michael Angelo, Carravaggio and Guercchino are realists, forming one of the links of the chain that begins with Giorgione and ends with Ribot. There is no grace, nobility, expression or genius, unless that shown by truth in local color. Carravaggio is the inventor of the forcible manner, in which strongly marked shadows play a great part, and, by opposition, admit of giving to objects in full light the luster of reality, sometimes even surpassing it, as in the head by Ribot, now on exhibition in New York.

If, after the great Italian school, we enter the Flemish school, we shall advance a step further toward realism. There was no lovely sky to inspire imagination or elevate thought, no sun to scatter over the rich stuffs of the Levant the luminous ruby hues and pearly softness of artist-dreams. A gray sky, gray waters, gray soil, gray trees—such was nature as it offered itself to Ruysdael and Hobbima. Forms bloated by beef and beer, flesh colored by the sharp air of the north—such are the heroes of Rubens and Jordaens. A ray of pallid sunlight piercing a window and shedding

a dull light upon a dark interior—such is the light painted by the Flemish master, *par excellence*, Rembrandt. All this was true, well-studied, and depicted with the consciousness of the artist who attributes to art no other aim than the exact reproduction of nature. Such are those who may be called the votaries of nature—who could give her an exact inventory of creation any day it might be asked for.

Rubens is the head of the great Flemish school; his sublime, fertile, lively and universal genius embraces great thought, poetic ideas, and a noble, gorgeous style covering the fields of sacred and of profane history. He everywhere finds material for masterpieces, even in the commonplace details of a village *kaermess*. His composition possesses grandeur as yet unsurpassed; and it is for good reasons that the opinion of the artistic world has hesitated for two centuries between a decision in favor of his Descent from the Cross and Raphael's Transfiguration.

No one has carried further than he the art of *chiar' oscuro*—that is to say, the science of dividing or scattering light and shade; and none knew better how to group objects so as to cause some to throw out others. He is the king of brilliant and fresh color, as Rembrandt is the monarch of the somber. His draperies are unrivaled, and his touch, bold, dignified, full, firm, rapid, free and light, has never been excelled.

With more animation, gorgeousness and floridity than the Italians, except Paul Veronese, Rubens is inferior to them in style, elevation of thought and correctness of design. There is between his subjects and theirs, the difference that exists between the racer of the north and that of the south; between a Dutch servant-girl and a French or Italian dancing-girl. There are no soft outlines, no beautiful positions of the head and noble and touching grace, none of the light and elegant lines, which constitute the choice natures of the great Italian masters; but strong, powerful forms with vigorous thighs and bold breasts, of masterly design, full of

life and animation, and appealing more to the senses than to the mind. It is in this that Rubens must be classed with the realistic school, as to life, animation, color and light.

Vandyke, the pupil of Rubens, is best known as a painter of portraits. I own one of this artist's productions, painted by order of one of my ancestors, which has never left my family. This picture reveals Vandyke under an entirely different aspect, and shows him to be a realist in the truest, yet highest, sense of the word. It is impossible to understand anatomy better, and give the calmness of death with its cadaverous pallor, or express material grief more touchingly than in this picture, certainly one of the masterpieces of realism.

It is from Rembrandt that modern realists descend. All of them, captivated by the magic of his *chiar' oscuro* and the incredible power of his tones, to which time has only added merit, have rushed in search of this fantastic, *luminous diamond light*, the tempting luster of which already has scorched the wings of so many poor moths scarcely yet brought into life by the sun of art. It is that philosopher's stone of art, the search after which has discouraged so many and exhausted so much energy, wearied at last with striving in vain. At sight of a Rembrandt, a spark of the sacred fire kindles, to tones so warm and true, that admiration yearns to become imitation. Then alone is the difficulty of the enterprise perceived, and that space measured which separates aspiration from thought actually embodied by genius. * * * * *

Let young artists be fully convinced of this truth: there is no master more useful to study than Rembrandt; but, at the same time, there is none more dangerous to imitate, and whom it is more disastrous to attempt to rival. From that Capitol of the *chiar' oscuro* the Tarpeian rock is not far.

Space is wanting for a suitable review of the Flemish school, whose artists' names are Legion. Some, however, can not be passed by in silence. Jordans, the rival of Rubens, wilder

and less correct, stands in the same position in comparison to that master as Tintoretto does when compared to Titian. Lucca de Leyde and Quintin Messis—whose manner is delicate, finished and careful—follow next; then the landscape painters, Fouquières, Hobbima, Ruysdael, Paul Brill, Breughel, Wouvermans, and others of all the different styles, which are neither historical nor landscape painting. These are Netscher, Bamboche, Gerard Duow, Teniers, Scalken, Vanderwerf, Watteau, Mieris, Elshemier, Bloemaert, Poelmbourg, Honthorst, Steinwick, etc., etc., and the painters of animals, Schneiders and Hundercott. This Flemish school constitutes the current coin of painting, and is suited to limited purses, as that of the Italians and of Rubens is to popes, kings, and princes. Let it not be inferred, however, that this is disdain of all these painters of little pictures; they have often placed great paintings in little frames. Teniers and Metzger are among those who have done this; their full touch, their truth of color and expression, as well as in drapery, attain the proportions of high art, from which Teniers only departed through the triviality of his subjects.

In landscape, Ruysdael and Hobbima have attained a high degree of realism. There is not in them the pomp nor the gorgeous grouping used by the great landscape painters of France and Italy; there are no tufted trees looking as if they were the "great king's" wig, but nature itself, unvailing her poetic mysteries, and full of calmness and thought.

The Flemish school never has ceased to be very prolific. In our day it has artists of remarkable talent, in the foremost rank among whom shines Galle, who seems to have adopted a kind of eclecticism analogous to that of Paul Delaroche in France. It is only satisfactory painting where talent replaces genius, and which neither slackens nor accelerates the artistic progress of the

age. It is but the *statu quo*. The superiority of the Belgian school seems to have concentrated itself in painting animals, in which Stevens excels the great Schneiders himself.

The German school in the past is summed up in two words—simplicity and aridity; its existence even may be denied, and its painting confounded with its engraving. It is concentrated in one man, Albert Dürer, and his aspirations in a single branch of his art—expression. The drawing of the faces—that of his virgins especially—is delicate and full of elegance. The drapery is of broken folds and of a Gothic style; but look attentively at those works, which at first sight repel you through their awkwardness of attitude, coldness of color, and want of amplex in composition, and you will be astonished to find yourself full of thoughtful emotion, and, forgetting color, design and composition, you see but the expression, which attracts you and reveals an idea. The old German school always was reflective.

The Dusseldorf school seems at the present day to aim at satisfying all and vexing none. Its masterly, well-chosen, cold painting, offers us old men, children and women, with smooth locks, fresh complexions, and garments minutely studied, living in very clean rooms, or in the country, under a sky uniformly blue, with clouds changing from gray to white. It is blonde painting, with blue eyes, without passion, without hate, without love, other than that of family, and is certainly made to increase and multiply, as I wish with all my heart it may, though preferring, for my own part, at least, the light of the Aurora Borealis if I must look on icebergs.*

* The old "Dusseldorf Gallery"—now, alas, scattered by the inexorable auctioneer's hammer—in New York, familiarized our public, to some extent, with the works of this school, and proved to our artists a source of much profit, by offering good examples by conceded masters; yet, we are glad to know, its studied excellence, and almost matchless outward realism have not left their impress upon our own styles and ideas. We are too young, too vigorous, too new, too fresh, to become as methodical as a machine—just what the Dusseldorf school is.—*ERRATA*.

THE SILENT GATHERING.

"From all parts of the civilized world, the Jews are getting their faces toward Palestine. Not only are the bankers and money-changers, but wealthy merchants, by the score and by whole neighborhoods, are getting ready for the '*Restoration*;' buying territory, and preparing to cultivate, as of yore, the Garden of the Lord. Nothing like this movement ever has happened before; so general and so simultaneous, without parade or extravagance. Verily the signs are portentous."

GOD'S ancient people are astir! The dust
Of long-forgotten Empire burns anew
With life unquenchable! And everywhere
The solemn splendors of the Past revive!
Apocalyptic visions, girt with thrones!
Like smoldering fires o'er which a whirlwind sweeps;
Upheaving, in their throes, the pomps of earth,
Temples and Towers and Bulwarks, where of old
The Sons of God kept watch, while round about
On all the hills a heavenly host encamped.

The curtains of the sky are drawn aside!
The sacred place of thunder is revealed!
The darkness rolls away! and gifted eyes
May count thy towers once more, Jerusalem!
City of David! joy of all the earth!

The dead are mustering there—a shadowy host
Of Prophets, Priests and Kings. From every land
The voice of prayer comes up, with songs of joy;
And with a sound of weeping, long withheld;
The patient wail of a delivered race,
Faithful among the faithless, called at last,
Triumphant in their steadfast, glorious Hope,
Through all the weary ages kept alive,
To find that Hope enthroned—themselves restored.

And now the deep foundations of their Home,
Are heaving with prodigious life; and now!
The golden glory of the Temple, where
The Hebrew Commonwealth of old uprose,
In pomp and power, and thundered with a voice
That seemed the voice of God, begins to throw,
As from a shrine that glows with inward fire,
A shadow o'er the earth. And now the signs
Of prophecy about to be fulfilled,
Are multiplying fast, and everywhere
A vast foreboding fills the heart of man;
And lo! from East and West, from North and South,
A gathering of the nations unobserved!
A sifting of the wheat from worthless chaff;
The priceless pearls that angels covet more
Than all the crowns that blaze along our earth.

Not with a sound that shakes the midnight sky,
Not with the war of battle, nor the shout
Which tumbles towers and bulwarks to the dust;
Nor roll of thunder, nor the blasting fires
That men are looking for, when Earth and Sea
Give up their dead, and the blue Heavens depart
With a great noise; and the Destroyer stands
Proclaiming with his trump that Time shall be no more.

Not with the song of trumpets, nor with tread
 Of God's embattled legions, nor with march
 Of banded nations moving in their strength;
 But, in the stillness of unquestioned power,
 As move the stars along their silent way,
 Or constellations round the feet of God,
 Forever—and forever—undisturbed—
 The gathering goes on; with prayer and praise,
 And weeping and thanksgiving, ever on—
 "God of our Fathers! that in other days,
 Before the Mighty Angel was let loose
 To waste the nations round about our way,"
 Saith Israel now, "talked with them face to face
 Age after age, O, hear our cry once more!
 Ancient of Days! Jehovah! Lord of lords!
 And King of kings! and speedily turn back
 Our long captivity, and build afresh
 That new Jerusalem the Prophet saw;
 And lift thy sorrowing people from the dust!
 And go before them in their pilgrimage,
 A cloud by day, by night a shaft of fire,
 Until our nation be restored! O, hear!
 That Palestine may become again
 The garden of the Lord, and we, ourselves,
 Thy Chosen People, sanctified anew!"

SNAKES.

IN the Southern States of America, although few people are ever bitten, scarcely a day goes by but a person sees a snake, of one kind or the other. North of Mexico there are not many varieties of the constrictor, the king and whip snakes being the principal species met with. Chief in size and reputation is the rattlesnake, though perhaps not the most dangerous, not so much from his rattles, which give in some cases warning, as from his being of a rather sluggish nature, and unless actually hurt or molested unwilling to strike. I saw the skin of one which a friend of mine had killed, which measured seven feet three inches, and allowing three inches for the head and piece of the neck that the charge of shot had blown off (a small allowance), would have brought the snake to seven feet and a half when in life. It required five pecks of coarse Indian corn meal to fill up the skin of this monster.

The largest I ever killed, measured, with the head off, six feet two inches.

It is generally believed that the rattlesnake never strikes without warning; and this may be true in the spring and perhaps early summer; but later, when the snakes get surcharged with venom, and half blind from that cause, I believe they will strike without a sound. At any rate, I witnessed one strike a pig of about three or four months old, not ten steps from where I stood; and, had he used his rattles, I could not have failed to hear it. The pig was struck in the eye; he ran round in a circle squealing, the head and throat rapidly swelling, evidently in the greatest pain; in about five minutes he fell as if choked, and was dead in less than ten minutes. The owner of the unfortunate pig was standing by my side; and after watching his property die, he walked over to the place where he saw the pig struck, and found the snake lying in his coil close to the stump of a tree, and at once blew the reptile to pieces. This snake was about five feet long.

There is a smaller variety, called the ground-rattlesnake. This is seldom more than two feet in length, and, though less

fatal, is, I think, more dangerous, as it is not so readily perceived. I have had to treat three negroes for bites from this snake, and all speedily recovered.

Next in size, and equally venomous, is the moccasin, of which there are two kinds, the highland and the water. A friend of mine, long resident in the south, was bitten by a highland moccasin. By the plentiful application of turpentine externally, and whisky internally, he recovered. For about two hours he suffered very much; after that, the acute pain was succeeded by a feeling of numbness, and the swelling gradually abated; but for two or three years afterward, the wound reopened every spring. A favorite pointer of mine was bitten one day by a snake of this kind, and saved by the free use of whisky.

I was standing by the side of a pond, waiting for deer to be driven to me by some hounds, one burning hot summer day, when I saw a disturbance in the water, and presently two water-moccasins emerged, coiled and twisted together in deadly strife. They had inflicted bites upon each other, as they were rapidly swelling; and I should have been contented to watch the struggle and see how it terminated, and whether their bites would have been fatal to each other, but they again reached the edge of the pond, and, as I was afraid I might not see them again, I concluded the battle by killing them both.

The cotton-mouth-snake is in color, shape, and general appearance, said to be like the moccasin. I have never seen but one, and can not therefore say much about them. They derive their name from the inside of their mouth, when raised in menace, being white, and having something the appearance of a cotton-ball when just bursting. It is said to be highly venomous.

The puff-adder is a short, flat, thick snake, very dangerous, from its being of a dull brown color, not easily seen, and from its using, as a place to sun itself, old logs and piles of dry brush. I, as well as several of my friends, have had very many narrow escapes from them

when gathering fuel for our camp-fire in the forests.

The chicken-snake is said not to be venomous; but I saw a little negro boy, who had been bitten by one, whose hand and arm were frightfully swollen, and who was ill for two or three weeks from the effects. This snake often reaches a great size, & a seven or eight feet, and is much dreaded by the poultry proprietors.

It is not at all an uncommon occurrence to hear, of an evening or in the night, the squalling of a hen in great trouble; the cause is at once known: some chicken-snake has found the way to her nest, and is depriving her of her eggs. The hen herself is never injured by the snake, only robbed of her eggs, which are swallowed whole, and can be distinctly counted in the snake, which assumes the appearance of an enormous bead-chain. I came across a snake in the woods, which I killed, and upon cut it open found twelve wild turkey's eggs, which had not been very long gorged. These snakes are never spared, whites and blacks killing them on account of the poultry, and I on account of the wild turkey, grouse, and quails' nests.

An old lady had once placed some eggs upon a rather narrow shelf, upon which also were placed some plates and cups and one pitcher: this latter was rather flat and squat-shaped, and took up the whole breadth of the shelf. In the night a snake managed to reach the shelf, and swallowed all the eggs upon one side of the pitcher; and in passing this he unfortunately, for himself, put his head and a foot or two of his body through the handle, and commenced to eat the eggs on the other side. In a short time that part of his body where were the previously gorged eggs, reached the handle, but could not pass through, neither could the snake retreat backward, on account of those he had just swallowed, and in his struggles to disengage himself he fell off the shelf, bringing with him and smashing the pitcher, which awoke some of the people, and he was destroyed.

The garter snake is the most beautiful,

with its rings of orange, and black, and purple. I never heard of its biting any one, though, from its flat-shaped head, I fancy it must be venomous.

There is, too, a long, beautiful tree-snake of a bright green color, long, and thin, and tapering like a whiplash; it preys upon birds and insects, and is, I think, harmless.

The king-snake is a constrictor, and the great enemy of all the other snakes, which he destroys.

The whip-snake is a constrictor too; but I never saw one, and I am afraid to repeat some of the extraordinary stories I have heard about them, and which I can scarcely credit, though usually disposed to listen to all "travelers' stories" with respect, and always to give them the "benefit of the doubt," if they are not utterly impossible.

I owned once, for seven years, one of the best hunting horses in the State of Texas. From constant practice he knew nearly as well as I did all about hunting; I could shoot from his back, could pack any kind of game upon him, could jump off him and leave him for an hour or two perfectly unconfined in any way, and yet, upon my return, find him within ten paces of where I had left him. Many a time when I have been riding through the woods, looking for deer to kill as a matter of business—a very different affair from shooting them for amusement—my thoughts have wandered many thousand miles away across the broad Atlantic, and I have been suddenly recalled by my horse stopping and staring earnestly at a deer, or sometimes a group of these animals.

Coming home from hunting one afternoon, and when within a quarter of a mile of the house, I had to ride through some high grass which bordered a creek. All at once I felt "the Storm" flinch, and in about three strides more he was dead lame. I dismounted, and lifted up his foot, fancying that he had stubbed himself; but it did not take me long to discover two small punctures on the coronet, about the breadth of my little finger, above where the hair and hoof join, as well as to see that the leg was

fast swelling. As he would not move, nor even put his foot to the ground, and showed a great inclination to roll, I stripped off my saddle and the bridle, and ran up to the house. I filled a porter-bottle with whisky, and telling an old negro to follow me with a cupful of salt and an egg, I ran back to my horse and drenched him with the whisky—with the whole bottle. My poor horse was in fearful agony; no sooner had he rolled than he was up again, and then laid down again. He groaned too, a sure sign in a horse that he is in great pain; for although on the battle-field a horse will sometimes give a cry, when dreadfully wounded, which, once heard, is never forgotten, yet generally they suffer mutely.

As soon as the negro arrived, I beat up the yolk of the egg with some salt, into a paste, which I bound on the wound with my neckerchief; after which I returned to the house, refilled the bottle, and again drenched him. He had swollen up now all over the side upon which he was bitten—the side of the neck, the shoulder, and the ribs, as far as the hip, while the veins stood out in knots, as if about to burst. I had now done all that I could think of, and sadly left him to his fate, almost certain to find him, I thought, stretched out stark and stiff on the morrow.

The next morning, as soon as I could see, I was out looking after my horse, and was glad to see him feeding; and although very stiff, he seemed to be out of pain. He whinnied as soon as he saw me, and rubbed his head against me; but it was several days before he was himself again.

I never knew what kind of snake it was that bit him; but, from the locality, I think it was a moccasin.

The usual and most effectual remedy for snake-bites is whisky, which must be drank until it begins to produce intoxication, as a person snake-bitten will hardly feel its influence until he has drank a considerable quantity, even when not at all addicted to its use. I gave to a negro man once, who was brought to me bitten by a ground-rattle-

fresh the toilsome passage of life; but to me it is far otherwise. I am better off without them. The caged-up soul but beats her breast the more against the iron grating of her door, bloodying her plumes with efforts vain and sore. I have heard of prisoners, doomed to certain death, who, just before the last moment, were allowed to see through some narrow window, away over some old familiar landscape to the spot of their early home; and by this drop of consummate joy, infused in the last bitter draught of suffering, the agony of death was raised to an excruciating intensity worthy the ingenuity of infernals. And where is the use of these rare glances into heaven, when we must come back to walk the world with worn and aching feet, or, may be, sue our very bread from the sordid and unkind. Tell me, if you will, Leda, that there is a glad store of this glory for me by and by, but do not show it now, for to me it is a little like its ineffable Maker—I can not see it and live.

I see a path behind me, and I remember where it goes to. If I follow it now, I shall leave this topmost height, and wind down among cedars and springing oaks toward the south-west, along one of the grassy hollows that are common here, or rather, along three or four of them. Perhaps I shall stop a few moments to toss over the fragmentary relics of an ancient ledge, that in one place has crumbled down like the "donjon tower" of some Gothic barony, till the only present use of the thousand bits that remain is found out by the crickets that chirp, and the wasps that make brown-paper nests under the clinky corners. There are a couple of black and yellow striped snakes sunning themselves on the splintery heap as I come near, but with true serpent wisdom they take warning of my step or of my shadow, or both, and are hidden in the recesses of the grill with all possible speed. They need not run, for surely I should do them no manner of hurt; but the fear of man is upon every beast of the field, and snakes seem no exception. I have no fear of them; I hardly think both together would fascinate me,

or do me any great harm afterward if they did, so they might have stayed and had their salamander delights in the hot sunshine, while I should sit under this clump of birches, and study a little more carefully the ever-recurring note of the gray linnet that has his nest, I suspect, in the wild cherry bush yonder.

I like this spot very well, but I never care to stay here long at one time. There is too much stillness for my temper, and more of active life would keep my thoughts in better balance. Where there is profound silence or quiet, there I soon become nervous, and any chance sound comes on me with a shock, and gives an unpleasant tremor. I fancy my sense, then, is like a tripod whose feet have been gradually drawn inward toward each other, till the position is unstable, and a little touch sends it toppling over with a crash. But some little stimulant, living movement around keeps my mental base more expanded, and I feel far easier and less liable to be startled.

You smile at me, dear Leda, and say I am timid. No, I do not think I am, naturally, nor is what I have just said any proof of it. Every one is more readily disturbed at night than in the day, and there is no reason for it save in the fact that the same sounds and other matters are not then expected, and so come more abruptly. Your friend taps at your door at noon, and you open calmly, very glad to see him. If he should come on the same errand, and tap in just the same way at midnight, you would spring up in surprise, for you would not expect it, and your thoughts would not be on guard duty, but musing in the quiet center of the mental camp. I will go a little further along this wood-path.

The woodman goes here but rarely with any wheel-vehicle, and my feet are spared the occasional slip into deep and unsightly ruts, which sometimes trouble me as I stray about the many ways that traverse my hill. If a sober owner comes to this part now and then, to cut a stout tree for his firing, he takes a good sledging-time for it, and takes away his